

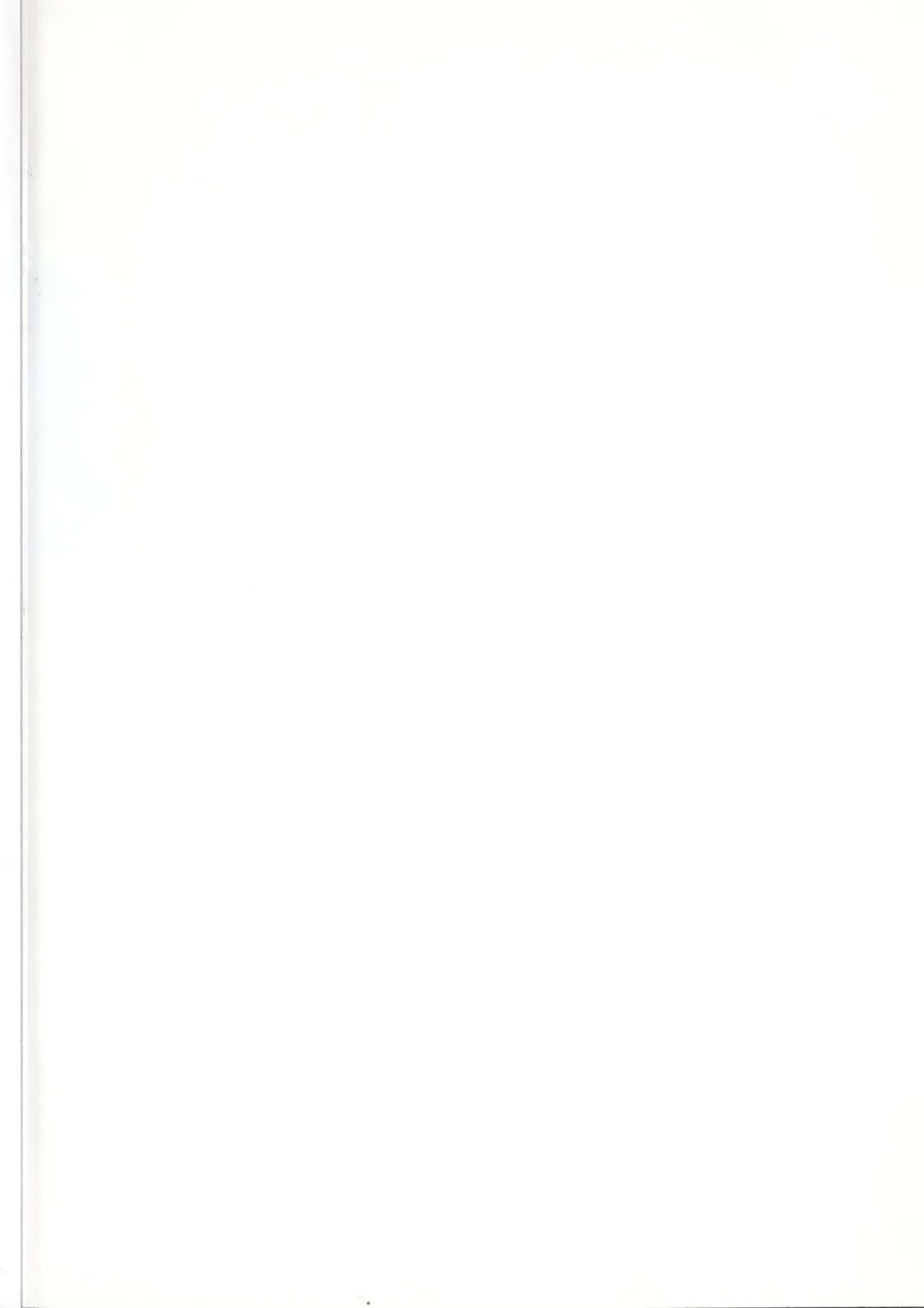
For Reference
Do Not Take
From the Library

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

**Penal Code of California
1915, Section 623**



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013







HARPERS



BURLINGAME

DEC 15 1986

HELPING AND HATING THE HOMELESS

The Struggle at the Margins of America

By Peter Marin

ETHIOPIA: A STATE OF PERMANENT REVOLUTION

By Maria Thomas

BLACK HOLES IN THE BUDGET

How the Pentagon Spends by Stealth

By David C. Morrison

RESEARCH

A story by Max Apple

Also William S. Cass, Allen Ginsberg,
branches of things Parisian

*****5-DIGIT 94010
JUN 88 1 01 0003
HP 8RL7PI480P099
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
480 PRIMROSE RD
BURLINGAME, CA 94010

BENSON & HEDGES

Deluxe Ultra Lights

Only 5 mg,
yet rich enough to be called deluxe.



5 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85.

Regular and Menthol.
Open a box today.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Sail in it, go to tea in it, shop in it, ski in it—wind or rain won't faze our classic Squall Jacket.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS



The new Lands' End Squall Jacket takes its name, of course, from its ability to weather the squalls that our sailing friends encounter off shore. But it's so well-tailored and correct it makes you look good—man or woman alike—in the mall or at the market or at the movies or after. That's versatile, right?

Beyond that, you could pay up to \$96 for so for a jacket like this in a sporting goods store specializing in high tech outerwear. But in our traditional pattern-breaking way, Lands' End has found ways once more to marry top quality with a palatable price. We offer all this handsome lightweight warmth and comfort for only \$69.50. And in youth sizes, just \$49.50.

A classic, inside and out.

The outer shell of this waist-length jacket is a tough tri-blend of nylon, cotton and polyester—the blend we've found most certain proof against both wind and rain. The inner material is a soft, lightweight bunting—brushed on

both sides to maintain loft. (Bunting is as close as mortal man can come to imitating wool fleece—and a credible effort it is, too!)

And note this: the full-length inside storm flap of our jacket is tucked *beneath* the smooth-running zipper . . . to keep the wind from whistling between the teeth of the zipper as it can on ordinary jackets. The Squall has fully-lined sleeves, zippered hand-warmer cargo pockets, a high collar that protects neck and chin, a zippered inside pocket for your keys and I.D., even warm Thinsulate® insulation in the sleeves for protection against wintry waters. All this, and it's machine washable.

A jacket for all seasons. Really.

The Lands' End Squall Jacket is here now, just in time for Spring and Summer. But it's a jacket you'll turn to time and again for Fall and Winter. Its style flatters both men and women. And our color choice is inspired (usually eight, which change from year to year).

Like everything we make and market it's GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

A visionary tip: order one for your young son or daughter and see how quickly it becomes for them the "in" thing to wear. Leave it to kids to know what's good.

As for what else is new in Dodgeville, send for our free catalog via the coupon below. Or phone us at our toll-free number: 800-356-4444.

Please send free catalog.

Lands' End Dept. XX-21
Dodgeville, WI 53595



Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free:

800-356-4444

HOW TO HELP SAVE LIVES AND REDUCE INJURIES AUTOMATICALLY

THREE-POINT PASSIVE SAFETY BELT SYSTEMS ARE AN EFFECTIVE
COMPLEMENT TO BELT-USE LAWS.

General Motors is equipping 10% of its 1987 model cars with automatic lap/shoulder belt systems for the driver and for the right-hand front seat passenger. It is the first step in meeting a federal requirement to phase in passive restraints.

The automatic systems will be standard equipment on most 1987 models of the Pontiac Grand Am and Bonneville, Buick Somerset, Skylark, and LeSabre, and Oldsmobile Calais and Delta 88. By 1990 we plan to equip all GM cars with passive restraint systems.

The belts in the GM system will be connected to the car at three anchor points—one toward the center of the front seat, and two on the front door.

Three-point automatic lap/shoulder belt systems offer the same advantages as GM's current three-point manual systems. Lap and

shoulder belts allow you to "ride down" the crash as the vehicle absorbs the impact. They also help prevent you from being thrown from the car in an accident, where you are more likely to be killed or seriously injured.

Safety belts have proved effective in reducing injuries and fatalities. That's why GM supports belt-use laws. Automatic lap/shoulder belt systems will make it even easier for people to comply with these laws.

Opening the door pulls the belts forward for entry. Closing it brings the belts into their operating position. A single push button at the center anchor point releases the system in an emergency. Retractors pull the released belts into storage positions on the door.

Extra attachment points will be built into cars equipped with these systems so you can secure most child restraint systems with an auxiliary lap belt.

General Motors is pursuing other programs that will help reduce the number and

severity of injuries caused by accidents. We are designing energy-absorbing interiors. We are phasing in rear-seat lap/shoulder belts, beginning with some 1987 models—kits will be made available through GM dealers to retrofit most older cars with these systems. And we will be equipping some 1988 model cars with driver-side air bags to supplement safety belts.

General Motors has been a leader in automotive safety because we believe that building safer cars is good for you. And good for us.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 274, NO. 1640
JANUARY 1987

Letters	6	Martha B., "Phoenix," John Lukacs
Notebook	12	
Cautionary tales		Lewis H. Lapham
Harper's Index	14	
Readings	16	
Outside History		Lawrence Weschler
Gorbachev's Next Move		Matthew Evangelista
Nixon: The Fairway Tapes		Sam Snead
Shooting a Buck		Richard K. Nelson
"The Red Cocoon"		a story by Kobo Abe
A Visit with Yevtushenko		William H. Gass
"Velocity of Money"		a poem by Allen Ginsberg
And . . .		Leonard Michaels, Spike Lee, American Entrepreneurs' Association
Essay	39	
HELPING AND HATING THE HOMELESS		Peter Marin
The struggle at the margins of America		
Annotation	50	
BLACK HOLES IN THE BUDGET		David C. Morrison
How the Pentagon spends by stealth		
Report	53	
A STATE OF PERMANENT REVOLUTION		Maria Thomas
Ethiopia bleeds Red		
Story	66	
RESEARCH		Max Apple
Miscellany	72	
IMAGINE PARIS		John Berger
A city, a walk, a metaphor		
Review	75	
BRING ON THE NIGHT		Laurence A. Marschall
The stellar ambitions of the new astronomers		
Acrostic	77	Thomas H. Middleton
Puzzle	80	E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Cover: Detail of a photograph by Harry Gruyaert/Magnum

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Leon Borstein, Chairman. Copyright©1986 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the United States. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, Ohio 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add \$2; other foreign, add \$3 per year. Please send orders to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Harper's Magazine does not publish unsolicited



Handel, Water Music The English Concert/Pinnock. "Quite the best performance...now on the market."—*Gramophone* Archiv *DIGITAL* 115306

Dvořák, Symphony No. 9 (New World) Chicago Symphony Orchestra/Solti. "The playing is superlatively good."—*Gramophone* London *DIGITAL* 115168

Perlman: Mozart, Violin Concertos Nos. 3 & 5 Vienna Philharmonic/Levine. "Radiantly sumptuous."—*High Fidelity* DG *DIGITAL* 115146

America, The Dream Goes On The Boston Pops/Williams. Title song, *America*, *Battle Hymn Of The Republic*, more. Philips *DIGITAL* 115134

Handel, Messiah (Highlights) Musica Sacra/Westenburg. *Hallelujah Chorus*, *I Know That My Redeemer Liveth*, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 153586



Sir Georg Solti



Itzhak Perlman

Rubinstein: Rachmaninoff, Piano Concerto No. 2; Rhapsody On A Theme Of Paganini Chicago Symphony/Reiner. RCA 170232

Ravel, Daphnis et Chloé (Complete) Montreal Symphony Dutoit. "An absolute dream performance."—*Stereo Review* London *DIGITAL* 115520

Brahms, Cello Sonatas Yo-Yo Ma cello; Emanuel Ax, piano. 1985 Grammy Award Winner, Best Chamber Music Performance! RCA *DIGITAL* 154044

Pavarotti: Passione Title song, *La Palumella*, 10 more. "A sumptuous festival of Neapolitan plums."—*Opera News* London *DIGITAL* 115441

Mozart, Requiem Leipzig Radio Choir; Dresden State Orchestra/Schreier. "Exceptionally satisfying."—*High Fidelity* Philips *DIGITAL* 115039

Galway: Clair De Lune (Music Of Debussy) With Marisa Robles, harp. Sonata for Flute, Viola & Harp; Réverie; more. RCA *DIGITAL* 150499

Rimsky-Korsakov, Scheherazade Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra/Previn. "A fresh and spacious reading."—*Gramophone* Philips *DIGITAL* 115415

Romantic Organ Music Peter Hurford plays Widor, Vierne, Alain, Franck, Karg-Elert, Brahms, Mendelssohn & Reger. Argo *DIGITAL* 115221

The Canadian Brass: High, Bright, Light & Clear Air On The G String, Masterpiece Theatre Theme, other Baroque gems. RCA *DIGITAL* 144529

Richard Stoltzman: Begin Sweet World Title song, *Amazing Grace*, *Clouds*, *Abide With Me*, *Blue Monk*, *Morning Song*, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 150414

Horowitz In London Recorded live! Schumann, *Kinderszenen*; Chopin, *Polonaise-Fantaisie* & *Ballade* No. 1; more. RCA *DIGITAL* 162507

Orff, Carmina Burana Hendricks, Aler, Hagegård. London Symphony Chorus & Orchestra conducted by Eduardo Mata. RCA *DIGITAL* 144503

Pops In Space John Williams leads The Boston Pops in music from *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters*, *Superman*, more. Philips *DIGITAL* 105392

Mozart, The Piano Quartets Beaux Arts Trio; Bruno Giuranna, viola. "Absolutely indispensable."—*Stereo Review* Philips *DIGITAL* 115271

Pachelbel, Canon in D Also includes other works by Pachelbel & Fasch. Maurice André, trumpet; Paillard Chamber Orchestra. RCA 133877

Wagner, Orchestral Highlights From The Ring Vienna Philharmonic Solti. *Ride Of The Valkyries*, *Magic Fire Music*, more. London *DIGITAL* 115426

Julian Bream: Music Of Spain Vol. 5 Albéniz & Granados on guitar. "Electrifying...A treasurable disc."—*Gramophone* RCA *DIGITAL* 114746

Gershwin, Rhapsody In Blue; An American In Paris; Concerto Pittsburgh Symphony/Previn (pianist conductor). Philips *DIGITAL* 115437

Galway Plays Khachaturian F Concerto; Sabre Dance; Masquerade Waltz; Adagio Of Spartacus And Phrygia. RCA *DIGITAL* 160162



Luciano Pavarotti

Pavarotti: Mamma With Henry Mancini: Title song, *Non ti scordar di me*, *Musica proibita*, *Vieni sul mar*, 1; more. London *DIGITAL* 115310

Mahler, Symphony No. 4 Kiri te Kanawa, soprano. Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. London *DIGITAL* 115092

Rudolf Serkin: Mozart, Piano Concertos Nos. 12 & 20 "He makes every phrase glow with life."—*Stereo Review* DG *DIGITAL* 115062

Vivaldi, The Four Seasons The English Concert/Pinnock. "The finest recording of [it] I've heard."—*High Fidelity* Archiv *DIGITAL* 115356

Reich, Variations For Orchestra Adams, Shaker Loops San Francisco Symphony Orchestra led by Edo de Waart. Philips *DIGITAL* 115479

Sousa, Stars And Stripes Forever Philip Jones Ensemble. *Plu Semper Fidelis*, *El Capitan*, *Washington Post*, 11 more. London *DIGITAL* 115051

The International Preview Society

3 COMPACT DISCS, RECORDS OR CASSETTES \$1.00

for just

plus shipping
and handling with
Club membership

with No Obligation to Buy Anything...Ever!

Carmen (Highlights From Film Soundtrack) Julia Johnson & Plácido Domingo; conductor. Erato *DIGITAL*

Bert, Trout Quintet; Mozart, Kleine Nachtmusik Emanuel Le Roy; conductor. Philips *DIGITAL* 154371

Kovovsky, Symphony No. 6 (etique) Chicago Sym. / Levine. "That dazzles and sings."—*Keene Journal* RCA *DIGITAL*

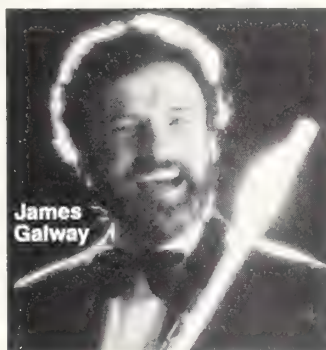
Posthorn Serenade; Academy of St. Martin. "Gracious, warm making."—*N.Y. Times* Philips *DIGITAL* 115151

de Larrocha: Falla, Nights in the Gardens of Spain Also includes rhapsodies by Albeniz & Granados. London *DIGITAL* 115410

Tomita: The Mind Of The Universe (Live At Linz, 1984) Ode To Joy, Also Sprach Zarathustra (opening), Liebestod, more. RCA 173829

Swing, Swing, Swing The Boston Pops / Williams. Title song, *Satin Doll*, *Moonlight Serenade*, *In The Mood*, 10 more. Philips *DIGITAL* 115540

Gregorian Chant Schola of the Hofburgkapelle, Vienna. 10 Propers from *Graduale Romanum*; more. Hauntingly serene. Philips *DIGITAL* 115434



James Galway

Artur Rubinstein: Chopin, 14 Waltzes "[His] playing is relaxed, assured, and wonderfully controlled."—*American Record Guide* RCA 101987

Mozart, Symphonies Nos. 40 in G Minor & 41 in C (Jupiter) James Levine conducts the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA *DIGITAL* 104810

Kiri te Kanawa: Blue Skies With Nelson Riddle: Title song, *Speak Low*, *How High The Moon*, *So In Love*, 8 more. London *DIGITAL* 115035

The Canadian Brass: The Village Band A Stephen Foster Treasury, A Sousa Collection, *Flight Of The Bumblebee*, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 134440

Bach, Organ Works Daniel Chorzempa plays the *Toccata & Fugue in D Minor*; the *Prelude, Largo & Fugue in C*; more. Philips *DIGITAL* 115193

Galway & Mancini: In The Pink *The Pink Panther*, *Breakfast At Tiffany's*, *Pennywhistle Jig*, *Two For The Road*, more. RCA *DIGITAL* 151758

Vaughan Williams, Fantasia On A Theme By Thomas Tallis; Fantasia On Greensleeves; more Academy of St. Martin / Marriner. Argo 105459

Debussy, La Mer; Nocturnes Boston Symphony Orchestra / Davis. "The BSO is in tip-top form throughout."—*Qvation* Philips *DIGITAL* 115068

Sunday In The Park With George Original cast album with Bernadette Peters & Mandy Patinkin. Grammy Award Winner! RCA *DIGITAL* 154014

Ashkenazy Plays Ravel *Gaspard de la nuit*, *Valses nobles et sentimentales*; *Pavane pour une infante défunte*. London *DIGITAL* 115101

Prokofiev, Symphony No. 5 Saint Louis Symphony Orchestra / Slatkin. "Outstanding."—*Opus Double* Grammy Winner! RCA *DIGITAL* 154580

Marilyn Horne: Beautiful Dreamer Plus *God Bless America*, *Shenandoah*, *You're A Grand Old Flag*, *Camptown Races*, more. London *DIGITAL* 125359

Values up to \$47.94

This remarkable \$1 offer is being made to introduce you to an outstanding classical music membership—with never any obligation to buy.

You will find hundreds of outstanding albums in each issue of the society's magazine, which will be sent to you every 4 weeks. You will also receive 6 special sale issues, giving you 19 opportunities a year to shop for fine music at home. But there is no obligation to accept any offering at any time.

You choose only the music you want!

If you'd like to accept the Main Selection, you need not do anything. It will be sent automatically. If you'd prefer an alternate selection or none at all, just mail back the Notification Card by the specified date. You'll always have at least 10 days to decide.

Substantial savings with our half-price bonus plan.

On every regular purchase you do make, you may choose a bonus album for only half of the members' club price! A shipping/handling charge is added to each shipment.

3 Compact discs or records or cassettes for just \$1!

Join your membership now by choosing any 3 albums shown on this page for just \$1 plus shipping and handling. Send no money now. We want you to judge for yourself before you decide to buy. At the end of 10 days, if you're delighted, return your 3 albums at the end of 10 days with no obligation.

The International Preview Society

P.O. Box 91406 • Indianapolis, IN 46291

☐ **YES!** Please accept my membership in The International Preview Society and send me, for 10 days' FREE examination, the 3 albums I have indicated below. I may return them after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep them and pay only \$1 plus shipping & handling.

Please send all selections on: ☐ Compact Disc ☐ Cassette ☐ Record

Write Selection Numbers Here:

--	--	--

Mr. Mrs. Miss First Name Initial Last Name

Address Apt

City State

Telephone () Area Code

NOTE: Members who select compact discs will be serviced by Disc Club. Full membership details will follow with the first shipment. No obligation, no-minimum purchase privilege.

Limited to new members: continental USA only. One membership per household. Please request additional information or reject any application. WA559 (BF) 8/85

HARPER'S

Lewis H. Lapham, *Editor*

Executive Editor

Michael Pollan

Managing Editor

Janet Gold

Staff Editors

Gerald Marzorati, Terry Teachout

Deborah Rust, *Art Director*

Eric Etheridge, *Associate Editor*

Assistant Editors

Pamela Abrams, Richard T. Marin

Ann K. Stern, *Assistant to the Editor*

Ilena Silverman, *Research*

Editorial Assistant

Charis W. Conn

Interns

Cathryn Harding,

J. Gregory Jones, Louise Sloan

Contributing Editors

T.D. Allman, George Ball,

Leon Botstein, Mark D. Danner, L. J. Davis,

Timothy Dickinson, Mark Edmundson,

Samuel C. Florman, Gregory A. Fossedal,

Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,

Walter Karp, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez,

Robert Karl Manoff, Peter Marin,

George Plimpton, Earl Shorris,

Jacqueline Simon, Henry Scott Stokes,

Frances Taliaferro, Tom Wolfe, Sidney Zion

Washington Editor

Martin Morse Wooster

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager

Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Circulation

Elvira Lopez

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs

Randall V. Warner

Vice President, Advertising Director

Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives

Mary Anne Malley, Karen A. Rydzewski

Kathryn Crowley, *Advertising Assistant*

Max Lane, *Circulation Assistant*

Kathleen Quinn, *Assistant to the Publisher*

Elena Gastines, *Office Manager*

Staff

Benjamin Glassberg, Joseph Malits

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES

666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012

(212) 614-6500

San Francisco

Colin Smith (415) 486-0454

Detroit

Norma Davis & Associates (313) 656-1887

Tokyo

Yoshuro Mitsui, IMI Corporation

(03) 546-2231

LETTERS

Alcoholics Anonymous

It is not possible to know how important "Elpenor's" essay ["A Drunkard's Progress," *Harper's Magazine*, October 1986] will turn out to be. But I bet it will be important to some still-suffering souls who think that AA-land is inhabited chiefly by people who have plastic pink flamingos in their front yards and plastic gold crucifixes over their beds. That kind of thinking kept me from giving my soul to the program for more than a year, despite the awed respect I had for what went on at AA meetings. During that time I kept on seeking liquid salvation, hoping to discover I was something (anything) other than a common drunk. I nearly slipped into the ultimate possibility, death, as I lurched along the shoals of denial, in desperate flight from customs I thought were too simple for the likes of me. An educated woman. Lord, lord.

Why are we educated, "complicated" people so terrified of the simple, the commonplace? Thank God (I no longer blush to use that syllable) some of us finally manage to sail the limits of our intellects and to return, full circle, to childlike, quotidian awe.

Elpenor surely helped a few, at least, to hear the voice of the poet among the circles we form in AA, to sense the poetic possibility that is a precondition to any serious salvaging operation.

Any attempt to explain AA to the uninitiated is fraught with danger; it is an effort that needs metaphor. The hook Elpenor fashioned is not an all-

purpose one. It is meant for a skilled, patient angler. I think it will snag the attention of his intellectual and spiritual familiars, and inform their contemplation of an unfamiliar territory they may have thought too simple to require contemplation.

Martha B.

Elpenor's description of the demon that is in all alcoholics is true. The insanity beyond insanity of a rampant Apollyon, the angel of the bottomless pit, is within us. We destroy ourselves, savage our relationships, and conjure up fantasies of exquisite texture as false as the teeth we lose in street brawls. We do all this without sense or purpose other than to escape the relentless, baying hounds of hell that chase us.

Those of us in the Alcoholics Anonymous program are sober because of a paradox. AA is simplicity itself. Armed with seemingly banal sayings—*One day at a time; Easy does it*—and the "twelve steps" of recovery, we combat life's complexities, which we dread far more than "normal" individuals.

One can posit the most profound rationale for the power of AA. Elpenor chooses the Word as the God that stops our drinking and lets us cope. But in the words of AA's second step, we become able to span the chasm between horror and normalcy when "we [come] to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity."

By accepting this precept, we begin to ascend into a spiritual—not a religious—realm. If AA is anything, it is a spiritual program. But while the ascendent human spirit is a noble force of courage and tenacity, it fails to explain miracles.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

What caused me, sitting on the edge of a bed in a lonely apartment, alienated from family and friends, to clutch my bottle of gin and scream, "Oh my God, help!"? Surely it was not analysis, not the pleading of family, not lost jobs or guilt or shame. A few months later I began my climb from the pit of insanity.

I can explain why I stay sober, and yet I can't, other than that I choose not to drink today, to follow the twelve steps, to go to meetings. Beyond that is the power far greater than ourselves. I choose to call it a Mystery; an agnostic may prefer the lower-case mystery.

"Phoenix"

I realize *Harper's* had broader aims in publishing Elpenor's essay, but I am a newly recovering alcoholic, and "A Drunkard's Progress" helped me stay sober today.

Scott

Schlafly's America

The great and present danger that has befallen the people of this republic reveals itself in a single word in the first sentence of Phyllis Schlafly's otherwise cogent letter to the editor against abortion [*Harper's Magazine*, November 1986]. "As I go about America, speaking to diverse groups," she wrote, "I encounter many women who manifest a smoldering hostility toward men, children, family, and even their country."

The italics are mine.

Disillusionment or dissatisfaction with one's family or children is bad—yet, for Mrs. Schlafly, *not* as bad as disillusionment or dissatisfaction with the United States of America. In other words: not to love the flag is even worse than not to love one's family. This, from a leading personage among Catholic Christian conservatives. This, of course, is the same Phyllis Schlafly who wrote, "God gave America the atom bomb."

This kind of twentieth-century American nationalism is entirely different from old-fashioned patriotism. It is not only the last refuge of scoundrels (though it is that, too). It is now

the profitable choice of all kinds of people. It is a horrific surrogate of faith, a nationalist religion for those who do not really believe—whatever they may profess to believe, or think they believe—in the older religious and Christian morality. This kind of nationalism is the only common denominator of most of the people who make up the conservative movement in these superficially religious but, in reality, profoundly godless times.

The liberals who still think and write that American conservatives are traditionalists and individualists and isolationists and anti-progressives are too stupid to understand this. Yet it is all so simple. Alarming simple.

John Lukacs
Phoenixville, Pa.

As I go about America, speaking to diverse groups, I encounter many women who manifest a smoldering hostility toward men, children, family, and even other women. They are, I believe, among the 10 million women who have listened to Phyllis Schlafly.

Vickie Chapman
Seattle, Wash.

The Fading Blue Collar

As I read David Corn's "Dreams Gone to Rust" [*Harper's Magazine*, September 1986], I felt as though the calendar had been turned back five years. To some degree I could empathize with the steelworkers, but at the same time I was reminded of the adage that some people just don't learn.

In 1981 I was working in the Middle East for a defense contractor, quite literally making more money than I knew what to do with. When my contract came to an end, I returned to the United States with great expectations. After all, I had been earning as much as any bank vice president for essentially blue-collar work; and could see no reason why I shouldn't continue doing so.

I went from one end of the country to the other, looking for work. Nothing, zip, nada. I had known I would be out of work for a while, but I just couldn't believe that I was unemployed.

"How to tell you how much YS means to me? Not hard at all. I just tell you how breathlessly I await each copy, how enthusiastically I tell my friends about it, how quickly I devour the contents. I have thoroughly enjoyed each copy since its first appearance in my mailbox . . . I thank you for sending YS to me so I can resubscribe to not only your magazine but to your philosophy of the erotic."

JOYCE WOODY
Lincoln Park MI

Yellow Silk

Journal of Erotic Arts



"All persuasions, no brutality."

W.S. Merwin • Ntozake Shange • Susan Griffin • Robert Silverberg • Mayumi Oda • Jean Genet • Tee Corinne • Pierre Louys • Wanda Coleman • Judy Dater • Marge Piercy • Jessica Hagedorn • William Kotzwinkle • Jane Hirshfield • Eric Gill • Victor Hernandez Cruz • Mary Mackey

YS, P.O. Box 614 • Athens, GA 30605
\$15/year • Quarterly

THE COORDINATING COUNCIL
OF LITERARY MAGAZINES
is pleased to announce the winners of
THE 1986
GENERAL ELECTRIC
FOUNDATION AWARDS FOR
YOUNGER WRITERS

- **Julia Alvarez** for fiction published in the new renaissance.
- **Sandra Joy Jackson-Opoku** for fiction published in *Heresies*.
- **Rodney Jones** for poetry published in *River Styx*.
- **Ewa Kuryluk** for a literary essay published in *Formations*.
- **Jim Powell** for poetry published in *The Paris Review*.
- **Eliot Weinberger** for a literary essay published in *Sulfur*.

These awards honor excellence in new writers while recognizing the significant contribution of America's literary magazines.

This year's judges were: **Michael Anania, Thom Gunn, Elizabeth Hardwick, Margo Jefferson** and **Charles Simic**.

For information about The General Electric Foundation Awards for Younger Writers, contact: **CCLM, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. (212) 614-6551**



able! The American work ethic, right? Bust my buns for someone else, establish a good record, and things will always be fine. Uh-huh.

Once I realized that sour grapes weren't going to put me back in the top 20 percent bracket, I did what many of the steelworkers have done: I retrained. I returned to college full time to learn computer programming—a difficult step for me, as I've hated school ever since kindergarten.

Now armed with the latest technological schooling, I began to receive an education. The best offer I received, and I say "best" because it was the *only* offer I received, was \$4 an hour as a night production typist for a direct-mail firm. So I learned the direct-mail business. And hated every minute of it. I hated typing, so I learned to operate the mailing machinery. I hated that even more, so when a slot came open in word processing I slid into a new world.

The astute reader may wonder how I was able to move around at the same company. My philosophy was simple: I disliked my work so much I made damn sure I *never* had to do the same job for too long. A few years later I was in charge of all operations—because I knew what all the operations were better than anyone else. And back in my old income bracket. Notice which came first.

My point is that I started out with the same background as most of the out-of-work steelers: no degree, blue-collar experience, and a strong back. I do not attribute my success since then to any stroke of luck or knowing the right people. Some things cannot be changed. Age, for instance. Attitude can be changed, however, and I changed mine darn quick.

First, I determined my requirements for personal happiness. I discovered that I could live without all the junk that is advertised on TV. In fact, I realized I didn't need a TV. Second, I realized that if I unloaded a lot of the junk I'd accumulated, I could easily relocate. So I went where the jobs were, instead of sitting on my ass and waiting for a job to come to me. Third, I came to see that the most important thing was a *willingness* to work and learn and a *desire* to achieve success through my own efforts. My ef-

forts, not the government's. They can't operate a train. What makes anyone think they can find him or her a job?

I succeeded in the direct-mail business—and a drearier job doesn't exist, in my opinion—and am now edging into a field where I feel my greatest potential lies. I didn't get here by sitting around the hometown, drinking beer, and commiserating with others in the same situation.

Ultimately, we each determine our own future, at least in this country, and it is up to the individual to make his or her own way. It is not society's responsibility to hold the hand of the unemployed. Some assistance, as described in Corn's article, yes, but neither the state nor the union is going to pay the mortgage, and waiting for Mama Mill to bail one out is foolhardy, to say the least.

"Dreams Gone to Rust" illustrates the growing tendency of Americans to wait for someone else to act. "They" should do this, "they" should provide me with that. Yawn. If a person can't work through no fault of his own, that's one thing. As a nation, we have a responsibility to that individual. But if a person *won't* work because of low pay, lack of benefits, or fill in the blank, I don't want to have to support him through tax-paid programs.

I've lived in countries where running water is considered a luxury. The ability to work for whom I choose, the opportunity to learn what I want to learn in order to get the work that I want to do, are luxuries found in few places in this world.

Gil Newbold
Arlington, Va.

I once spent six months living and looking for permanent work in Pittsburgh, and so I read many truths in David Corn's "Dreams Gone to Rust." I'd always found work quickly, and knew well the skills required for finding a job. But the Mon Valley is definitely the toughest employment nut to crack. All the retraining and job-finding tricks are likely to be ineffective. There are just too many applicants for each opening. Consequently, most jobs in Rand McNally's number-one-rated city pay less than

As Corn emphasized, there is a real hometown closeness in Pittsburgh, which keeps many people from leaving. The steelworkers' reluctance to leave the area is their downfall. My advice to the unemployed in the Mon Valley is to move to New Jersey, as I have done; it is not far from family and friends, and the unemployment rate is only 4.7 percent. I quickly found satisfying work here. Many parts of Pennsylvania have never recovered from the recession of the early 1980s, and they never will as long as there are more people than there are jobs.

Whose Words Are These?

I've been a working journalist for x years, and I now teach part-time in small college, where cheating on one's papers is the norm. Last semester, one teacher flunked a third of her students for handing in stolen or bought term papers. This semester, I failed two budding plagiarists in a feature-writing course, one of whom claimed to have recently interviewed a woman several months dead.

Teachers who permit this to happen shortchange their students. It's easy to say the student who cheats really cheats himself. But it's not so simple as that. One of my editors hired a young woman who slipped through a good state university by using the same techniques my student word-thieves do. She quickly showed us she couldn't write a simple sentence. He was left with a mass of white space to fill at deadline, and she was left without a job. She now works as a recep-

● The men's Charles & Keith watches are the perfect accompaniment to the trip.

► The trip isn't over until you've packed your gear for the watch for the journey before it needs to be replaced.



*A tribute
to the golden
twenties...*

Classic Charleston Watch

Just **\$59⁹⁵*** **But read the ad for an even better deal!*

We are the exclusive importers of **rostell-7** watches and are able to offer the *Charleston* for just \$59.95. And here is the "special deal": *Buy the pair for \$119.90, and we shall send you a third watch (men's or women's, tell us which), with our compliments—absolutely FREE!* Treat yourself to this beautiful touch of luxury and nostalgia!

Please give order #**1090B813** (Men's); #**1091B813** (Women's); #**1092B813** (Pair, plus Bonus). If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders. UPS/insurance: \$5.95 for one *Charleston Watch*, \$8.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one-year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+) with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

The Musical Heritage Society Invites You To Listen To

Beautiful Baroque Music!

Academy of St. Martin-In-The-Fields, Conducted by Neville Marriner
This Classical Cassette or LP—Yours For Only \$1.00

Prepare yourself for pure pleasure. The world's most exquisite music. Performed by the most famous orchestra of its kind—Neville Marriner and The Academy of St. Martin-in-The-Fields. This critically acclaimed collection of stunningly beautiful baroque music is only available from the Musical Heritage Society—America's foremost classical recording society.

For Only \$1.00 You Get

- Vivaldi's sparkling Concerto for 4 Violins AND richly melodic Concerto for 2 Trumpets
- Telemann's renowned Viola Concerto in G Major.
- Handel's glorious Concerto Grosso, Opus 6, Numbers 1 and 4, hailed as among the great masterpieces of the baroque period

An unusual offer to introduce you to our great classical music



Neville Marriner

FREE!

With your introductory recording you'll also receive "Selections From Our Master Catalog," a listing of recordings that have been carefully chosen from the thousands in the Society's master collection...an incredibly rich offering covering every musical period: Medieval, Renaissance, Baroque, Rococo, Classical, Romantic and Modern. Many are works recorded for the first time

Winner of Awards

The Society issues over 200 new recordings each year. Manufactured to the Society's exacting standards, they are the highest quality of which the industry is capable. Quite probably the finest recordings sold in this country, they have won the coveted Grand Prix Du Disque and other international awards!

To: The Musical Heritage Society
1710 Highway 35, Ocean, NJ 07712

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Society
Please send me Academy of St. Martin-
In-The-Fields with my FREE copy of
'Selections From Our Master Catalog.'
You may enter my subscription to the
Society's recording program and set up an
account in my name. I may cancel at any
time, and there is no purchase obligation
on my part

My payment is enclosed. Please send Academy of St. Martin-In-The-Fields my preferred* type of recording

NAME _____

ADDRESSES

[DAY 1 (M)] 640 2000 2000 2000

545-546-547

☐ Cassette, 32Y, \$1.00
☐ Record, 31A, \$1.00

WATER'S jacket \$36

Continental zip, dash, flair and polish.
Originally designed for the... yet
nonetheless the perfect blazer

XS S M L XL
made in Italy

BANANA REPUBLIC
TRAVEL & SAFARI
CLOTHING CO.

Send Check, Visa, Amex, M/C, DC to 224 Grant Avenue,
Dept. H42, P.O. Box 7347, San Francisco, CA 94120
Add CA, NY, TX Sales Tax and \$2 for Shipping
Order Toll-Free 1-800-527-5200

CHOICE MAGAZINE LISTENING

This **FREE** service—for anyone deprived of the joy of reading by loss of sight—provides 8 hours of recording every other month with unabridged selections from publications such as **The New Yorker**, **Smithsonian**, **Country Journal** and **Harper's**. The special record player is provided free, on permanent loan, by the Library of Congress. For information, write:

CML, DEPT. H.
85 Channel Drive
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050
or call (516) 883-8280.



tionist, a job she might have gotten five years ago, before she wasted her time and the taxpayers' money on ersatz college training.

My point is this: when schools ignore the problem, they send people into the world, certified as competent to work in this or that trade, with phony credentials. Businesses that hire them hire bogus professionals. The student who plagiarizes may cheat himself, but the community at large is cheated, too. Part of the responsibility for that lies with the teacher who, while he narcissistically ponders his own motives for feeling annoyed, shrugs his shoulders and lets the student get away with it.

Millicent V. Hay
Phoenix, Ariz.

Neil Hertz's essay is an open invitation to praise, if not the plagiarist, the derivative writer. The obsession of members of the Cornell English department with so-called originality disregards the lessons of the past. Undoubtedly they would indulge Hemingway, who acknowledged that his writing was influenced by the paintings of Cézanne. Do they wish that Shaw's *Pygmalion* had been left undisturbed by the authors of *My Fair Lady*? Or that the authors of *Damn Yankees* and *West Side Story* had left the "original" works untouched?

The music world is richer for George Frederick Handel, despite his oft-proved and even acknowledged plagiarism. When accused, he retorted, "That pig did not know what to do with such a tune."

Quintilian, the first-century rhetorician, said there is "a universal rule that we should copy what we approve in others [and]... improve upon the good things, and vie with the original in the expression of the same thoughts."

Charles Ives included "plagiarisms" in his Symphony no. 2 that Leonard Bernstein so appreciated he gave a quiz to his own orchestra members to see if they could identify in the work derivative uses of such songs as "Camptown Races," "America the Beautiful," "Turkey in the Straw," and even "Where, Oh Where Are the Pea Green Freshmen?"

We guardians of the law against plagiarism, copyright lawyers like myself, are the first to recognize that the desired result of protecting the paternity and compensatory rights of the "originator" is to enrich the public domain. But it is from just such vast resources of the public domain that further culture can be generated.

It would be apt to conclude with a tribute to Sir Isaac Newton, who is credited with the phrase, "If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." However, it must be noted that Bernard of Chartres, a twelfth-century scholastic, said it earlier as: "In comparison with the ancients we stand like dwarfs on the shoulders of giants."

M.Wm. Krasilovsky
Cornell '47, '49
New York City

January Index Sources

1 David C. Morrison/*National Journal* (Washington, D.C.); 2, 3 U.S. Government Accounting Office; 4 *National Journal*; 5 "The Empty Pork Barrel" (Employment Research Associates, Lansing, Mich.); 6, 7 The Unemployment Unit (London); 8 *Spectator* (London); 9 U.S. Bureau of Justice Statistics; 10 New York City Department of Health; 11 *Los Angeles Times* poll; 12, 13 Gallup and London Weekend Television Poll; 14 *Forbes* (New York City); 15 Cunard Line (New York City); 16 Jeremy Sage (New York City); 17, 18 National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); 19, 20 Professor Jacqueline Eccles, University of Michigan Institute for Social Research (Ann Arbor); 21 *P.M. Magazine* (San Francisco); 22 *Spy* magazine (New York City); 23, 24 *Columbia Journalism Review* (New York City); 25, 26 1986 *Information Please Almanac* (Houghton Mifflin); 27 U.S. Department of Energy; 28 *Advertising Age* (New York City); 29 *Newsweek*; 30 John Sineno, author of *The Firefighter's Cookbook* (Vintage Books); 31, 32 MRCA Information Services (Northbrook, Ill.); 33, 34 U.S. Department of Agriculture; 35 National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (Washington, D.C.); 36, 37 National Marine Fisheries Service (Washington, D.C.); 38 National Ski Areas Association (Springfield, Mass.); 39 *Rodale's Organic Gardening* magazine (Emmaus, Pa.).

Free Facts That Can Cut Your Exercise Time In Half

Find out how you can exercise your entire cardiorespiratory system with the GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout from Lifecycle®. It's yours absolutely Free when you mail in the coupon below.

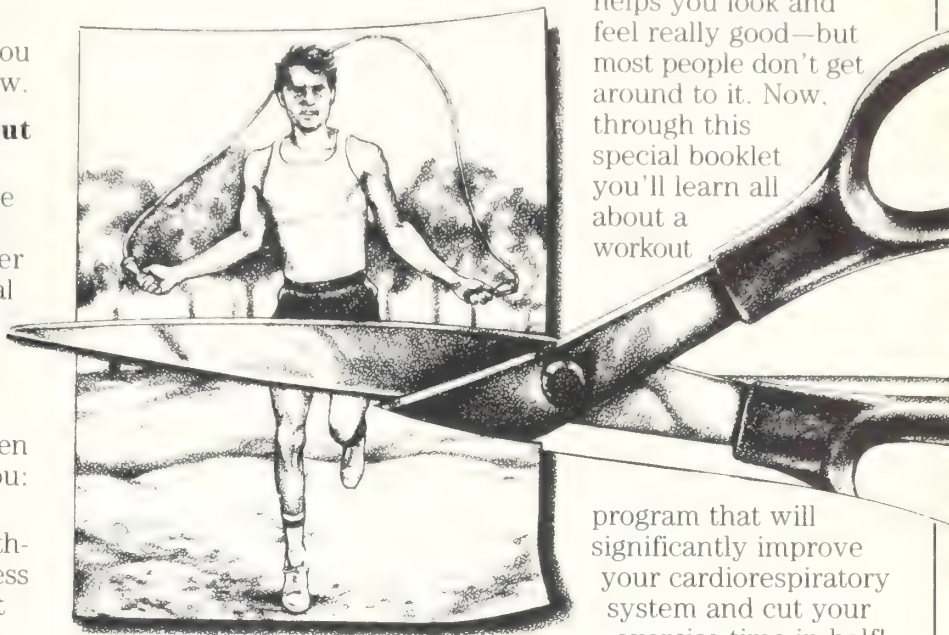
A Challenging Workout in Only 12 Minutes

You can get an extensive cardiorespiratory workout for a longer, healthier life just by doing a special 12 minute routine a few days a week. This 16 page, fully-illustrated booklet tells about an easy, proven method that can help you:

- Improve your cardio-respiratory system without causing severe stress or strain to your heart
- Burn off calories in a minimum amount of time
- Decrease your permanent body fat
- Develop a trim, fit body from the privacy and convenience of your own home.

You'll Look and Feel Better

Studies show aerobic fitness helps alleviate everyday stress. It also helps you look and feel really good—but most people don't get around to it. Now, through this special booklet you'll learn all about a workout

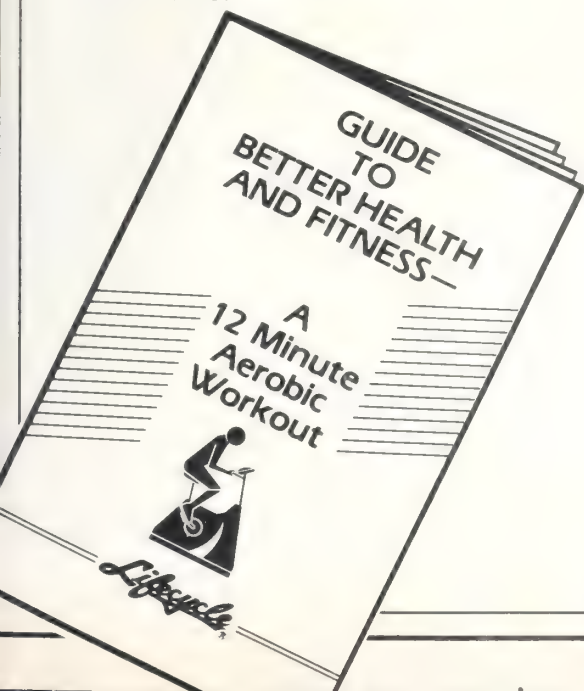


program that will significantly improve your cardiorespiratory system and cut your exercise time in half!

And it's so easy, your whole family can do it.

Send for the Free Facts Today

All you have to do to get your Free Booklet is return this coupon below to **Lifecycle**,
10 Thomas Road, Irvine, California 92718 or
call toll-free 1-800-544-3004, Dept. JA64



Lifecycle
by Thomas Road

Send For Your FREE Booklet Today!

YES, I want to cut my exercise time in half! Please send me my FREE copy of the GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout by Lifecycle®. I understand I am under no obligation.

MAIL TO: **Lifecycle**
10 Thomas Road
Irvine, California 92718

(Please Print)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Telephone _____

NOTEBOOK

Cautionary tales By Lewis H. Lapham

Realism is a corruption of reality.

—Wallace Stevens

Things haven't been easy lately for the manufacturers of network television news. The available audience, distracted and easily bored, has divided into almost as many subspecies as appear in a botanist's classification of plants. Other products on the market—cable, MTV, independent syndications, soap opera, video-text, game shows, movies, detective dramas—further dilute the attention of the relatively small number of people who can still tell the difference between George Shultz and Stacy Keach. Like their peers in the steel and automobile industries, the corporate news managers confront the sorrows of a lost monopoly. General Motors divests itself of 29,000 workers in the Midlands, and the television networks wonder if it's really necessary to send 2,000 semiliterate journalists to Iceland to gather twelve minutes of unintelligible news. The pervasive mood of suspicion and alarm results in mass firings, which in turn result in states of paralysis throughout the news divisions, which result in threatened ratings, which result in more firings. At CBS News during the past eighteen months the steady sound of desks being emptied of paper has settled into a rhythm as monotonous as the mowing of autumn wheat. Although not so well publicized, the decimations at the other networks keep pace with the measurements of decline.

Not surprisingly, the sense of impending doom instills terror within the ranks of the journalistic bureaucracies. Their collective fear finds expression in memoranda. For the past few years network executives have been studying "action plans" with the desperate hope of bankrupts looking at treasure maps. One of these documents was sent to me last month by an agent behind corporate lines. His careerist instincts prompted him to delete all references to specific programs or individuals. Judging from the textual evidence I would guess the memorandum to be the work of a junior impresario familiar with the vocabulary of film images but conveniently ignorant of politics or art or literature. He apparently was addressing his remarks to an older producer in whom he had encountered, on at least two or three prior occasions, distressing signs of timidity.

The memorandum begins with a short preamble complaining about news executives who, "instead of recognizing themselves as trainers of performing bears, prefer to think of themselves as government officials." It then goes on to offer thirty-one criticisms and suggestions, all of them indicative of a sensibility impatient with words of more than one syllable. The paragraphs quoted below can be taken as representative:

3. THE NAME OF THE SHOW. Can't we think of another word for "news"? Every time I hear the word, I think of medicine or homework—stuff that's

supposed to be good for you but always turns out to be a lot worse than you thought. Mention news to anyone under the age of thirty and he thinks of a Spencer Tracy movie that he once saw on late night television.

5. THE CREDITS. These need to look a good deal more like the credits on *Dynasty* or *The A-Team*. At the top of the program, we could show film of our people getting off an airplane in Beirut, entering the White House, arm wrestling with Sly Stallone. Something with a little movement in it, for God's sake; something to hold the audience through the first commercial.

8. THE MUSIC. Obviously we need a decent sound track. I've said a lot about this in other notes, Harry, and I don't want to repeat myself about matching the week's hit tunes with the images presented on the broadcast. At the very least, we should associate each of our principal newscasters with their own musical theme—salsa for the Hispanics, jazz for the blacks, Mozart for the diplomatic analysts, Johnny Cash for the old ballplayers. If we could get any serious development money from the corporation, we could commission Springsteen to write a network song.

9. CLOTHES. In New York or Los Angeles—maybe even in Omaha—you can walk six blocks in any direction from any major intersection and see some really interesting clothes. Why do our people look like they're

going to funerals? Check out the photographs in *Vogue*, Harry; look at the scene on MTV. If I've said it once, I've said it a hundred times: Hire Ralph Lauren to dress the women as well as the sets.

10. PROPS. Everybody on the show ought to bring to the set one distinctive object or mannerism. For example:

- a. A funny hat
- b. A genuinely weird hairstyle
- c. A foolish pet (aardvark, duck, raccoon, lobster, etc.)
- d. A lisp.

14. RACE BAITING. Desirable under any pretext. Ted Koppel used the technique to good effect on *Nightline* when he pitted the Rev. Jesse Jackson against the Rev. Jerry Falwell in what was nominally a discussion of South African apartheid. The two preachers nearly came to blows, which, as you well know, Harry, is very, very good television.

If we must do debates about social issues (a practice I don't recommend), at least we should book guests who de-test one another, preferably for social, racial, or sexual reasons. The audience is sick of hearing professors agree on points so abstract as to have lost the name of meaning.

16. POLITICS. Another word as boring as news. Politics interests people who don't know how to make money or love. Not our kind of audience—not the upscale buyers of big-ticket items that impress our friends at the ad agencies. Maybe we should require all politicians to come on the show dressed in costume—Mario Cuomo as a Venetian gondolier, say, or Gary Hart as a Franciscan monk.

23. SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS. Another topic that I've mentioned in other memoranda. You and I both know that the definition of news is as arbitrary as one of President Reagan's improvisations in the theme park of American history. Everything is news, and nothing is news. It depends on the circumstances and the available footage.

We should feel no embarrassment about imposing our own categories. It's about time we learned to ignore Washington and pay some attention

to sex and astrology. With this strategy in mind, I suggest we hire at least three special correspondents, each of them responsible for five-minute segments at least once a week:

a. *The sexual correspondent*—an attractive blond woman in leather or silk reporting from locations as various as a singles bar in Kansas City, the von Bülow trial, or an orgy in Beverly Hills. (When we sign her to a contract, remember to retain 50 percent of book rights.)

b. *The medical correspondent*—an earnest young man in white who travels around the country in the manner of Charles Kuralt, looking into emergency rooms, touring cancer wards, doing live broadcasts of experimental operations in which the patient's life trembles (as precariously as a Nielsen point, Harry) in the balance.

c. *The criminal correspondent*—preferably a senior figure in the Mafia or a retired New York City judge. In any event, somebody with the air of an ex-

pensively manicured lizard, the sort of guy likely to know George Steinbrenner, Frank Sinatra, and Richard Nixon. Imagine an urbane and cynical gentleman, smoking a cigar, providing languid commentary on the day's most promising murder, drug bust, or Wall Street swindle.

31. CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION. This is what it's all about, and we ought to figure out something comparable to the newspaper lotteries. At least once in every show we ought to see somebody (celebrity or common citizen) eat \$4,000 worth of caviar in ninety seconds; alternatively, we could watch somebody like Joan Collins buy, also in ninety seconds, \$14,000 worth of perfume, lingerie, or fur.

Set the audience an example, Harry. Remember that we have a responsibility to educate as well as entertain. Give people an ideal toward which they can aspire; tell them a cautionary tale. ■



*Eminently Civilized.
Truly Accomodating.*



WINDSOR COURT HOTEL[®] NEW ORLEANS

300 Gravier Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70140-1035
(504) 523-6000/Toll Free (800) 262-2662/Telex 784066

The Leading Hotels of the World[®]

HARPER'S INDEX

- Percentage change, since 1981, in the amount the Pentagon spends on classified projects : +300 (see page 50)
- Percentage change, in 1985, in the number of federal employees with security clearances : -21
- Number of federal employees who have agreed to submit all future writing to the government for clearance : 290,000
- Pages in the published transcripts of Congressional hearings on the 1986 defense budget : 11,246
- Jobs California has gained since 1981 as a result of increases in defense spending : 607,250
- Number of times since 1979 Britain has "refined" its method of counting the unemployed : 19
- Number of those refinements that resulted in a lower unemployment rate : 18
- Number of crossbows manufactured in Britain in 1985 : 110,000
- Portion of violent crimes in the United States in which the victim knows the attacker : 2/5
- Rank of AIDS among the causes of death for women aged 25 to 29 in New York City : 1
- Percentage of Americans who believe AIDS can be contracted by handling money : 10
- Percentage of Americans who believe inheritance is the way people get rich : 20
- Who believe hard work is the way : 43
- Percentage of the richest 400 Americans who inherited their wealth : 41
- Price of renting the *Queen Elizabeth II* for an overnight "cruise to nowhere" for 600 guests : \$500,000
- Price of a 90-minute children's birthday party for 30 guests at Jeremy's Place in New York City : \$500
- Percentage change in the birth rate for single black women since 1976 : -9
- In the birth rate for single white women : +62
- Average number of minutes per weekday the child of a working mother watches television : 111
- Average number of minutes per weekday the child of a nonworking mother watches television : 139
- Rank of Doctors Welby, Pierce, and Westphall among TV physicians Americans would go to if they existed : 1,2,3
- Number of times Bill Cosby's name is listed in the credits for *The Cosby Show* : 5
- Number of entries under "journalistic ethics" in the 1961 *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* : 0
- In the 1985 edition : 23
- Number of newspapers sold each day, per 1,000 people, in the United States : 282
- In Japan : 569
- Percentage change in U.S. oil imports in the first 9 months of 1986 : +35
- Percentage increase in U.S. sales of Mexican beer in 1985 : 60
- Percentage of Japan's red-pepper-sauce market held by Tabasco : 99
- Chances that a firefighter's meal will be interrupted : 3 in 5
- Percentage of American adults who went on a diet in 1981 : 32
- In 1986 : 25
- Average earnings per acre of farmland in Massachusetts : \$1,613
- In Iowa : \$177
- Portion of the U.S. marijuana crop that is grown indoors : 1/4
- Percentage of the fish and shellfish harvested in the United States in 1975 that came from farms : 3
- In 1984 : 14
- Cost of making a cubic foot of snow : 3¢
- Percentage of the parsley served in the United States that is thrown out : 90

Figures cited are the latest available as of November 1986. Sources are listed on page 10.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

A REGAL BRIBE TO INDUCE YOU TO TRY THE COFFEE FAVORED BY KINGS.



Here's a gift — the gold-embossed Regal Canister — to introduce you to the magnificent experience of drinking Gevalia Kaffe. It all started 134 years ago in the seaport town of Gävle, Sweden, when Victor Theodor Engwall was seized by

an obsession: to produce the world's most superb cup of coffee. Month after month, he experimented with the best, most aromatic coffees that came into port until at last he produced Gevalia, the end of perfection. Finally, he had achieved his goal.

They say on a chilly day King Gustav V stopped in Gävle and tasted it. So enchanted was he that he appointed Gevalia coffee purveyors to His Majesty and the Royal Court of Sweden.

Today, this remarkable coffee — a blend of up to 6 varieties of highly-prized Arabica beans — is made in Gävle, and has become Sweden's most popular coffee. With this coupon (tear out the whole page), we offer you a regal gift to try it.

☒ **Ja.** Yes, I would like to try one pound of Gevalia® Kaffe for \$5.00 including shipping & handling and receive with it the imported Regal Gevalia Kaffe Canister (retail value \$18.00) as a free gift. Please send Gevalia Kaffe — two ½ lb. packages of the type(s) I indicated below — with the understanding that if after trying it I want more, I will get further shipments through the Gevalia Kaffe Import Service.

Check one:



WHOLE
BEAN



GROUND

In one of the following choices of roasts:

- A ☐ Traditional Roast Regular
B ☐ Traditional Roast Decaffeinated
C ☐ Traditional Roast Reg. and Decaf.
D ☐ Dark Roast Regular



- E ☐ Dark Roast Reg. and Trad. Roast Reg.
F ☐ Dark Roast Reg. and Trad. Roast Decaf.

NATURALLY DECAFFEINATED
Superb as is the flavor of regular Gevalia, our crowning achievement may be Gevalia Decaffeinated. Caffeine is removed naturally by gently soaking the

beans in water, then treating them with the same elements that put the effervescence in sparkling water. The result: full coffee flavor fit for a king.

There's yet another flavor secret. Gevalia is roasted in small quantities and immediately sealed in golden foil pouches to ensure impeccable freshness. And the Regal Canister locks in that freshness by creating an airtight seal.

As beans of Gevalia's quality are not available in mass market quantities, the only way to obtain a trial supply for your kingdom is to send us this page. Just fill it out and mail to:

**GEVALIA KAFFE IMPORT SERVICE,
P.O. BOX 5223, CLIFTON, NJ 07015.**

Or for Credit Card orders, call
1-800-441-2528.

We will send you your introductory supply with the understanding that if after trying it you want more, you will get further shipments through our Import Service.

Charge the amount to my: ☐ VISA
☐ AMERICAN EXPRESS ☐ MASTERCARD

Credit Card Number

Exp. Date Month/Year

Authorized Signature

☐ Enclosed is my check payable to Gevalia Kaffe for \$5.00.

Please print your name and address in the space below.

Name

Address

City

LSGACW

GEVALIA KAFFE
A SWEDISH OBSESSION

HOW THIS SERVICE WORKS: 1. You must find Gevalia Kaffe pleasing to your taste or you may send a postcard within 10 days after you receive your introductory supply to keep in any case. 2. Otherwise about one month after you receive your introductory package, you will receive your first standard shipment containing four packages (1/2 lb. each) of the type(s) you have indicated. Your standard shipment of 4 packages will be sent to you thereafter once every 6 weeks. 3. You will be billed only \$4.45 for each package of regular Gevalia Kaffe and \$4.95 for each package of Decaffeinated. A shipping and handling charge will be added. 4. You agree to pay as soon as you receive each shipment. For those using credit cards, subsequent shipments will also be conveniently billed to your card. 5. The above prices are guaranteed not to rise through May 31, 1987. 6. You may change the quantities and types of Gevalia you want at any time, or cancel this arrangement and receive no further shipments simply by notifying us. 7. Limit one canister per household. 8. Offer is open only to residents of Continental U.S.

© 1987 Victor Theodor Engwall & Co

READINGS

[Essay]

OUTSIDE HISTORY

From "Running from History, Running on Empty," by Lawrence Weschler, in the November 12-18 issue of In These Times, the socialist weekly's tenth-anniversary issue. Weschler is a staff writer for the New Yorker and the author of The Passion of Poland.

There's a Zulu proverb, I'm told, that proclaims, "You have to go fetch the future, it's not coming toward you, it's running away." I was told this proverb a few months ago, when I happened to be sharing a flight from Dakar to Paris with a small group of black South African writers who were on their way home from a writers' conference which had been going on in Dakar the very week that the "state of emergency" was being imposed back in their homeland. One of the crazy side effects of the Pretoria regime's policy of apartheid is that there are virtually no direct air links between South Africa and most of the other countries in Africa, so that anyone wanting to return to Johannesburg from Dakar has to do so by way of Europe—an air voyage which can last over twenty-four hours. A corollary to this state of affairs is that very few black South Africans have visited their brethren in other African countries: apartheid not only enforces artificial barriers between South African blacks and South African whites; it also cuts South African blacks off from their heritage in the rest of Africa.

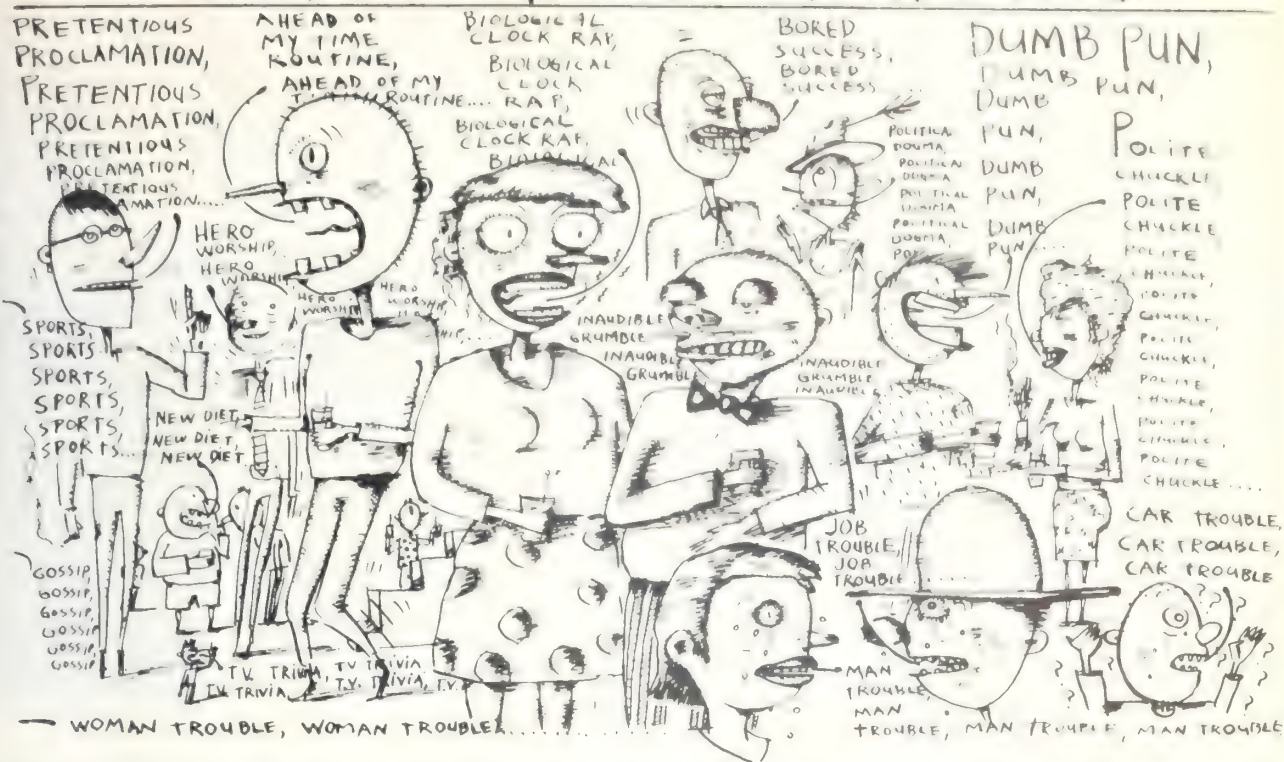
These writers were telling me that this was the first time they'd managed to meet with other African writers in Africa (one or two of them had had occasion to accomplish such a meeting

in Stockholm or in New York). The Senegalese authorities had accommodated these fellows by not stamping their passports, so it may be hoped that the South African authorities won't have figured out what they were up to. I certainly am not going to make the regime's task any easier by revealing their names here. Still, it hardly matters. As became clear across the breadth of our conversation, each of these writers (two were playwrights, one was a novelist, another a poet) had repeatedly been in trouble with the regime in the past, and each of them stood a good chance of being interned the minute he set foot back on South African territory. Notwithstanding which, they faced that grim prospect with even-tempered, resolute, even cheerful determination. They told me how they'd been chafing the past several days in Dakar at the fact of *not* being home at this moment of extreme crisis—at not being with their friends and families and lovers (and subjects) at the moment when history itself was being made. Then they told me about the Zulu proverb.

We parted at the terminal at Charles de Gaulle airport, they to sit out the wait for their nonstop flight to Johannesburg later in the evening and me to hurry over to my flight to New York. (I don't know what became of them once they got back to South Africa. Censorship on such matters has been astonishingly effective.) As my jet carried me westward, however, it occurred to me that they were heading back into history, whereas I, in returning to America, was heading out of history once again.

For in a real sense, history isn't the past; it's a posture in the present toward the future. It exists to the extent that a community self-consciously sees its future—as a polity, as a community—as up for grabs, as in contest, as

THE WHOLE TOWN'S WHINING.



From the Chicago Reader.

something that has to be *fetch*ed. Of course, America (the plane's entertainment screen now flickered alive, with several rousing shorts around the theme of the Statue of Liberty's centennial) was invented as a sort of refuge from precisely that sense of history. Or perhaps not invented as such—the Founding Fathers were surely engaged in exactly that sort of historical work, fetching a future for the polity as a whole and its posterity. But it rapidly became a refuge from history: it was well on its way to being such a sanctuary by the time de Tocqueville visited. America was a place Europeans came to to escape history. Landing at Ellis Island, they shed their European identities—their very names, in many cases—and became Americans. (The Liberty the Statue was Of was *from* history.) In a fundamental sense, this meant that they would no longer contest their futures as members of a polity, of a class, but rather as *individuals*. I'm sure that that Zulu proverb will prove immensely popular here in America (I can already see it scrawled on index cards and taped to refrigerator doors, or enshrined as an inspirational epigram at the outset of the next round of self-help manuals), but it will mean something entirely different here. It will be about how individual

Americans ought to roll up their sleeves, dive in, and fetch their individual destinies. The sense of community—which is the very heart, the loam itself, of true history—will have fled the proverb altogether.

I sometimes think that the one thing Marx failed to take into account in his prophecies about history was the existence of America. Had industrializing Europe been a closed system, the intolerable conditions might indeed have compelled the workers to unite and seize their history. But, as it happened, they had another option—to flee history altogether, as *individuals*, by venturing to the Land of Opportunity. (In this context, I've always been struck by the uncanny congruence of the aborted revolutions of 1848 and the discovery of gold in California. How many bruised and disillusioned revolutionaries gave up on the whole social-transformative project and instead boarded ships headed for America, in a redirected quest for private transformation?) The miracle of America was precisely that it seemed to afford an open field, a prodigious empty space just waiting to be seized by the initiative of any individuals willing to jettison their prior sense of history. Of course, in reality the space had in no sense been empty—it

[Censored Material]
BLACK-OUT TIME

World

Rebels with a Cause

The African National Congress (ANC) is the largest and most influential of the black liberation movements in South Africa. It was founded in 1912 and has since then been the leading force in the struggle for the end of apartheid. The ANC's program is based on the principles of non-violence and mass participation. It has a long history of resistance to the white-minority government, and it is widely respected throughout the world. The ANC's current leader is Oliver Tambo, who has been in office since 1977. He is a respected statesman and a skilled negotiator. The ANC's success in the struggle for freedom in South Africa is a testament to the power of non-violence and mass participation.



Signs protest. The ANC is seen flying at a township funeral.

World

On Oliver Tambo

Oliver Tambo is the current president of the ANC. He is a respected statesman and a skilled negotiator. He has been in office since 1977. He is widely respected throughout the world. He is a testament to the power of non-violence and mass participation.

On the ANC's role in the struggle

The ANC is the largest and most influential of the black liberation movements in South Africa. It was founded in 1912 and has since then been the leading force in the struggle for the end of apartheid. The ANC's program is based on the principles of non-violence and mass participation. It has a long history of resistance to the white-minority government, and it is widely respected throughout the world.

On the ANC's success

The ANC's success in the struggle for freedom in South Africa is a testament to the power of non-violence and mass participation. It is a testament to the power of non-violence and mass participation.

On the ANC's future

The ANC's future is bright. It is a testament to the power of non-violence and mass participation. It is a testament to the power of non-violence and mass participation.

These deletions were made on the 9,000 copies of the October 27, 1986, issue of Time earmarked for newsstands in South Africa. Under South Africa's Internal Security Act, the media are prohibited from quoting "banned" persons or leaders of "outlawed" groups. The blacked out passages on the right are statements by Oliver Tambo, leader of the African National Congress.

had had to be cleared of several thousand communities of indigenous peoples, all those Indians who'd had the misfortunate impertinence to be dallying in the way.

And of course the pattern continues to this day. It takes tremendous energy—in sheer wastage of the lives of human beings at the periphery of the ongoing experiment—in order to keep the illusion of an America Free from History going. This energy expresses itself in countless concrete initiatives. Only, one of the appalling consequences of American historylessness is the desiccation of any sense of communal responsibility for the initiatives undertaken in our name. We exist outside history and outside the present world as well, in a kind of eerie detachment. I was thinking about this one night a few weeks after my return, while watching C-Span's live coverage of the House vote on *contra* aid. The tally flickered across the screen—it took over fifteen minutes for the completed vote to be compiled—and you could watch the representatives themselves in the background as they gazed up at the same figures that were being projected onto the television screen. The numbers perco-

lated along, and you got to witness the instantaneous reactions to the developing outcome. Gradually it became clear that the bill was going to carry. Some of the representatives slumped back in their seats in dejection, but others became progressively more ebullient. They were positively beaming. The import of the moment—the fact that they'd just appropriated (that we *all* had just appropriated, for this is a democracy, no matter how disembodied) \$100 million, largely for weapons that will be used to kill hundreds, thousands of people, many of them mere civilians who just happened to get in the way—this sobering realization seemed to elude them entirely. It would have been one thing to have voted for this bill, seen it triumph, and then sat down in silent sorrow at the sad reality of things having reached the sort of impasse that made such an appropriation necessary. But that was not how these people were reacting. They were triumphant—triumphantly oblivious. They were luxuriating in the condition of living outside history—a condition they were only able to sustain because they would now be inflicting a terrible history on other people.

[Campaign Statement]

JESUS FREAK MEETS POTHEAD

From the "Official 1986 General Voters' Pamphlet," a brochure that the State of Oregon distributes to voters to explain ballot initiatives. Individuals and groups may buy space in the pamphlet (a half-page costs \$300) to argue for or against any measure. Below is an argument in favor of Measure 5, which would have legalized the possession or cultivation of marijuana for personal use. The initiative was defeated.

INTRODUCING YOUR ONLY PROVEN HIGH

Jesus can give you peace, love, safety, good health, a new life, and a permanent high. Jesus gets you results. He is proven and guaranteed.

Romans 5:1 "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Discover Jesus for yourself. It is easy. You can get peace, and save yourself from the lake of fire. How? You must *repent* (turn from sin) and *trust Jesus Christ* (God) as your Lord and Savior.

Romans 10:13 "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

WHY YOU SHOULD VOTE YES

Marijuana, cocaine, and alcohol are dangerous drugs that destroy your brain's ability to think clearly. You should avoid drugs and alcohol. However, the badness of marijuana is not the issue. Below are reasons why you should vote yes on Measure 5.

1. The measure will lead to a *Christian revival* in Oregon, and *less drug usage*. Marijuana plants growing in yards will identify people who are searching for the peace and high that only Jesus can offer. You can pray for these marijuana users, and boldly present them with the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ. What an opportunity! Thousands will turn Jesus on, and marijuana off.

2. *Fewer young people will become drug addicts*, due to fewer drug pushers being on the streets. Unfortunately, the potential danger will still be present due to the public schools' teaching your child that there are no moral absolutes.

3. *Measure 5 will lower inflation and unemployment*. Banks create money (credit) out of nothing. This is the main cause of inflation and unemployment. Since the bankers' ability to create money is based upon a tiny percentage of their reserves, the loss of millions of dollars of illegal drug money they launder will lead to less inflation and more jobs.

TODAY'S REAL DRUG PROBLEM

Let's be fair. Both marijuana and alcohol are bad for you. This measure prohibits the sale of marijuana. On the other hand, current law allows the sale of alcoholic drinks. If you really want to stop drugs you should work to ban the sale of alcoholic drinks. Much misery flows from alcohol. Alcohol is the main cause of divorce, violent crimes, wife beatings, child abuse, traffic deaths, vagrancy, job absenteeism, etc.

Proverbs 20:1 "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Don't delay. Trust Jesus today.

Submitted by: Jack Reynolds
P.O. BOX 4857
Portland, OR 97208

[Statement of Principles]

THE TAO OF MARIN COUNTY

From "Ten Principles for Decision-Making in Marin County," a set of guidelines drafted by Marin Conversations, a citizens' group, and recently adopted by half of the county's cities. The remaining cities are expected to follow suit.

1. *We need space to refresh ourselves.*

We believe that the environmental blessings of Marin County enhance the quality of life of its people. The ability to "be in" open space—looking out over hills, ocean, and bay; spending time in neighborhood parks and pathways; going to the fringes or deep into the interior of our coastal and inland spaces—refreshes us physically, mentally, and spiritually.

2. *We need diversity to expand ourselves.*

We believe that a diversity of people and communities of people expands and enriches the life of our society. We believe that there should be diversity across the board—in ethnic background, age, economic status, and life style. There must be opportunities for young people getting started and for older people on fixed incomes to live in Marin County.

3. *We need relationships to nurture ourselves.*

We believe that the intimate commitment and the sharing that are fostered by family life and responsible relationships are essential to our well-being. We believe that a mixture of generations contributes a vitality that is critical to our community. Although perceptions of the past

[Handout]

PET ROCKS

The Crystal Store, a new shop in Manhattan's East Village, offers patrons this guide to its crystals. Crystals are believed by some to possess various powers and to impart them to their owners by contact or proximity.

Gemstones all have different vibrations that influence us. Some transmit their own energy, others channel energy from the universe, and still others contain energy that must be reached for. Trust your intuition; if you are drawn to a stone, its properties will be beneficial to you. Some properties of gemstones:

CLEAR QUARTZ CRYSTAL: A powerful transmitter and amplifier of healing and clarity; an energy balancer and channeler of universal energy.

AZURITE: In the development stages of its own evolution toward replacing sapphires. Will have ability to restructure molecules to supply missing elements.

CARNELIAN: Stimulates curiosity and initiative, encourages searching and opening, helps remove lethargy. A valuable quartz aid.

CHRYSOCOLLA: Expands use of the sixth sense by balancing higher and lower bodies. For the neophyte, facilitates clear seeing on astral levels.

JADE: Assists wisdom, clarity, and tranquillity; energizes the higher chakras when worn over the heart. Most effective when worn alone.

MALACHITE: Stimulates the optic nerve both astrally and physically. Assists one to "see."

PERIDOT: A calmer, purifier, and balancer. Unblocks physical and astral congestions.

RUBY: The heart of spiritual love and devotion. Darker colors affect physical bodies, lighter ones affect astral bodies.

SAPPHIRE: Elevates moods. Clears the mind for understanding and clears intuition for instant knowing. (Black sapphire is constricting.)

TOURMALINE: Activates and balances polarity. Disperses negativity and redirects energy where needed. Keeps harmonious energies flowing in proper grooves. Corrects metabolic and endocrine functions.

BLACK TOURMALINE: Deflects negativity. Necessary for those who work with negativity. Not a substitute for building one's own ability to handle negativity.

TIGER'S EYE: Works on mass consciousness to separate false desire from need.

and of the future come in many forms, some of the most enjoyable and informative are those passed from one generation to the next. Beyond the extended family, we treasure relationships between friends and neighbors, which provide informal social supports and controls. We also value relationships among men and women that are nonexploitative, mutually respectful, and enhancing.

4. *We are not an island, but part of a universe.*

We believe that the diversified economic, social, and cultural environment of the Bay Area enlarges our experience and stimulates our capabilities. And just as the quality of life in Marin is enhanced by our participation in the greater Bay Area, so Marin County and its unique physical beauty can contribute to the quality of life of those living elsewhere in the area. We are also aware of our privileges and responsibilities as citizens of California, of the United States, and of the World. And we are profoundly respectful of the interdependence of all peoples on our small planet.

5. *We are the stewards, not the possessors, of our resources.*

We believe that we are only temporary stewards of the resources of our planet, charged with the responsibility to protect and preserve them for the use and enjoyment of the present generation and of our children and our children's children. Acting as trustees of these precious assets, we believe in working collectively to plan for and manage their use during our lifetime.

6. *We are creators as well as conservers.*

We believe we all benefit when we use our creativity to examine ourselves and our society imaginatively and critically. We believe in a climate that supports the taking of risks and recognizes the freedom to fail. Only in such a climate can we generate the new ideas and foster the fresh discoveries, unexpected connections, and untried solutions that will move us beyond the status quo.

7. *We are not observers, but participants.*

We believe that a healthy community encourages its citizens to participate in defining its principles, its characteristics, and its activities. By having done so—by having joined in the decisions and gained a stake in their outcome—citizens can be expected to act with enlightened self-interest on behalf of the community as well as themselves.

8. *We are principled and informed participants.*

We believe that a strong educational system is a powerful tool for fostering citizen involvement. It does so by giving the community a means by which it can remember its roots and

Permanent pleasures.

Choose one of these fine works and save up to \$305⁵⁰

You simply agree to buy 4 additional books within the next two years.



The Times Atlas of the World 1985 Comprehensive Edition

for \$29.95 (Pub. price \$139.95)

"The best atlas now available in English"—*The New York Times*. With 122 double-page, 8-color maps for clear reading of geographical and political features, this test edition (1985) also contains a fully dated index-gazetteer with over 10,000 entries and many other unique features. Size: 18" x 12"; 520 pages.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for \$27.95 (Pub. price \$175)

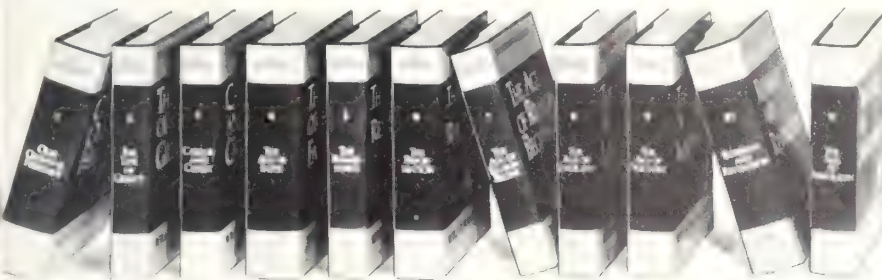
"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for \$24.95 (Pub. price \$225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses vital aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source for home libraries.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for \$29.95 (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic ideas, the arts and sciences, the customs and con-

quests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.



The Second World War by Winston S. Churchill

for \$27.50 (Pub. price \$295)

New Chartwell Edition of this six-volume Nobel Prize-winning masterwork, in genuine leather quarter-bindings, with a foreword by William L. Shirer. Churchill's Olympian wisdom, passion and wit—and his unique role as a wartime leader—make his account of World War II unforgettable reading. Frontispiece photographs, 3-color battle-map endpapers, 195 additional maps, charts and diagrams.

© 1986 BOMC

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 125 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return Privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803

A67-1

Check one box only.

- ☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World \$29.95
- ☐ 905. Compact OED \$27.95
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy \$24.95
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. \$29.95
- ☐ 959. The Second World War \$27.50

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher.

pass on its legacy, maintain its principles, examine its present, and prepare its citizens for principled and informed participation.

9. *We are responsible to others beyond ourselves.*

We believe that a perspective that extends beyond self can result in individual joy and energy and in fulfillment of the ideal of community. We believe that our individual lives and the life of our community are enhanced when we reach beyond self-interest to promote the common good, especially a respect for and a protectiveness toward the most vulnerable among us. We believe that the extent and diversity of religious and other spiritual traditions and understandings present in Marin County help us to develop and sustain this concern and perspective beyond self.

10. *We are the shapers of our future.*

We believe in our ability and will as a community to shape and nurture our future. This knowledge kindles our hope and strengthens our resolve.

[Credo]

CALL ME ENTREPRENEUR

This is the credo of the American Entrepreneurs' Association. It appears each month on the contents page of Entrepreneur magazine.

I do not choose to be a common person. It is my right to be uncommon—if I can. I seek opportunity—not security. I do not wish to be a kept citizen, humbled and dulled by having the state look after me.

I want to take the calculated risk, to dream and to build, to fail and to succeed.

I refuse to barter incentive for a dole; I prefer the challenges of life to the guaranteed existence; the thrill of fulfillment to the stale calm of Utopia.

I will not trade my freedom for beneficence nor my dignity for a handout. I will never cower before any master nor bend to any threat.

It is my heritage to stand erect, proud and unafraid; to think and act for myself, to enjoy the benefit of my creations, and to face the world boldly and say:

This, with God's help, I have done. All this is what it means to be an Entrepreneur.

[Subliminal Messages]

I LIKE HARPER'S!

From Power! a catalogue from Mind Communication, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Mind Communication offers subliminal-message tapes on a variety of topics, including success, emotional and physical health, and sports. The tapes, which cost \$14.95, must be mixed with music from a home stereo by a special encoder/mixer, which the company sells for \$169.95. The examples below include tape titles and sample text from each.

ASSERTIVENESS

I say what I mean.

I speak honestly.

Security comes with expressing my thoughts.

It is OK to have likes and dislikes.

I care enough to assert myself.

CONTROL SPENDING HABITS

I control my spending habits.

I think before reaching for a credit card.

It feels good to spend money carefully.

I control my spending to get ahead in life.

It feels good to be calm and relaxed about money.

PROSPERITY

I attract success.

I attract money.

I deserve the good life.

I do it now.

My success is unlimited.

IMPROVING SEX

Showing my affections through touch is an exciting experience.

I communicate with my partner during sex and reveal my most intimate feelings.

My emotions are easily communicated through touch and speech.

I am motivated physically to show my love.

PREMENSTRUAL SYNDROME

My hormones are balanced.

All is well with me.

My life changes for the better.

My body is peaceful.

I breathe deeply.

GOLF

I keep my head steady and down.

I read greens well.

I keep my eye on the ball.

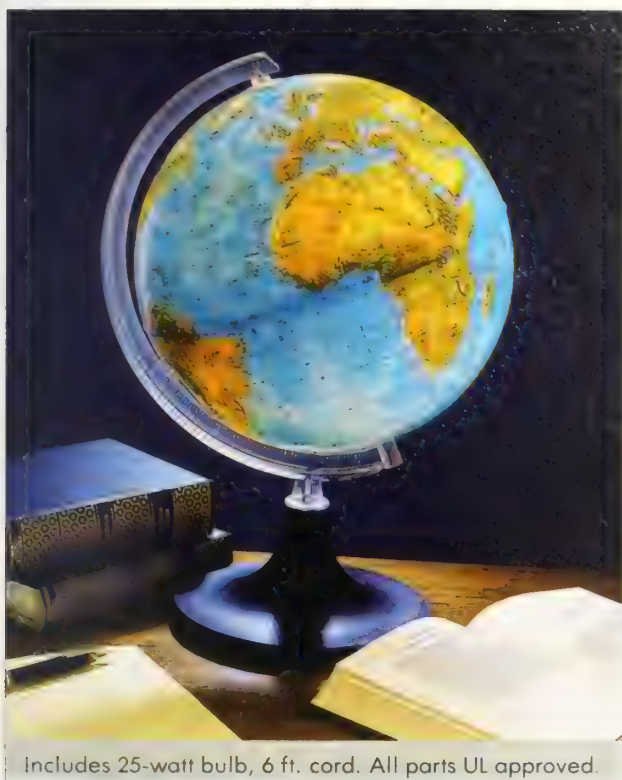
I have perfect timing.

I can putt.

IT LIGHTS UP IN THE DARK!

Barnes and Noble Proudly Presents MERCURY — A World Class Illuminated Globe

A globe is like an encyclopedia or Bible — no educated home is complete without one. Maps are all very well and good, but only the three-



Includes 25-watt bulb, 6 ft. cord. All parts UL approved.

dimensionality of a globe can accurately represent the shape and proportions of our planet — it's a "hands-on" learning aid the whole family can use.

And now your family can enjoy discovering a new world with our MERCURY Illuminated Globe. Made in Italy by Nova Rico — the premier globe-makers of Europe — this impeccably detailed, completely up-to-date model of the earth stands an impressive 18". And its quality construction of high-frequency welded polystyrene guarantees it for years of use.

An Earthshaking Bargain at Only \$29.95 Barnes and Noble is proud to offer the MERCURY, which usually sells at \$48.95, for the astonishingly low price of only \$29.95. Never before — and probably never again — will a globe of such high quality be offered at such a low price.

Free Globe Handbook Gives You a World of Information To ensure that you and your family get the full enjoyment out of your globe, we've included a free, fully illustrated handbook that not only tells how to use the

globe, but also explains earth-space relationships, the planets, space exploration and much more.

Two Globes in One THE MERCURY is a wonderful tool for learning about the face of the earth. Perfectly executed and easy to read, it reveals the earth's topography, elevation, vegetation patterns, ocean currents, longitudes and latitudes, international dateline and more than 3600 place names — from the tallest peaks to the tiniest islands!



Turned off (left) The Mercury depicts land and ocean topography — switched on (right) the political world, including current boundaries and international borders, is revealed in eight vivid colors.

And if that weren't enough, the MERCURY *Glow*s in the Dark. Turn it on and its illuminated surface takes on an entirely new dimension, revealing physical and national boundaries and country names in 8 brilliant colors.

PRICE BREAKTHROUGH!
Suggested List \$48.95

NOW ONLY
\$29.95

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

Dept. G238

1430917. Please send me _____ Mercury Illuminated Globe(s) at your special sale price of only \$29.95 (plus \$3.00 each shipping and insurance). N.Y., N.J., PA., MASS., res. add sales tax

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

For Faster Service Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free

1-800-228-3535

24 Hours 7 Days a week

CHARGE TO

VISA

Account # _____

Signature _____

30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

[Essay]

GORBACHEV'S NEXT MOVE

Adapted from "The New Soviet Approach to Security," by Matthew Evangelista, in the Fall issue of World Policy Journal. Evangelista teaches Soviet and world politics at the University of Michigan.

Mikhail Gorbachev's persistent search for a U.S.-Soviet arms control compromise suggests that such an accord remains an important part of his approach to the Soviet Union's economic and security problems. His optimal solution would probably include a comprehensive U.S.-Soviet settlement along the lines he originally proposed in January 1986 and pursued at the Reykjavik summit: halting the arms race in space in exchange for substantial reductions in nuclear and conventional weapons. Despite the major concessions the Soviets have offered, however, the Reagan Administration has offered very little in return. With Reagan standing firm on Star Wars, it seems that any major agreement will have to be on his terms. The Administration, and many U.S. observers, reasoning that the Soviet Union needs an agreement more than the United States does, seem confident that Gorbachev must eventually accept Star Wars. But that thinking is based on a mistaken understanding of the relationship between Gorbachev's economic and security needs. Signing a Reagan-style agreement is only one of his options, and it would do little to solve the domestic problems that have inspired his disarmament diplomacy.

The current impasse leaves Gorbachev with three basic options in the realm of security. He could abandon negotiations with Washington as futile, yield to Soviet hawks, and engage in an unbridled arms race at the expense of economic modernization. This option would yield the Soviets little benefit. Although in principle Gorbachev could justify putting aside his ambitious economic plans because of U.S. intransigence and an increased military threat, in practice the costs to his personal prestige, to the Soviet economy, and to the Soviet people would be intolerably high.

As a second security option, Gorbachev could accept the arms deal that Reagan continues to offer. But as Geneva and Reykjavik have shown, Gorbachev does not accept Reagan's definition of a good arms control agreement: namely, lower ceilings on offensive forces in exchange for legitimizing the development of strategic defenses, thereby channeling the arms race

into space. Signing such an accord would be plausible for Gorbachev only if he were under intense internal pressure to cut a deal with the Americans. In fact, a Reagan-style agreement would probably be most useful to Gorbachev's opponents as a way to justify a military buildup, especially in defensive weapons.

In the end, Gorbachev is unlikely to sign such an accord because it would only exacerbate Soviet economic difficulties. This is something that Reagan Administration officials seem to get backward: They commonly argue that the Soviets' economic troubles will drive them to make the kind of arms control agreement the White House wants. In fact, such an agreement could impose great costs on the Soviet economy. In contrast to Gorbachev's disarmament initiative, which would reduce nuclear and conventional forces and prevent an arms race in space, the current American proposals would encourage the Soviets to match Star Wars, continue nuclear testing, deploy sea-launched cruise missiles, pursue further modernization of tactical nuclear forces, and invest in advanced-technology conventional weapons. The U.S. proposals are not arms control, and certainly would not save the Soviets any money. The way for the Soviet Union to revitalize its economy is not to endorse continued military competition through this kind of arms control but to reduce defense expenditures and seek outside sources of technology and trade.

This is the objective that seems to drive Gorbachev's disarmament diplomacy, and it helps explain why his focus is far broader than the negotiating table at Geneva or Reykjavik. In a September 1986 interview with the Czech newspaper *Rudé Právo*, Gorbachev addressed the impact of military spending on the economy. Referring to possible "attempts to undermine the U.S.S.R. economically by means of an arms race," he stated that the Soviets would do everything possible to prevent this, acting on the diplomatic, military, political, propaganda, and, "above all, the economic" level. If we are weak economically, Gorbachev argued, "the pressure from the enemies of socialism intensifies." But if "we become stronger, more solid economically, the interest of the capitalist world in normal relations with us will grow." These are not the words of a person willing to abandon his plans for economic revival in order to engage in an all-out arms race with the United States.

As a third option, then, Gorbachev could refuse to follow what he calls "the absurd American logic of armaments" and pursue multilateral security agreements in Europe and Asia, relying on unilateral restraint and improved trade relations to create a strong domestic economy. This option could also include continuing formal ne-

Are you allergic to magazines with scented ads?

Then welcome a new arrival. A fresh new quarterly that stimulates your senses—without making you sneeze.

ARRIVAL. A contemporary magazine of American culture—a lively venture in politics, literature and the arts. Not surface, but substance. No pretensions, and no axes to grind. Just a sharp new approach to the people, places, events and trends that are making and remaking the American landscape *now*.

ARRIVAL. An engaging blend of previews, reviews, interviews and essays. Incisive. Provocative. Timely. Entertaining. And it's entirely new.

DON'T MISS OUR PREMIER ISSUE!

As a charter subscriber, you'll save 25% off the newsstand price. A mere \$7.50 brings you a year's subscription—four issues of **ARRIVAL**. And if you wish, you may cancel at any time for a full refund. But we don't think you will.

INTRODUCTORY SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

☐ Yes, send me four issues (one year) of **ARRIVAL** for only \$7.50. As a charter subscriber, I save 25% off the newsstand price.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Bill me. ☐ Payment enclosed. Charge my: ☐ Visa. ☐ Mastercard.

CARD NO. _____ EXP. DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

**MAIL THIS COUPON TO: ARRIVAL MAGAZINE
48 Shattuck Sq., Suite 194, Berkeley, CA 94704**

Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. Add \$5.00 postage for Canada. Overseas subscriptions, add \$10.00 (payable in U.S. funds).



gotiations with the Reagan Administration, so as not to alienate U.S. and European public opinion, even if there is little hope of an agreement.

This is not to say that unilateral restraint would be an easy option for Gorbachev to adopt. Yet there is evidence to suggest that he might, evidence that can be found not only in the policy writings of Soviet academics but also in the statements of senior military officers. Marshal Ogarkov, for example, the former chief of the general staff, has argued that the two superpowers have "created a surplus of military and especially nuclear capabilities." The logical implication of such a statement is that the Soviets need not be so concerned about maintaining an exact numerical parity with the United States in nuclear weapons but rather could afford to risk unilateral reductions. The unilateral test ban Gorbachev has maintained since August 1985 and his proposal to dismantle Soviet SS-20s without compensatory cuts in British and French nuclear forces may reflect the influence of this kind of thinking.

This more sophisticated approach also seems to be guiding the Soviets' ideas about how to respond to Star Wars. Evidently, some of Gorbachev's top advisers have explained to him what is quite obvious to many American experts: It will be much cheaper to defeat a Star Wars system than to build one. As Gorbachev pointed out at the Geneva summit in 1985, "Our answer [to Star Wars] will be effective, less costly, and can be carried out in a shorter time." And the Soviets could undertake these inexpensive countermeasures to SDI without sacrificing their domestic economic objectives.

If Gorbachev means what he says, he may focus Soviet resources directly on economic reform in the civilian sector at the expense of the military programs—regardless of what the United States does. Rebuilding a civilian technological base would in turn strengthen Moscow's future military potential. Gorbachev may also be taking into account the likelihood of increased conflict within NATO over Star Wars if the Soviets reject the "logic" of the arms race and refuse to build a space-based defense of their own.

Thus, even in the absence of a "grand compromise" agreement with the United States—major reductions in Soviet land-based missiles in return for the abandonment of Star Wars—Gorbachev could be willing to pursue many of his disarmament initiatives in the expectation that they would yield substantial political and economic dividends. This consideration makes Gorbachev's conciliatory overtures toward

Western Europe and the Pacific all the more central to his security policy and his plans for economic revival. Improved relations with China, for example, may permit large reductions in Soviet military forces along the Sino-Soviet border. Gorbachev would also like to stanch the "bleeding wound," as he has characterized Afghanistan. Moreover, he is eager to decrease the perception of a Soviet threat in Western Europe, hoping that an easing of tensions there could allow for some reduction in the Soviet military presence in Eastern Europe.

The economic component of Gorbachev's strategy appears to focus on newly industrialized countries—specifically large, moderate ones in the Third World such as India, Mexico, and Saudi Arabia. Moscow may hope to improve relations with these countries in order to open up their markets to Soviet goods, the ultimate goal being to use the competitive pressures of the export market to modernize its industry. This might hurt the Soviet consumer in the short run but over the long run could be highly beneficial to the economy, bringing it into the third industrial revolution. While courting moderate Third World countries, the Soviets have simultaneously toned down their rhetorical support of revolutionary states and movements. Thus the Soviets appear to be coordinating their economic and military policies, pointing them both in a new direction.

The new Soviet approach to security offers a major opportunity for the United States to achieve its long-term arms control objectives: significant reductions in nuclear and conventional weapons, a ban on nuclear testing, and the chance to alleviate the deficit by reducing military spending. Unfortunately, these goals no longer seem to be on the United States' agenda. President Reagan evidently prefers to pass up the chance to secure unprecedented cuts in Soviet military power in favor of pursuing the chimera of Star Wars.

For the moment, then, limits on weaponry appear to hinge on tacit cooperation between Moscow and the U.S. Congress. The latter's efforts to limit U.S. testing and to maintain American compliance with the SALT II and ABM treaties seem to have encouraged similar restraint on Gorbachev's part, as exemplified by his decision to extend the Soviets' unilateral test ban. Congress may be willing to continue rein in U.S. military programs by tightening the purse strings, as long as Moscow shows comparable restraint. This is an unusual and perhaps risky approach to arms control. But in the face of the unwillingness and inability of the Reagan Administration to produce a meaningful arms accord, tacit cooperation remains the most effective barrier to an unconstrained arms race.

Announcing an "apprenticeship program" for aspiring millionaires

"You can become a millionaire." When 9 out of 10 people read that statement, their minds jump shut like a steel trap. They refuse to believe it...they'll never take the steps needed to turn a \$1,000,000 goal into a reality.

But we're looking for that one person in ten open-minded enough to say, "Show me."

If you're that one person, what we have to show you could change your life, not by magic but by knowledge. And we will send you the first 2 parts of the program free and without risk or obligation to continue, to prove its worth.

The program designed to put you on a systematic path to wealth is called *Successful Investing & Money Management (SIMM)*. It is based on one simple premise: you can learn how to get rich.

Now you don't have to risk everything you've ever worked for. You learn how to acquire wealth. Now you don't have to take the "trial and error" approach to investing—making expensive mistakes, learning from them, and eventually discovering how to survive and prosper in the financial jungle. Now, for the first time, you have the opportunity to participate in the unique "apprenticeship program" for aspiring millionaires.

Through the *SIMM* program, you can learn the actual techniques of self-made millionaires and leading financial experts...men like Dr. Morton Shulman, multimillionaire investor and author of one of the best-selling investment books of all time, *Anyone Can Make A Million*," and Andrew Sarlos, who started with \$500 and built a multimillion dollar investment group.

You can learn how to get rich, from people who've actually done it. Not overnight, but through steady, systematic multiplication of your wealth through the techniques taught to you in *SIMM*.

And you will be able to take advantage of all this valuable knowledge because in Lesson 1 you will discover that you probably do have money you can afford

to invest. *SIMM* will show you how to find as much as an extra \$2,500 a year to invest, without changing your standard of living.

Proof that you can make a million

Once you've found your \$2,500 to invest, think of this...by investing just \$119 a month with a return of just 13%, anyone 30 years of age can retire with over a million dollars. Over 30? Then, consider this...

If you can invest more than \$119 a month...and if you can get a better return than 13% (opportunities for gains of up to 25% are possible)...and if you learn how to make some of your investment dollars have the "leverage" of \$5 or \$10 (which we'll also teach you)...you can see immediately that you have the potential to join the exclusive "millionaire's club" well before your retirement years.

How to live richer now

So, you can see that it really is possible to amass a million dollars by the time you retire. *SIMM* will enable you to act now to increase your wealth,

without lowering your standard of living, out of the money you have today.

Just as important, *SIMM* will train you to respond to the ever-changing economic climate. You will know how and when to act as the financial picture changes. You will become equipped to make your own decisions—to be really in control of your financial destiny.

By successfully applying the techniques you'll learn, you can reasonably expect to be on the road to financial security in five years. Ten years from now, you may no longer have to work for a living, for your income from your investment portfolio may well have surpassed the income you earn from your job.

Accept your first 2 lessons free

To help you get started on the road to wealth and financial independence, we'll send you Lessons 1 and 2 of the *SIMM* program free and without risk or obligation to continue. They are yours to keep—no questions asked.

In your 2 free lessons you'll see how to take inventory of your assets, liabilities and financial

goals. This will give you the clearest picture you've ever had of where you stand, where you want to go and how to get there. **For the first time, you'll have an actual blueprint for getting rich.**

You'll be given a comprehensive overview of the various investments open to you, so it will be easy to see which ones suit you best, and which ones you've been overlooking. And you'll discover some excellent ideas on how to improve your returns on many of these investments. All this, and much more, in just your first 2 free lessons.

Make the most out of the 1,700 hours you work each year

One final point. This year and every year of your working life, you'll probably put in over 1,700 hours of hard work. As your reward, you'll earn a good salary which will probably translate into a lifetime income of well over a million dollars. **Doesn't it make sense to explore how these 2 free lessons can help you protect everything you're working for?**

Assurance of Integrity

We are an independent educational service offering a unique course and successful method for acquiring wealth. We are not a brokerage or insurance company, nor do we make any financial offerings to the public. Our objective is to enable those enrolled in the program to achieve security and financial independence with just those investments most suitable to their particular circumstances.

Tax Deductible

All payments may be tax deductible if the program is used to make investment or business decisions, depending on your personal tax situation.

Hume Advisory Board

ARCHIE R. BOE
Past President of the Securities & Investments Institute
DR. MORTON SHULMAN
Self-made multimillionaire investor and author of the best-selling book *Anyone Can Make A Million*
ANDREW SARLOS
Investment adviser to some of the wealthiest families in North America.
FRED McCUTCHEON
Past Chairman of the Toronto Stock Exchange
J. TREVOR EYTON
A director and officer of many prominent public corporations

No-Risk Trial Enrollment Form

To: Hume Financial Education Services,
835 Franklin Court, Box 105627, Atlanta, Georgia 30348

YES I accept your invitation to evaluate *Successful Investing & Money Management* and enclose my \$5 Registration Fee. Please send me the first 2 lessons FREE of charge. Later, you will send Lessons 3 & 4. I'll have 15 days to look these over and then decide. If I do not wish to continue, I'll simply return Lessons 3 & 4, and pay nothing, owe nothing. And you will promptly refund my \$5 Registration Fee.

If I wish to continue with the course, you will send me the remaining lessons at the rate of 2 lessons approximately every 3 weeks. You will bill me only \$10 (plus a small charge for shipping and handling) for each of the 27 lessons.

In any case, the first 2 lessons will be mine to keep free of charge. **No salesperson will ever call on me.**

Mr., Miss, Mrs., Ms. (Please print) _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ \$5 Registration Fee enclosed (pay to Hume Financial Education Services)

Or, use my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature (For credit card users only) _____

CA and GA residents. State sales tax will be charged as applicable



Hume Financial
Education Services
835 Franklin Court
Box 105627
Atlanta, Georgia 30348



From *The Spread of Terror*, a collection of cartoons by P.S. Mueller, published by Bonus Books

[Memoir]

NIXON: THE FAIRWAY TAPES

From *Slammin' Sam*, the autobiography of Sam Snead, written with George Mendoza. Published by Donald I. Fine.

Nixon wasn't the player Ike was—never scored as low, though he played pretty often. When he was Ike's number-two man he couldn't break 100. He was dying to give Ike a game, so I advised him to use his wedge more, until he felt he had greater control over pitches and chips. Soon he was down into the 80s.

I once played with Nixon for two weeks at Greenbrier, and he was good company. Yes, I liked him, and I think he made a hell of a president. If they went through some of the others like they went through him, well... it's too bad. He got caught at something petty that he shouldn't have done, but it shouldn't have made people overlook all the good things. So speaks Sam Snead, golfer-politician. But hell, even a golfer has a right to his opinions.

To tell the truth, I caught Nixon once myself. He'd landed in some really bad rough no one could shoot out of unless he had a bazooka. I was

watching him from the fairway when he disappeared into the thicket. Hell, I figured he was going to drop another ball, take his loss like anyone else in that situation, and play on. But hell no—out comes his ball flyin' high onto the fairway. Then Nixon comes out of the woods looking real pleased with himself. I knew he threw it out, but I didn't say anything. What could I say? He was the president.

When Ike or Nixon would wind up on the green with putts of no more than, say, four feet, you'd give it to him. Ike would say, "Well, I'm sure I could make that." Though you knew if he had to putt them, he'd miss maybe half. So would a lot of pros, for that matter.

There was a time Nixon was playing with me and Arthur Hill, then chairman of Greyhound. We started off, and Nixon wound up with a two-footer on the first hole.

He said, "That's good, isn't it?"

And Hill said, "Not for my money it isn't. You've got to putt it."

Nixon said, "But Sam usually gives it to me."

"For my money you've got to putt it," Hill said.

Nixon found out the shorties are hard work. Do you know that he missed every one of those short takes? God, he was red and angry. Sort of like Watergate—silly stuff, getting on edge—for what?

[Interview]

WHOOPI'S BLUE EYES

From an interview with Spike Lee, in the October issue of *Film Comment*. Lee wrote, directed, and appeared in *She's Gotta Have It*. The interview was conducted by Marlane Glicksman.

Is your film about blacks, or men and women? I think my love of women is reflected in the work. But I think this film should be the antidote to how the black male is perceived in *The Color Purple*. See, nobody is saying that black men haven't done some terrible things, and what Jamie does to Nola at the end of the film is a horrible act. But Jamie is a full-bodied character, unlike Mister in *The Color Purple* and the rest of that film's black men, who are just one-dimensional animals. I'm not going to blame it all entirely on Steven Spielberg, because if you read Alice Walker's work, that's the way she feels about black men. She really has problems with them. I think people should really analyze why *The Color Purple*, this film, was made.

Why?

Within recent years, the quickest way for a black playwright, novelist, or poet to get published has been to say that black men are shit. If you say that, then you are definitely going to get media, your book published, your play done—Ntozake Shange, Alice Walker.

Now to me, Toni Morrison could write motherfucking rings around Alice Walker. If you look at Toni Morrison's body of work—*Sula*, *The Bluest Eye*, *Tar Baby*, *Song of Solomon*—*Song of Solomon*, I mean, I would like to do that one day. That's going to make a great movie. But still, not one of Toni Morrison's works has been made into a film. Why hasn't she won a Pulitzer Prize? That's why they put Alice Walker out there. That's why she won the Pulitzer Prize. That's why Hollywood leaped the pond to seize this book and had it made. To me, it's justifying everything they say about black people and black men in general: that we ain't shit, that we're animals. That's why this film was made. Of all the black novels, it's not just coincidence that this was the one that they chose. And then they turn around and get some Dutch guy to write the script and get Spielberg to direct it. He knows nothing about black people.

And Whoopi Goldberg—you've got to print this—I've seen her on *Donahue* and she was getting all defensive about the flak that she's getting about *Color Purple*, telling black men that if they can't take a joke, fuck it, and shit like that, and then she's going to try to defend *The Color Purple* by saying, What about *Purple Rain*? What

about when Prince had women thrown in garbage cans? Hey, I didn't like that shit either, but that doesn't have a goddamn thing to do with *Color Purple*. And Whoopi Goldberg says that Steven Spielberg is the only director in the world who could have directed that film. Does she realize what she is saying? Is she saying that a white person is the only person who can define our existence? And now, even something more stupid, she's running around with goddamn blue contact lenses in her eyes, telling everybody that she has blue eyes. And that's sick . . . to me. I hope people realize, that the media realize, that she's not a spokesperson for black people, especially when you're running around with motherfucking blue contact lenses telling everybody that your eyes are blue.

[Narrative]

SHOOTING A BUCK

From "The Gifts," by Richard K. Nelson, in the *Autumn Antaeus*, a special issue on nature writing. Nelson is an anthropologist who has lived with Alaskan Eskimos and Koyukon Indians.

I turn to look at Shungnak, taking advantage of her sharper hearing and magical sense of smell. She lifts her nose to the fresh but nebulous scent of several deer that have moved through here this morning. I watch her little radar ears, waiting for her to focus in one direction and hold it, hoping to see her body tense as it does when something moves nearby. But so far she hears only the twitching of red squirrels on dry bark. Shungnak and I have very different opinions of the squirrels. They excite her more than any other animal because she believes she will catch one someday. But for the hunter they are deceptive spurts of movement and sound, and their sputtering alarm calls alert the deer.

We approach a low, abrupt rise, covered with obscuring brush and curtained with snow. A lift of wind hisses in the high trees, then drops away and leaves us in near-complete silence. I pause to choose a path through a scramble of blueberry bushes and little windfalls ahead, then glance back at Shungnak. She has her eyes and ears fixed off toward our left, almost directly across the current of breeze. She stands very stiff, quivering slightly, leaning forward as if she has already started to run but cannot release her muscles. I shake my finger at her as a warning to stay.

I listen as closely as possible, but hear nothing. I work my eyes into every dark crevice and

slot among the snowy branches, but see nothing. I stand perfectly still and wait, then look again at Shungnak. Her head turns so slowly that I can barely detect the movement, until finally she is looking straight ahead. Perhaps it is just another squirrel. . . . I consider taking a few steps for a better view.

Then I see it.

A long, dark body appears among the bushes, moving deliberately upwind, so close I can scarcely believe I didn't see it earlier. Without looking away, I carefully slide the breech closed and lift the rifle to my shoulder, almost certain that a deer this size will be a buck. Shungnak, now forgotten behind me, must be contorted with the suppressed urge to give chase.

The deer walks easily, silently, along the little rise, never looking our way. Then he makes a sharp turn straight toward us. Thick tines of his antlers curve over the place where I have the rifle aimed. Koyukon elders teach that animals will come to those who have shown them respect, and will allow themselves to be taken in what is only a temporary death. At a moment like this, it is easy to sense that despite my abiding doubt there is a shared world beyond the one we know directly, a world the Koyukon people empower with spirits, a world that demands recognition and exacts a price from those who ignore it.

This is a very large buck. It comes so quickly that I have no chance to shoot, and then it is so close that I haven't the heart to do it. Fifty feet away, the deer lowers his head almost to the ground and lifts a slender branch that blocks his path. Snow shakes down onto his neck and clings to the fur of his shoulders as he slips underneath. Then he half-lifts his head and keeps coming. I ease the rifle down to watch, wondering how much closer he will get. Just now he makes a long, soft rutting call, like the bleating of a sheep except lower and more hollow. His hooves tick against dry twigs hidden by the snow.

In the middle of a step he raises his head all the way up, and he sees me standing there—a stain against the pure white of the forest. A sudden spasm runs through his entire body, his front legs jerk apart, and he freezes all akimbo, head high, nostrils flared, coiled, and hard. I can only look at him and wait, my mind snarled with irreconcilable emotions. Here is a perfect buck deer. In the Koyukon way, he has come to me; but in my own he has come too close. I am as congealed and transfixed as he is, as devoid of conscious thought. It is as if my mind has ceased to function and I only have eyes.

But the buck has no choice. He suddenly unwinds in a burst of ignited energy, springs straight up from the snow, turns in midflight,

stabs the frozen earth again, and makes four great bounds off to the left. His thick body seems to float, relieved of its own weight, as if a deer has the power to unbind itself from gravity.

The same deeper impulse that governs the flight of a deer governs the predator's impulse to pursue it. I watch the first leaps without moving a muscle. Then, not pausing for an instant of deliberation, I raise the rifle back to my shoulder, follow the movement of the deer's fleeing form, and wait until it stops to stare back. Almost at that instant, still moving without conscious thought, freed of the ambiguities that held me before, now no less animal than the animal I watch, my hands warm and steady and certain, acting from a more elemental sense than the ones that brought me to this meeting, I carefully align the sights and let go the sudden power.

The gift of the deer falls like a feather in the snow. And the rifle's sound has rolled off through the timber before I hear it.

I walk to the deer, now shaking a bit with swelling emotion. Shungnak is beside it already, whining and smelling, racing from one side to the other, stuffing her nose down in snow full of scent. She looks off into the brush, searching back and forth, as if the deer that ran is somewhere else, still running. She tries to lick at the blood that trickles down, but I stop her out of respect for the animal. Then, I suppose to consummate her own frustrated predatory energy, she takes a hard nip at its shoulder, shuns quickly away, and looks back as if she expects it to leap to its feet again.

[Essay]

THE ACTION OF METAPHOR

From "What's a Story?" by Leonard Michaels, in the Summer 1986 issue of Ploughshares. Michaels is the author of The Men's Club, a novel, and I Would Have Saved Them if I Could, a collection of stories.

Thrusting from the head of Picasso's goat are bicycle handlebars. They don't represent anything, but they are goat's horns, as night is a black bat, metaphorically.

Come into the garden . . .
. . . the black bat night has flown.

Metaphor, like the night, is an idea in flight; potentially, a story:

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe.



**Give a child
like Leela
the best help
money can buy...**

and can't buy.

There's no question that Leela needs help. For she lives without even such basic necessities as nourishing food, clean water and simple sanitation.

But what's the best way to help a child like this?

At Foster Parents Plan, our 50 years' experience has shown us the best way. It's not through hand-outs... but through comprehensive programs designed to help people help themselves.

And right now, you can provide that kind of help... when you sponsor a child overseas as a Foster Parent. Thanks to you, your Foster Child and family can better their lives immediately through programs of nutrition and health care. And they'll keep on improving through basic education, skills training, and home and community self-help programs. Programs that make the most out of every dollar you give.

Yet you also give something money can't buy...

You. At Foster Parents Plan, we believe that you are every bit as important as your dollars. For *you* provide the vital human link to the help your Foster Child and family receive. Through your exchange of letters, pictures and simple caring, you give a young life the hope and encouragement needed to make a better future.

So give a needy child the *best help* you can. Become a Foster Parent today.

Founded in 1937, Foster Parents Plan combines family assistance programs, community development, and the personal communications between the Foster Parent and Foster Child to produce a uniquely effective program to help children. As a non-profit, non-sectarian and non-political organization, we depend on Foster Parents to make our work possible. A copy of our financial report, filed with the New York Department of State, is available on request. Your sponsorship is 100% tax-deductible.

To start helping even faster, call toll-free

1-800-556-7918

In R.I. call 401-738-5600

Schools and organizations are welcome to sponsor a child

Clip and mail or call toll-free today.

Send to:

G353A

Kenneth H. Phillips, National Executive Director
Foster Parents Plan
157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02886

Yes, I want to become a Foster Parent to a 6-14 year-old who is:

☐ The child who has been waiting the longest, or as indicated:

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Boy | <input type="checkbox"/> Girl |
| <input type="checkbox"/> South America | <input type="checkbox"/> Central America |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Asia | <input type="checkbox"/> India |

☐ Enclosed is \$22 for my first month's sponsorship. Please send me a photograph, case history and complete Sponsorship Kit.

☐ Enclosed is my one-time donation of \$ _____

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent. Please send me more information about a child I could sponsor

Mr. ☐ Miss ☐ Mrs. ☐ Ms.

Address _____

Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____



Foster Parents Plan®
Help so complete, it touches a child for life.

She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

Here, the metaphorical action is very complicated, especially in the syllables of the second line, bubbling toward the period—the way the old lady had children—reflecting her abundance and distress. The line ends in a rhyme—do/shoe—and thus closes or contains itself. With her children in a shoe, the old lady is also contained. In effect, the line and the shoe contain incontinence; but this is only an idea, and it remains unarticulated, at best implicit.

"Can you fix an idea?" asks Valéry. "You can think only in terms of modifications." Characters, place, and an action "once upon a time" are modifications deployed in rhythm, rhythmic variation, and rhyme—techniques of sound that determine the psycho-physical experience, or story, just as the placement, angle, spread, and thrust of the bicycle handlebars determine horns, a property of goat, its stolid, squat, macho bulk and balls behind, like syllables of a tremendous sentence.

Lo even thus is our speech delivered by sounds significant: for it will never be a perfect sentence, unless one word give way when it has sounded his part that another may succeed it.

St. Augustine means perfection is achieved through the continuous vanishing of things, as the handlebars vanish in the sense of goat, as the dancer in the dance, as the bat in the night in flight.

Here is a plain sentence from Flannery O'Connor's story "Revelation," which is metaphorical through and through:

Mrs. Turpin had on her good black patent leather pumps.

Those pumps walk with the weight and stride of the moral being who inhabits them, as she inhabits herself, smugly, brutally, mechanically good insofar as good is practical. The pumps vanish into quiddity of Turpin, energetic heave and thump.

Taking a grander view than mine, Nabokov gets at the flow and sensuous implication of Gogol's story "The Overcoat."

The story goes this way: mumble, mumble, lyrical wave, mumble, fantastic climax, mumble, mumble, and back into the chaos from which they all derived. At this superhigh level of art, literature appeals to that secret depth of the human soul where the shadows of other worlds pass like the shadows of nameless and soundless ships.

No absolute elements, no plot, only an effect of passage, pattern, and some sort of change in felt time. The temporal quality is in all the above examples; it is even in Picasso's goat, different parts vanishing into aspects of goat, per-

fection of bleating, chomping, hairy, horny beast.

This transformational drama is deliberately exemplified, in the best writing lesson ever offered, by Hemingway in *Death in the Afternoon*. He tells how he forces himself to remember having seen the cowardly and inept bullfighter, Hernandorena, gored by a bull. After the event, late at night, slowly, slowly, Hemingway makes himself see it again, the bullfighter's leg laid open, exposing dirty underwear and the "clean, clean, unbearable cleanness" of his thigh bone. Dirty underwear and clean bone constitute an amazing juxtaposition—let alone transformation of Hernandorena—which is redeemed (more than simply remembered) half-asleep, against the blinding moral sympathy entailed by human fears.

In this strenuous, self-conscious, grim demonstration of his art, Hemingway explicitly refuses to pity Hernandorena, and then he seizes his agony with luxurious exactitude. Though he does say "unbearable," he intends nothing kindly toward Hernandorena, only an aesthetic and self-pitying reference to himself as he suffers the obligations of his story, his truth, or the truth.

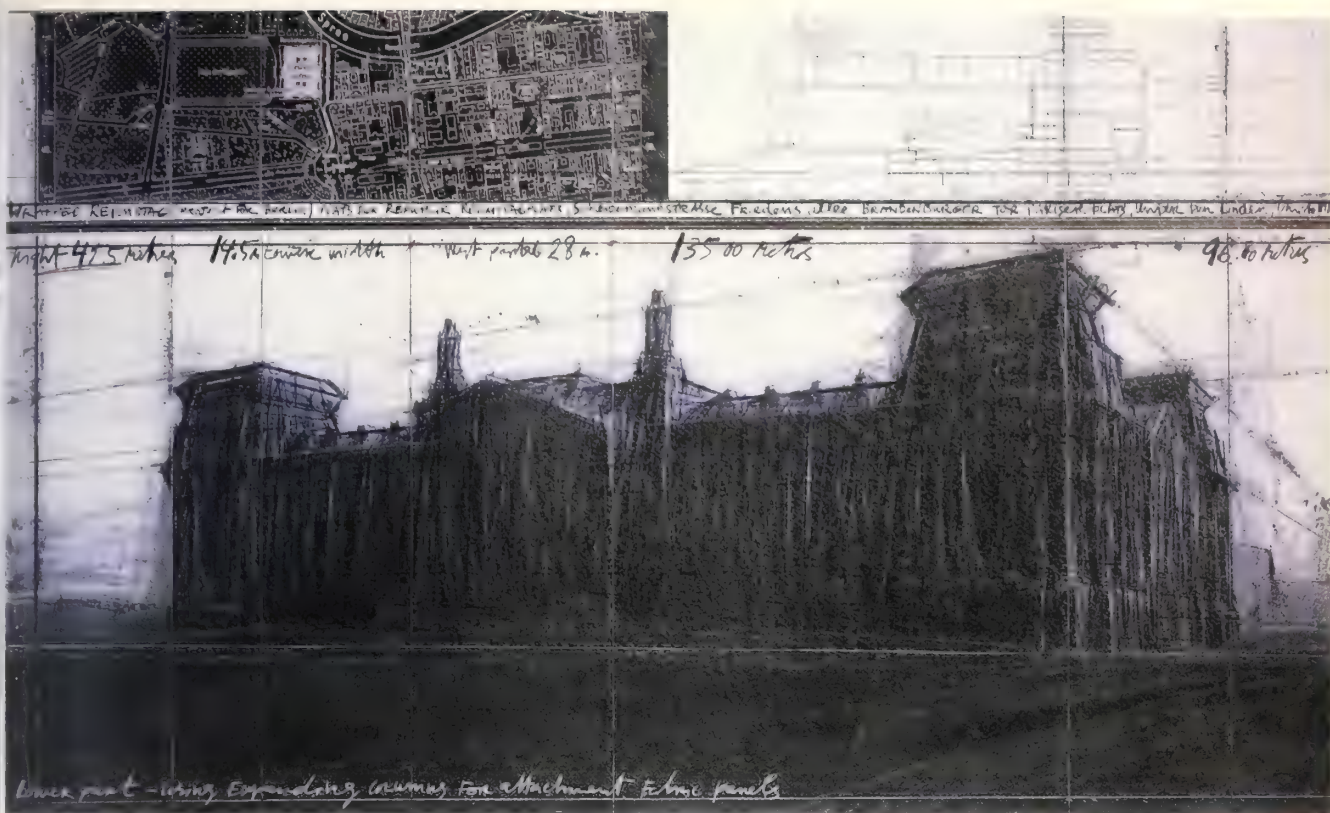
The problem of storytelling is how to make transitions into transformations, since the former belong to logic, sincerity, and boredom (that is, real time, the trudge of "and then") and the latter belong to art. Most impressive in the transformations above is that nothing changes. Hernandorena is more essentially himself with his leg opened. The handlebars, as horns, are fantastically evident handlebars.

In Chekhov's great story "The Lady with the Dog," a man and a woman who are soon to become lovers sit on a bench beside the sea without talking. In their silence the sea grows loud:

... the monotonous roar of the sea came up to them, speaking of peace, or the eternal sleep waiting for us all. The sea had roared like this long before there was any Yalta or Oreanda, it was roaring now, and it would go on roaring, just as indifferently and hollowly, when we had passed away. And it may be that in this continuity, the utter indifference to life and death, lies the secret of life on our planet, and its never-ceasing movement toward perfection.

But this man and woman care, through each other, about life, and they transform themselves into the creatures of an old and desperately sad story, in which love is the vehicle of a brief salvation before the sound of the sea, the great disorder that is an order, resumes and caring ceases.

The man's feelings in the story, like those of Wordsworth and Hemingway in their stories,



This drawing appeared in Christo: Wrapped Reichstag Project for Berlin, an exhibit at the Satomi Gallery in Tokyo last fall. Christo has sought permission from the West German government to wrap the Reichstag since 1972. A final decision is expected early this spring.

are unavailable in immediate experience. He lets the woman go, time passes, then it comes to him that he needs her, the old story.

The motive for metaphor, shrinking from
The weight of primary noon,
The A B C of being.
The vital, arrogant, fatal, dominant X.

He goes to the woman's hometown, checks into a hotel, and is greeted by the sight of

... a dusty ink pot on the table surmounted by a
headless rider, holding his hat in his raised
hand...

A metaphor. To find his heart, he lost his head. Nothing would be written (ink pot) otherwise; nothing good, anyhow, and that is the same as nothing. "There is no such thing as a bad poem," says Coleridge. In other words, it doesn't exist.

The best story I know that contains all I've been trying to say is Kafka's:

A cage went in search of a bird.

Like the Mother Goose rhyme, it plays with a notion of containment, or containing the uncontainable, but here an artifice of form (cage rather than shoe) is in deadly pursuit of spirit

(bird rather than children). A curious metaphoric is implied, where the desire to possess and the condition of being possessed are aspects of an ineluctable phenomenon. (Existence?) In any case, whatever the idea is, Kafka suggests in eight words a kind of nightmare—chilling, magnificently irrational, endless—the story-of-stories, the infinitely deep urge toward transformation. "...one portion of being is the Prolific, the other, the Devouring," says Blake, a great storyteller, obsessed with cages and birds.

The ability to tell a story, like the ability to carry a tune, is nearly universal and as mysteriously natural as language. Though I've met a few people who can't tell stories, it has always seemed to me they really can but refuse to care enough, or fear generosity, or self-revelation, or misinterpretation (an extremely serious matter these days), or intimacy. They tend to be formal, encaged by prevailing opinion, and a little deliberately dull. Personally, I can't carry a tune, which has sometimes been a reason for shame, as though it were a character flaw. Worse than tuneless or storyless people are those with a gift for storytelling who, like the Ancient

Mariner (famous bird murderer), go on and on in the throes of an invincible narcissism, while listeners suffer brain death. The best storytellers hardly ever seem to know they're doing it, and they hardly ever imagine they could write a story. My aunt Molly, for example, was a terrific storyteller who sometimes broke into nutty couplets.

I see you're sitting at the table, Label.
I wish I was also able.
But so long as I'm on my feet,
I don't have to eat.

I went to visit her when she was dying and in bad pain, her stomach bloated by a tumor. She wanted even then to be herself, but looked embarrassed, slightly shy. "See?" she said. "That's life." No more stories, no more rhymes.

[Short Story]

THE RED COCOON

By Kobo Abé. From *A Late Chrysanthemum: Twenty-one Stories from the Japanese*, translated by Lane Dunlop and published by North Point Press.

The sun is starting to set. It's the time when people hurry home to their roosts, but I don't have a roost to go back to. I go on walking slowly down the narrow cleft between the houses. Although there are so many houses lined up along the streets, why is there not one house which is mine? I think, repeating the same question for the hundredth time.

When I take a piss against a telephone pole, sometimes there's a scrap of rope hanging down, and I want to hang myself. The rope, looking at my neck out of the corner of its eye, says: "Let's rest, brother." And I want to rest, too. But I can't rest. I'm not the rope's brother, and besides, I still can't understand why I don't have a house.

Every day, night comes. When night comes, you have to rest. Houses are to rest in. If that's so, it's not that I don't have a house, is it?

Suddenly, I get an idea. Maybe I've been making a serious mistake in my thinking. Maybe it's not that I don't have a house, but that I've forgotten it. That's right, it could be. For example, I stop in front of this house I happen to be passing. Might not this be my house? Of course, compared to other houses, it has no special feature that particularly breathes out that possibility, but one could say the same of any house. That cannot be a proof canceling the fact that this may be my house. I'm feeling brave. O.K.,

let's knock on the door.

I'm in luck. The smiling face of a woman looks out of a half-opened window. She seems kind. The wind of hope blows through the neighborhood of my heart. My heart becomes a flag that spreads out flat and flutters in the wind. I smile, too. Like a real gentleman, I say:

"Excuse me, but this isn't my house by any chance?"

The woman's face abruptly hardens. "What? Who are you?"

About to explain, all of a sudden I can't. I don't know what I should explain. How can I make her understand that it's not a question now of who I am? Getting a little desperate, I say:

"Well, if you think this isn't my house, will you please prove it to me?"

"My God . . ." The woman's face is frightened. That gets me angry.

"If you have no proof, it's all right for me to think it's mine."

"But this is my house."

"What does that matter? Just because you say it's yours doesn't mean it's not mine. That's so."

Instead of answering, the woman turns her face into a wall and shuts the window. That's the true form of a woman's smiling face. It's always this transformation that gives away the incomprehensible logic by which, because something belongs to someone, it does not belong to me.

But why . . . why does everything belong to someone else and not to me? Even if it isn't mine, can't there be just one thing that doesn't belong to anyone?

Sometimes I have delusions. That the concrete pipes on construction sites or in storage yards are my house. But they're already on the way to belonging to somebody. Because they become someone else's, they disappear without any reference to my wishes or interest in them. Or they turn into something that is clearly not my house.

Well then, how about park benches? They'd be fine, of course. If they were really my house, and if only he didn't come and chase me off them with his stick . . . Certainly they belong to everybody, not to anybody. But he says:

"Hey, you, get up. This bench belongs to everybody. It doesn't belong to anybody, least of all you. Come on, start moving. If you don't like it, you can spend the night in the basement lockup at the precinct house. If you stop anywhere else, no matter where, you'll be breaking the law."

The Wandering Jew—is that who I am?

The sun is setting. I keep walking.

A house . . . houses that don't disappear, turn into something else, that stand on the



By Amy Arbus. *No Place Like Home*, a book of her photographs of people and their homes, was recently published by Dolphin/Doubleday. Charles Lang, a bartender in Carson, California, has covered the walls of his home with 501,345 jigsaw-puzzle pieces. "I've got the patience of Job," he told Arbus.

ground and don't move. Between them, the cleft that keeps changing, that doesn't have any one face that stays the same . . . the street. On rainy days, it's like a paint-loaded brush, on snowy days it becomes just the width of the tire ruts, on windy days it flows like a conveyor belt. I keep walking. I can't understand why I don't have a house, and so I can't even hang myself.

Hey, who's holding me around the ankle? If it's the rope for hanging, don't get so excited, don't be in such a hurry. But that's not what it is. It's a sticky silk thread. When I grab it and pull it, the end's in a split between the upper and sole of my shoe. It keeps getting longer and longer, slippery-like. This is weird. My curiosity makes me keep pulling it in. Then something even weirder happens. I'm slowly leaning over. I can't stand up at a right angle to the ground. Has the earth's axis tilted or the gravitational force changed direction?

A thud. My shoe drops off and hits the ground. I see what's happening. The earth's axis hasn't tilted; one of my legs has gotten shorter. As I pull at the thread, my leg rapidly gets shorter and shorter. Like the elbow of a frayed jacket unraveling, my leg's unwinding. The thread, like the fiber of a snake gourd, is my disintegrating leg.

I can't take one more step. I don't know what to do. I keep on standing. In my hand that

doesn't know what to do either, my leg that has turned into silk thread starts to move by itself. It crawls out smoothly. The tip, without any help from my hand, unwinds itself and like a snake starts wrapping itself around me. When my left leg's all unwound, the thread switches as natural as you please to my right leg. In a little while, the thread has wrapped my whole body in a bag. Even then, it doesn't stop, but unwinds me from the hips to the chest, from the chest to the shoulders, and as it unwinds it strengthens the bag from inside. In the end, I'm gone.

Afterward, there remained a big empty cocoon.

Ah, now at last I can rest. The evening sun dyes the cocoon red. This, at least, is my house for sure, which nobody can keep me out of. The only trouble is, now that I have a house, there's no "I" to return to it.

Inside the cocoon, time stopped. Outside, it was dark, but inside the cocoon it was always evening. Illumined from within, it glowed red with the colors of sunset. This outstanding peculiarity was bound to catch his sharp policeman's eye. He spotted me, the cocoon, lying between the rails of the crossing. At first he was angry, but soon changing his mind about this unusual find, he put me into his pocket. After tumbling around in there for a while, I was transferred to his son's toy box.

[Travelogue]

A VISIT WITH YEVTUSHENKO

From "Some Snapshots from the Soviet Zone," by William H. Gass, in the Fall issue of the Kenyon Review. Gass and his wife, Mary, recently visited the Soviet Union with a group that included Louis and Adele Auchincloss and Allen Ginsberg.

The Auchinclosses and the Gasses are being driven in a black taxi out of Moscow into the country, actually all the way to Peredelkino, to see Yevgeny Yevtushenko, who has very kindly asked us to visit him at his *dacha*. Allen is in another car. It is our last night, and we have been to a concert, so the hour is already a bit ungainly. It is snowing slightly, and our headlights bore a hole in the bleak and the bleak a bit like an automobile in the movies; consequently the snow looks white only when it's being run over. Eventually we turn off the road onto a narrower one lined with fences and trees. We are following Allen's car, which obviously does not know the way either. The snow is as deep as a dog's muzzle here, and we can see buildings beyond the road, short trees I believe bear snowballs in the summer, snowballs which fly straight and strike a shoulder softly. If you were a Russian writer, Adele tells Louis, you might have a *dacha* out here—think of it—near Pasternak's grave. We'd be in prison counting thaws like Irina Ratushinskaya, I answer for him.

Our drivers ask directions from a couple encountered on the road. They point behind us. We back over our tracks. The last will be first, I do not say. One reason I love Louis so is that he can smile at the unsaid and understand. Our back bumper, our trunk, arrives. Here is the house. A dog begins to run toward us, but Yevtushenko has him in hand. He and the dog greet us, not both by wagging, and we enter a cheerful, unpretentious country cottage. We meet a young woman too, discreet as a searchlight. The floors where our boots will puddle are of bare wood and linoleum. Coats cling to a coatrack like survivors of a sinking. In another room a long trestle table covered with communities of food awaits us. At the other end of the space are chairs and a sofa, a TV monitor as well, which looks longingly at its audience. The atmosphere would be completely and serenely rustic except that on one wall there is a huge horse's head by Pirosmanc'hevili, on others drawings by Picasso and Matisse, signed like photos from the stars, and, all about, objects of honest interest—gifts galore. I try to be, as the kids used to say,

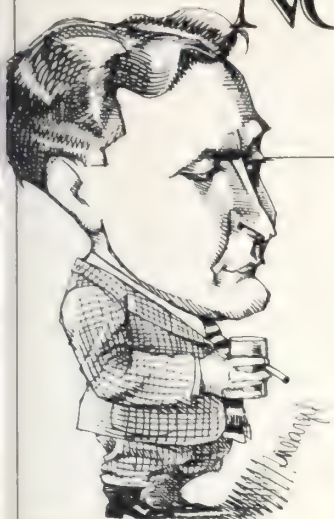
swayve, but a good gawk is not beyond me.

Yevtushenko gestures us to the table where we shall sample his household's winter fare: hunks of pickled cabbage, salt-cured green apples and the season's last tomatoes, sausage, cheese in large salty chunks, coarse dark bread and a loaf of crusty white, some homemade wine from Georgia, and also from the same republic a large jar of bootleg vodka, as soft and chewable as an earlobe. From my garden, he says proudly, as I swallow bites of green tomato, preserved by a process of which I was unaware, and so delicious the teeth dance.

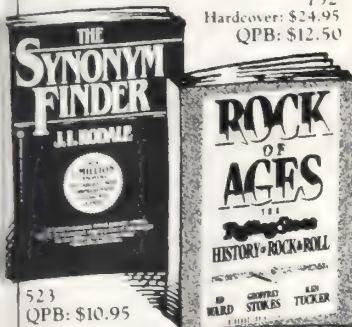
Yevtushenko's thin, alert face is somewhat lined, but his eyes leap and his gestures are expansive. I am not unmindful of the fact that two of the world's most famous poets of that generation whose common spark last crossed the gap between our countries are in a conversation I can overhear; that this is the almost mythical Peredelkino; that we have come from Moscow in black taxis which might have been nicknamed Red Arrows. Yevtushenko is wholly self-absorbed, but he has a self to be absorbed by. Mary is swallowing this scene, which is, in its way, as full of remembrance as our mouths are: sentiments that time and tears have cured. Yevtushenko is speaking of his first wife, Bella Akhmadulina, who is now living in Georgia. Ah . . . but . . . is she still a poet? He claps both hands to the sides of his head. Allen . . . Allen . . . I've such family problems! Well you might, I think, with a wife and family living in Moscow and a lovely young woman out here living in. The poet plays a few stories for us it would be unwise to repeat, juicy as the apples. I love the sawing sound a bread knife makes as little bits of crust shower to the board. The cheese is dense and rich and green as the tomatoes. What is earth in a bourgeois mouth but more myth? The good old days march by like a parade. This is Mary's decade, her Topsy time, the fifties which these poets are now renovating. Yevtushenko squeezes a feeling by hugging himself. The young woman, who speaks no English and must have been bored, has disappeared.

Would we like to see some tapes from those days, videocassettes of old newsreels of poetry readings in Leningrad and Moscow, here and there over the whole country? The crowds, the enthusiasms, the ideas, the dreams, the song . . . Yevtushenko has the proper equipment, Japanese, he says with a grin, from New York. We slide down the room a little and soon the screen goes gray with youth. There is Bella. Quite beautiful, we agree. The camera pans over the crowd. Ah, how beautiful we were in those days. Quite, we agree. Now Yevtushenko is

3 BOOKS, 3 BUCKS. NO COMMITMENT. NO KIDDING.



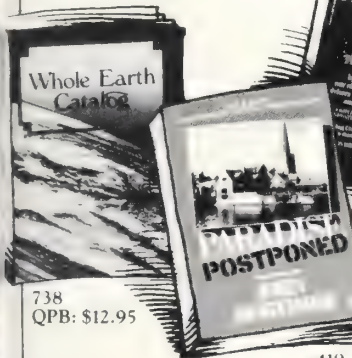
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD



523
QPB: \$10.95

137. Aristotle for Everybody
Difficult Thought Made Easy.
Mortimer J. Adler
Hardcover: \$11.95 QPB: \$6.95

647. A Passion for Excellence
The Leadership Difference.
Tom Peters and Nancy Austin
Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$8.95



738
QPB: \$12.95

*726. Arctic Dreams
Imagination and Desire
in a Northern Landscape.
Barry Lopez
Hardcover: \$22.95 QPB: \$9.95

401. Bloom County Babylon: Five
Years of Basic Naughtiness.
Berke Breathed
Hardcover: \$24.95 QPB: \$9.95

291. Time and Again
Jack Finney. QPB: \$7.95

Try QPB. You'll find a wealth of reading to choose from at very affordable prices. QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they are priced up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts. More books, fewer bucks. Join QPB.

267. The Timetables of History
Bernard Grinn
Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$12.95

*734. The Little, Brown Book of Anecdotes
Clifton Fadiman, General Editor
Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$12.95

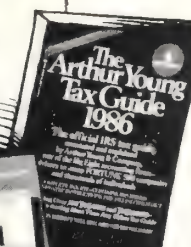
418. Comet. Carl Sagan and Ann Druyan
Hardcover: \$27.50 QPB: \$14.95

*739. The Only Math Book You'll Ever Need: Practical, Step-by-Step Solutions to Everyday Math Problems. Stanley Kogelman, Ph.D., and Barbara R. Heller
Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$8.95

350. Book of Qualities. Words and Pictures by J. Ruth Gendler
QPB: \$6.95

*616. Demon Box. Ken Kesey
Hardcover: \$18.95 QPB: \$8.95

204. A Dictionary of Modern English Usage. Second Edition by H. W. Fowler. Revised and Edited by Sir Ernest Gowers
Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$6.95



146
QPB: \$9.95

*439
Hardcover: \$22.95
QPB: \$11.50

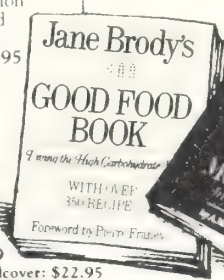
*A QPB Exclusive. The only softcover edition now available



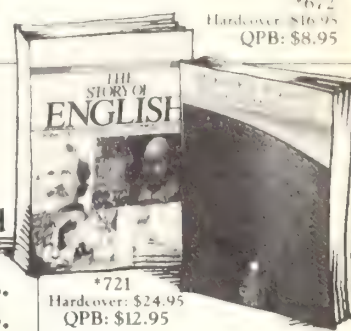
515
QPB: \$9.50

*512. The Second Creation
Makers of the Revolution in 20th-Century Physics. Robert P. Crease and Charles C. Mann
Hardcover: \$25 QPB: \$11.95

*293. Irish Folktales
Edited by Henry Glasie
Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$9.95



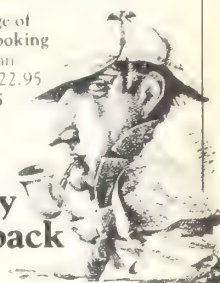
*116
Hardcover: \$25
QPB: \$11.95



*721
Hardcover: \$24.95
QPB: \$12.95

737. A Day at a Time: The Diary Literature of American Women from 1764 to the Present
Edited by Margo Culley
Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$9.95

408. Heritage of Southern Cooking
Camille Cohen
Hardcover: \$22.95
QPB: \$11.95



SHERLOCK HOLMES

Quality Paperback Book Club

How membership works.

1. You receive the QPB Review 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new Selection, plus scores of other books.
2. If you want the Selection do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. Bonus books for Bonus Points. For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. Return privilege. If the QPB Review is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. Cancellations. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in any six-month period.

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club*, P.O. Box 8804
Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804

Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only \$1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the QPB Review (if my account is in good standing) for six months. If I have not bought and paid for at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Indicate by number your 3 choices.

Name _____ (Please print clearly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Prices generally higher in Canada. All orders subject to approval.
© 1986 Quality Paperback Book Club.



The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

reading, his thin face unmarked, unwise. Look at those faces. He claps his hands to his head. Time makes him remorseful. Look at me. Ah. You don't understand what I'm saying? what I've said? What a moment! See those faces. Wonderful! Now it is Voznesensky's turn at the mike.

[Poem]

VELOCITY OF MONEY

By Allen Ginsberg. From the September/October issue of *Exquisite Corpse*, a journal published by the Louisiana State University English department. *White Shroud*, a new collection of Ginsberg's poems, was recently published by Harper & Row. "Velocity of Money" is dedicated to Lee Berton.

I'm delighted by the velocity of money as it whistles
through the windows of Lower East Side
Delighted by the skyscrapers rising and old grungy
apartments falling on 84th Street
Delighted by inflation that drives me out on the street
After all what good is the family farm, why eat turkey
by thousands every Thanksgiving
Why not have Star Wars? Why have the same old
America!?!
George Washington wasn't good enough! Tom Paine
pain in the neck, Whitman a jerk!
I'm delighted by double digit interest rates in the
Capitalist world
I always was a Communist, now we'll win
as usury makes the walls thinner, books thicker &
dumber
Usury makes my poetry more valuable
my manuscripts worth their weight in useless gold
Now everybody's atheist like me, nothing's sacred
buy and sell your grandmother, eat up old age homes,
Peddle babies on the street, pretty boys for sale on
Times Square—
You can shoot heroin, I can sniff cocaine,
macho men can fite on the Nicaraguan border and get
paid with paper!
The velocity's what counts as the National Debt gets
higher
Everybody running after the rising dollar
Crowds of joggers down Broadway past City Hall on
the way to the Fed
Nobody reads Dostoyevsky books so they'll have to
give passing ear
to my fragmented ravings in between President's
speeches
Nothing's happening but the collapse of the Economy
so I can go back to sleep till the landlord wins his
eviction suit in court.

2/18/86—10 A.M.

And the camera runs up and down the audience like a hand on an arm. What would Henry James make of this, I wonder, or Edith Wharton?—the past preserved from the freeze of winter, the harshness of history, and served to our eyes now like the food on the table. I look at Louis, who looks as steadfastly benign as the pope. "Narcissus as Narcissus" is, if I remember right, the title of a poem by Paul Valéry. The room is filled with applause.

Would we like to see a few frames of Yevtushenko's movie—a new one—as recently made as a roll—based upon his autobiography—a film he will show in New York in February? No, I do not say. Nor, it is late, but thank you for a lovely repast. Yes, Mary says. Oh yes, she says, yes. All nod. Do mandarins like me have no memories? I search my mind. The answer is: no—we do not. Is that because we have never been important? Very probably. Yevtushenko will show us two scenes: the first is of peasant people celebrating a wedding (the bridegroom is going off to war), and the second will be of his mother (played by the young woman whose acquaintance we have just made) dancing naked in the snow after a sauna—a moment in the movie he especially prizes.

The young star is recalled so that she may rewatch the scene, or watch us watch it, I suppose. And will we watch her watch us watch it? The two taxi drivers (members, I like to imagine, of some department of the Soviet alphabet) are asked to bring their mugs of tea from the kitchen to enjoy the movie too. They enter warily, stage right.

There are peasants in peasant dress, to be sure, and local peasant people to wear them. This is Yevtushenko's ancestral village. Everything is authentic. He, himself, has a small part. The banquet tables undulate as if they were on a ship at sea, and the camera goes as quickly around a corner as a man can. There is the joy of anticipated union, the sadness of expected parting. Everything is authentic, though reenacted. But how about Yevtushenko's mother, now mother naked, and Yevtushenko, too, like a little jay, beclouded by the steam, and at eight or nine bemused by the sight of his mother running happily outside to sport in the snow, to roll over and over, tossing handfuls of snow in the snowy air, her body all white against the white, her dark pubic patch hopping about like a frantic black bird. Beautiful, Yevtushenko murmurs. Certainly authentic, I think. The room is filled with applause.

On the drive back I repeatedly wonder, how do you deal with the knowledge that you've just gone to bed with the actress who's been playing your mother at your behest! then to show your mother's real invented nakedness to guests? ■

ally with this: the raw stuff of nature, something encoded in the cells—the desire to be free, the need for familiar space. Perhaps this is why so many of them struggle so vehemently against us when we offer them aid. They are clinging to their freedom and their space, and they do not believe that this is what we, with our programs and our shelters, mean to allow them.

Years ago, when I first came to California, bumming my way west, the marginal world, and the lives of those in it, were very different from what they are now. In those days I spent much of my time in hobo jungles on the skid rows of various cities, and just as it was easier back then to “get by” in the easygoing beach towns on the California coast, or in the Bohemian and artistic worlds in San Francisco or Los Angeles or New York, it was also far easier than it is now to survive in the marginal world.

It is important to remember this—important to recognize the immensity of the changes that have occurred in the marginal world in the past twenty years. Whole sections of many cities—the Bowery in New York, the Tenderloin in San Francisco—were once ceded to the transient. In every skid-row area in America you could find what you needed to survive: hash houses, saloons offering free lunches, pawnshops, surplus-clothing stores, and, most important of all, cheap hotels and flophouses and two-bit employment agencies specializing in the kinds of labor (seasonal, shape-up) transients have always done.

It was by no means a wonderful world. But it *was* a world. Its rituals were spelled out in ways most of the participants understood. In hobo jungles up and down the tracks, whatever there was to eat went into a common pot and was divided equally. Late at night, in empties crisscrossing the country, men would speak with a certain anonymous openness, as if the shared condition of transience created among them a kind of civility.

What most people in that world wanted was simply to be left alone. Some of them had been on the road for years, itinerant workers. Others were recuperating from wounds they could never quite explain. There were young men and a few women with nothing better to do, and older men who had no families or had lost their jobs or wives, or for whom the rigor and pressure of life had proved too demanding. The marginal world offered them a respite from the other world, a world grown too much for them.

But things have changed. There began to pour into the marginal world—slowly in the sixties, a bit faster in the seventies, and then faster still in the eighties—more and more people who neither belonged nor knew how to survive there. The sixties brought the counterculture and drugs; the streets filled with young dropouts. Changes in the law loosed upon the streets mentally ill men and women. Inflation took its toll, then recession. Working-class and even middle-class men and women—entire families—began to fall into a world they did not understand.

At the same time the transient world was being inundated by new inhabitants, its landscape, its economy, was shrinking radically. Jobs became harder to find. Modernization had something to do with it; machines took the place of men and women. And the influx of workers from Mexico and points farther south created a class of semipermanent workers who took the place of casual transient labor. More important, perhaps, was the fact that the forgotten parts of many cities began to attract attention. Downtown areas were redeveloped, reclaimed. The skid-row sections of smaller cities were turned into “old townes.” The old hotels that once catered to transients were upgraded or torn down or became warehouses for welfare families—an arrangement far more profitable to the owners. The price of housing increased; evictions increased. The mentally ill, who once could afford to house themselves in cheap rooms, the alcoholics, who once would drink themselves to sleep at night in their cheap hotels, were out on the street—exposed to the weather and to danger, and also in plain and public view: “problems” to be dealt with.

The old hotels that once catered to transients have been upgraded or torn down. Jobs become harder to find

*Our response to the
homeless is fed by a
complex set of
cultural attitudes,
habits of thought, and
fantasies and fears*

Nor was it only cheap shelter that disappeared. It was also those "open" spaces that had once been available to those without other shelter. As property rose in value, the nooks and crannies in which the homeless had been able to hide became more visible. Doorways, alleys, abandoned buildings, vacant lots—these "holes" in the cityscape, these gaps in public consciousness, became *real estate*. The homeless, who had been there all the time, were overtaken by economic progress, and they became intruders.

You cannot help thinking, as you watch this process, of what happened in parts of Europe in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries: the effects of the enclosure laws, which eliminated the "commons" in the countryside and drove the rural poor, now homeless, into the cities. The centuries-old tradition of common access and usage was swept away by the beginnings of industrialism; land became *privatized*, a commodity. At the same time something occurred in the cultural psyche. The world itself, space itself, was subtly altered. It was no longer merely to be lived in; it was now to be owned. What was enclosed was not only the land. It was also *the flesh itself*. It was cut off from, denied access to, the physical world.

And one thinks too, when thinking of the homeless, of the American past, the settlement of the "new" world which occurred at precisely the same time that the commons disappeared. The dream of freedom and equality that brought men and women here had something to do with *space*, as if the wilderness itself conferred upon those arriving here a new beginning: the Eden that had been lost. Once God had sent Christ to redeem men; now he provided a new world. Men discovered, or believed that this world, and perhaps time itself, had no edge, no limit. Space was a sign of God's magnanimity. It was a kind of grace.

Somehow, it is all this that is folded into the sad shapes of the homeless. In their mute presence one can sense, however faintly, the dreams of a world gone aglimmering, and the presence of our failed hopes. A kind of claim is made, silently, an ethic is proffered, or, if you will, a whole cosmology, one older than our own ideas of privilege and property. It is as if flesh itself were seeking, this one last time, the home in the world it has been denied.

Daily the city eddies around the homeless. The crowds flowing past leave a few feet, a gap. We do not touch the homeless world. Perhaps we cannot touch it. It remains separate even as the city surrounds it.

The homeless, simply because they are homeless, are strangers, alien—and therefore a threat. Their presence, in itself, comes to constitute a kind of violence; it deprives us of our sense of safety. Let me use myself as an example. I know, and respect, many of those now homeless on the streets of Santa Barbara. Twenty years ago, some of them would have been my companions and friends. And yet, these days, if I walk through the park near my home and see strangers bedding down for the night, my first reaction, if not fear, is a sense of annoyance and intrusion, of worry and alarm. I think of my teenage daughter, who often walks through the park, and then of my house, a hundred yards away, and I am tempted—only tempted, but tempted, still—to call the "proper" authorities to have the strangers moved on. Out of sight, out of mind.

Notice: I do not bring them food. I do not offer them shelter or a shower in the morning. I do not even stop to talk. Instead, I think: my daughter, my house, my privacy. What moves me is not the threat of *danger*—nothing as animal as that. Instead there pops up inside of me, neatly in a row, a set of anxieties, ones you might arrange in a dollhouse living room and label: Family of bourgeois fears. The point is this: our response to the homeless is fed by a complex set of cultural attitudes, habits of thought, and fantasies and fears so familiar to us, so common, that they have become a *second nature* and might as well be instinctive, for all the control we have over them. And it is by no means easy to untangle this snarl of responses. What does seem clear is that the homeless embody all that bourgeois cul-

HARPER'S INDEX

- Interest payment on the national debt that will make it necessary to find \$100,000,000,000
U.S. interest rate in 1984 : 8 1/8 (100/125)
- Heavy spent on strike by Italian in 1984 : 100,000,000
In 1984 : 81,000,000
- Rank of Italy : Argentina and Cuba in initial period : 100,000,000
French of post the average American in 1977 : 100,000,000
In 1984 : 100,000,000
- Number of American who took Cuba's Cuba's Cuba's : 100,000,000
Quarta of the state the average Southern state : 100,000,000
The average New Englander : 100,000,000
Excluded in the United States : 100,000,000
- Cost of having a car blessed at the Duke's Buddhist temple in Eastwood : 100,000,000
Cost of a car wash at Steve's Detailing in New York : 100,000,000
- Percentage of American women who said they liked sports cars in 1976 : 99
Who say that today : 56
- Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19
Percentage of American women : 6
- Copies of *Book's* bought by the magazine's average reader : 1
Percentage of black high school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 20.8
Percentage of white high school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2
- Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand) : 1,355
The average "colored" student : 872
The average black student : 192
- Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979 : 51,320
In 1984 : 896
- Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 102,000
Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40
Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1900 : 14.3
In 1984 : 12.9
- Percentage of American obstetricians/gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67
Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots : 1
Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11
Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon : 90,002

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1985. Sources are listed on page 74.

Our index is more interesting than their content.

The Harper's Index is not your typical index.

It's a thought-provoking collection of statistics that probably says more about our times in a single page than most magazines say in a single issue.

And it's just for openers.

Each issue of Harper's also includes writings from people as various in their perceptions as Marguerite Duras and Walter B. Wriston, George Steiner and Umberto Eco. As well as readings from

publications as miscellaneous as *Pravda*, the *New England Journal of Medicine*, *Salmagundi* and *Le Nouvel Observateur*.

Then, of course, there's the Harper's Forum. A genuine national debate that brings together the famous and not-so-famous to candidly discuss such important topical subjects as TV, terrorism or pornography.

If you're the kind of reader who has little patience for the tepid, spoon-fed content that pervades most magazines

today, we suggest you mail the attached order card and subscribe to Harper's for the next twelve months, at our special half-price rate of only twelve dollars. And have yourself an interesting year. (If the card is missing, send your order to Harper's, Dept. DA71, PO Box 1937, Marion OH 43305.)

HARPER'S
MAGAZINE

Order, ordure—this
is, in essence, the
tension at the heart of
bourgeois culture

ture has for centuries tried to eradicate and destroy.

If you look to the history of Europe you find that homelessness first appears (or is first acknowledged) at the very same moment that bourgeois culture begins to appear. The same processes produced them both: the breakup of feudalism, the rise of commerce and cities, the combined triumphs of capitalism, industrialism, and individualism. The historian Fernand Braudel, in *The Wheels of Commerce*, describes, for instance, the armies of impoverished men and women who began to haunt Europe as far back as the eleventh century. And the makeup of these masses? Essentially the same then as it is now: the unfortunates, the throwaways, the misfits, the deviants.

In the eighteenth century, all sorts and conditions were to be found in this human dross . . . widows, orphans, cripples . . . journeymen who had broken their contracts, out-of-work labourers, homeless priests with no living, old men, fire victims . . . war victims, deserters, discharged soldiers, would-be vendors of useless articles, vagrant preachers with or without licenses, "pregnant servant-girls and unmarried mothers driven from home," children sent out "to find bread or to maraud."

Then, as now, distinctions were made between the "homeless" and the supposedly "deserving" poor, those who knew their place and willingly sustained, with their labors, the emergent bourgeois world.

The good paupers were accepted, lined up and registered on the official list; they had a right to public charity and were sometimes allowed to solicit it outside churches in prosperous districts, when the congregation came out, or in market places. . . .

When it comes to beggars and vagrants, it is a very different story, and different pictures meet the eye: crowds, mobs, processions, sometimes mass emigrations, "along the country highways or the streets of the Towns and Villages," by beggars "whom hunger and nakedness has driven from home." . . . The towns dreaded these alarming visitors and drove them out as soon as they appeared on the horizon.

And just as the distinctions made about these masses were the same then as they are now, so too was the way society saw them. They seemed to bourgeois eyes (as they still do) the one segment of society that remained resistant to progress, unassimilable and incorrigible, inimical to all order.

It is in the nineteenth century, in the Victorian era, that you can find the beginnings of our modern strategies for dealing with the homeless: the notion that they should be controlled and perhaps eliminated through "help." With the Victorians we begin to see the entangling of self-protection with social obligation, the strategy of masking self-interest and the urge to control as *moral duty*. Michel Foucault has spelled this out in his books on madness and punishment: the zeal with which the overseers of early bourgeois culture tried to purge, improve, and purify all of urban civilization—whether through schools and prisons, or, quite literally, with public baths and massive new water and sewage systems. Order, ordure—this is, in essence, the tension at the heart of bourgeois culture, and it was the singular genius of the Victorians to make it the main component of their medical, aesthetic, and moral systems. It was not a sense of justice or even empathy which called for charity or new attitudes toward the poor; it was *hygiene*. The very same attitudes appear in nineteenth-century America. Charles Loring Brace, in an essay on homeless and vagrant children written in 1876, described the treatment of delinquents in this way: "Many of their vices drop from them like the old and verminous clothing they left behind. . . . The entire change of circumstances seems to cleanse them of bad habits." Here you have it all: *vices*, *verminous clothing*, *cleansing them of bad habits*—the triple association of poverty with vice with dirt, an equation in which each term comes to stand for all of them.

These attitudes are with us still; that is the point. In our own century the person who has written most revealingly about such things is George Or-

ell, who tried to analyze his own middle-class attitudes toward the poor. In 1933, in *Down and Out in Paris and London*, he wrote about tramps:

In childhood we are taught that tramps are blackguards . . . a repulsive, rather dangerous creature, who would rather die than work or wash, and wants nothing but to beg, drink or rob hen-houses. The tramp monster is no truer to life than the sinister Chinaman of the magazines, but he is very hard to get rid of. The very word "tramp" evokes his image.

All of this is still true in America, though now it is not the word "tramp" but the word "homeless" that evokes the images we fear. It is the homeless who smell. Here, for instance, is part of a paper a student of mine wrote about her first visit to a Rescue Mission on skid row.

The sermon began. The room was stuffy and smelly. The mixture of body odors and cooking was nauseating. I remember thinking: how can these people share this facility? They must be repulsed by each other. They had strange habits and dispositions. They were a group of dirty, dishonored, weird people to me.

When it was over I ran to my car, went home, and took a shower. I felt extremely dirty. Through the day I would get flashes of that disgusting smell.

To put it as bluntly as I can, for many of us the homeless are *shit*. And our policies toward them, our spontaneous sense of disgust and horror, our wish to be rid of them—all of this has hidden in it, close to its heart, our feelings about excrement. Even Marx, that most bourgeois of revolutionaries, described the deviant *lumpen* in *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* as scum, offal, refuse of all classes." These days, in puritanical Marxist nations, they are called "parasites"—a word, perhaps not incidentally, one also associates with human waste.

What I am getting at here is the *nature* of the desire to help the homeless—what is hidden behind it and why it so often does harm. Every government program, almost every private project, is geared as much to the needs of those giving help as it is to the needs of the homeless. Go to any government agency, or, for that matter, to most private charities, and you will find yourself enmeshed, at once, in a bureaucracy so tangled and oppressive, or confronted with so much moral arrogance and contempt, that you will be driven back out into the streets for relief.

Santa Barbara, where I live, is as good an example as any. There are three main shelters in the city—all of them private. Between them they provide fewer than a hundred beds a night for the homeless. Two of the three shelters are religious in nature: the Rescue Mission and the Salvation Army. In the mission, as in most places in the country, there are elaborate and stringent rules. Beds go first to those who have not been there for two months, and you can stay for only two nights in any two-month period. No shelter is given to those who are not sober. Even if you go to the mission only for a meal, you are required to listen to sermons and participate in prayer, and you are regularly proselytized—sometimes overtly, sometimes subtly. There are obligatory, regimented showers. You go to bed precisely at ten: lights out, no reading, no talking. After the lights go out you will find fifteen men in a room with double-decker bunks. As the night progresses the room grows stuffier and hotter. Men toss, turn, cough, and moan. In the morning you are awakened precisely at five forty-five. Then breakfast. At seven-thirty you are back on the street.

The town's newest shelter was opened almost a year ago by a consortium of local churches. Families and those who are employed have first call on the beds—a policy which excludes the congenitally homeless. Alcohol is not simply forbidden in the shelter; those with a history of alcoholism must sign a "contract" pledging to remain sober and chemical-free. Finally, in a paroxysm of therapeutic bullying, the shelter has added a new wrinkle: if you stay more than two days you are required to fill out and then discuss with a social worker a complex form listing what you perceive as your personal failings, goals, and strategies—all of this for men and women who simply want a place to lie down out of the rain!

Every government program is geared as much to the needs of those giving help as it is to the needs of the homeless



A society owes its members whatever it takes for them to regain their places in the social order

It is these attitudes, in various forms and permutations, that you find repeated endlessly in America. We are moved either to "redeem" the homeless or to punish them. Perhaps there is nothing consciously hostile about it. Perhaps it is simply that as the machinery of bureaucracy cranks itself up to deal with these problems, attitudes assert themselves automatically. But whatever the case, the fact remains that almost every one of our strategies for helping the homeless is simply an attempt to rearrange the world *cosmetically*, in terms of how it looks and smells to us. Compassion is little more than the passion for control.

The central question emerging from all this is, What does a society owe to its members in trouble, and *how* is that debt to be paid? It is a question which must be answered in two parts: first, in relation to the men and women who have been marginalized against their will, and then, in a slightly different way, in relation to those who have chosen (or accepted or even prize) their marginality.

As for those who have been marginalized against their wills, I think the general answer is obvious: A society owes its members whatever it takes for them to regain their places in the social order. And when it comes to specific remedies, one need only read backward the various processes which have created homelessness and then figure out where help is likely to do the most good. But the real point here is not the specific remedies required—affordable housing, say—but the basis upon which they must be offered, the necessary underlying ethical notion we seem in this nation unable to grasp: that those who are the inevitable casualties of modern industrial capitalism and the free-market system are entitled, *by right*, and by the simple virtue of their participation in that system, to whatever help they need. They are entitled to help to find and hold their places in the society whose social contract they have, in effect, signed and observed.

Look at that for just a moment: the notion of a contract. The majority of homeless Americans have kept, insofar as they could, to the terms of that contract. In any shelter these days you can find men and women who have worked ten, twenty, forty years, and whose lives have nonetheless come to nothing. These are people who cannot afford a place in the world they helped create. And in return? Is it life on the street they have earned? Or the cruel charity we so grudgingly grant them?

But those marginalized against their will are only half the problem. There remains, still, the question of whether we owe anything to those who are voluntarily marginal. What about them: the street people, the rebels, and the recalcitrants, those who have torn up their social contracts or returned them unsigned?

I was in Las Vegas last fall, and I went out to the Rescue Mission at the lower end of town, on the edge of the black ghetto, where I first stayed years ago on my way west. It was twilight, still hot; in the vacant lot next-door to the mission 200 men were lining up for supper. A warm wind blew along the street lined with small houses and salvage yards, and in the distance I could see the desert's edge and the smudge of low hills in the fading light. There were elderly alcoholics in line, and derelicts, but mainly the men were the same sort I had seen here years ago: youngish, out of work, restless and talkative, the drifters and wanderers for whom the word "wanderlust" was invented.

At supper—long communal tables, thin gruel, stale sweet rolls, ice water—a huge black man in his twenties, fierce and muscular, sat across from me. "I'm from the Coast, man," he said. "Never been away from home before. Ain't sure I like it. Sure don't like *this* place. But I lost my job back home a couple of weeks ago and figured, why wait around for another. I thought I'd come out here, see me something of the world."

After supper, a squat Portuguese man in his mid-thirties, hunkered down against the mission wall, offered me a smoke and told me: "Been sleeping in my car, up the street, for a week. Had my own business back in Omaha. But



got bored, man. Sold everything, got a little dough, came out here. thought I'd work construction. Let me tell you, this is one tough town."

In a world better than ours, I suppose, men (or women) like this might not exist. Conservatives seem to have no trouble imagining a society so well disciplined and moral that deviance of this kind would disappear. And artists envision a world so just, so generous, that deviance would vanish along with inequity. But I suspect that there will always be something at work in some men and women to make them restless with the systems others devise for them, and to move them outward toward the edges of the world, where life is always riskier, less organized, and easier going.

Do we owe anything to these men and women, who reject our company and what we offer and yet nonetheless seem to demand *something* from us?

We owe them, I think, at least a place to exist, a way to exist. That may not be a moral obligation, in the sense that our obligation to the involuntarily marginal is clearly a moral one, but it is an obligation nevertheless, one you might call an existential obligation.

Of course, it may be that I think we owe these men something because I have liked men like them, and because I want their world to be there always, as a place to hide or rest. But there is more to it than that. I think we as a society need men like these. A society needs its margins as much as it needs art and literature. It needs holes and gaps, *breathing spaces*, let us say, into which men and women can escape and live, when necessary, in ways otherwise denied them. Margins guarantee to society a flexibility, an elasticity, and allow it to accommodate itself to the natures and needs of its members. When margins vanish, society becomes too rigid, too oppressive by far, and therefore inimical to life.

It is for such reasons that, in cultures like our own, marginal men and women take on a special significance. They are all we have left to remind us of the narrowness of the received truths we take for granted. "Beyond the pale," they somehow redefine the pale, or remind us, at least, that *something* is still out there, beyond the pale. They preserve, perhaps unconsciously, a dream that would otherwise cease to exist, the dream of having a place in the world, and of being *left alone*.

Quixotic? Infantic? Perhaps. But remember Pavlov and his reflexes coddled in the flesh: animal, and therefore as if given by God. What we are talking about here is *freedom*, and with it, perhaps, an echo of the dream men brought, long ago, to wilderness America. I use the word "freedom" gingerly, in relation to lives like these: skewed, crippled, emptied of everything we associate with a full, or realized, freedom. But perhaps this is the condition into which freedom has fallen among us. Art has been "appreciated" out of existence; literature has become an extension of the university, replete with tenure and pensions; and as for politics, the ideologies which bring us round seem too silly or shrill by far to speak for life. What is left, then, is this mute and intransigent independence, this "waste" of life which refuses even interpretation, and which cannot be assimilated to any ideology, and which therefore can be put to no one's use. In its crippled innocence and the perfection of its superfluity it amounts, almost, to a rebellion against history, and that is no small thing.

Let me put it as simply as I can: what we see on the streets of our cities are two dramas, both of which cut to the troubled heart of the culture and demand from us a response we may not be able to make. There is the drama of those struggling to survive by regaining their place in the social order. And there is the drama of those struggling to survive outside of it.

The resolution of both struggles depends on a third drama occurring at the heart of the culture: the tension and contention between the magnanimity we owe to life and the darker tendencies of the human psyche: our fear of strangeness, our hatred of deviance, our love of order and control. How we mediate by default or design between those contrary forces will determine not only the destinies of the homeless but also something crucial about the nation, and perhaps—let me say it—about our own souls. ■

A society needs its margins, its holes and gaps, into which men and women can escape and live, when necessary

BLACK HOLE

How the Pentagon speaks

These "line item" requests for Air Force research and development (R&D) programs, from the Pentagon's fiscal 1987 budget report to Congress, document a little-reported but disturbing trend: an unprecedented surge in "black" defense spending. Black programs are those the Pentagon shields from public scrutiny by classifying the name, function, or cost—and often all three. Since none but a handful of congressional leaders have full access to black programs, less-privileged legislators generally must vote in the dark on these projects. An analysis of the budget documents shows that the Pentagon asked for at least \$22.4 billion for black programs in fiscal 1987. Yet another yardstick of the Reagan Administration's penchant for secrecy, that is a 300 percent increase since 1981, during which time the entire defense budget has not even doubled. Fiscal 1988 budget documents, which the Pentagon will release soon, will likely show this black stain spreading even farther.

Every line item in the Air Force's R-1, as its R&D budget document is known, has a "program element number" (which, when checked against the Pentagon's standard element-number key, can offer clues about black projects); an "item nomenclature" (which may reveal nothing if it is only a nickname); and four budget numbers, representing the past fiscal year, the current year, the year for which funding is requested, and the "out year." This last figure shows the Air Force's estimated request for the next fiscal year. The final entry denotes whether a line item is classified. The absence of a "U" (for Unclassified) in the entry for the Advanced Cruise Missile (ACM), and the fact that no funds are listed, means it is jet black. Unlisted funds account for \$8.6 billion of the Pentagon's total black request. This figure is arrived at by subtracting the cost of listed items from the totals for all R&D, procurement, and construction projects.

What is Leo? Its program element number hints at nuclear command and control. Black projects are usually hidden behind such blandly meaningless code names as Seek Clock or Forest Green, but cutesy nicknames crop up, too. Stealth research was once called Harvey, after the invisible rabbit in the Jimmy Stewart movie. The code names of other black programs have the dull ring of pulp spy fiction. Base Thirty-three, for example, is an overseas spy-plane facility.

APPROPRIATION 3600 F RESEARCH DEVELOPMENT

PROGRAM ELEMENT NUMBER	ITEM NOMENCLATURE
64221F	SPECIAL IMPROVEMENT PROJECTS
64226F	B-1B
64234F	COMMON STRATEGIC ROTARY LAUNCHER
64312F	ICBM MODERNIZATION
64326F	STRAT CONV STANDOFF CAPA(SCSC)
64361F	AIR LAUNCHED CRUISE MISSILE
64406F	SPACE DEFENSE SYS
64711F	SYSTEMS SURVIVABILITY (NUC AFFECTS)
11113F	B-52 SQUADRONS
11120F	ADVANCED CRUISE MISSILE
12822F	LEO
32015F	NEACP/E-4B CL V MODS
33131F	MINIMUM ESSENTIAL EMER COMM NETWORK
33152F	WWMCCS INFORMATION SYSTEM
33154F	WWMCCS INFORMATION SYSTEM - JPMO
33601F	MILSTAR SAT COMM SYS (AF TERMINALS)
33603F	MILSTAR COMM SAT SYSTEM
35155F	THEATER NUC WPN STORAGE&SEC SYS
31324F	FOREST GREEN
31357F	INTEG OPERATIONAL NUDETS DETECT SY
32053F	NMCS-WIDE SUPPORT-COMMUNICATIONS
33110F	DEF SATELLITE COMM SYS
33126F	LONG-HAUL COMMUNICATIONS (DCS)
33128F	I-S/A AMPE SYSTEM
33144F	ELECTROMAG COMPATIBILITY ANAL CTR
33401F	COMMUNICATIONS SECURITY
34111F	SPECIAL ACTIVITIES
35114F	TRAFFIC CNTRL/APPROACH/LANDING SYS
35159F	DEFENSE RECONN SUPPORT ACTIVITIES
35164F	NAVSTAR GLOBAL POS SYS (USER EQ)

THE BUDGET

1, by David C. Morrison

OF THE AIR FORCE
D T & E PROGRAM

EXHIBIT R-1

DATE 04 FEB 1986

THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

FY 1986	FY 1987	FY 1988	S E C
271,640	118,652	28,948	U
70,778	14,591	5,832	U
1,442,271	2,116,798	2,733,726	U
35,083	7,464		U
10,894	6,065	3,703	U
199,500	277,957	226,217	U
7,725	13,515	19,650	U
12,829			U
			U
99,526	92,527	57,947	U
4,873	8,510	9,591	U
62,097	111,374	85,633	U
124,254	298,527	291,272	U
336,886	493,357		U
1,018			U
	1,970		U
6,753	14,001	12,531	U
11,249	5,630	5,264	U
30,600	54,567	9,336	U
7,256	7,670	8,067	U
1,738,619	1,793,491		U
23,913	18,575	5,098	U
27,960	45,024	52,650	U

No funds are listed for the euphemistically titled Special Improvement Projects. Its program element number suggests it involves engineering development of a strategic aircraft, thought to be the Advanced Technology Bomber (ATB), better known as the stealth bomber. A decade-old decision to hide all projects employing stealth, or radar-evading, technology under the black cloak has been a major factor driving up secret spending. Besides the ACM and the ATB, stealth items include a Navy attack plane, a tactical cruise missile, and an Air Force fighter, whose existence—although widely reported in the press—the Pentagon has never officially acknowledged.

Only the fiscal 1988 request is black for Milstar, a satellite designed to relay messages throughout a protracted nuclear war. Why? In last year's R-1, the Air Force projected Milstar's costs for fiscal 1987 at \$390 million, but in the current R-1, the Air Force asked for \$493 million for 1987. Even in Caspar Weinberger's Pentagon that is a lot of money. The Air Force may thus have been loath to disclose even greater cost escalation for fiscal 1988. Programs can go black for reasons having nothing to do with national security. A Pentagon security policy review commission admitted in a 1985 report that black programs "could be established... to avoid competitive procurement processes, normal inspection and oversight, or to expedite procurement actions."

Black money—in fact, \$13.8 billion of it in fiscal 1987—can also be cached by listing the dollar amount, but under an oblique "nomenclature," e.g., Special Activities. Almost \$10 billion tucked away in five such mysterious line items in the fiscal 1987 Air Force budget is thought to be funding for the CIA, the National Security Agency, and the ultra-secret National Reconnaissance Office, which manages spy satellite programs. Intelligence activities have always been secretly funded. But, reflecting the renewed emphasis on covert operations, the \$10 billion in those five line items is a threefold increase over 1981. This statistic prompts a question only beginning to be asked on Capitol Hill: Can meaningful oversight withstand this rising tide of secrecy?

David C. Morrison is national security correspondent for National Journal.

High Tech, High Trade

America's trade imbalance is becoming acute. There are no quick solutions. The trade gap can be closed only through patient, balanced efforts by industry and government.

American exporters must be more aggressive in penetrating foreign markets. More smaller companies should join major manufacturers in the export business. Big companies should redouble their efforts abroad.

U.S. industry has relied too heavily on the huge domestic market. Exports account for only nine percent of U.S. Gross National Product. This compares to 16 percent for Japan and 22 to 35 percent for Canada, France, Italy, Britain, and West Germany.

Government can spur exports by promoting free trade policies. We should work to dismantle existing trade barriers, rather than erecting new ones.

Protectionist measures by any name—trade quotas, tariffs, surcharges, or technology transfer restrictions—hinder economic growth. They undermine the complex network of financial and trading relationships linking America with the rest of the world.

The American government is pursuing discussions with the government of Japan aimed at widening access to Japanese markets. These negotiations will stimulate trade if they simplify regulations and ease restrictions inhibiting U.S. industrial and agricultural exports. While supporting these efforts, we should also encourage diligent enforcement of U.S.

laws against targeting, dumping, and other unfair trade practices in the domestic market.

We must also be alert to U.S. government policies that make it difficult for American companies to grow internationally. U.S. manufacturers are forming many joint ventures and other partnerships with foreign companies. These arrangements preserve jobs in America by enabling U.S. companies to penetrate foreign markets.

U.S. technology is vital to many of these agreements. Protectionist policies that restrict exports of technology discourage efforts to capitalize on global business opportunities.

National security considerations must always come first. But we must be certain that any technologies we withhold for exclusive American use are critical to our interests and are ours alone. It is folly to deny a friendly country technology it can get elsewhere. It makes no sense to padlock knowledge that's available from the free and open U.S. research complex.

Government policies must take into account these realities. Unnecessary restrictions on technology transfer undermine economic growth and weaken national defense. They undercut job creation. They damage relations with countries that share our economic and security interests.

Technology is the key that opens doors to foreign markets. Unrealistic restrictions on exporting and sharing technology handcuff American companies in their attempts to tap new markets abroad.



**UNITED
TECHNOLOGIES**

A STATE OF PERMANENT REVOLUTION

Ethiopia bleeds Red

By Maria Thomas

Addis Ababa looked the same after thirteen years. No big new buildings. No old structures being torn down and replaced. It was as if time had stood still. The city smelled the same, the haze redolent of eucalyptus and roasting coffee, of myrrh and animal dung, and of urine waiting for the flush of rain. Fleets of blue and white Fiat cabs still made up the bulk of traffic, and there were the buses, the same yellow and red buses, stuffed with passengers. There was the stream of pedestrians—the women in their gauzy white dresses and shawls—and livestock everywhere. Street boys were asking for money. And for a place that seemed so untended and dirty, there was no trash at all—every scrap in Ethiopia is used, every bit of paper or plastic, every empty tin can.

I had been a Peace Corps volunteer here in the early 1970s, during the last days of Haile Selassie, had celebrated his eightieth birthday when it seemed he was, as many of his subjects believed, immortal, and had been back home only a few months when his rule was brought to an end in a military coup in 1974. It was classic tragedy, the aging monarch brought down by his own hand: he had been the one to educate his people, to invite in volunteers like me, Americans who told their Ethiopian students about democracy. He was the one who had started to modernize the country, making it impossible for it to remain his kingdom alone. This was what most of the Ethiopians I knew and talked with then had wanted. But somehow it went awry.

Maria Thomas's short stories have appeared in Antioch Review and North American Review. Her novel, Antonia Saw the Oxys First, will be published in the spring by Soho Press.

There were counterattacks, followed by atrocities, executions, and a period known as the Red Terror, when neighborhood surveillance groups shot down children in the streets. In 1978 there was the war in the Ogaden with the Somalis who lived there, and eventually the war with neighboring Somalia. The Cubans and the Russians came. Finally, in 1983, another blow—a famine, worse than the one Ethiopia had suffered just ten years before.

If you've ever lived in Ethiopia, you never really put it behind you. You follow the news, any you can get, avidly. You look for people who have just been there. You find Ethiopians on the outside, or they find you. You collect stories. You wait for any chance to go back. So when my husband announced that he was being sent to Ethiopia on a food-crop survey, I went with him. We flew overnight, descending at dawn to drink in the details of the landscape below: compounds closed in by stone walls, round houses, and at last the lacy gray of the eucalyptus forest outside Addis.

A layer of revolutionary paraphernalia had been thrown over the city, one could only think in haste, because it suggested the set of a low-budget right-wing film meant to show that it might be better to be dead than Red if you had to look at that same stenciled portrait of Marx-Lenin-Engels one more time, or read one more banner about the international proletariat. Slapdash monuments, constructed of sheet metal and painted in red, yellow, and green enamel, had been placed here and there; the Ethiopian colors that once symbolized blood, sun, and fertile land now seemed to symbolize something else. It felt as if the slightest breeze could make

*Listening
to his
expressions
of faith in
me, an
American, I
fancied being
able to
liberate the
place*

these structures roll and shudder like backstage thunder.

Everywhere were props: blazing torches, hammers and sickles, clenched fists. Everywhere were the glowering billboard portraits. On the road into town, just opposite the gates of the old palace, in color and who knows how many feet high, I'd seen one of Colonel Mengistu Haile-Mariam, secretary general of the Workers Party of Ethiopia, leader since 1977 of the Provisional Military Administrative Council, head of the revolution. Strangely, even in such a huge image, the face of Mengistu reveals no personality, leaves no impression.

Once we got to our hotel, I couldn't wait to leave, to find my old haunts, to see how much Amharic I could still speak. What I saw first on the streets of Addis was that Ethiopians, the revolution notwithstanding, were very busy celebrating America. Every other person seemed to be wearing a USA FOR AFRICA T-shirt, or a sweatshirt—made in Taiwan and smuggled in—with the name and insignia of an American university on it. And, of course, blue jeans. It was almost as though the Ethiopians were deliberately taking the government rhetoric and turning it on end, as though they were giving witness that nothing but the opposite of what they were told on the radio or at neighborhood meetings could be trusted.

Before I got too far from my hotel, a young man fell in step with me and asked if I spoke English, and then if I were English. I said I was American. "Good," he said, smiling. "Ethiopians love Americans." His name was Gebre.

"Americans," he went on, "are polite and generous." Later I would find out that this compliment was meant specifically in contrast to Russians and Cubans, who are considered rude and greedy. Gebre was in the hotel business, he said, and knew all about the character of different people.

He was about nineteen or twenty and worked as a porter at the Hilton. This was part of his "training." He had studied hotel management at school. Proud of his English, he practiced it on hotel guests whenever he could, convinced that this would get him ahead in the world. He was particularly interested that I had been a Peace Corps volunteer, because he had heard about the Peace Corps, about a time—legendary now, by the tone of his voice—when Ethiopians had Americans for teachers, known for how dedicated they were, how clever, how kind. You heard the stories: how the Peace Corps (as we were called) had paid school fees for Ethiopian students, bought books, supplied clothes and food. It was Gebre's great hope that one day the Americans would "come back" to his country,

and he took my presence on the street as a positive omen.

We were walking up Churchill Road, a high-grade, to a part of Addis called the Piazza. None of the shops had any signs, and my impression was that all commerce had stopped. Windows were full of strewn cartons. The bookshop near the big post office was out of business, its door nailed shut with a board. A fire had destroyed my favorite coffee bar, and the adjacent cinema was a roofless, charred remains. Blue paint covered the windows of an apartment where I once had stayed; tiles had been chipped from the walls and the door was unhinged. Walking with this kid, past the cheap monuments and what looked like bombed-out ruins, listening to his expressions of faith in me, an American, I fancied being able to liberate the place, to take candy bars among the blown-up buildings and hundreds of barefoot children. It was as if they expected it, wearing those T-shirts like pleas that if T-shirts could make it happen.

Gebre said, "I used to be an ideologist. Now I'm a religionist. So many of us are changing our religion." He himself had been born again, a Jehovah's Witness, and could see that all the predictions in the Bible were coming to pass: Earthquakes. Floods. Famines. "And Satan," he said, "in high places. In the leaderships of the world." He had a pretty, almost placid face, and his words came as whispers. He might have been talking about the weather.

We passed a building—red, yellow, green—abused by revolutionary motifs. A line had formed; frayed by their long wait, people were sitting, some sleeping, while bands of children chased dogs with sticks. Gebre told me people called the building the house of Satan. They were waiting for their food rations to be handed out. "Did God make us for nothing?" he asked. "To simply wait in lines?"

He opposed war and had been put in jail for two years when he refused to serve in the army. "You will suffer," he said, "when you are in jail. You will get only three breads in one day and you will become very thin and sick in your stomach. They are going to kill themselves in this place, the prisoners. Even I have seen it."

We had come to a park, a median strip in the wide road that passes the Hilton where there are benches in the shade. Gebre had time before he had to return to work, so we sat there. The sun that day was hot, but the air was dry and there was a strange chill in the shadows. Cows grazed in front of us. Derelicts slept on the ground. Sitting made it hard to go on talking and I was beginning to feel uncomfortable. A premonition it turned out: he soon made his pitch. In his slow, uninflected voice, he wondered if I could give him some American cash. There was

ty-free shop in the U.N. building, and he saw someone there who could buy things for him if he had U.S. dollars. He wanted a radio.

Sometimes he got dollars from hotel guests. From generous Americans.

There's an undercurrent of expectation in Addis—scoring alms, waiting for a fortuitous meeting, getting a chance. Luck is the handmaiden of fate in places like this, so you go out looking for your luck. You pray for it. Or you hope it catches up and bails you out, in the form of Peace Corps volunteers or some other gentle, foreign intervention.

"Many of us are changing to religion," Gebre said. I would hear this many times, echoed ironically as "We are all praying!" to explain the crowded churchyards, the people lingering there, whispering, chanting, bowing, kissing the walls, the iron gates. Ethiopians relished this activity and would point it out. If you thought of it in terms of teams, it became clear who was winning: the religionists. Even non-believers drew courage from the example of Pond and went to church. They were the ones who, with irony, used the terms "broad masses" and "will of the people" to describe the roads of Addis Ababa on Sundays, congested with worshippers, everyone on foot and the women in their traditional white gossamer shawls and flowing dresses, like flocks of angels. Going to church had taken on aspects of defiance. People hid the driving ban on Sundays was not meant to save fuel but to keep them from their praying.

I had a friend who talked bitterly about the Ethiopian church, about a Byzantine relic that had never taken any social responsibility even when it could have. It was moribund, he said, with a machinery that imitated, even transcended, the state's. It was riddled with the same kinds of politics and power struggles as the regime. It had made a deal with the regime from the start. The feverish worship was pathetic, he said, an extension of submission. "Yes, everyone is praying," he said, "but the question is, whose prayers are being answered? For me, I think it is the other side's." He thought it was ludicrous, as ludicrous as the old women who dutifully bowed toward the big bank downtown because it was in octagon, the same shape as an Orthodox church.

There had been incidents. The government had wanted to tear down a church in the Mercato, Addis's sprawling bazaar, the biggest in Africa. To make a parking lot. Under pressure, the old priest of the church had agreed. He took the tabernacle from deep inside the sacristy, where women are not allowed to go, and carried it out into the Mercato, guarded by an army officer and several soldiers. As they emerged, peo-

ple rushed at them with sticks and rocks. The priest was killed on the spot. (Some witnesses said the guards stood back and let it happen, and some said the guards themselves participated.) The tabernacle was returned and the church is still standing. It was a story that was not reported but passed by word of mouth and told with a combination of self-satisfaction and awe.

My husband and I celebrated the Epiphany of Christ in Addis. Congregations from all over the city carried their tabernacles to Jan Meda, a vast polo field, to camp and feast all night on freshly killed meat. Sound was atmosphere: night songs and drums, the bleating sheep, the crying beggars. In the morning turbaned priests assembled, carrying brass and silver crosses on staffs, and marched forth in jeweled and brocaded robes under lavish umbrellas. You could hardly see them for the crowds that rushed in waves, pounding prayer sticks on the ground, a sway of sticks and dust in clouds. Boy priests in full attire stood around and waited in front of tents. Small children swirled around them, looking for a chance to touch and run. The women and girls were in gleaming white.

We watched the frenzy of baptism. From the top of a high fountain placed there for the day, men threw water into the crowds. Everyone was wet now, drenched, beads of water caught sparkling in the crimps of their hair. Even the police, who were not supposed to, rushed up the scaffold of the fountain to hurl blessings, pouring and pouring as if they might make a river.

When I was in Addis this time, I had an Amharic teacher called Aster, a young woman in her last term of secretarial school. I met her the same way I had met Gebre, on the street. She knew only a little English, which was good for me as I tried to get back some of the fluency I had years ago. We struggled with a text I had, or went around shopping or to coffee bars, practicing conversation.

Aster lived in a one-room house made somehow of corrugated sheet metal, poured cement, mud, and stones. It leaned against another, similar house, and another leaned against that. The back wall was the back wall of the house behind it, and so on, a maze of rust and mud. She rented her place for seventeen birr a month, about eight dollars. The space inside was divided by a sheet of wallboard and curtains; there was a bed in a dark alcove, a foyer with a kerosene stove, a table, a bucket of water, shelves for dishes. She had an old couch in there and some plastic chairs, and a long Formica coffee table. She had a cassette player, and there were pictures on the walls from magazines—Michael Jackson, Jesus holding a rose, formula racing

*People said
the driving
ban on
Sundays was
meant to
keep them
from their
praying*

He knew
that it
was the
Americans
who had sent
food, and
that the
Russians
couldn't do
anything

cars at a pit stop. Everything else was hidden. She moved in the dim spaces, bringing cups from the alcove, sugar from a chest under a chair. When I visited, she would serve me spiced tea in thick glasses or Coca-Cola, which she mixed half and half with water.

Her brother Teodros stayed with her, sleeping in a space behind the curtain. I would hear him yawning, a heave of bedsprings in the gloom. At first I thought he was her lover, hidden away when I came. Then one day he emerged. He was soft-spoken and sweet, and his first tentative questions to me were about American geography. For example, my state, Massachusetts, was it near Texas? And wasn't the capital of that state Boston? And there was California on one side and Florida on the other. Everything in the middle seemed lost to him. "Ohio," he whispered tentatively, as if trying to reconstruct. "Ohio."

He wanted to know what it was like in the United States. He seemed to be looking for the simplest answer—good or bad, as in, in Ethiopia right now it was bad. Teodros wasn't sure how good it was in the United States. He'd been hearing about crime and drug addiction, about the terrible way that women are treated, so that they must become prostitutes in order to live. And, worst of all, about this disease, AIDS—it was as if that, too, were a result of capitalism.

He did know, however, that it was the Americans who had sent food to Ethiopia. Everywhere in the country there were signs that the work had succeeded, that people had been fed, that something enormous had happened. In the letters I sent home, I kept writing that it had worked, really worked, assuring anyone who had doubts or had read stories of corruption. There was corruption: in Addis, you could find tins of donated butter oil—clarified butter used for cooking—stacked on the shelves of grocery shops. I heard of a deal that went down to buy 100 tins, so you knew it wasn't someone selling off a little to buy a bag of salt. There were darkening zones of gray in all this. But how angered could you get about corruption? At that time, in that place, nothing else mattered but feeding those people.

In Teodros's village in the south, there had been no famine, but he had heard the terrible stories, and had seen pictures. He knew that his government did not care about the poor and that the Russians who now occupied his country couldn't do anything, because Russia, he said, was a poor country like Ethiopia. America was rich and he knew this. And generous.

He was a senior at a large high school and was studying for an exam that would qualify him—or not qualify him—for one of the few places at the university. His most serious concern was

that the standard of his education had been low. There was a shortage of books in Ethiopia. In fact, most of the material he studied was in the form of mimeographed sheets, and these were full of typing errors. It insulted him: he showed me the stapled packet that was his English course; it was riddled with mistakes that even I could identify. He suspected these makeshift texts, and despised them. A book was better, concrete, respectable, something he could trust. What he desperately wanted was some "fiction," he said, using the English word, and whenever I saw him he would ask if I had any "fiction" to give him, because he liked stories. He showed me a copy of *The Arabian Nights*, brittle and decayed, which he kept wrapped in a plastic bag.

Teodros would sometimes complain about the politics he was forced to study. This made him tired and nervous because it was only memorizing, and had no practical value. Imperialism, capitalism, socialism: the words were soft, spoken in English, sounds only, their meanings buried with other words that had no meaning. "Imperialism," he answered when I asked him, "is the last stage of capitalism." But he wasn't sure what capitalism was. There were no words at all for these things in his own language. His mouth pursed as if he were thirsty. Then he laughed. "Marxism. Leninism," he said. "Leninism," I corrected. He told a joke: Someone asked an old man on the street to name the three enemies of the revolution. The old man tried and tried to remember his lesson, and he was struggling, when suddenly he looked up and saw a picture on the side of a building: the stenciled portrait of Mao.

Lenin, and Engels. "I remember," the old man said. "There they are!"

Aster asked from time to time if I would take her back to America with me. She felt close to Americans. There were the stories about Peace Corps teachers; there were the letters that so many refugees sent back. At Christmas there was a radio broadcast from Washington, D.C. Everyone heard it, and it made America seem possible. And there were the recycled grass sacks that she used every day, which told her who had helped Ethiopia when there had been trouble. These were real things to her.

Aster's girlfriends often came around, and we would go together to this coffee bar or that one or to someplace where we could eat. Most of them were students, or had finished courses like the one Aster was taking and were out looking for jobs. Some had been looking for a year, two years, somehow getting by. There was a great deal of talk about getting out of the country. You couldn't get married. You couldn't get work. Everything was expensive. There was no luck, no chance—a litany of complaints. Nor

In Japan, a 12-year old can tell you about Lee Iacocca. What do you know about Eiji Toyoda?



If you draw a blank on Mr. Toyoda, don't be surprised. Until his auto company started driving down sales of U.S. cars we didn't pay much attention to him. But he's a prime example of why Americans must learn all they can about the world beyond our borders. The reason many top-level business, media, and government leaders read *World Press Review*.

World Press Review is a monthly digest of the leading publications around the world. Every issue presents a global cross-section of news, opinion, and cartoons on topics like business, science, the arts, and politics. It's information you can't get anywhere else—and information you really can't do without.

WORLD PRESS REVIEW
Dept. HM, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10169 (212) 697-6162

WORLD PRESS
review



There are stories about Russians that you hear all the time, anonymous and general and usually malicious

of these young women were revolutionaries or knew much about the politics of their country, except one thing: when the Russians came, that is when it got bad. In the countryside, I was told over and over again, the peasants will call out *kote derek* to the Russians or Cubans whenever they see them. *Kote* means "footsteps" and *derek* means "dried." "In your tracks has followed the drought, our misery" was how I heard it translated.

People here are obsessed with the Russians and will talk at great length about them once they know you are an American. They will claim to know the "Russian character." Russians, they say, never smile. Aster's friends think that Russian women are faintly ridiculous and unaware of fashion: "These women are big, like men, and their feet are big, too." Or: "They have feet sooooooo big that nothing but a man's shoe will fit."

"They have red noses," Aster said, "and only pig meat makes them happy. The men don't know how to fix anything; they only know how to make noise..." Building the myths: these loud, clumsy giants with their big feet.

"Russian women are stingy and fight like dogs," Aster continued. "If you put out one piece of pig meat and two of them want it, then you will see them and you will laugh. I will take you to their shopping place."

We were in the Mercato, clutching our purses. There were too many smells to separate them—smoke, coffee, spices, incense, urine, shit. It was the season of red pepper and garlic and ginger. There was a naked man, insane, very black and with matted hair, lying on a low wall; his arms were flung out into our way and his penis, as he slept, was erect. Police with whips cracked into the illegal hawkers and chased suspected thieves. An old man carrying something huge in burlap on his head said something and pushed between us.

"Do you know what he said?" Aster leaned toward me with her hand over her mouth. She was very close, laughing. "Vagina," she whispered in English. We had turned by then and were walking down a path made of stones; not cobblestones, these were rocks, and hard to navigate, especially for Aster, who was wearing high heels. She teetered. "Vagina," she said again, in case I hadn't understood. We laughed. Everything was covered with corrugated sheet metal. Looking up, I saw roofs, walls, entire hillsides of rusting tin. In the smoke and dust, it had an eerie beauty.

There are certain stories about Russians that you hear all the time, anonymous and general and usually malicious. Russians take things from the market and pay only what they want to pay

and nothing more. Or they simply take things, knowing that in Ethiopia they can be thieves with no consequences. A Russian military delegation came to the Ghion Hotel in Addis, and when they left, they took everything from the rooms—the towels, the sheets, the blankets, the light bulbs. The hotel manager watched them go, too frightened to say anything.

A friend from the Ministry of Agriculture told my husband and me that the Russians are taking Ethiopia's grain to make their vodka. When I doubted the story, he became angry and insisted it was true. "Soon they will build a big meat packing plant like the one in Somalia," he said, "and then they will begin to take our cattle." "They will pay for the arms they have given us." He spoke as an expert: he had been to Russia himself and knew they had no meat. Per capita income and gross national products meant little to him—it was certain that Ethiopia was the richer country. "We have meat," he said. He especially resented Russian advisers who had no credentials and rarely bothered to come to work, though Ethiopia had to pay them and supply them with all things—their brooms, their light bulbs, the toilet paper—because their own Russian things were of a poor quality, worse than Bulgarian.

Everyone mentioned that the Russians had taken for themselves the very best houses in Addis, the ones the Americans used to occupy. And that they regularly kept for themselves the best Scotch, which they drank in enormous quantities, preferring it to vodka. And on and on, stories that came from servants, from businessmen, from anyone. I was in a cab one day sharing it, when we were cut off; my fellow passengers turned to me and said in unison, with extreme disgust, "*Russkis!*"

Cubans are disliked, too, though not as vehemently. Ethiopians will tell you that Cubans are simply little boys with a taste for wine and women, similar in character to Italians, whom Ethiopians know well. Cubans are famous for selling their guns and boots, and for grabbing women from the roadside in fits of passion. They have a reputation for eating anything and are sometimes called hyenas. One day when I was at Aster's a report came in, over the phone in the next house, from Sidamo province, where people had witnessed (Aster swore) a bunch of Cubans eating a donkey.

I was more inclined to believe the stories about Cuban doctors, notorious for performing amputations, especially on wounded soldiers, because I saw so many men in their twenties who had no legs or arms or feet. It was like a hallucination. "They are simply cutting," the Ethiopians say.

You see the most Cubans in rural areas, where the banners turn to Spanish—*Marxista, Proleta*

rio, *Imperialismo*. They're always hanging around the markets in scruffy uniforms, with their boots untied in the heat, or they're driving rough in trucks, always speeding, like parodies of themselves, with big cigars. They're always in groups and carrying guns. This is the texture of occupation. They become the features of a town, these aimless men, staring at strangers, living far from home.

I didn't like it much when children hissed and teased us, calling out "Kooo-ba, Kooo-ba." To deny it, we affirmed loudly that we were American, which sent them off in flights of giggling while their parents came close and said, "We want Americans to come back." The Americans were always driving cars with diplomatic plates or their identification were cheered or given thumbs up wherever they went. Like everyone else, Ethiopians want to interpret for them-

Thirteen years ago it was another story.

Educated Ethiopians understand the politics of what has happened to them in terms of patterns, not ideologies. Mesfin, an architect in a high position but with a well-developed sense that his favor is bound to be temporary, said of the Ivory Coast, "Perhaps they also will have a revolution. Then they will invite in the Russians, and they too will begin their civil wars. Fighting will break out along their borders. There will be massacres and refugees. There will be the brain drain." There is a sense that the Ethiopian government has, in fact, bought a package-deal revolution, complete with decals, statues, and cheesy monuments. There are the ready-made images that come over the TV or appear in murals: large tractors tearing at the land, armies with flags in the wind, people marching to work and war, all rendered at odd

Cubans are always in groups and carrying guns. This is the texture of occupation



elves, want their own version of global politics, as though they had forgotten or had never known that the reason the Russians are with them in the first place is that the Americans turned them down when they asked for support in the fight against the Somalis. This is the logic of contraries: even little kids have it boiled down to Russians are bad, so Americans are good, which has to do with the fact that Russians are there now and Americans are not.

perspectives for greater effect. The package comes with meaningless jargon. It comes with the apparatus for control: nationalization, roadblocks, phone taps, neighborhood surveillance networks.

In public places, Mesfin wouldn't talk. He used a language of gestures and signs, wrists crossed, fingers folded down, to indicate his helplessness, like a man in cuffs. His mood was paranoid: he looked around him, over his shoul-

*He knew his
job was
undeserved,
and he
suspected it
had been
given to him
as a test. But
a test of
what?*

ders. He wouldn't say much at all on the phone, never used names. Recently his only brother fled the country; this, he was certain, would ultimately reflect badly on him. He knew his job was undeserved and suspected it had been given to him as a test or a bribe. But a test of what? A bribe for what? Another pattern: he would be moved up and down, sometimes across, never knowing why. It could happen suddenly, overnight. This is why, he explained, men must always do as they are told.

What can happen is never clear. In the past ten years there had been at least 297 proclamations, Mesfin said, about thirty a year, the last one announcing that no house of more than seventy square meters can be built in Ethiopia. If a house is already bigger than that, Mesfin feared, the owner could be forced to rent out rooms, which is contrary to the spirit of an earlier proclamation against "landlordism." Mesfin predicted that the next proclamation would give the government power to collect the rent money for itself. Mesfin's house was at least twice the maximum and still not very big. It was a good friend of his who came on television and read the miserable proclamation. Mesfin couldn't believe his eyes or the things he heard, because he knew this man, knew him very well, and it was totally out of character and against everything the man said privately. "A well-trained engineer, highly trained, talking nonsense," Mesfin said.

People like Mesfin are afraid of mass arrests—the reason his brother ran. They all have memories of the massacres of the late 1970s, when every night they listened to the gunfire of executions and the next day looked through the piles of bodies for their relatives.

As Mesfin saw it, there was a cult around Colonel Mengistu, worse than the one around Haile Selassie. No one really knows anything about the colonel, so rumors have fertile ground. A story circulated that he had a bad experience in America—that he was called "nigger" in a bar somewhere—and has carried a grudge ever since. He was completely anonymous in the early days of the revolution. When he emerged, he was ruthless, by some accounts a butcher.

"It's his power that attracts them," Mesfin explained. "They will flatter him, saying anything he wants. I have seen a man offer the palm of his hand as an ashtray to him, so he could put his cigarette into it. Men who are educated, who know that we are all only human beings. Somehow they change. When they speak to him, they use a certain tone, as if to say, I will give you my skin so that you may have a pair of shoes.

"I thought when it happened, Oh this is just

another African coup and many are leaving, but if we all leave, who will be left to repair the country? Some of us have to stay, is what I thought. What I think, even though my brother left, begging me to come with him. He tried to change my mind. He said it has been too many years and there is no more Ethiopia. No, I was thinking, no. You can't believe this.

"It was the famine that made him say this—that we are finished. A people cannot finish. But he was working in Wello and he saw too much of that trouble. As you know, famine is known in Wello, but before, whenever there was drought, the peasants simply left their land and came into the towns. They would go from house to house getting what they could, and then when it began to rain again, they would return. During those times, you would see four or five people who would be dying. But this time there were so many, so many. When you were there, they were all dying, one a minute, then one, this one, this one, even as you looked at them. My brother was there and it somehow changed him. I think he felt it was a shame. He said he never would see that again in his life. Never."

Mesfin and his wife and two children have reached some global middle class. He is the son of a small-town merchant, not of an elite family. They have a car, a refrigerator, a stove, a TV, a stereo, modern plumbing, a phone. He has a mortgage on his house, a two-story duplex with a garage, a single balcony, a small garden. Trained in Norway, Mesfin learned to appreciate the lines of Scandinavian furniture, so he designed and built his own. He likes the textures of the cloth woven by hand in his country, the colors of wood and earth. By Ethiopian standards he is rich, and this makes him nervous. He wants to sell his house, his car, to get himself into a position where he won't be noticed. But it's his son, a four-year-old, that he worries about. In ten or eleven years the boy will be ready for the army. At that time, if nothing has changed in Ethiopia, Mesfin will also think of running.

My husband and I ate supper with him. His wife moved silently, preparing and serving food with consummate skill. She never seemed to intrude but she wasn't in the background either, joining the conversation as she came and went. According to the custom, she roasted coffee in a brazier, kneeling by the door. When the beans had turned a rich dark brown, she passed them on a dish in front of us to perfume the air. She pounded them in a mortar and brewed the coffee in a small earthen pot. She served it in tiny china cups set in lemon grass on a tray. It was strong, not bitter, and it tasted of smoke and clay. She sprinkled myrrh on the hot coals that she had put in a small bowl as we drank.

WINTER•1987 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

Let Harper's Magazine brighten your winter season with our beautiful new Winter Catalogue Showcase. Send for the catalogues on the following pages, and treat yourself to an extravagant shopping spree—without leaving home! Delight in varied and distinctive items—lace curtains from France, nautical accessories, Japanese tea services and woodblock prints, outdoor clothing and equipment, a rich array of books and tapes, and much, much more.

When you've made your selections, fill out and return the order form to Harper's Magazine. The fine retailers listed below will send their catalogues directly to you.

COMMON READER

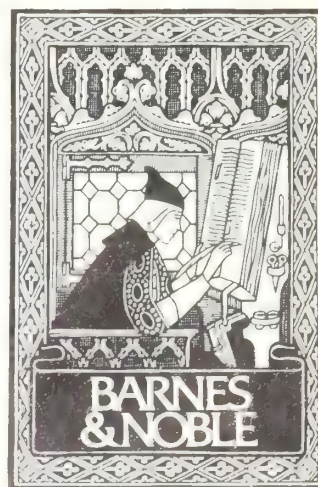


What do our readers have in common?
Too many books and a need for more: books of the hour and books of all time, books to be savored or read at whim, books that climb mountains or meet you for breakfast—even some books to rattle your bones. Our catalogue is a selection for readers with imagination.
Two dollars for two years.



Foreign Language, Self-Instructional Book/Cassette Courses

Choose from 120 courses in 42 languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also brief courses for travelers, and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! 32-page catalogue, \$1. Refundable with order.

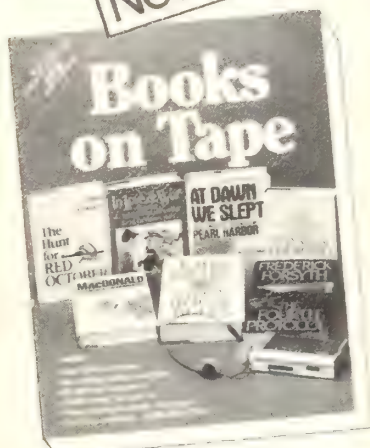


Satisfying Book Lovers Since 1873

This unique catalogue from the "world's largest bookstore" brings you hundreds of hard-cover book bargains, current paperbacks, rare and out-of-print editions, records & tapes, videocassettes, desk accessories, plus exclusive offers available by mail *only* from Barnes & Noble—with savings up to 80% off publishers' prices. Every item backed by a 30-day, money-back guarantee. Send \$1.

BOOKS ON TAPE

New!



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-H, Newport Beach, CA 92660

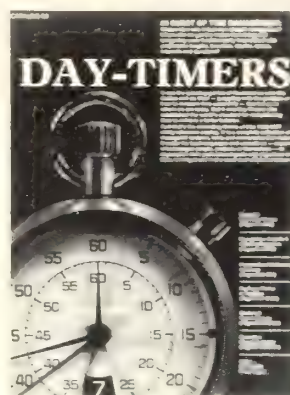
(800) 626-3333

DAEDALUS BOOKS



Daedalus offers publishers' overstocks of good fiction, history, and art. We are unique in that we only offer books that will appeal to the serious reader. You that buy from our catalog will receive five book catalogs a year filled with sale books by authors such as James Joyce, Franz Kafka, Nadine Gordimer, David Hockney, Peter Taylor, Mark Twain, Colette, Stephen Jay Gould, Anita Brookner, Virginia Woolf, Alice Walker, and hundreds of other excellent writers. Send for our free catalog and expand your library.

**Remainders for
People Who Read**



DAY-TIMERS. Discover how the remarkable Day-Timer Self-Organizer System can boost your personal efficiency and productivity *automatically*. The world's leader in time management since 1947, Day-Timers currently provides more than 3 million busy executives and professionals with the tools they need to work smarter, not harder. Now *you* can benefit too. Send for our FREE 150-page full-color catalogue, filled with hundreds of distinctive business products.



Deva is a network of friends and neighbors who fashion elegantly simple clothes for men and women. Everything we offer is crafted of pure cotton in luscious earth and sky colors. Our fabrics are pre-shrunk and thanks to their softly crinkled texture, they may be safely machine washed and will never need ironing. Comfort, durability, and gentle prices keynote our collection. Send \$1 for our catalogue and fabric samples.

Eddie Bauer®

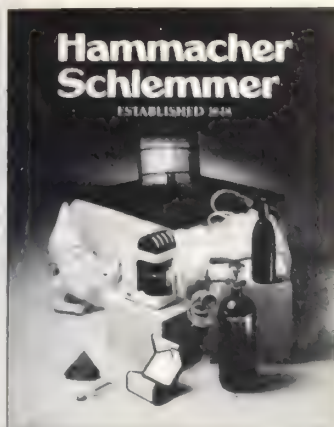
FREE Eddie Bauer Catalogue

For 66 years, we've been supplying unique, functional clothing and gear for every outdoor experience. Discover our exciting new line of men's and women's active and casual clothing, prime goose down products, recreational gear, gifts and home comforts. We guarantee your satisfaction 100%. Write for your free catalogue or call toll-free, 24 hours: 1 (800) 426-8020 (Dept. AHR). Eddie Bauer, Dept. AHR, Fifth and Union, PO Box 3787, Seattle, WA 98124-2287.



Launch an Heirloom

The Original Gloucester Rocker is the natural answer to the rocking horse. Designed by Buckley Smith, the Gloucester Rocker (35" x 18" x 18") is handcrafted using the finest woods. Colors are Red, Navy Blue, Hunter Green. \$325, plus \$20 shipping. We accept MC/Visa or checks. Color catalogue available. Gloucester Rockers, Ltd., 107 Beacon St #7, Boston, MA 02116. (617) 424-0027.



Hammacher Schlemmer has strived for over 99 years to offer the best, the only, and the expected. In our new 64-page catalogue, you'll find The Classic English Heated Towel and, The Only Water-Powered Watch, The Midham Fireplace Vacuum, The Parachute Golf Ball, and still hundreds of other unusual things that can't be found elsewhere—each backed by our rather famous Unconditional Guarantee. \$2 for a year's subscription.

In Harmony™

"It's all your body wants"

Beautiful and bold, this catalogue brings you luxurious personal and natural body care for delighting yourself and those you love. All you need for bath, bed, and boudoir: imported soaps, exotic oils and powders, salon-quality shampoos, sensuous toys, silk pajamas and robes . . . Relaxing music, glowing candles, books. Simply the best.

Enchanting Southwestern Art Deco style catalogue with 36 pages of quality. Shop conveniently with our 800 number. \$2.

THE JAPAN COLLECTION



Discover the magic of Japan in the JAPAN COLLECTION from the RONIN GALLERY, which has the largest collection of fine Japanese art in the United States. This is a unique, 48-page, full-color catalogue of rare 17th–20th century woodblock prints, crafts, netsuke, pottery, posters, cards, books, and other unusual gift & decorating ideas from Japan. Send \$4 for a two-year subscription, or visit our gallery at 605 Madison Ave., New York, New York 10022. (212) 688-0188.

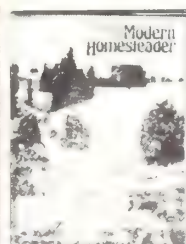
L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties



The Loon's Nest at Nettleton Lake offers a unique selection of Canadian-made gifts including many loon specialty items. Interesting and loaded with charm and personality, our gifts always make a hit with that special person! We would be happy to send you our catalogue. Only \$1.

MODERN FARM **Modern Homesteader**
CATALOG

FREE Modern Homesteader
CATALOG



Full color catalog features practical and hard-to-find products for your home and garden. Clothing, personalized hats. Unique tools. Truck and automotive accessories. Yard, garden and canning equipment. Satisfaction guaranteed on all products or your money back! Fast service, good prices and over 200,000 satisfied customers! Send for your FREE catalog today!

Mail today for FREE Catalog or Call

Toll-Free **1-800-443-4934**

State _____

Modern Homesteader
861 Big Horn Avenue, Cody, Wyoming 82414

Send for the FREE L.L. Bean Spring 1987 Catalogue. Features quality products for men and women who enjoy the outdoors. Rugged footwear and clothing for active outdoor use, as well as attractive and well-made weekend wear. Spring sporting equipment and furnishings for relaxing at home or camp. Order anytime, by phone or mail. All 100% guaranteed and honestly described. We pay all regular shipping and handling charges and offer toll-free telephone service.

Mothers Work



Executive Maternity

Classic business suits and dresses, conservatively styled for a professional image throughout pregnancy. Visit our stores in major cities or send \$3 for a catalogue with fit guide and material swatches. Telephone (215) 625-9259.

THE NATURE COMPANY

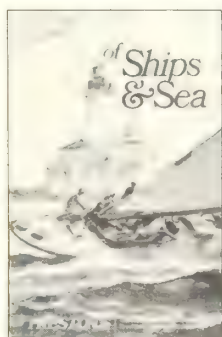


A unique assemblage of gifts and tools to enhance your enjoyment of the world of nature. Fine Arts prints, sculpture, books, binoculars, clothing... games for kids and discovery tools for all ages. Two issues annually, representing the best of more than 6,000 items carried in our retail stores. \$1.

Neiman-Marcus

... the unexpected

Bring the fantasy world of Neiman-Marcus home... with the N-M Spring Catalogue Collection. R.S.V.P. today and you'll assure direct delivery of a sampler collection of our new spring fashion catalogues, plus the dazzling 1987 Christmas Book. Unexpected delights await you on our rich, full-color pages... while you enjoy the ease of shopping with N-M by phone or mail. Order your subscription now for only \$5 (applicable toward your first credit card purchase from the catalogues). Call 1 (800) NEIMANS, extension 6297, for your subscription.



FOR LOVERS OF SHIPS AND THE SEA... the famous PRESTON'S catalogue, free. Over 100 pages of decorative nautical ideas: ship models; scrimshaw; marine paintings; nautical lamps and clocks; ships' wheels; figureheads; scores of other ideas for the sea-lover's home or office.



Prairie Edge creates Plains Indian art, artifacts, and jewelry, including mounted buffalo skulls; shields; painted elk, deer and buffalo robes; dance sticks; axes; lances; knives; bow and arrow sets; shirts; dolls; rattles; ceremonial pipes; bone jewelry; silver jewelry; many more unusual items. They make extraordinary primitive design-mode decorations. All are handmade with authentic materials in South Dakota. Sioux, Cheyenne, or Blackfoot heritage story behind each item in our highly educational catalogue. \$2.



RUE DE FRANCE imports beautiful, high-quality lace in the traditional FRENCH COUNTRY designs. Available as fabric by the yard or fashioned into flat panels, tie backs, café curtains, door curtains, bed linens, table linens, pillows, & more! 24-page color catalogue, \$2.

洪貿易

Shibumi Trading Ltd.

SHIBUMI TRADING LTD. Tradition, Quality, Skill. Shibumi offers a handpicked collection reflecting the Zen spirit of Japan. Carved one Lanterns, Go Sets, Antique Sake Jars, Ikebana Vases, Tatami Mats, Clothing, Water Jars, and more. Our descriptive catalogue a fascinating tour of Japan. \$2.

Spiegel

The new Spiegel Spring Catalogue—Spiegel for Spring has a new flair, a new attitude, a new look. Over 500 pages of the kind of clothes you like to wear and home furnishings that show off your style. We've thought out the fashion season for you—all you do is enjoy. Just send \$3, applicable to your first purchase, or call 1 (800) 345-4500, ask for Catalogue 985, and charge it.

HARPERS

THE WINTER 1987 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

To order, circle the numbers of the catalogues you wish to receive. Enclose a check or money order payable to *Harper's Magazine* for catalogues that require payment. Send order form and payment to *Harper's Magazine*, Winter Catalogue Showcase, P.O. Box 435, Dalton, MA 01227-9990.

1. A Common Reader	\$2.00	14. The Loon's Nest	\$1.00
2. Audio-Forum	\$1.00	15. Modern Homesteader	Free
3. Barnes & Noble	\$1.00	16. Mother's Work	\$3.00
4. Books on Tape	Free	17. The Nature Company	\$1.00
5. Daedalus Books	Free	18. Neiman-Marcus	\$5.00
6. Day-Timers	Free	19. S.T. Preston	Free
7. Deva	\$1.00	20. Prairie Edge	\$2.00
8. Eddie Bauer	Free	21. Rue de France	\$2.00
9. Gloucester Rockers	Free	22. Shibumi Trading	\$2.00
10. Hammacher Schlemmer	\$2.00	23. Spiegel	\$3.00
11. In Harmony	\$2.00		
12. The Japan Collection	\$4.00		
13. L.L. Bean	Free		

+ \$1.00 Postage/Handling Fee _____

GRAND TOTAL \$ _____

Mr. Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Amount Enclosed \$ _____

THIS OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 31, 1987. PLEASE ALLOW FOUR TO SIX WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

HARPER'S

THE WINTER 1987 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

To order, circle the numbers of the catalogues you wish to receive. Enclose a check or money order payable to *Harper's Magazine* for catalogues that require payment. Send order form and payment to *Harper's Magazine*, Winter Catalogue Showcase, P.O. Box 435, Dalton, MA 01227-9990.

1. A Common Reader	\$2.00	14. The Loon's Nest	\$1.00
2. Audio-Forum	\$1.00	15. Modern Homesteader	Free
3. Barnes & Noble	\$1.00	16. Mother's Work	\$3.00
4. Books on Tape	Free	17. The Nature Company	\$1.00
5. Daedalus Books	Free	18. Neiman-Marcus	\$5.00
6. Day-Timers	Free	19. S.T. Preston	Free
7. Deva	\$1.00	20. Prairie Edge	\$2.00
8. Eddie Bauer	Free	21. Rue de France	\$2.00
9. Gloucester Rockers	Free	22. Shibumi Trading	\$2.00
10. Hammacher Schlemmer	\$2.00	23. Spiegel	\$3.00
11. In Harmony	\$2.00		
12. The Japan Collection	\$4.00		
13. L.L. Bean	Free		

+ \$1.00 Postage/Handling Fee _____

GRAND TOTAL \$ _____

Mr. Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Amount Enclosed \$ _____

THIS OFFER EXPIRES MARCH 31, 1987. PLEASE ALLOW FOUR TO SIX WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

RESEARCH

By Max Apple

In that crazy spring when the Dow broke 1800, the physics group was fully invested. It was a good time to be in Los Alamos. Henry Wu had called everyone together in November and predicted the coming bull market. He said he was not interested in averages—they were only a sidebar to his comprehensive theory of exchange.

In November not everyone believed Henry Wu, but by January we were convinced. The physics group forgot that Wu was just a computer operator who worked for Lazlo. Everyone put his savings and his grant money into the market. Every time the Dow spiked, the noise from the conference room sounded like a football cheering section. Wu had wired the Cray supercomputer to a forty-five-inch TV, the kind used to show sports in hotel lobbies. The Cray could play games around the stock market ticker tape. It added current trading on all the world's markets. It was on-line for every commodity. If you wanted to know the price of a ton of steel in Borneo, Wu had it for you in local currency in a microsecond. He flashed the moving averages every fifteen minutes. His yield curves popped like black holes.

Lazlo, our Nobel Prize-winner, sat in his leather armchair with a bucket of fried chicken beside him, watching his protégé. Lazlo was the

only one who stayed out of the rally. He said he had put all his Nobel money into H. J. Heinz seven years ago and never regretted it. He said Heinz owned Weight Watchers and he believed that staying slim was the only big project still available to the developed world. He said that he was too old to care about growth stocks and Third World investments.

Nobody paid any attention to Lazlo. He didn't do any research. He was at Los Alamos only because the Joint Chiefs insisted. Every year he went to Washington to testify for greater defense expenditures. His Nobel Prize had been a lucky accident, but in a way, it encouraged everyone. If he could win the Nobel Prize, we thought, anyone could do it. We were all used to Lazlo sitting in his chair, munching on chicken, while someone gave a paper. Lazlo ate fried chicken the way other people smoke cigarettes. He liked to keep a piece on a napkin and nibble during meetings. He left a trail of crumbs everywhere. Nobody else would sit in his leather chair. The maid told him she was going to stop cleaning the chair, but it didn't make any difference to Lazlo.

Yesterday, when my wife told me she was falling in love with Henry Wu, I blamed Lazlo. My first thought was not to kill Henry Wu, but to kill Lazlo. Why had he hired a computer operator when he had no work for the man to do? Why did he give a refugee a \$50 million Cray and twenty-four hours a day to play the stock

Max Apple's novel The Propheteers will be published by Harper & Row/Perennial Library in February.

ket? Wu himself said only America could afford to do such a thing.

In the Orient people would sell their blood and hair for one afternoon with the Cray. Here, it's all the time, free."

When I knew the truth I went to Lazlo's office. But neither he nor Wu was there. Vera, the cleaning lady, said they had gone out for a drive. She laughed. As I walked down the corridor I heard two proton-beam technicians discussing my options.

By the time I got back to my office I had stopped blaming Lazlo. Anyway, Henry Wu in the midst was as much my fault as Lazlo's.

Last July I drove Lazlo to Albuquerque to pick up Wu at the airport. His plane, scheduled for 2 P.M., arrived three hours late. While we waited, Lazlo sat in an airport chair pumping quarters into a TV. When Wu got off the plane he kissed Lazlo's hand and called him a great man. Lazlo told Wu that now that he was in the American Southwest, he didn't have to be humble. He would forget Oriental politeness. Still, Wu tried to be polite. He took us to the airport snack bar and attempted to pay for three coffees with his American Express card.

From Lazlo's description, I thought Wu would be arriving straight from China, but it turned out he had lived in Guam for two years and then Hawaii for four years. Although he dreamed of research, his job in Hawaii had been selling computers at Sears. Henry Wu answered Lazlo's question in *Scientific American*. He was slender and young, even around his eyes. It was not possible to guess his age.

When we got to the car, Lazlo asked Henry Wu if he had a valid driver's license. Wu opened his briefcase and brought out a leather-covered document. It was full of stamps, like a passport. There was no photograph, and all the writing was in Chinese.

"How do I know this is a valid license?" Lazlo said. "How do I know it's even a driver's license?"

Wu picked it up and started to translate.

"I believe you," Lazlo said, "but I advertised for a computer operator with a valid driver's license and you wrote that you had one."

"You didn't specify country," Wu said.

At that moment I chose to be decent. Had I stayed out of it, Lazlo might have bought him a ticket right there and sent him back to Hawaii. It was clear that Lazlo wanted a chauffeur, not a computer assistant.

Lazlo had probably been plotting a way to afford a chauffeur for years. Calling Wu a computer assistant was clever. I didn't think Lazlo had that much cleverness left. Lazlo owns a 1959 Buick that he starts now and then. He likes to talk about cars. In the physics lounge, Lazlo but-

tonholes people with questions about horsepower and torque and fuel injection, but he is afraid to drive his own car. He admits it.

"I can't relax when I drive," he says, "but if someone else is at the wheel, I can hit alpha waves faster than the car can go from zero to sixty. I am an auto enthusiast, but only as a passenger."



At quarter past midnight in the parking lot at the Albuquerque airport I looked at the Chinese document, flipped through it like a deck of cards, and then gave my keys to Henry Wu.

"It looks good to me," I said.

Lazlo and I got into the back and buckled up.

Henry Wu bowed to thank me. Then he pulled on a pair of kidskin driving gloves. Lazlo



poked me in the ribs and winked. Wu started the car and stayed in first gear all along the feeder road. I didn't want to embarrass him by saying anything. I wasn't sure he even knew about gears. When he hit I-25 he went up to fifty-five and put the Honda into overdrive. Lazlo handed Wu directions and flashed a thumbs-up sign. On the highway both Lazlo and I fell asleep. To me it was unusual, but Lazlo always falls asleep. Whenever you look into his office he has his head on his desk. I was tired because I had been up for two consecutive nights, bombarding a sample with high-energy particles. I had to be there to monitor the readings, but sometimes there were three- or four-hour stretches with nothing to do. I volunteered to take Lazlo to the airport because he asked me when I knew I had a few hours to kill.

Henry Wu woke both of us by using the horn. When we opened our eyes, he demonstrated parallel parking in front of the particle accelerator building.

"Very good," Lazlo said. "I'm sure you'll be a fine assistant."

"I have high technical competence," Henry Wu said. "The Cultural Revolution ruined me. Always, I belonged at Bell Labs or at Princeton. Instead they made me a silk farmer."

That was the only time I ever heard Wu say anything about the way he had been treated, or what he had done in China. He was a patriotic American, as most naturalized citizens are. He didn't mind enriching a few physicists at Los Alamos but he chose not to destroy Wall Street. If I hadn't let him drive my Honda that night he might be in Hawaii now selling portable computers to children.

But I know the truth and the truth is, I can't blame Lazlo or myself. Emily did not have to fall in love with Wu. I still don't know how it happened. Henry Wu is half her size and has no facial hair. He smokes Virginia Slims. The long cigarettes look like dinner knives in his two fists.

Emily is the one who told me. She came into my office yesterday. I knew that it was serious. She never interrupts my work. She looked as sad as if the market had dropped 150 points.

"It has to do with money only indirectly," she said. "It has to do with Henry Wu."

I thought she was going to tell me that he had programmed the Cray to put everyone's money into his own Swiss bank account. I never trusted him. Even though all his stock calculations were accurate, I was still not sure he even had a valid driver's license. Emily told me straight out that she was in love with Henry Wu.

I didn't know what to say. I thought it was a joke. It was as if the Englishman, Higgins, in the office next door popped in to tell me casually

it he had discovered gravity was a Newtonian or.

Emily is the only woman I have ever known intimately. She is my definition of a woman.

We have been married for six years, almost daily, I thought, to start a family. A sample of blood bombarded by neutrinos as old as the universe is the heart of my work.

"What do you mean, you love Henry Wu?"

"I mean I think about him all the time. When I'm at Safeway, when I'm reading or exercising, the time. I keep hoping I'll hear his footsteps. I think about kissing him."

Kissing Henry Wu seemed to me like kissing a toucan.

"Is it his stock market program that's made me fall in love with him?" I couldn't think of any other reason.

"Money has nothing to do with it. Henry has personal investments. His interest is wholly theoretical. He knows he could go to Hong Kong or Singapore and sell his program for a fortune, but he doesn't want to undermine capitalism. He loves this country."

She sat in a swivel chair across from my desk. I didn't know what to do. I walked over and kissed the top of her head. She touched my hand. I have seen such moments in the movies many times, but nothing prepared me for it.

Emily offered to move out of the house.

I told her no, it would be easier for me to move into the lab. I had a couch and a small refrigerator, and there was a hot plate and a microwave in the lounge.

She said that was nice of me. She seemed surprised that I would still be decent to her.

"Why wouldn't I want to be nice to the woman I love?"

She was pale and looked ready to cry. We sat in my office for a few minutes without saying anything. Then Emily stood to leave. When she got to the door I asked her if this meant we

weren't going to have a child. She cried then and walked out the door.

On my desk was a profile of a large molecule, hemoglobin, that had been cut into strands, bombarded, and then bonded to various materials. The hemoglobin was Emily's. She gave it to me willingly.

We were in the kitchen of our married-student housing at Yale. She was reading a recipe book. I snuck up behind her with a pin and a test tube and tried to talk like Dracula. Actually, I wanted her to stick me. She laughed and volunteered herself.

"Let my blood inspire you," she said.

In an odd way, it has. When I'm in the lab, looking at those molecules under the electron microscope, it now and then occurs to me that I

am studying a fragment of my wife, that I am seeing in the most minute way, atom by atom, who she is.

Of course her molecular structure is similar to everyone else's, but not exactly. When I tell her things like this, Emily calls me a romantic, says that's why she fell in love with me. We met when she was a lab assistant and I was in graduate school. She said she liked how dreamy I looked when she was going from station to station cleaning up. I did like to look at her in a black lab apron and rubber gloves. When she was in the room, I couldn't concentrate. In the spring when she wore a light shirt, I could see the sides of her breasts.

On my way back to Lazlo's office I saw that Wu, as usual, was in the lounge beside the big screen. About a dozen scientists were sitting on folding chairs, watching the economy. As word of Wu's program spread in Los Alamos, people outside the physics group started drifting over to see what he was up to. Most of the time Wu was about as interesting as Lazlo asking about torque or engine-gunk buildup. Wu didn't talk about what people wanted to hear. After the first meeting he made no more market predictions. He didn't have to. Everything was still going as he said it would. He said he had used the Cray to establish a mathematical constant between liquidity and greed as measured by personal savings. His model went back to Europe in the fourteenth century, though a lot of the hard data was based entirely on his own estimates. Henry Wu saw me coming. I didn't say hello or ask about the market. He did not seem happy to see me.

"I've just discovered," he said, "that during the worst years of bubonic plague, when a quarter of the population of Europe died, the market system operated smoothly. My extrapolation tells me that nuclear war would not destroy the Street."

"I want to know about my wife, about what's going on with you and Emily."

Henry Wu moved behind the Cray as if he thought I was going to attack him. He looked at the scientists watching the screen. Nobody was listening to us. All their attention was on their investments. Wu and I both spoke quietly, making noises no louder than the Cray.

I repeated Emily's name. That was enough. Henry Wu knew what I meant. He changed the subject.

"I have been working night and day to glean the inevitable from the Standard and Poor's model. I have achieved a representation of economic reality." As he said that his beeper went off. He was embarrassed. "Lazlo probably needs a ride to Kentucky Fried Chicken. . . . Sometimes I feel like I'm his slave, but it's only for a few

hours a day, a small price to pay for the constant use of the big one."

When Wu left I went back to my lab. I looked at the fragments of my sample under the electron microscope. I could not stop thinking of Emily kissing Henry Wu. We had decided that when she was thirty, in just a few months, we would begin to have children. I had been ready for years. I was already dreaming of vacations with a couple of little ones in a cabin in the hills. We would teach them to ski. Emily and I both liked skiing. For children Los Alamos would be wonderful—desert, mountains, no traffic. Maybe I should have known something was wrong when Emily told me she wanted to wait until thirty. Maybe I should have known when she told me she missed big-city traffic. We were isolated in Los Alamos, but she wasn't leaving Los Alamos, she was leaving me.

My sample was now in the midst of bonding to polymers. The strands of hemoglobin curled like tiny hairs. At the atomic level matter either bonds or does not bond. In nature what can happen does happen.

The big molecule under my microscope was not recognizably Emily's. I had bombarded it with high energy so often that it no longer resembled the sticky substance of herself. But I still thought of it as a fragment of my wife. What's a person? In the sample, her DNA, though confused, was still intact. If I could insert the big molecule back into the rush of her bloodstream, everything that I had done to that single molecule would not even cause her an upset stomach.

I already had a change of clothes in my lab. There was no reason to go home at all. I didn't have a pet. I tried to think of the whole situation dispassionately. I told myself that humans are sexual creatures. Reason has never dominated either individual or group behavior. Henry Wu and Emily were acting out a pattern over which even they had little control. My anger, my jealousy, my desire to obstruct them, were as reasonable as their behavior. Each of us was just trying to spread our genes in the most efficient way. Wu and Emily wanted each other. At a fundamental level, it did not involve people. Their genes were overcoming mine. This dispassionate thinking made perfect sense but it did not convince me or make me feel any better. I thought of Henry Wu blowing his cigarette smoke through my house. Even at the level of genes I didn't see how she could prefer his.

Vera knocked to ask if I had any trash. I unlocked the door and gave her the slide I had been working on for six months. She threw it in her barrel.

"See you tomorrow," she said. "Have a nice evening."

I listened to her knock on all the other doors in the corridor. Vera has no security clearance so she can't unlock anything. I heard her at the outside door. I tuned in a classical station on the radio and lay down on my couch to wait until the sun set behind the administration building. Then I must have fallen asleep, because when I woke up it was very dark and I was a little hungry.

I walked to the kitchenette at the rear of the lounge and heard someone in there. It was Lazlo singing "Home on the Range" in his Hungarian accent. I didn't want to see him so I tiptoed back to my office.

The phone rang as soon as I got there. It was Emily calling to tell me she would leave her house the next week and I could live there. She said that she was sorry that she could not move away from Los Alamos. Henry had to stay because nowhere else in the world could he have twenty-four-hour access to the Cray. She told me that she would stay out of the way, need not come to any social events, she didn't wanted things to be too hard for me.

I thanked her. Then I threw away all the rest of my slides. More than 300 samples of her hemoglobin, bonded and unbonded, filled the incinerator.

I knew that by doing so I was destroying government property, but I knew that the property had no value. If I could face the truth about Emily and Wu, I could face it with my experiment as well. It was only a coincidence, but my life and my work at that moment coincided.

My work was as silly as Lazlo's Nobel Prize experiments. Fresh from Europe, before he even knew English, he had done his post-doc in background radiation. He produced a lot of insignificant calculations. As it happened, twenty years later, other cosmologists realized that Lazlo's work proved the Big Bang theory. By then Lazlo was a washed-up old man eating fried chicken and telling congressional committees to spend more on defense because fear and suspicion breed caution.

By the time he went to Sweden to pick up his prize, Lazlo was a joke in the scientific community. He hadn't published a paper in fifty years. During conferences he never asked questions. On his notepads he doodled. Whenever someone would take him along, he liked to go to the stock-car races in Albuquerque. Or, when he would get a ride to Santa Fe, he liked to buy turquoise from the Indians as if he were a weekend tourist. He wore a gaudy turquoise ring on each hand.

I wondered if I was going to become a Lazlo. It's something every scientist worries about. When we reach thirty, we know our best work is behind us.

At 3 A.M. I went back to the kitchenette for a cup of milk. Lazlo was there cooking Heinz vegetable soup. When he saw me drinking milk he asked if he could have a little for his soup. He drank the soup from a cup stained with coffee. I remembered hearing Vera say that Lazlo's office was so dirty that he would be evicted from a public housing project.

"Did you hear Henry Wu yesterday?" Lazlo asked. "He showed everyone how he adjusts the constant in his formula. He thinks he understands the movement of capital since the beginning of the fourteenth century."

"I'm not interested in what Henry Wu thinks."

At that hour Lazlo and I were alone in the two-story physics building. He seemed happy to have company. He wanted to talk.

"Since Wu started everyone in the market it's so quiet that you can hear the field mice at night. There used to be people here all the time. Computations ran through the night. I even remember seeing you here now and then."

"Do you think people are not working as hard because everyone is busy with the stock market?"

"I think," Lazlo said, "that if I didn't know the Russians so well, I'd believe they sent Henry Wu to keep us from all the Star Wars business."

"You mean you think he's a Soviet plant?"

"No, the Russians are not that clever."

"Who sent him, then?"

"The gods. They're not always malicious."

I didn't know what he meant.

Lazlo put his arm around me. For the first time I thought of him as a wise man, someone from whom I could learn. I was ashamed of myself for years of thinking that his Nobel Prize was insignificant. Right there, in the middle of the night, I admitted that I thought of him as an old fool, and decided to apologize.

"You were not wrong," Lazlo said. "The only thing you didn't realize is that the rest of them are worse."

Together we walked toward the Cray. "I'm going to show you what he's doing, what has turned world-class scientists into idiots."

Lazlo ran the Cray.

"Wu gives them a graphics program just like the IBM makes for kids. He shows them pictures and they think he's a genius because the market is going up thirty points a day. Physicists are as greedy as pigs."

The big screen flashed a fuzzy human image. It looked female above the waist, but the figure had long, muscular male legs and thighs. The figure was walking slowly across pitch-black space. It carried a walking stick as if there were a place in the void to set it down.

"You should listen to Wu narrate this," Lazlo

said. "He tells them this bisexual figure is humanity and the walking stick is money." Lazlo in his Hungarian accent tried to imitate Wu's high-pitched Oriental voice in characteristic inflection.

"Stick disappears, figure wobbles. Remember importance of capital. In midst of plague, market economy flourished."

Lazlo laughed at his own imitation. On the screen the figure wobbled like a dying star.

"Henry Wu's constant," Lazlo said. "They talk about it like it's a prime number, like it's something in the universe that won't decay. Because they're making money they watch his cartoons and believe his mumbo jumbo."

The old man pushed some buttons and the screen became black once more. The Cray still hummed, waiting for more instructions.

"My wife left me for Henry Wu yesterday." I told this to Lazlo as a fact, friend to friend. He said nothing.

"I've been bombarding my molecule for four years with no results to speak of. Tonight I threw it away. I was hoping that next year we would have a child."

Lazlo pushed some more buttons on the Cray. He was having fun.

"Henry Wu thinks I don't know how to use this machine. He thinks I sleep nights. How old is your wife?"

"Twenty-nine."

The screen flashed two figures. I knew that it was Henry Wu and Emily followed by three squat Eurasian children. They were walking slowly through the emptiness of the big screen.

"Those are the children I might have had."

"No," Lazlo said, "those are only prime numbers. Wu's program makes images. Those figures are the square of your wife's age."

It was only twenty-nine squared, but the segments moving along on the big screen brought tears to my eyes.

"I'm sorry," Lazlo said. He erased the image. "Someday your work may be fruitful. If not the Nobel Prize, maybe you'll win other prizes. At least you won't be a Henry Wu, making cartoons."

I followed Lazlo back to the lounge. I noticed he was wearing slippers. He started to open another can. "Cream of tomato this time. It's very good, you'll see. I like all the cream soups."

Down the hall the Cray hummed, and through the Los Alamos darkness, the physicists, asleep, were awaiting the happiness of another opening bell on Wall Street. Henry Wu's bull roared through the universe. His Eurasian children sprang from my wife. Lazlo and I shared a cup of soup. In the morning, I told him, I'll prick myself and start again with a new molecule, this time my own. ■

IMAGINE PARIS

A city, a walk, a metaphor

By John Berger

In the place du Tertre, behind Sacré-Coeur, which dominates the northern skyline of Paris, dozens of painters display their canvases of the Seine, Notre Dame, the boulevards. Cheap, kitsch, and in real oil paint. Not entirely insincere, however. The intentions of poor art are simply kinder than those of great art. One or two tourists occasionally buy a canvas, but the more interesting trade is in portraits.

Strolling between the café tables of the little place, other painters politely accost the foreign and provincial visitors. *A drawing while you wait in charcoal or conté.* The price may be as high as \$100. Yet a surprising number of tourists agree; they stand on the street corner for a quarter of an hour to be drawn, then pay up and go away happy. Why?

The answer leads us to another question: Why do people visit art galleries all over the world? Art appreciation? I don't believe it. People really go to the great museums to look at those who once lived, to look at the dead. By the same token, the tourists who pose, standing still for a time on a sidewalk in the place du Tertre, believe that their likenesses, if "caught," are already being preserved for the future, their old age, their grandchildren. To be assured that a likeness will remain when the angels come marching in—\$100 is not so expensive.

Once in Europe. John Berger's second book of stories in his trilogy about peasant life, will be published in March by Pantheon.

What of course is derisory in this commerce is the carefully encouraged hint that the portraits being made in the place du Tertre have somehow been "authenticated" by Renoir, Van Gogh, Picasso, and all the other great painters who, seventy-five or a hundred years ago, worked and drank and went hungry in the same quarter, within shouting distance of the little place. This, however, is an art-critical point of view and has little to do with the ontological question that a likeness, once caught, carries the mystery of a Being.

The mystery of Paris. How can I draw a likeness of the city? Something more intimate than the official one, stamped on the coins of history. The date of my birth reveals that I was conceived in Paris, in a hotel somewhere between the Madeleine and the Opera.

The Madeleine was much admired when it was built in the nineteenth century because it resembled a bank more than a church. It was a monument to worldliness, keeping a proper distance from the original Madeleine's washing of wandering preacher's dusty feet. Today, inside it is like a half-empty warehouse for every sort of broken public promise.

I prefer to think that the hotel where I was conceived in 1926 was nearer to the Opera, perhaps where, today, two stories down in a basement, there's a tea dance every afternoon. The strobing colored lights gyrate in a circle; the mirror-wall along one side of the dance floor reflects the turning dancers. The music is re-

—waltzes, tangos, trots. It's an old-fashioned Aladdin's cave of glitter, where age, dates, age, are put aside (not forgotten) between 4 P.M. and 7 P.M. Men of a certain age in tuxedos and t-cuts come to relax and dance with women they've never met before. The women are younger, genteel, a little disappointed in life, come in the hope of meeting a kind lover. They are not serious. They dream of becoming wives or understanding mistresses. There's a bar but scarce anyone drinks. The pleasure is dancing, and everyone dances exceptionally well.

Both the women and the men pride themselves on being experts in life without illusion.

In this expertise there is a typical Parisian fastidiousness. A chic. What is touching is that, entwined with the music, between 4 P.M. and 7 P.M., an unreasonable hope still intermittently flickers and persists.

In 1926, when I was conceived, I was a hope without any expertise, afloat in sweet illusions, my parents were not Parisians. To them they were a simple honeymoon. To me it's the capital of the country in which I've lived for twenty-five years. Yet what distinguishes Paris from any other city has perhaps not changed so much. How to draw its likeness?

Take a metro from a suburb very early on a summer morning. The first swallows flying. The dustbins under the trees not yet emptied. An incongruous small cornfield between apartment blocks. The suburbs of Paris demand their own portrait. Among them you find the only remaining details from the world painted by the Impressionists. They are anachronistic, makeshift places, and look as if they've been constructed in contraband. They were marginal—long before the word became fashionable. A man sleeping in his pajamas. Beehives.

Rich Parisians don't live in the suburbs: they live in the center. Take the train. Then walk. There's little traffic yet. The cars parked along the streets are like silent toy ones. On a corner



the smell of fresh croissants wafts from a patisserie. In a greengrocer's shop two men are arranging fruit as if it were millinery. An uncle in a café is looking through a magnifying glass at the stock prices in the morning paper. He doesn't have to ask for the cup of coffee which is brought to him. The last street is being washed. Time to get dressed. Where's the towel, Maman?

This strange question floats into mind because the heart of Paris is like nothing so much as the vast interior of a house. Buildings become furniture, courtyards become carpets and arasses, the streets are like galleries, the boulevards greenhouses. It is a house, one or two centuries old, rich, bourgeois, distin-

guished. The only way of going out, of shutting the door behind you, is to leave the city's center.

The great number of little shops, artisans, boutiques, constitutes the staff of the house, its servants, there, day and night, for its hourly upkeep. Their skills are curiously interrelated: hairdressing and carving, needlework and carpentry, tailoring and masonry, lacemaking and wrought-iron work, dressmaking and painting. Paris is a mansion. Its dreams are the most urban and the most furnished in the world.

Sufficient to look at Balzac's study. (Now a museum in the rue Raynouard, *seizième arrondissement*.) The room is not extravagant. Far from it. But it is furnished, enclosed, papered, polished, and inlaid to a degree that would make anybody but a Parisian very claustrophobic. And this is highly appropriate: Balzac's novels are about property, the human heart, destiny; and the natural meeting place for all these forces is the *salon*. The battlefields are beds, carpets, counters. Everything made in Paris is for indoor use. Even the marvelous silvery light of a typical Paris sky is like a framed skylight.

Who lives in this mansion that is Paris? Every city has a sex and an age which have nothing to do with demography. Rome is feminine. So is Odessa. London is a teen-ager, and in this

The heart of Paris is like nothing so much as the vast interior of a house

For Paris, the
grave of
Victor Noir
has become a
talisman, a
fetish

hasn't changed since the time of Dickens.

Paris, I believe, is a man in his twenties in love with an older woman. He is somewhat spoiled by his mother, not so much with kisses as with purchases: fine shoes, leather-bound books, chic envelopes. He discusses everything, he is handsome—perhaps, for once, the word *debonaire* is the right one. And he has a special courage: life is enacted on a stage and he wishes to be exemplary, whatever the risk. His father was his first example of an Expert. Now he has become one himself. There's a complicity between the two men, but also a slight anxiety, for they risk to have the same mistress.

She also is Paris, and if every city has its own unique smile, in Paris it is hers. I try to think of a well-known painting with such a smile but cannot find one. Walking in the city you see it often. The boulevard de Charonne is working-class, hot in summer, without shade. A large woman in a floral dress is drinking a beer on the sidewalk at a café table. Under the table is a black mongrel dog with pointed ears, to which she feeds the peanuts she has bought from a machine. A neighbor passes, stops at the table. The large woman goes to the counter to buy her friend a lemonade. She's pretty, your Maman! says the neighbor to the dog. When the woman comes back with the lemonade, her friend, laughing, says to her: "I'd be happy to be guided by you—so long as the lead wasn't too short!" And the woman in the floral dress, who must be in her seventies, smiles that inimitable smile of indulgent but lucid experience.

Often cemeteries are unexpectedly revealing about the life of the living. And this is true of the Père-Lachaise. One needs a map, for it is large. Sections are built like towns, with streets, crossroads, pavements; each house is a tomb or a mausoleum. The dead rest in furnished property, still protected from the vast exterior. Each tomb has a license and a number: *Concession Perpétuelle Numéro...* It is the most urban and the most secular cemetery. Where else would you find a grave with an inscription, ordered by the family, declaring: "President of the Society of High-Class Masculine Hairdressing. World Champion. 1950–80"?

A shrine of property, this cemetery. But also one of popular heroes: the last 147 Communards, summarily shot against a wall here in 1871; Sarah Bernhardt; Edith Piaf; Chopin. Every day people come to visit them and to listen to their sibilant names.

There is also another, more mysterious shrine, which is our reason for coming: the grave of Victor Noir. In 1870, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, cousin of the Emperor Napoleon III,

became involved in a controversy when a reactionary Corsican newspaper attacked the good faith of the radical Paris paper *La Revanche*. The editor sent Victor Noir and another journalist the prince to arrange the conditions for a duel. Instead, Pierre Bonaparte seized his pistol and shot Victor Noir dead.

The popular outrage provoked by this murder of political pique transformed a relatively unknown young man into a national hero, and the sculptor Jules Dalou made an effigy for his tombstone. Life-size, cast in bronze, it shows Victor Noir, twenty-two years old, dead on the ground, an instant after the pistol has been fired.

Dalou was a realist, making sculpture that has something in common with Courbet's paintings—the same kind of fullness in the body and limbs, the same close attention to details of costume, a similar corporeal weight. The two artists were friends, and both went into exile after the fall of the Commune, which they actively supported.

Victor Noir lies there with the abandon of the two girls in Courbet's *Demoiselles des Bords de Seine*. The only difference is that the girls are overcome by drowsiness and the languor of the daydreams, whereas the man has died at the very instant, his blood still hot.

An elegant tall hat lies on the ground beside him. His handsome face is still proud of his own courage, believing it will be rewarded by the love of women. (Each generation of young men knows that, from time to time, the mansion transformed into an improvised theater, whose stage history is played out—often to the death.) His coat is open, the top button of his tight trousers is undone. His soft-skinned, well-manicured hands lie unclenched, expecting to be touched or be touched only by what is fine.

The effigy is moving and strange in its integrity, for it gives the impression that the death shown was selected with the same fastidiousness as the shirt or boots.

With time, the bronze sculpture has turned dull green. In three places, however, the metal is shiny and gold-colored—it has been polished in these places by innumerable caresses and kisses. For Paris, Victor Noir has become a talisman, a fetish, promising fertility, potency, success, continuity. People come to seek his aid to touch his example.

The three places where the bronze metal shines are his mouth, the pointed toes of his superbly elegant boots, and, most brilliantly of all, the almost imperceptible mound which his semen makes against his tight trousers.

Perhaps a likeness of the city of Paris begins there in the southeast corner of the Père-Lachaise cemetery...

BRING ON THE NIGHT

The stellar ambitions of the new astronomers

By Laurence A. Marschall

Frozen Star, by George Greenstein. Plume, 296 pp., \$8.95.

The Soul of the Night: An Astronomical Pilgrimage, by Chet Raymo. Prentice-Hall, 209 pp., \$15.95.

Works of popular science, like works of popular fiction, seldom age gracefully. "In science," Edward Bulwer-Lytton said, "read by preference, the newest works; in literature, the oldest." The books that amazed and enlightened our parents tend to strike us as quaint and naive. Our grandchildren will doubtless have as hard a time curling up with Carl Sagan's *Cosmos* as we would have reading Arthur Eddington on the theory of relativity—or, for that matter, Bulwer-Lytton on the fall of the Roman Empire.

This need not stop us from enjoying the well-wrought books of such popularizers of science as Sagan, Lewis Thomas, Stephen Jay Gould, or Tracy Kidder. Their work, after all, is meant to be read here and now.

Sir Isaac Newton said that if he saw further, it was because he stood on the shoulders of giants. Certainly the best popular science writing transcends the narrow boundaries of reportage and boosts the reader above the ground fog of everyday life. Writers like Thomas and Gould can mystify, intrigue, shake the mind and move the spirit, provide a moment's diversion or open windows to a new way of seeing. Their texts may be ephemeral, but in no way does that diminish the lasting effect of the work. Though it is now decades out of date, Fred Hoyle's *Frontiers of Astronomy* awoke me, along with many in my generation, to the marvelous advances of astrophysics in the 1950s. The galaxies are

flying apart, Hoyle told us, and the universe has existed forever in this state. Long after his work has been superseded, Hoyle's fascination with cosmic puzzles still inspires us.

Two recent books on astronomy, my own field of research, strike me as particularly choice examples of popular science writing. George Greenstein's *Frozen Star* is about death—stellar death. It is a process shrouded in mystery, for the passing of a star is marked by its virtual disappearance, a literal dying of the light. Stars shine by consuming their innards: under the pressure of a star's outer layers, simple atoms are fused to form more complex ones, resulting in the release of prodigious amounts of energy and the disappearance of matter. But as the supply of fuel is exhausted, a star is crushed by its own weight, shrinking into a dense ball called a white dwarf, an object so tightly packed that a spoonful of it would weigh as much as a Mack truck. In rare cases, a collapsed star can be even smaller than a white dwarf. When it occupies a volume no larger than Manhattan, it is called a neutron star; when a star occupies no space at all, it is a black hole. These exotic stellar corpses are the focus of Greenstein's book.

A lesser writer might have employed a logical, linear story line, but Greenstein, a master of intrigue, introduces the body in question through a series of seemingly unrelated incidents. A Chinese text from the Sung dynasty, circa 1054 A.D., records a "guest star" in the constellation of Taurus. Seven hundred years later a French comet hunter, Charles Messier, catalogues a fuzzy patch of light, known to modern observers as the Crab nebula, in the same region of the sky. In 1967 a Cambridge University graduate student, Jocelyn Bell, notices a series of regularly spaced blips on the charts produced by her radio telescope, and wonders whether they are signals from an alien civilization.

Only gradually does Greenstein reveal that the Chinese had witnessed the final flare-up of a dying star; that Messier had spotted the expand-

Laurence A. Marschall, a professor of physics at Gettysburg College, is a contributing editor to the *Sciences*. He is currently a visiting scientist at the Center for Astrophysics in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

There are
few books
so fired with
the curious
passion that
drives basic
research

ing cloud of debris from that explosion; and that Bell was receiving pulses of radio waves beamed from a spinning neutron star: a pulsating radio source, or a pulsar. Soon after Bell's discovery, another pulsar was found, in the center of the Crab nebula: the celestial remains of the Sung dynasty visitor. Two decades of research by dozens of astronomers led from the Crab pulsar to a detailed understanding of the ultimate fate of stars. It is a triumph of what we might term forensic astronomy.

Greenstein ambles through the arena of pulsar and black hole research, interviewing fellow astronomers about their work, discussing theories that failed and those that succeeded, trying to imagine what it might be like to visit the Crab nebula or what might happen if the sun were suddenly to collapse into the void, speculating on the nature of the creative process. Here he is marveling at his own ability to understand neutron stars:

The elementary rules of logic, language, and mathematics: these are the ingredients of research, and they are strictly human things. They are inventions of our species. How can it be that their application tells us valid truths about the far-off universe? Here is an object: a brain. Electrical currents flow within it, chemical reactions take place throughout its bulk. It is made of protoplasm, proteins, DNA. Now here is another object: 1,000 light years away, ten miles in diameter, blazing hot, spinning wildly, superdense. In some way the pattern of activity of the first can be made to mirror, to mimic, that of the second. This is the magic of creative thinking: the most powerful tool the human race has ever found.

There are few books that so effectively convey the mental meandering of the scientist, that are so fired with the curious passion that drives basic research. Writing of how Bell's pulses were identified as neutron stars, Greenstein expresses delight in the whole process: "It was a classic argument, beautiful in its sweep and generality, and its final resolution was one of the most telling illustrations I know of the power of abstract reasoning when combined with hard observations.

Even now, more than a decade after the fact, it is an example that thrills."

Greenstein, a theoretical astrophysicist at Amherst College, writes from the perspective of a practicing researcher. Chet Raymo, on the other hand, is a seasoned teacher of physics and astronomy and a regular columnist for the *Boston Globe*. His short essays on the heavens, twenty of which are collected in *The Soul of the Night*, take the lyrical approach to astronomy, expressing not so much how science is done as how it feels to view the sky with an informed eye. Like Greenstein, he celebrates the combi-

nation of reason and passion, but Raymo tempers his scientific sophistication with a literary sensibility and a mystical wonder.

Raymo's opening selection, "The Silence," is stunning. It's a brief meditation on the dilemma of the seeker for meaning in nature. Watching from across Boston Common, Raymo witnesses a child tossed into the air by a collision with a skateboarder. Violent as it is, it all happens in slow motion; Raymo describes it as if he were watching the explosion of a distant star through a telescope.

During the time the child was in the air, the spinning Earth carried her half a mile to the east. The motion of the Earth about the sun carried her back again forty miles westward. The drift of the solar system among the stars of the Milky Way bore her silently twenty miles toward the star Vega. The turning pinwheel of the Milky Way Galaxy carried her 300 miles in a great circle about the galactic center. . . . She lifted up into the air and flew across the Galaxy and bounced on the pavement.

Raymo laments:

The physical silence of the universe is matched by its moral silence. A child flies through the air toward injury and the galaxies continue to whirl on their well-oiled axes. But why should I expect anything else?

Why indeed? "The stars are only a backdrop for the human condition," wrote Robert Penn Warren. It is futile to turn to science for anything more than entertainment.

Yet Raymo expects more from nature than stony silence. Myth and poetry, natural history and astronomy, blend in these essays as Raymo attempts to tune his soul to the inaudible music of the spheres. Looking at a lady-slipper in the woods, he sees through to its atoms, and pauses to wonder over the chain of events that led from the initial expansion of the universe 15 billion years ago to the atom, to the flower. Like Blake innocent, Raymo is seeking worlds in a grain of sand, and in most of these essays, finding them.

I am a child of the Milky Way. The night is my mother. I am made of the dust of stars. Every atom in my body was forged in a star. When the universe exploded into being, already the bird longed for the wood and the fish for the pool. When the first galaxies fell into luminous clumps, already matter was struggling toward consciousness. The star clouds of Sagittarius are a burning bush. If there is a voice in Sagittarius, I'd be a fool not to listen. If God's voice in the night is a scrawny cry, then I'll prick up my ears. If night's faint lights fail to knock me off my feet, then I'll sit back on a dark hillside and wait and watch. A hint here and a trait there. Listen and watching. Waiting, always waiting, for the tingle in the spine.

The tingle in the spine, indeed. Good literature and good science speak the same language.

CLASSIFIED

PERSONALS

Uncommonly pretty journalist at distinguished publication enjoys great outdoors, art, old films. Second-generation "Ivy" graduate, 36, never married. If you're a semi-old-fashioned unwed man, please try Box 1585, New York, N.Y. 10185.

Woman of substance and style. Intelligent, extremely attractive, funny, affectionate, Jewish (non-religious), Democrat, mid-forties, seeking wonderful unmarried man, her age range. Details, photo please. Box 18029, Washington, D.C. 20036-0666.

L.A. gentleman, 55, educated, non-smoker, married and lonesome, desires to meet similarly situated lady. Box 507, 1047 East Broadway, Glendale, Calif. 91205.

Warm, vivacious, attractive Jewish brunette, well educated, artistic sensibility, seeking similar affectionate, worldly, creative man, not cog-in-wheel type, forties. Anywhere. 5020 Jardin, Laguna Hills, Calif. 92654.

Art Lovers Exchange. Unattached fine-arts lovers get acquainted. Nationwide. Write: ALX, Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

Penfriends worldwide. All ages, 80 countries. Details free. Penfriends, Box 441541-J, Miami, Fla. 33144.

Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Photos, details: GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Asian singles wish correspondence for friendship, cultural exchange. Sunshine International, Dept. NA, Box 260, North Hollywood, Calif. 91603.

Sincere, intelligent singles in the Philippines seek correspondence with cultured gentlemen. Free information. Filam, Box A3713-H, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20 WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Lovely Oriental ladies offer love, devotion, and happiness. Free information. Oriental Introductions, Box 1364-HA, Bowling Green Station, New York, N.Y. 10274.

Friends nearby and ninety countries worldwide. For sports, hobbies, correspondence, vacations. Electronic Exchange, Box 68-H4, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Intelligent way to connect with kindred spirits. Pacific Coast, Alaska, Hawaii. Select Singles, Valley of the Moon, Box 350, Sonoma, Calif. 95476.

Asian singles want correspondence, friendship. Photos, details: World Friends, Box 15010HA, Sacramento, Calif. 95851.

Concerned Singles newsletter links peace-oriented singles. Nationwide. Free sample: Box 7737-N, Berkeley, Calif. 94707.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Art Lovers' Network connects single, art-oriented gentry. A.L.N., Box 5106, Westport, Conn. 06881.

ARTWORK

Hand-painted business cards. \$25-\$50 per hundred. Send five cards for sample. Custom Decorating, Box 126, Dolores, Colo. 81323.

Original oil paintings in the style of Kline, Matisse, Derain, etc. Ken Dagenet, 920 South Chapman St., Greensboro, N.C. 27403. (919) 275-1640.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Hemlock Society. POB 66218, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066. (213) 391-1871.

Mikes of America. The exclusive club for Mikes. Over 12,000 members. Gift memberships available. For information write: Box 676, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440.

BOOKS

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, Main Station, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Authentic Irish folk wisdom distilled from oral tradition. Commentary and historical background. Endlessly entertaining and enlightening. Send \$6.95 to Tara, Box 3553, Macon, Ga. 31205.

Bookstock finds books. Free search. Box 942-H, S. Orleans, Mass. 02662.

PUBLICATIONS

Jesus never existed. Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Joseph created fictional Jesus, gospels. \$4. Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Future fascism? Three spectacular 21st-century scenarios. \$5. Tim Donovan, 7 Ashland, Manchester, Conn. 06040.

The Art & Science of Automobile Buying. The informed person's guidebook. Free information. Archer Press, 215-H Meadowbrook Way, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

LITERARY SERVICES

We'll publish your book. Our 45 years experience will help you toward success. Manuscript or outline for free information and evaluation. Rivercross Publishing, Dept. HM, 127 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Manuscripts/cassettes professionally edited. Marye Myers, Box 1019, So. Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

Professional manuscript editing, word processing. Writing, research, technical editing. Box 102, Boulder, Colo. 80306.

Ghostwriting, editing, research, index. Twenty years' experience. Professional Wordsmiths, Box 5882-b, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

i Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

Learn on your own with audio-cassette course used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for learning 42 languages in all. Comprehensive catalog. Write:

AUDIO-FORUM Dept 282, 96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Homeworkers. Earn 60¢ for each envelope you return to us, according to instructions. Write: Distributors, Box 431-HP, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563.

Earn while you read. Maximum profit minimum effort. Free details. Robross, 8768H, Boston, Mass. 02114.

GOURMET

Super soup recipes. Souper-unusual, original. \$3, SASE. Eileen, 15224 84th N.E., Lake Stevens, Wash. 98258.

Muffins. 88 delicious recipes. Quick to gourmet. Box 2568, Eugene, Ore. 97402.

Chocolate chunk cookies. Incredibly delicious. Six scrumptious recipes, each unique. Send \$3, SASE. Chunky, 2901 East 9th, Tucson, Ariz. 85716.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Research papers. 15,207 available, all academic subjects. Rush \$2 for 306-page catalogue. Custom writing also available. Research, 11322 Idaho, #206HB, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. (213) 477-8226.

GIFTS

Penis poster (23" x 35") depicts organs of animals from man to whale. Scientific novelty. \$10 postpaid. Poster K, Box 1348, New York, N.Y. 10025.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, \$1.85 per word; three times, \$1.75 per word; six times, \$1.65 per word; twelve times, \$1.50 per word. Telephone numbers count as ten words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, \$11 per column inch; three times, \$11 per column inch; six times, \$105 per column inch; twelve times, \$90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to Harper's Magazine and send to Harper's Classified, Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Kathleen Quinn, Classified Advertising Manager.

alized books. Great gift featuring you friend. Select an adventure from safaris South Seas sloops. Write: Armchair Ad- vures, Box 8891, Truckee, Calif. 95737.

TRAVEL

mer/winter adventures. Tour, hike, or ski spectacular Europe, Africa, Asia, n America, Australia/Pacific all year. edible variety of affordable group/indi- al trips. Forum Travel, 91 Gregory, ant Hill, Calif. 94523. (415) 671-2900.

am the World by Freighter." Facts, des- tions, recommendations on unusual sing. \$3. TravLTips, Box 188 B1A, ing, N.Y. 11358.

ish canals. Four guests, historian-skip- \$445 weekly, inclusive. Box 20834, ngfield, Mass. 01101. (413) 562-9296.

MERCHANDISE

li T-shirt, with composer conducting Paris performance of *Aida* (1880). Won- ul period lithograph. Black on white, -L-XL, \$9.95 ppd. HC Designs, Box 45, Baltimore, Md. 21218.

EDUCATION

erlearning. Triple learning speed ough music. Languages, math, data. Em- er memory, tap potential. Stressless. : excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, O W. 11th, #105-H3, Vancouver, Can- V6H 1K5.

n lives on. 333 common words that are r-for-letter identical in Latin and Eng- A must for teachers of Latin, English, List and article by novelist Bruce Dei- & Price, first published in *Princeton Alum- Weekly*. For reprint send \$1 for postage handling to Word-Wise Educational vices. WWES, Box 21212, Midtown Sta- , New York, N.Y. 10129.

rn 10 languages a year while striding, ing. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Bev- Hills, Calif. 90213.



Remember family or friends with Special Occasion. Get Well or Memorial cards

WE'RE FIGHTING FOR
YOUR LIFE

American Heart
Association



SAVING ISSUES OF HARPER'S?

Handsome, silver-embossed slip- cases and binders hold a full year of issues.

Slipcases—per case \$7.95; 3 for \$21.95; 6 for \$39.95. **Binders**—per binder \$9.95; 3 for \$27.95; 6 for \$52.95. Add \$1 per unit for postage and handling; \$2.50 per unit outside U.S. (U.S. currency only.)

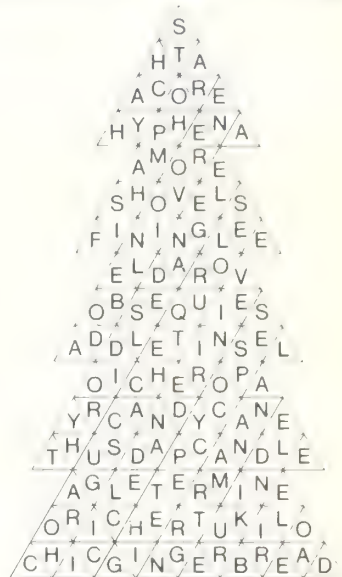
Please mail your order (with pay- ment in full) to Jesse Jones, Dept. HARP, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134. Credit cards accepted; call 1-800-852-5000 (315 min.)

Unconditionally guaranteed!

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed by Jesse Jones since 1945.



SOLUTION TO THE DECEMBER PUZZLE



NOTES FOR "TREE TRIMMING"

DIAGONALLY UP: 5. YACHTS, anagram; 6. (c) AMPHOR-A; 9. FISH, hidden; 11. ANGEL; 12. ROLES, "Rolls"; 14. BELL; 15. SEDAN, anagram; 16. ADOBE, anagram & Lit; 22. CACHE-T; 23. COP(...S)E; 24. THYRO(i)D, anagram; 25. DANDER, anagram; 30. MA-NANA; 33. KIND-LE; 35. CH-(O-RAGUS, reversal); 36. ICICLE; 38. (t)R(I-L)E(e). ACROSS: 4. HYPHEN, last letters; 6. AMORE, hidden in reverse & Lit; 8. SHOVE(L)S; 9. F(I)LING; 10. (pe)G(gy)-LEE; 13. OBS(anagram)-EQU(it)IES; 16. ADDLE, "ad'll"; 17. TIN-SEL; 20. HERO, hidden; 22. CANDY CANE; 24. THUS, anagram; 27. CANDLE; 28. AG-LET; 29. ERMINE, hidden; 31. RICHER(k), anagram; 33. K-ILO (anagram); 35. C-HI-C; 37. GINGERBREAD. DIAGONALLY DOWN: 1. STAR; 2. AN-ERA, reversed; 3. C(O)HERE, anagram; 7. MO(unt Oli)VE; 8. SILL(y); 10. ...G-LOVES; 12. RU(I...NS); 18. OR-C'S; 19. CANAPE(k), anagram; 21. PAN-EL; 25. DETERGE, anagram; 26. BRUT-REP, reversed; 32. CHIN, hidden; 34. L(O)AD.

SOLUTION TO DECEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (48). MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD: THOMAS MOORE. *Lalla Rookh* burst upon the world like a benignant bomb. . . it was translated into almost every liter- ate tongue, including Persian, whence it allegedly sprang; . . girls . . . were christened Lalla. Every- thing from or about the Near East became the raging fashion of the time.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 49, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by January 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the February 1987 issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 47 (November) are Tiffany Jones, McLean, Virginia; Mrs. Fred Crane, Tallahassee, Florida; and Keith Collett, Junction City, Kansas.

PUZZLE

Letters Latent

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

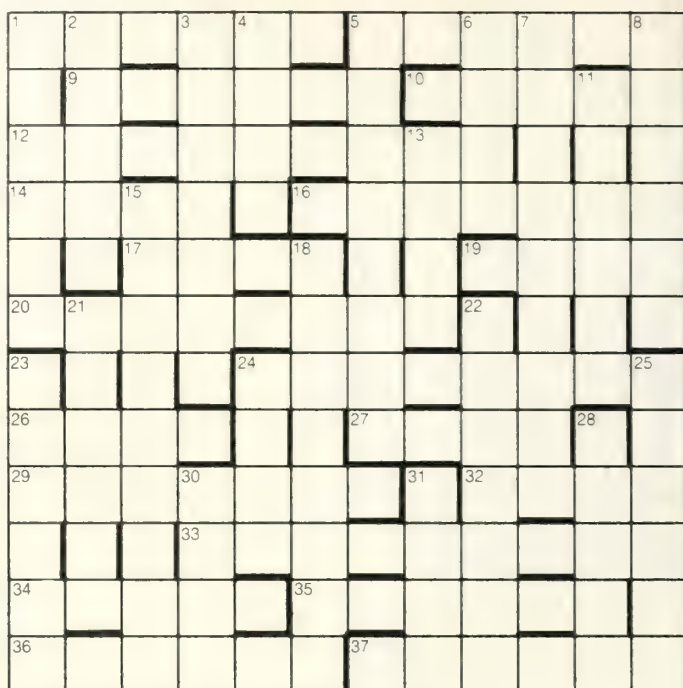
The title is the name of a special type of British cryptic clue. One letter is removed from the clue answer (as many times as it appears in that word) and the remainder is entered in the diagram. The subsidiary indications in the clue treat only this mutilated form. For instance, if the word being clued were LATENT, and the E is the latent letter, the diagram entry would be LATNT and the clue could be "The Spanish explosive is smoldering" (LATNT); if T is the latent letter, LAEN is the entry: "Neal lifted fingerprint" (reversal, as down clue). The length of the *unmutilated* clue answer is given in parentheses. Is this clear?

In addition, a space is provided at each clue number to note the latent letter. These letters in clue order spell out four nine-letter words, all related in a latent way, providing the four unclued diagram entries.

Clue answers not in all dictionaries include three proper names, an ethnic food, and one reasonable neologism (20A). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

Across

- 1. Steeper? Right, and colder (7)
- 5. Very ornate sailing ship (7)
- 9. Toys with arms (7)
- 10. *Iliad* character, Homer's first on Caribbean island (6)
- 12. Latent word (see instructions) (9)
- 14. Destroyer turned it around (3,3)
- 16. The Ides of April is herein confused with the fifth of March (10)
- 17. Abusive remarks, love, turned into contempt (5)
- 19. Indian goes berserk (5)
- 20. No point, period, being anything but generous (10)
- 24. Old soldiers fire less when bombarded (9)
- 26. Ban this wailer's glossy appearance (5)
- 27. Offspring from a matched pair of animals (5)
- 29. Comparatively warm tea, so it is stirred (8)
- 32. Explosive Rip Torn (5)
- 33. Latent word (see instructions) (9)
- 34. Referee optionally retains place for Cardinals, e.g., to rest (7)
- 35. "Mene, mene . . ." concealed in building? Just the opposite! (8)



- 36. True gentleman finally puts on man-made fibers? (7)
- 37. GOP is disturbed about onset of election gaps (8)

Down

- 1. Big defeat planned . . . one's in the soup (7)
- 2. Iodine nurse put on one cut at first is cutting (6)
- 3. If I drag awkwardly, it's unseemly (5,3)
- 4. Deli could make up a Spanish hero (2,3)
- 5. Allegories with animals: rats, ibis, snakes (10)
- 6. Esoteric letters oddly discarded from Art Center (6)
- 7. Latent word (see instructions) (9)
- 8. A three-fingered glove (7)
- 11. Plug, left and right, one who messes up (7)
- 13. Bombeck's Jewish delicacy (5)
- 15. Latent word (see instructions) (9)
- 18. Listen to me, sweets, they grow in the desert (9)
- 21. Privy to raised stockings (8)
- 22. Solar calculation indicated by mechanical engineer (4,4)
- 23. Real leading tout finally gets another try at the track (7)
- 24. He's chubby aft . . . awfully round figure (5)
- 25. Front of ship wallows and lists (7)
- 28. Madden Democrat with name in newspaper (7)
- 30. Lure of fishing inside cesspool (5)
- 31. One write-up is clumsy (5)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Letters Latent," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the March issue. Winners of the November puzzle, "Vicious Circles," are William Donnelly, Berkeley, California; David J. Birnbaum, Cambridge, Massachusetts; and Richard C. Baxter, Rock Tavern, New York. We apologize for the misplaced numbers in the diagram for the December puzzle, "Tree Trimming," and congratulate those who managed to solve it despite the obstacles.



3 9042 01822

HARPER



LOST INNOCENTS
The Myth of Missing Children
By Peter Schneider

MATERIALS

JAN 14 1967

APPENDIX

MOVING UP AT LAST?
Middle-Class Blacks Look to Their Own
Glenn C. Loury Juan Williams Julian Bond
Paula Giddings Frank Mingo

HAITI: AN ISLAND BETWEEN SEASONS
By Bob Shacochis

STATE CHAMPIONS
A story by Bobbie Ann Mason

uardo Galeano,
en's slapstick scandal

UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-03-2001 BY 60322
REASON: FOIA b 7 - C

5-DIGIT 960105
000025

They built



Steel helmet, mid 16th century



Ceremonial kaftan,
mid 16th century

ABOVE: View of Genoa from the
Tarih-i-Feth-i-Siklos, mid 16th
century



the bridge.

Wicker shield, late 16th century



Wooden Koran box, early 16th century



These are some examples of the art of a great empire and a great people that Americans know very little about. They are part of a stunning exhibition entitled "The Age of Sultan Suleyman the Magnificent." It will appear at three of the most prestigious museums in the country.

At the height of their power under Suleyman, the Ottoman Turks ruled large areas of Europe, Asia and Africa. Faced with the imperial need to understand a bewildering variety of conflicting cultures — and the compelling need to maintain their own — they attempted the impossible, and succeeded. They created an art that harmonized opposites — austere and lush, concisely clear and impenetrably complex — and found pure beauty in pure design. In doing so, they made of themselves and their art a bridge between East and West, a bridge that still serves the modern world.

That's one reason why we are supporting this exhibition and why we urge you to see it at the times and places listed below. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that the art of innovation knows no boundaries, including the seemingly impossible, and that one of the noblest works of art is a bridge between cultures.



Philip Morris Companies Inc. 1987

Philip Morris Companies Inc.

PHILIP MORRIS INCORPORATED
PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A. PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL
GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
MILLER BREWING COMPANY
PHILIP MORRIS CREDIT CORPORATION
MISSION VIEJO REALTY GROUP

National Tour:

National Gallery of Art, Washington, DC, January 25, 1987-May 17, 1987
The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, IL., June 13, 1987-September 7, 1987
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N.Y., October 4, 1987-January 17, 1988

Presenting a math show kids can count on for fun.



Presenting "Square One TV." It's new. It's different. It's a series for children 8 to 12 that makes math fun and interesting.

It's easy to see why. "Square One TV" is produced by Children's Television Workshop, the creators of "Sesame Street." It makes novel use of entertainment forms kids enjoy, such as TV game shows, music videos, animation and magic.

IBM is proud to help support "Square One TV." It's another example of our commitment to education.

The program premieres January 26 and will run every day after school. For the exact time, check your local PBS listing.

"Square One TV." It's a math series that gets high marks for entertainment.



Funding for "Square One TV" provided by IBM as corporate underwriter, the U.S. Department of Education, The National Science Foundation, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, The Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, and the Carnegie Corporation of New York.

"Sesame Street" and "Square One TV" are service marks and trademarks of Children's Television Workshop.

NEED FOR SPEED
THE ONLY MP4 RED CC

©Copyright IBM Corporation 1987

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 274, NO. 1641
FEBRUARY 1987

Letters	4	Elliott Abrams
Notebook	8	
Sending in the clowns		Lewis H. Lapham
Harper's Index	13	
Readings	14	
Reflections on Bullshit		Harry Frankfurt
How Nit-picking Regulations Get That Way		Robert B. Reich
The Americas: Enlightenment and Enterprise		Eduardo Galeano
Ethiopia: Tourists in Hell		Myles Harris, M.D.
"Pinned"		a poem by August Kleinzahler
The Last Mama-on-a-Couch Play		George C. Wolfe
And . . .		James Dickey, Edward I. Koch, Council on Economic Priorities
Forum	35	
MOVING UP AT LAST?		Juan Williams, Glenn C. Loury, Julian Bond,
Middle-class blacks look to their own		Frank Mingo, Paula Giddings
Essay	47	
LOST INNOCENTS		Peter Schneider
The myth of missing children		
Annotation	54	
THE REAL THINGS		George Sim Johnston
A quick read on book collecting		
Report	57	
AN ISLAND BETWEEN SEASONS		Bob Shacochis
The task of reimagining Haiti		
Story	68	
STATE CHAMPIONS		Bobbie Ann Mason
Acrostic	75	Thomas H. Middleton
Puzzle	80	E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Cover: Detail of a painting by Louisa Matthiasdottir, courtesy of the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Leon Botstein, Chairman. Copyright©1986 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the United States. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, Ohio 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add \$2; other foreign, add \$3 per year. Please send orders to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Harper's Magazine does not publish unsolicited poetry.

HARPER'S

Lewis H. Lapham, *Editor*

Executive Editor

Michael Pollan

Managing Editor

Janet Gold

Senior Editors

Gerald Marzorati, Terry Teachout

Deborah Rust, *Art Director*

Eric Etheridge, *Associate Editor*

Assistant Editors

Pamela Abrams, Richard T. Marin

Ann K. Stern, *Assistant to the Editor*

Ilena Silverman, *Research*

Editorial Assistant

Charis W. Conn

Interns

Cathryn Harding,

J. Gregory Jones, Louise Sloan

Contributing Editors

T.D. Allman, George Ball,

Leon Botstein, Mark D. Danner, L. J. Davis,

Timothy Dickinson, Mark Edmundson,

Samuel C. Florman, Gregory A. Fossedal,

Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,

Walter Karp, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez,

Robert Karl Manoff, Peter Marin,

George Plimpton, Earl Shorris,

Jacqueline Simon, Henry Scott Stokes,

Frances Tahaferro, Tom Wolfe, Sidney Zion

Washington Editor

Martin Morse Wooster

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager

Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Circulation

Elvira Lopez

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs

Randall V. Warner

Vice President, Advertising Director

Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives

Kathryn Crowley, Mary Anne Malley,

Karen A. Rydzewski

Elena Gustines, *Advertising Coordinator*

Max Lane, *Circulation Assistant*

Kathleen Quinn, *Assistant to the Publisher*

Staff

Benjamin Glassberg, Joseph Malits

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES

666 Broadway, New York, New York

(212) 614-6500

San Francisco

Colin Smith (415) 486-0454

Detroit

Norma Davis & Associates (313) 656-1887

Tokyo

Yoshino Mitsui, (MF) Corporation

(03) 546-2231

LETTERS

Cowboys and 'Contras'

In Francisco Goldman's report "Lost in Another Honduras" [*Harper's Magazine*, October 1986], he cites a conversation with someone described as a "contra" who states that he had been to my office and that it is "full of cowboy hats." For the record, there are no cowboy hats or any other kind of hats in my office. I have not owned any cowboy hats since my ninth birthday.

Goldman writes that when he and his companion departed their meeting with this "contra," they made Twilight Zone noises in the car. Very appropriate.

Elliott Abrams

Washington, D.C.

Elliott Abrams is assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs.

Speaking the Left's Language

Two cheers for Benjamin Barber's attempt to recast the conservative dialectic in more liberal and logical terms ["A New Language for the Left," *Harper's Magazine*, November 1986]. Barber's premise that the right has seized control of the philosophical agenda is correct. My problem lies with his notion that justice should be subject to local values. It appears that Barber has unwittingly fallen victim to the very disease of which he warns, and has accepted the conservative agenda as the basis for his argument.

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

The notion that justice is "flexible" and should respond to local demand is one of the basic tenets of conservative thought.

Barber's unfortunate but perhaps necessary use of the First Amendment as an example puts the matter in sharp relief. To "encourage some local involvement in constitutional matters traditionally settled by the courts" invites an adjustable approach to civil liberties. Such a flexible vision of the First Amendment is both dangerous and exactly what political conservatives want.

The First Amendment is, in Justice Hugo Black's words, the heart of American government. Any restriction of the absolute terms of that amendment makes the next restriction easier, and the next even easier. To make the protections of the First Amendment dependent on "solid community support" is to invite book banning and censorship in many communities.

I agree with Barber that local communities must be educated in the fundamentals of justice, and that a society based on a solid consensus in favor of justice would be the best of all worlds. But until that utopia arrives we must protect free speech and justice even at the expense of local support. We cannot compromise the fundamental—and universal—principles of justice on which the nation is based.

This is not to say that the citizenry is "an ignorant and even dangerous population." It is to say that the purpose of the First Amendment is to protect all, and especially to protect unpopular minorities. To make the amendment dependent on the will of

majority defeats that essential action, and admits that the conservatives are correct. I am willing to do either.

Charles R. McGuire
Normal, Ill.

Improving a nation's political discourse requires much more than a revision of its rhetoric. Fundamental political concepts must be examined. Benjamin Barber's article, however, faith and spirit overshadow reason and philosophy. Barber's words reminded me of the way Jesse Jackson and Pat Robertson mold religion and politics into a coercive civil doctrine which ideas are marked by shallowness and imprecision.

Consider his proposed national service corps "for all young men and women" (read "mandatory"). He suggests we herd our young adults into another welfare stratum. From this they might infer that society's needs outweigh their own and that they can expect society to support them for "a year or two." This would occur at a crucial time in their lives—a time when they are developing a sense of responsibility to themselves. Certainly, true civic-mindedness cannot be imposed from above; it results only from strong individual character and elings of self-worth.

Great civilizations flow from great ideas and are not just the result of ruggles over ideology. To twist a phrase, pity the nation that needs Bertolt Brecht and Karl Marx as heroes. Free people will struggle for more than the achievement of lofty civic goals through coercive means.

Roger C. Shouse
Dearborn, Mich.

Benjamin Barber is just right in hastening the left for surrendering to the right the privilege of defining the terms of the discourse by which policy has been formulated for the past several years. He misses a bit, though, when he blames this entirely on the left. By the judicious use of inane, empty language and symbolism, the right has done a good job of making it impossible to debate issues in all their complexity.

Free Facts That Can Cut Your Exercise Time in Half

A Challenging Workout in Only 12 Minutes

You can get an extensive workout for a longer, healthier life just by doing a special 12 minute routine a few days a week. Find out about it by phoning or sending for our **FREE booklet, GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout by Lifecycle.**

You'll Look and Feel Better

This **FREE**, 16-page illustrated booklet tells you how to improve your cardiorespiratory system, burn calories faster, decrease body fat, alleviate stress and develop a lean, trim body in the privacy of your own home. And it's so easy, your whole family can do it!



Send for the Free Facts Today

All you have to do to get your free booklet is return this coupon below to Lifecycle, Bally Fitness Products, 10 Thomas Road, Irvine, CA 92718 or call Toll Free 1-800-454-5555 Dept. F64

Lifecycle

YES, I want to cut my exercise time in half! Please send me my **FREE** copy of the **GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout by Lifecycle.** I understand I am under no obligation.

Send For Your **FREE** Booklet Today!

MAIL TO: Lifecycle
Bally Fitness Products
10 Thomas Road
Irvine, CA 92718

(Please Print)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____



Congratulations to
Public Television's longest running
public affairs program...

WASHINGTON WEEK IN REVIEW

Celebrating its 20th Anniversary

Millions of American families are better informed about events that shape their lives because they tune in to Washington Week in Review each week.

Now in its 20th year on PBS, Washington Week in Review continues to be an outstanding program with an in-depth, behind-the-headlines look at what is happening in our

world today and why.

Ford Motor Company, in its eighth consecutive year, is proudly joined by Ford Aerospace & Communications Corporation in underwriting this fine program.

Washington Week in Review is produced by WETA in Washington, D.C. Consult your local listings for day and time in your community.



By extension, Barber's thesis is that the right has appropriated the symbolic high ground of political debate. Those on the right can talk about freedom fighters (an incredible thing to call Somocistas) and peacekeepers without all *that* many people laughing out loud. The left has been unable to compete because it has been unwilling to use Newspeak to coin conservative issues and symbols, and because it has not simplified the debate to a level understandable by the voting public.

At bottom, Barber's mistake is being too optimistic about the ability of voters to make wise choices in the public arena. He proposes that the Democratic Party should "do homage to its name and truly become the party of democracy." It can't, though, because the people, who like to reduce questions of public policy to the lowest common denominator, will not vote for the candidates of a party that would require more of them than a minimum of attention to matters of state. I am a great fan of classical Athens, upon whose democracy Barber bases his suggestions for Democratic reform in America, but even the noble Athenians were misled by irrational appeals to execute Socrates.

Michael D. Bush
Lexington, Ky.

Benjamin Barber's article is more a suicide note than commentary. Can one actually attribute the decline of the left to a bias in the *framework* of the debate? Is it structural incoherence or an actual paucity of ideas that besets the left?

Barber bemoans the "reality of modern capitalism," stating that "the market cannot be rightly understood as a place where free and equal individuals and groups gather to trade and bargain fairly; much more often it is an arena in which elephantine monopolies overpower smaller firms, and sprawling multinationals dominate the lives of individuals."

Is there an *idea* in there somewhere? I think not. In debate, a Marxist framework ought not to be an allowable substitute for evidence. Barber would have us believe that the modern individual's choices are more

ited than those of his forebears. Is less able to migrate or change jobs? Does he have less time to call his own? Or does not even bother to wring his hands over alienation in the workplace, the Marxist's final critique against the obvious social benefits of capitalism. Did he simply forget? Never mind that the words have long since lost any meaning. There is sadness that attends the passing of the words themselves. Programs in search of an idea. Language without meaning.

ayne C. Johnson
Sacramento, Calif.

Invasion of Privacy?

Under the guise of exploring "AIDS and the Question of Privacy" ["Faint Light, Dark Print," *Harper's Magazine*, November 1986], Dale Van Atta's biased, confusing, and surprisingly catchy footnotes to Roy Cohn's medical records make a fascinating study in cheap-shot journalism.

Van Atta's motives in putting together this exercise in sleaze go beyond educating the public. Even many of Roy Cohn's staunchest enemies are appalled at a respectable magazine's lack of good taste in publishing this sneaky attack on a dead man.

an Foley and Joe Foley
New York, N.Y.

an Foley and Joe Foley have been Roy Cohn's literary agents for twenty-two years.

Dale Van Atta's annotation is either the opening of a new chapter on the enigmatic Roy Cohn or the beginning of the end of thirty years' attention.

That Cohn was a liar needs no further proof. (It's disturbing, however, to compare his bombastic public statements with the clinical data dispassionately written in his medical record.) But to view him as merely a liar is too parochial. On the other hand, to state that lying was a manifestation of his more generalized evil nature would be too global. Cohn did much evil in his life, but we must not hang that onerous appellation on him. No, Roy Cohn suffered from a fatal char-

Continued on page 76

COMMON SENSE REVISITED

60 minute cassette tape

Constitutional
Convention Anniversary

Learn about:

1. Draft Registration
2. American Involvement in Central America
3. The Effects of Deficit Spending
4. What Causes Poverty

— AND —

the solution to many of our problems

Send \$6.95 (+ \$1.25 for postage and handling) to COMFORT / Box 12891 / Wichita, KS 67213

Name _____

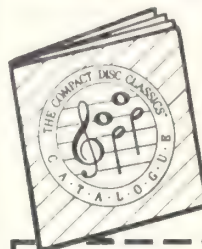
Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

The COMPACT DISC CLASSICS CATALOGUESM

Quality Classical and Jazz Recordings



For discerning collectors. Critically-acclaimed classical and jazz compact discs. Many hard-to-find titles. Major labels. Imports. Reasonable prices.

Please send FREE CATALOGUE.

Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

The Compact Disc Classics Catalogue
106 1/4 Lexington Ave., Dept. E
New York, NY 10016

!Speak Spanish like a diplomat!

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do—with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Course. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far the most effective way to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace—testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a

handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

- ☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, \$135.
- ☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, \$120.

(CT residents add sales tax.)

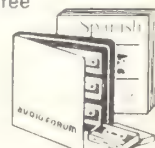
TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL
TOLL-FREE NUMBER: 1-800-243-1234.

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order, or charge to your credit card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is unconditionally guaranteed. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

130 courses in 46 other languages also available. Write us for free catalog. Our 15th year.

Audio-Forum
Room K217
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



AUDIO-FORUM[®]

NOTEBOOK

Sending in the clowns

By Lewis H. Lapham

It was not exactly a proper empire, but we did have a damn good time.

—Colonel Emile Fleury

As with so much else about the Reagan Administration, the misadventure in the international arms trade plays as *opéra bouffe*. It isn't hard to imagine President Reagan's privy counselors dressed up in preposterous military uniforms, wielding papier-mâché swords and singing the music of Offenbach. Whatever they thought they were doing—in Iran, Switzerland, Virginia, Israel, Nicaragua, Brunei, and Saudi Arabia—probably never will be fully understood or explained. After two months of earnest questions in the media and the Congress, nobody can say with any degree of certainty what happened to the money, the hostages, the weapons, or the President's senses. What was clear was the comic tawdriness of the dramatic personae. The President of the United States stood revealed as an amiable dotard and his principal confederates as a clique of self-regarding and not so amiable mediocrities. A playwright with a fondness for melodrama might set the characterizations as follows:

President Ronald Reagan—an aging matinee idol, as well informed about history and geography as any other aging matinee idol.

Vice Admiral John Poindexter (formerly director of the National Security Council)—a sycophant. Resentful of the law and suspicious of any view of the world that doesn't confirm his own memorandums on the subject.

Robert McFarlane (another former director of the NSC)—an envious careerist. Persuaded that the media cheated him of his deserved applause.

William Casey (director of the Cen-

tral Intelligence Agency)—a venal autocrat.

Donald Regan (White House chief of staff)—a bully. Notable for his arrogance and stupidity.

Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North—a zealous fantasist. The kind of man apt to believe, fervently, in UFOs and the lost Charles Manson treasure. Had he been available to the German army in the winter of 1944 he undoubtedly would have commanded a battalion of Hitler youth.

Given such a troupe of road-show Machiavels, it's a wonder the NSC hasn't invaded Angola or set up naval blockades off both coasts of Panama. Certainly the council possesses the requisite spirit of presumption, and its games of imperial "let's pretend" in many ways resembled the toy *Realpolitik* popular in France during the Second Empire of Napoleon III. That dreaming prince, comforted by romantic oversimplifications and long afternoon naps, also surrounded himself with courtiers (among them the chattering Colonel Fleury) remarkable for their vanity and gall. The court was as vulgar as it was fraudulent, delighting in gossip, fashion, and shows of military splendor. In the end, Louis Napoleon took seriously his own nonsense and lost, over an unpleasant shooting weekend at Sedan, both the army and the empire.

Mercifully for the peace of nations, the quotients of intelligence within the NSC appear to be as minimal as the talent for geopolitics. Maybe the would-be saviors of the free world were in the habit of watching too much television. They devised a story line for an episode of *The A-Team*.

Preening themselves on their righteousness, they allied the purity of their cause with a Middle Eastern consortium of thugs, sharpers, bankrupts,

arms smugglers, cutthroats, swindle and disbanded soldiers. Congratulating themselves on their shrewdness they bargained in languages that none of them understood, traded the diplomatic currencies of the United States for worthless promises, and discredited the government they hoped to defend. On being discovered in the criminal charades, all present conducted themselves in the manner traditional among thieves: everybody professed his own innocence and assigned the fault to a friend. Secretary of State George Shultz and Vice President George Bush moved fastidiously upwind from President Reagan; President Reagan blamed Israel or some other "unknown third country"; those who could do so (among them Poindexter and North) offered to incriminate one or more of their companions in return for immunity and safe passage into the nearest book deal.

Although not especially edifying for the nation's schoolchildren, the example set by President Reagan's counselors teaches a few unhappy lessons about the current state of American politics.

1. *The wish for kings.* Ever since its arrival in Washington in the winter of 1981, the Reagan Administration has made no secret of its contempt for anything so chicken-hearted and un-American as the due process of law. Its characteristic tone of voice has been that of the adventurer and the zealous Attorney General Edwin Meese saying he didn't think the Constitution relevant to the expedencies of the state; White House communication director Patrick Buchanan proclaiming the President and Colonel North heroes because they had the guts to do what they damned well knew was right; the CIA justifying its invasion of Central America as works of nobility.

Permanent pleasures.

Choose one of these fine works and save up to \$305⁵⁰

You simply agree to buy 4 additional books within the next two years.



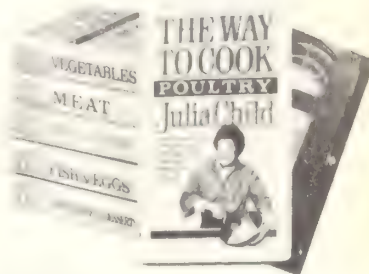
The Times Atlas of the World, Seventh Comprehensive Edition

\$29.95 (Pub. price \$139.95)
The best atlas now available in English—"the New York Times. With 122 double-page, 8-color maps for clear reading of geographical and political features, this 1985 edition (1985) also contains a fully dated index-gazetteer with over 10,000 entries and many other unique features. Size: 18" x 12", 520 pages.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for \$27.95 (Pub. price \$175)
"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Way to Cook by Julia Child: 6 One-hour Videocassettes

for \$39.95 (Pub. price \$179.70)
America's favorite cook demonstrates the basic techniques of good cooking with step-by-step clarity in her entertaining style. In this 6-hour, videocassette set—Meat; Poultry; Fish & Eggs; Vegetables; Soups, Salads & Breads; First Courses & Desserts—she provides professional tips on how to master everything from thickening sauces to butterflying a chicken. Six recipe booklets are included. Available on VHS or Beta.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for \$24.95 (Pub. price \$225)
Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses all aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source for home libraries.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

\$29.95 (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic systems, the arts and sciences, the customs and con-

quests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

© 1987 BOMC

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803

A67-2

Check one box only.

☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World \$29.95

☐ 905. Compact OED \$27.95

☐ 928. Way to Cook (Beta) \$39.95

☐ 929. Way to Cook (VHS) \$39.95

☐ 913. The Story of Civ. \$29.95

☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy \$24.95

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ (Please print plainly) 7-64

Address _____ Apt. _____

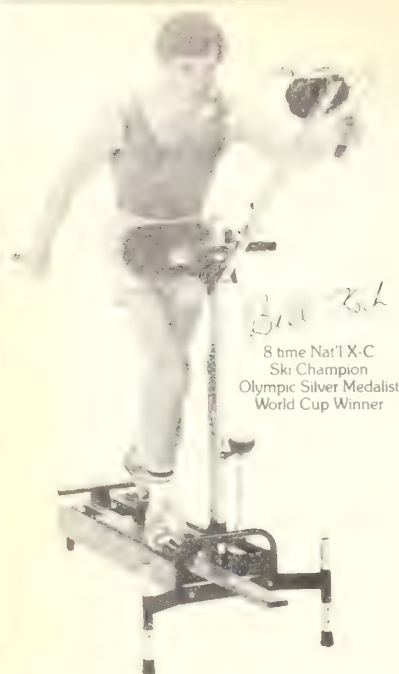
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher. All orders are subject to approval.

Terms About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 125 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return the book for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®



8 time Nat'l X-C
Ski Champion
Olympic Silver Medalist
World Cup Winner

Scientific Study Ranks NordicTrack #1

In tests of exercise efficiency at a major university, NordicTrack burned more calories and provided greater aerobic workouts.

Rank of Exercise Efficiency

1. NordicTrack X-C Ski Exerciser
2. An Exercise Bike
3. A Rowing Machine
4. A Shuffle-Type Ski Exerciser

NordicTrack's higher oxygen usage test scores show that more muscle mass is involved in the exercise and more calories are being burned.

It's Only Logical that NordicTrack Would Get the Highest Scores

- **because NordicTrack is more complete than an Exercise Bike.**
Adds important upper body exercise. Provides more uniform leg muscle usage.
- **because NordicTrack is more thorough than a Rowing Machine.**
NordicTrack's resistance is proportioned according to the individual muscle strength—no major muscles are over-stressed or under-worked.
- **because NordicTrack has inertial resistance not available on a Shuffle-Type Ski Exerciser.**
Other ski exercisers use less efficient frictional resistance with a resulting calisthenics-like feeling. NordicTrack's unique flywheel resistance for a life-like feeling of smoothness and continuity is matched only by real skiing.

**Burns Up To 600 Calories per
20 Minute Workout**

Free Brochure. Call

800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

NordicTrack
© PSI 1986

141HA Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

conscience; the Justice Department subverting the law in order to eliminate any impurities likely to appear in the citizenry's urine or speech.

Instead of advocating conservative habits of thought, which imply a decent regard for the established rights of individuals as well as institutions, President Reagan's companions construed the victory at the polls as a *coup d'état*. They seized the spoils of government with the swagger of brigands, as secure as Clint Eastwood in their knowledge of the good, the true, and the beautiful. The crooked dealing in the arms trade fits the moral specifications of an Administration that delights in the simplicities of autocracy. As of the present writing more than 100 officials appointed to the government have suffered criminal indictment, resigned for reasons of ethical misconduct, or come under the suspicion of graft.

The dissension among President Reagan's subordinates also has been characteristic of the Administration since its earliest days in office. When not quarreling with one another about the sanctity of their prejudices or the favors owed their friends, the President's diplomatic advisers (among them individuals as inane as Richard Allen, William Clark, and Alexander Haig) have distinguished themselves by their talent for betrayal. The President apparently maintains only a dim and tenuous grasp on the affairs of state, and over the last six years it has become embarrassingly obvious that his subordinates regard him as the prize in a game of capture the flag. The disposition of the nation's foreign policy belongs to the faction that can prevail upon the President (at least until the end of the week) to read the newest slogan.

2. *The audible silence.* Neither the Congress nor the media wish to draw all the conclusions implicit in the reports of the Iranian arms transfers. Suppose it turns out that the President doesn't govern the country? Suppose he hasn't been governing the country for some time? What if he's an idiot or a bald-faced liar? What if the government of the United States has been left to the management of knaves and fools?

None of the questions ease the col-

lective mind of a Congress and media that have accepted the Reagan Administration at its own inflated estimate, applauding the sweetness of the President's smile, gladly mistaking the pageants staged in Libya and Grenada for coherent foreign policy, overlooking the repeated abuses of the law, granting the measures of moral weight to the expressions of watery sentiment.

It is, of course, the media's business to pretend that all is well within the happy household of the American republic, to assure their audience that—by and large and excepting only the few well-advertised exceptions that prove the rule—our armies are invincible, our politicians honest, our intentions honorable, our money safe, and our democracy the wonder of an admiring world. Too close an inquiry into the rabbit warrens of the Reagan Administration might make those precious and necessary truths too difficult to sustain. Rather than risk disquieting answers, the press for the last six years has asked as few questions as decently as possible. It was fitting that the news of the Iranian arms transfers first appeared in a magazine published in Beirut.

The autumn riot of unwelcome revelation prompted the media and the Congress to deny the rumors of clownish incompetence at levels of authority supposedly stable. The solemnity of the voices on television was meant not only to conceal the absurd humor of the proceedings but also to allay the fear that maybe something had gone very, very wrong. If too many people gave way to blunt statement or raucous laughter, what would become of the fiction of President Reagan's imperial masquerade?

Senator David Durenberger reluctantly convened hearings before the Senate Intelligence Committee with the assurance that "there's much less here than meets the eye." The nation's more prominent newspaper (i.e., the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Post*) blossomed with editorials advising caution and restraint, explaining that nothing was amiss and that no harm had been done, pointing out that the nation could ill afford two years of drift, calling for the appointment of a bipartisan council of wise men and

omen, beseeching the President to
 ease tell the country a plausible lie.
 3. *The unbearable lightness of being.*
 is a tribute to the country's wealth,
 well as to its anxiety and sloth, that
 so gratefully applauds the sham of
 the Reagan government. Happiness
 can be defined as the state of being
 ill-deceived, and for the last six years
 the President has done admirable ser-
 vice as a front man for the America
 men in Miller beer commercials. As
 long as the banks remain sound and
 enough people have enough money to
 buy the goods and services available in
 the nation's better stores, as long as
 the NSC refrains (at least to the best
 of anyone's knowledge) from espous-
 ing the Moslem religion or declaring
 war on Australia, the fickle and indif-
 ferent electorate (together with its
 rogates in the media and the Con-
 gress) stands willing to accept, at par
 value, the counterfeit wisdom in of-
 fice. What difference does it make if
 the second-story men in the White
 House lack intelligence, character,
 decency, or, as it turns out and despite
 their noisy patriotism, courage? Their
 mere presence allows people with bet-
 ter things to do to excuse themselves
 from the tedious chore of preserving
 their freedom. The children let out of
 school can go to Acapulco or Aspen to
 play sexual charades or practice aero-
 biotic breathing.

Maybe this is as much as can be ex-
 pected in the currently reduced cir-
 cumstances of the American republic.
 People remark on a feeling of weight-
 lessness. We inhabit a world of images
 that float across the mirrors of the
 news. Apparitions come and go,
 seemingly without effort, bobbing up
 from the depths of the void and then
 vanishing, as mysteriously as they
 came, without a trace. One week
 we're at war with Iran; the next week
 we're at war with Iraq. The National
 Security Council is seized by soldiers
 of fortune, and the White House
 places its trust in gamblers and
 thieves. In October the columnists say
 that the Reagan era will last forever;
 in December they wonder if the Rea-
 gan era can last through the end of the
 month. Who else but an actor, him-
 self as light as a waterfly, could preside
 over the kingdoms of dream and
 counter-dream? ■

China

Four great ways to see the China of your choice.

Top-of-the-line to more affordably priced, our four great programs with nearly 50 itineraries and over 1,000 departures let you see the best of China at the pace and price you want. Tour China, Hong Kong, Japan, Tibet, Southeast Asia, even cruise the Yangtze River on our fully escorted programs, all featuring the must-see Golden Route cities. Choose China Experience[®] with the newest, luxury hotels, value-priced China Focus[®], an all-China Escapade[®], or new deluxe China Vistas[®]. As #1 to China and the Orient, Pacific Delight delivers the most quality, value and variety. Send for our color brochures. Then see your Travel Agent.

GO WITH THE REAL EXPERTS

Pacific Delight Tours, Inc., 132 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016
 (212) 684-7707 (NY) or toll-free: (800) 221-7179 (U.S. & Canada)

Please rush me your 1987 China Vacations brochures.

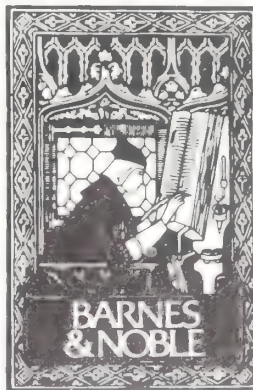
Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 My Travel Agent is _____



PACIFIC DELIGHT TOURS, INC.

Attention Book Lovers and Bargain Hunters!

If you're a discriminating book lover, you'll find the Barnes & Noble mail order catalog is a treasure trove of good reading. In every issue we offer history, literature, reference, art and gift books that you just can't find in your local bookstore. That includes the largest selection of quality paperbacks available by mail and impressive savings on exclusives — up to 70% off publishers' prices!



A CATALOG FOR
THE READING CLASS

"Serious books for serious book lovers" is our hallmark. Robert Graves, P.G. Wodehouse, Michel Foucault & John Keegan are regulars here.

So, if you're a serious reader, you need the Barnes & Noble catalog — where we've been satisfying book lovers since 1873.

SEND • FOR CATALOG

TO RECEIVE THIS GREAT CATALOG, SEND \$1.00. AND REMEMBER, EVERY ITEM YOU PURCHASE BY MAIL FROM US IS BACKED BY A 30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

DEPT. 903P
 126 FIFTH AVE.
 N.Y. NY 10011

Please send me the Barnes & Noble catalog for \$1.00.

Name MS _____
 Apt _____
 Zip _____

BREAKTHROUGH: HELPING HOSPITALS JOIN THE UNION WITHOUT GIVING UP THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

America's hospitals must keep track of the laws of fifty states, one nation and thousands of cities. They must serve staffs of doctors, nurses and technicians and meet the medical needs of millions who also are neighbors, families and friends.

The problem: How to merge this environment with a need for individuality and stability. Our computer software engineers wrote the most inclusive healthcare programs they could write, conveniently left room for adaptation, and taught their system to work on computers of not one manufacturer but three.

We now provide information service for one out of every five hospitals in the nation. Our software evolves as laws change, computers change, treatments change and economies change. We retain the best of what we had, add the best of what is new, and preserve the individual personality of each hospital served.

We're creating breakthroughs that make a difference in the way people work and the way people live.

We're McDonnell Douglas.

*For more information,
write: Health Care,
McDonnell Douglas,
Box 14526,
St. Louis, MO 63178.*



MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

HEALTH CARE

SPACE & MISSILE

DEFENSE & COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT

RESEARCH & DEVELOPMENT

MANUFACTURING

HARPER'S INDEX

- Percentage of the racial incidents reported in Los Angeles County in 1985 whose targets were Asians : 15
In 1986 : 45
- Number of 14-year-olds currently detained in South Africa : 88
- Number of Detroit residents 16 or younger who were shot and killed in 1986 : 40
- Estimated percentage of missing American children who have been abducted by strangers : 1 (see page 50)
- Number of shelters for battered women in 1970 : 0
Today : 1,100
- Price of a unit of whole blood in New York City in 1976 : \$29
Today : \$70.75
- Number of condoms used every second in the United States : 7
- Percentage increase, in the first six months of 1986, in cases of penicillin-resistant gonorrhea : 163
- Percentage of American children who live with both biological parents : 68
- Number of different familial relationships for which Hallmark makes cards : 105
- Price of a bouquet of wilted, dead, or beheaded flowers at Drop Dead Flowers in New York City : \$37.50
- Hours of daylight in New York City in February 1987 : 298
Hours of darkness : 374
- Average number of Americans "on call" between 3 A.M. and 4 A.M. : 4,000
- Number of U.S. doctors whose licenses were revoked in 1985 : 406
Number of lawyers who were disbarred : 226
- Number of people on waiting lists for medical treatment in Britain : 673,107
Number of roof thatchers in Britain : 900
- New business activities the Soviet Union will allow individuals to engage in for profit beginning May 1 : 29
- Number of Soviet localities that have declared themselves "alcohol-free zones" : 6,000
- Price of 12 ounces of drug-free urine from Byrd Laboratories in Austin, Texas : \$19.95
- Copies of the Meese Pornography Commission's report ordered by the Waldenbooks chain : 250
- Copies of *Duarte: My Story*, the recent autobiography of El Salvador's president, published in Spanish : 0
- Days spent shooting the CBS miniseries *I'll Take Manhattan* in New York City : 8
Days spent shooting in Toronto : 75
- Percentage of Americans who don't recognize Dan Rather : 53
- Estimated number of Americans currently being promoted for sainthood : 50
- Percentage of Americans who regularly attend religious services : 42
- Percentage of American chief executive officers who do : 65
- Average age of a first-time fur-coat owner in 1977 : 50
Today : 26
- Pairs of flat-soled or low-heeled women's shoes sold in 1983 : 41,000,000
In 1985 : 84,000,000
- Miles of abandoned railroad tracks that have been converted to jogging trails : 1,000
- Price of a 30-minute swim with dolphins at the Dolphins Plus Marine Mammal Center in Key Largo : \$30
- Price of a night's stay in an underwater room at Jules' Undersea Lodge in Key Largo (including food and air) : \$300
- Average amount of gas a cow belches each day (in cubic feet) : 35

Figures cited are the latest available as of December 1986. Sources are listed on page 77.

"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

READINGS

[Essay]

REFLECTIONS ON BULLSHIT

From "On Bullshit," by Harry Frankfurt, in the Fall 1986 *Raritan*. Frankfurt is chairman of the department of philosophy at Yale.

One of the most salient features of our culture is that there is so much bullshit. Everyone knows this. Each of us contributes his share. But we tend to take the situation for granted. Most people are rather confident of their ability to recognize bullshit and to avoid being taken in by it. So the phenomenon has not aroused much deliberate concern, nor attracted much sustained inquiry.

In consequence, we have no clear understanding of what bullshit is, why there is so much of it, or what functions it serves. And we lack a conscientiously developed appreciation of what it means to us. In other words, we have no theory. I propose to begin the development of a theoretical understanding of bullshit, mainly by providing some tentative and exploratory philosophical analysis. I shall not consider the rhetorical uses and misuses of bullshit. My aim is simply to give a rough account of what bullshit is and how it differs from what it is not.

Bullshitting involves a kind of bluff. It is closer to bluffing, surely, than to telling a lie. But what is implied concerning its nature by the fact that it is more like the former than it is like the latter? Just what is the relevant difference between a bluff and a lie?

Lying and bluffing are both modes of misrepresentation or deception. Now, the concept most central to the distinctive nature of a lie is that of falsity: the liar is essentially someone who deliberately promulgates a falsehood. Bluff-

ing too is typically devoted to conveying something false. Unlike plain lying, however, it is more especially a matter not of falsity but of fakery. This is what accounts for its nearness to bullshit. For the essence of bullshit is not that it is false but that it is phony. In order to appreciate this distinction, one must recognize that a fake or a phony need not be in any respect (apart from authenticity itself) inferior to the real thing. What is not genuine need not also be defective in some other way. It may be, after all, an exact copy. What is wrong with a counterfeit is not what it is like, but how it was made. This points to a similar and fundamental aspect of the essential nature of bullshit: although it is produced without concern for the truth, it need not be false. The bullshitter is faking things. But this does not mean that he necessarily gets them wrong.

In Eric Ambler's novel *Dirty Story*, a character named Arthur Abdel Simpson recalls advice that he received as a child from his father:

Although I was only seven when my father was killed, I still remember him very well and some of the things he used to say. . . . One of the first things he taught me was, "Never tell a lie when you can bullshit your way through."

This presumes not only that there is an important difference between lying and bullshitting, but that the latter is preferable to the former.

In trying to understand why our attitude toward bullshit might generally be more benign than our attitude toward lying, however, the pertinent comparison is not between telling a lie and producing some particular instance of bullshit. The elder Simpson identifies the alternative to telling a lie as "bullshitting one's way through." This involves not merely producing one instance of bullshit; it involves a *program* of producing bullshit to whatever extent the circumstances require. This is a key, perhaps, to



"But is there much of a market for a machine that stops the universe from expanding, Mr. Hewitt?"

From Punch.

his preference. Telling a lie is an act with a sharp focus. It is designed to insert a particular falsehood at a specific point in a set or system of beliefs, in order to avoid the consequences of having that point occupied by the truth. This requires a degree of craftsmanship, in which the teller of the lie submits to objective constraints imposed by what he takes to be the truth. The liar is inescapably concerned with truth-values. In order to invent a lie at all, he must think he knows what is true. And in order to invent an effective lie, he must design his falsehood under the guidance of that truth.

A person who undertakes to bullshit his way through has much more freedom. His focus is panoramic rather than particular. He does not limit himself to inserting a particular falsehood at a specific point, and thus he is not constrained by the truths surrounding that point or intersecting it. He is prepared to fake the context as well, so far as need requires. This freedom from the constraints to which the liar must submit does not necessarily mean, of course, that his task is easier than the task of the liar. But the mode of creativity upon which it relies is less analytical and less deliberative than that which is mobilized in lying. It is more expansive and independent, with more spacious opportunities for improvisation, color, and imaginative play. This is less a matter of craft than of art. Hence the notion of the "bullshit artist."

What bullshit misrepresents is neither the state of affairs to which it refers nor the beliefs of the speaker concerning that state of affairs. Those are what lies misrepresent, by virtue of being false. Since bullshit need not be false, it differs from lies in its misrepresentational intent. The bullshitter may not deceive us, or even intend to do so, either about the facts or about what he takes the facts to be. What he does necessarily attempt to deceive us about is his enterprise. His only indispensably distinctive characteristic is that in a certain way he misrepresents what he is up to.

This is the crux of the distinction between the bullshitter and the liar. Both represent themselves falsely as endeavoring to communicate the truth. The success of each depends upon deceiving us about that. But the fact about himself that the liar hides is that he is attempting to lead us away from a correct apprehension of reality; we are not to know that he wants us to believe something he supposes to be false. The fact about himself that the bullshitter hides, on the other hand, is that the truth-values of his statements are of no interest to him; what we are not to understand is that his intention is neither to report the truth nor to conceal it. This does not mean that his speech is anarchically impulsive, but that the motive guiding and controlling it is unconcerned with how the things about which he speaks truly are.

It is impossible for someone to lie unless he thinks he knows the truth. Producing bullshit requires no such conviction. A person who lies is thereby responding to the truth, and he is to that extent respectful of it. For the bullshitter, however, all these bets are off: he is neither on the side of the true nor on the side of the false. His eye is not on the facts at all, except insofar as they may be pertinent to his interest in getting away with what he says.

[List]

NOT-KOCHISMS

From "The Edward I. Koch Identity Search," a list of quotes by Mayor Koch posted in the City Hall press room.

This is an attempt to find out not what Ed Koch is but what he is not, according to Ed Koch in his various pronouncements over the years.

So far, we know that—based on his own observations—the mayor is not:

a schmuck	a homosexual
a kibbitzer	a punching bag
a whacko	a showboat
a wacko	a dog in a manger
a yenta	a conservative
a dummy	a dupe
a doctor	a dope
a demagogue	an ass
an ideologue	a magician
a bookie	a statistician
an oracle	a leper
a one-cheeked	the governor
Christian	a sociologist
a diplomat	Mr. Humble Pie
a little old lady	a hypocrite
who stood up in	a prophet
the back of the	a populist
room and said "mug	a genius
him again"	the corporation
an expert (on wolves)	counsel
an elitist	a prosecutor
a test evaluator	an expert on
the personnel	constitutional law
director of	a psychiatrist
this city	a scientist
Billy Budd (who	a pollster
was "a schmuck")	a horse's ass
a nut	

For this reason, telling lies does not tend to unfit a person for telling the truth in the same way that bullshitting tends to. Through excessive indulgence in the latter activity, which involves making assertions without paying attention to anything except what it suits one to say, a person's normal habit of attending to the ways things are may become attenuated or lost. Someone who lies and someone who tells the truth are playing on opposite sides, so to speak, in the same game. Each responds to the facts as he understands them, although the response of the one is guided by the authority of the truth, while the response of the other defies that authority and refuses to meet its demands. The bullshitter ignores these demands altogether. He does not reject the authority of the truth, as the liar does. He pays no attention to it at all. By virtue of this, bullshit is a greater enemy of the truth than lies are.

One who is concerned to report or to conceal the facts assumes that there are indeed facts that are in some way both determinate and knowable. His interest in telling the truth or in lying presupposes that there is a difference between getting things wrong and getting them right, and that it is at least occasionally possible to tell the difference. Someone who ceases to believe in the possibility of identifying certain statements as true and others as false can have only two alternatives. The first is to desist both from efforts to tell the truth and from efforts to deceive. This would mean refraining from making any assertion whatever about the facts. The second alternative is to continue making assertions that purport to describe the way things are but that cannot be anything except bullshit.

Why is there so much bullshit? Well, bullshit is unavoidable whenever circumstances require someone to talk without knowing what he is talking about. Thus the production of bullshit is stimulated whenever a person's obligations or opportunities to speak about some topic are more extensive than his knowledge of the facts that are relevant to that topic. This discrepancy is common in public life, where people are frequently impelled—whether by their own propensities or by the demands of others—to speak extensively about matters of which they are to some degree ignorant. Bullshit also arises from the widespread conviction that it is the responsibility of a citizen in a democracy to have opinions about everything, or at least everything that pertains to the conduct of his country's affairs.

The contemporary proliferation of bullshit also has deeper sources, in various forms of skepticism which deny that we can have any reliable

access to an objective reality and which therefore reject the possibility of knowing how things truly are. These "anti-realist" doctrines undermine confidence in the value of disinterested efforts to determine what is true and what is false, and even in the intelligibility of the notion of objective inquiry. One response to this loss of confidence has been a retreat from the discipline required by dedication to the ideal of *correctness* to a quite different sort of discipline, which is imposed by pursuit of an alternative ideal of *sincerity*. Rather than seeking primarily to arrive at accurate representations of a common world, the individual turns toward trying to provide honest representations of himself. Convinced that reality has no inherent nature, which he might hope to identify as the truth about things, he devotes himself to being true to his own nature. It is as though he decided that since it makes no sense to try to be true to the facts, he must therefore try instead to be true to himself.

But it is preposterous to imagine that we ourselves are determinate, and hence susceptible both to correct and to incorrect descriptions, while supposing that the ascription of determinacy to anything else has been exposed as a mistake. As conscious beings, we exist only in response to other things, and we cannot know ourselves at all without knowing them. Moreover, there is nothing in theory, and certainly nothing in experience, to support the extraordinary judgment that it is the truth about himself that is the easiest for a person to know. Facts about ourselves are not peculiarly solid and resistant to skeptical dissolution. Our natures are, indeed, elusively insubstantial—notoriously less stable and less inherent than the natures of other things. And insofar as this is the case, sincerity itself is bullshit.

[Personal Ad]

I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE

From a recent issue of New York magazine.

Intellectually superior gentleman (39–65) wanted by beautiful Oriental damsel to father our beautiful, intellectually superior children. Am desirous of leaving the hustle and bustle of a superficially glamorous, high-profile career to raise a family and create harmonious home for honorable future husband. Am 32, but can pass for 24. Consider myself very attractive (many say gorgeous, some say cute), very sincere, pas-

sionate, discreet, highly selective. Attracted to power; have a passion for excellence. Loving, warm, emotionally supportive, nurturing, loyal, faithful, creative, monogamous, artistic, spiritual, physically fit, health and family oriented, conservative, traditional (this is the most daring thing I've ever done in life!). Sweet, spontaneous, caring, sensual, sexy, bright; have high morals and high ideals. Meticulous in detail. Enjoy Broadway shows, entertaining children, elegant restaurants, hayrides on starlit nights, lavishing my future husband with abundance of precious love and affection, pretty surroundings, French perfume, romantic evenings, bubblebaths, university libraries, Mozart, city life. Tiffany's, fireplaces, horse-drawn carriages through Central Park, snuggling up under a warm blanket at football games, going to baseball, basketball, and hockey games; would like to go to the Army/Navy game this season. If you are a man who has been too heavily engrossed in building your own empire to have any time to properly meet the right woman, you're the man for me! I find a stimulating mind intriguing and extremely sexy! You should have an MBA from Harvard, Yale, Wharton, Stanford, etc.; could possibly be included in the Forbes 400. (Perhaps a diamond in the rough, but I'll make you shine! And if you already shine, I'll make your brilliance glisten even brighter!) Driven by success, be a leader in business with monumental triumphs. Enjoy luxuriating in Oriental pampering by your adoring future wife; have insatiable drive to build solid family life; have voracious craving for my love. Culturally sophisticated, affluent, pro-Reagan, Caucasian; have intense need to be the best in your field(s). Not into drugs or alcohol; not intimidated by the success of your future wife; require that your marriage partner be your best friend, lover, and partner in life forever. Cuddly and soft-hearted in relationship with future wife, but ruthless in business; powerful, giving, loyal, truthful, faithful to future wife; involved in high finance and world affairs. Interested in Oriental culture, well-read, worldly, have a passion for excellence; wouldn't mind having gracious home in Bel Air in addition to elegant home in Manhattan (maybe Fifth Avenue or Central Park South, etc.). Enjoy the theater, traveling, and the laughter of children. Possess a richness of spirit and a heart of gold. May not personally run for public office, but you could be responsible for putting the right man in the White House. Prototypes: Donald Trump, Mortimer Zuckerman, Henry Kissinger, Sid Bass, Ted Kennedy, Ted Turner, Arne Ness, Albert Einstein, etc. I know what I want and I know you're out there. You would normally never answer a personal ad, but this is so intriguing and unique that you can't help it. I

realize that no one is perfect in all areas—you need not be; I am not either. But if you have these qualifications, I invite you to send an in-depth letter to me on your letterhead with your phone number and address, along with your sincere marriage proposal. Photo is definitely desired and preferred, although you've probably been too busy to ever have one taken. But looks are not important—only the heart and mind. In what city shall we rendezvous? Let's spend New Year's Eve together and explore the Orient on our honeymoon before coming back to create our own dynasty and build our own empire! Love and happiness beyond your imagination await you with open arms for enchanting lifetime adventure! All sincere replies will be answered, so *only* the sincere need apply. On my honor, absolute strictest confidence guaranteed. Looking forward to hearing from you at: P.O. Box 11342, Beverly Hills, CA 90213-4342X.

[Essay]

HOW NIT-PICKING REGULATIONS GET THAT WAY

From Tales of a New America, by Robert B. Reich, to be published by Times Books in March. Reich teaches political economy at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government.

Ivan Boesky and associates amass a fortune through insider trading; General Electric admits to defrauding the Air Force. By playing fast and loose with the law, American business is courting more of what it deplores: nit-picking regulations. Yet, complain as they do about government regulation, most business executives have no objection to the goals behind it: they generally agree that the public deserves protection from toxic wastes, nuclear accidents, air and water pollution, insider trading, unsafe products, and corporate monopoly. Rather, the complaints of American businessmen center on the ways regulations are designed and administered: statutes are overly complicated, and the rules written to implement them are excruciatingly detailed.

Nit-picking regulation has been blamed for slowing the growth of America's productivity and impairing the nation's competitiveness, yet environmental, health, and safety requirements in Japan and most of Western Europe are no less stringent than in the United States. In Western Europe and Japan, however, regulations are far

less detailed than they are in the United States. Moreover, they impose less paperwork, entail only informal inspections and reports, and generate significantly lower compliance costs. The regulation of American business is uniquely picayune. Why should this be so?

Many who speak for American business lay the blame at the feet of a "new class" of social planners and public-policy professionals who abhor private enterprise. These individuals, who now inhabit government regulatory agencies, relish any chance to harass American business with endless, trivial commands—to clog the channels of commerce with piddling requirements and voluminous forms. They take delight in transforming common-sensical regulatory goals into reams of nettlesome detail.

Unfortunately for those who find this story satisfying, it wilts in the face of the facts. To begin with, the new class of interventionist zealots who are supposedly responsible for the picayune character of so much modern regulation has been hard to track down. The Reagan Administration, committed to reducing the burden of government regulation, has succeeded in abandoning some regulatory efforts. But—and here is the important point—it has done nothing to change the way in which the remaining regulations have been administered. The Code of Federal Regulations has continued to swell with detail, the Federal Register is bulging with new interpretations and elaborations, and American business has continued to writhe under the burden of pettifogging directives from Washington.

The underlying problem has nothing to do with nefarious forces hidden within regulatory agencies; it is inherent in the American regulatory process itself. Consider this fable:

An inventor named Henry has just marketed a turbocharged, fully automatic vacuum cleaner. The product proves enormously popular, but it suffers from a small flaw: the vacuum emits a roar something like that of a jet engine at full throttle. This flaw does not deter consumers from using the vacuum, however. They simply set the timer and go off to the movies while the machine does its work. In neighborhoods all over America, the roar of the vacuum issues from empty houses, causing flocks of passing birds to fall stunned from the sky. Henry would like to make a quieter version of his product, but so far has had no luck. Adding an adequate muffler would triple the vacuum's cost.

Now, suppose that several years before Henry invented his vacuum cleaner, Congress had instructed the Environmental Protection Agency to take steps to "ensure no household appliance emits excessive noise." That was all the legislation said. Congress left it to the EPA to devise and enforce regulations concerning neighbor-

Sturdy, Stackable Natural Beechwood Bookshelves

At a price you would expect to pay for plastic!



Perfect for books, display or storage

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood. A hard wood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture. Do not confuse this item with "wood tone" or plastic imitations. Our low price is made possible by volume purchases, not by inferior material.

Sets up in seconds... without tools!

No tools, screws or glue required. Just take it out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place. And, natural beechwood is attractive... even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately. Of course, you can also stain, varnish, or paint them if you prefer.



1. Open hinged sides. 2. Lower shelves into place. 3. You're done! Ready to interlock and stack!

NEW LOW PRICE

List Price **NOW ONLY**
\$59.95 **\$39.95**

AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

Dept. H256, 126 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1066018. Please send me _____ sturdy beechwood shelf unit(s) at your special sale price of \$39.95 (plus \$6.95 shipping and insurance, per unit) NY and N.J. Residents Please add sales tax

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Charge It ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX ☐ MC

Account # _____

Exp _____

Signature _____

30 Day Money-Back Guarantee

Our low price for this European import is only \$39.95 per unit (plus \$6.95 shipping and insurance per unit)... probably less than you would have to pay for a comparable unit in plastic. And as with all items you purchase by mail from Barnes & Noble, you may return it within 30 days for a full refund or credit to your charge card.



Stack them...they're interlocking

Each free-standing unit is 27 1/4" w x 11 1/2" d x 37" h and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit! And if you move, just fold them down and take them with you.

For Faster Service

1-800-228-3535

Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free
24 Hours-7 Days a Week In Nebraska 1-800-642-9606

hood noise pollution. Since then, the agency has issued only one broad rule: "No consumer product shall generate noise in excess of 200 decibels." That's it—no reporting requirements, no interpretations, no elaborations. The EPA publishes the rule and considers the problem settled.

Henry has hired a Washington lawyer, Seymour, who informs him of the EPA regulation. Worried about the threat to his company, Henry asks Seymour if he can think of some legal way to continue selling the turbocharged vacuum cleaner. "Not to worry," Seymour assures Henry. "I can think of two hundred ways to dodge this regulation."

Two months later, the EPA inquires about

the vacuum. It seems the agency has been getting complaints about all the noise. Seymour meets with the EPA's attorneys. "The regulation doesn't apply to the turbocharged automatic vacuum," Seymour tells them matter-of-factly. "It says no *consumer product* should emit a sound in excess of 200 decibels, but this isn't a consumer product. It's designed for industrial applications, although consumers happen to use it. And it's not even a *product*, but a *service*, since under our unique payment plan it is leased rather than purchased outright." The EPA attorneys silently take off their hats to Seymour, and go back to their law books and word processors.

Two months later, the EPA announces a more detailed set of rulings, which define "consumer product" as "any product or service sold or leased to industrial or consumer users." The attorneys return to Seymour's office. "Still doesn't apply," says Seymour, calmly. "The regulation prohibits sounds in excess of 200 decibels. But our automatic vacuum recorded only 195 decibels when we tested it outside in the middle of a field during a hailstorm. Here's the proof." He hands the EPA attorneys computer printout showing the results of the experiment. They take off their hats again, and retreat to their office to devise more precise rules for how such products should be tested.

Over the next several years Seymour meets with the EPA attorneys innumerable times. Each time, he claims that the burgeoning regulations, rules, and interpretations still do not apply. Each time they become more detailed. Seymour also disputes their applicability before administrative law judges, and he appeals the judges' rulings to the federal courts, which issue opinions further elaborating upon the EPA's regulations and interpretations. Meanwhile, the original statute has been amended by Congress to avoid the loopholes and ambiguities that Seymour (and others like him) have discovered. The new law is far more detailed and complex, spelling things out in excruciating specificity.

Five years later, Henry meets with Seymour. "I'm afraid," says Seymour, "we've reached the end of the line. But at least I got you more than five years of delay." Henry is downcast, nonetheless. "Does this mean we have to stop selling the automatic vacuum, or else install a muffler?" he asks. "Either that," Seymour warns, "or you'll have to pay a fine every year you violate the regulation." "How much?" Henry asks, trembling. "A full 2,500 American dollars," Seymour says, as he grins and takes off his hat to himself.

This fable exaggerates, but not by much, the typical fate of a regulatory effort. It describes a familiar dynamic between business and govern-

[Sweepstakes Rule]

THE FINE PRINT

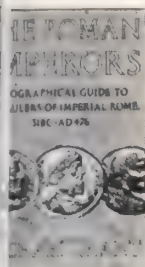
From the Official Sweepstakes Rules accompanying a direct-mail solicitation from Mother Jones magazine. Recipients were told, "You have definitely won \$5,000 cash, \$3,000 cash, \$1,000 cash, \$500 cash, or other prizes in the Mother Jones 10th Anniversary Sweepstakes." Below is rule three, printed in seven-point type on the claim form.

To claim your prize without subscribing, do the following: (a) Carefully cut out your computer-printed name and address from the reverse side of this form; make sure the entire computer-printed address label is included. (b) Affix your computer-printed name and address label—with glue or cellophane tape (no staples or paper clips)—to a 3 x 5 inch index card. (c) Also cut out the "No" paragraph (located on front of the Prize Claim Form at bottom) and affix it to the 3 x 5 card right under where you affixed your computer-printed name and address. (d) Then print on your 3 x 5 card, above your computer-printed name and address, the words "MOTHER JONES SWEEPSTAKES," using all capital letters. (e) Finally place the 3 x 5 card (without bending or folding) into a plain envelope (NOTE: Do NOT use the enclosed Official Sweepstakes Reply Envelope or you may be disqualified) and mail to: MOTHER JONES, 2215-R Market Street #317, San Francisco, CA 94114. Print this address correctly and comply with the above instructions carefully and completely or you may be disqualified from receiving your prize.

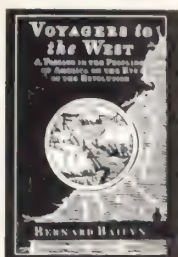
TAKE ANY 3 FOR \$1.00 EACH

(price is publishers' list **Boldface** shows Members' Price)

With Trial Membership.



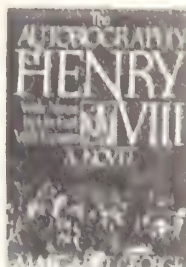
5. \$25.00 **\$17.50**



2279. \$30.00 **\$18.50**



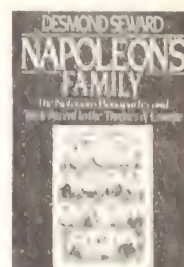
A2469. \$35.00 **\$23.50**
(Counts as 2 of your 3 selections)



3509. \$19.95 **\$15.95**



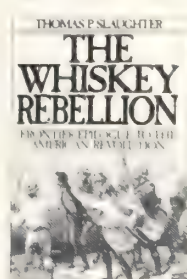
3657. \$29.95 **\$19.95**



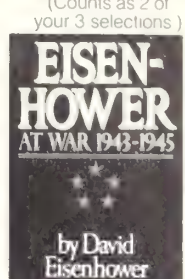
1222. \$16.95 **\$13.95**



9. \$18.95 **\$14.95**



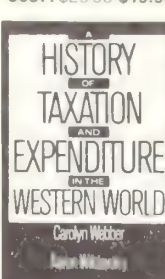
3160. \$19.95 **\$15.95**



1917. \$29.95 **\$22.50**



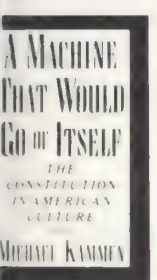
3244. \$29.95 **\$19.95**



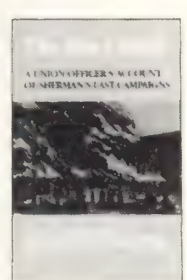
3129. \$24.95 **\$16.95**



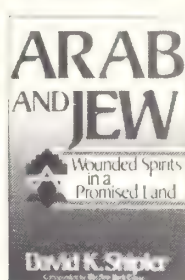
2246. \$15.00 **\$15.50**



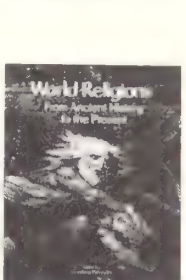
85. \$29.95 **\$19.95**



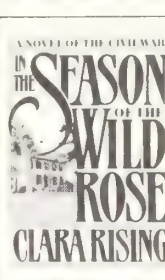
5942. \$22.50 **\$16.50**



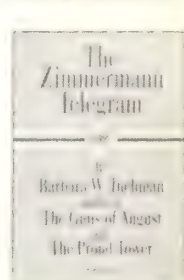
2402. \$22.50 **\$17.50**



8649. \$29.95 **\$16.95**



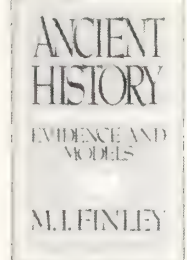
4036. \$19.95 **\$15.95**



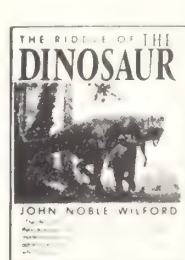
3103. \$14.95 **\$12.95**



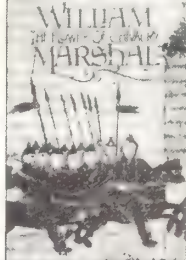
71. \$27.50 **\$18.50**



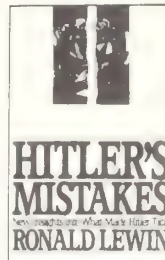
7047. \$17.95 **\$14.50**



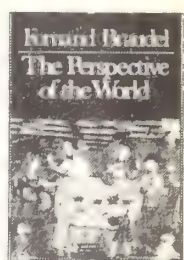
4390. \$22.95 **\$16.50**



5629. \$15.95 **\$12.95**



4648. \$14.95 **\$12.50**



1453. \$35.00 **\$18.50**

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings — an average of 30% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory offer. Select any three books on this page for \$1.00 each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Your total savings as a Trial Member, including the Introductory Offer, can be more than 50%.

How the Club works: As a Club member, you'll be able to choose from the 150 to 200 books featured each month. Our books are always equal to the publishers' editions, never "economy" reprints, and are available at savings of \$3, \$4, \$5, or more, off bookstore prices. You need take only four more books in the next two years, after which you'll live even more through Bonus Books that you may choose from our title list.

Approximately every four weeks (14 times a year), you will receive a Review and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing — the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or a book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than 30 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.



The History Book Club, Dept. N,

40 Guernsey Street, Box 790 Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill those on the left at \$1.00 each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage and packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years, *not including my choices above*. Either the Club or I may cancel my membership anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. HV0091SP

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada Mail to U.S. Address

[Table]

THE POLITICS OF TOOTHPASTE

From *Rating America's Corporate Conscience: A Provocative Guide to the Companies Behind the Products You Buy Every Day*, by Steven D. Lydenberg, Alice Tepper Marlin, S. O'Brien Strub, and the Council on Economic Priorities. The council, a New York-based public policy group, evaluated the "social responsibility" of more than 125 major corporations, organizing its findings by company and, to help consumers, by product category.

TOOTHPASTES									
Size of Charitable Contributions	Women Directors and Officers	Minority Directors and Officers	Social Disclosure	Brand Name	Company	Involvement in South Africa	Conv. Weapons-Related Contracts	Nuclear Weapons-Related Contracts	Authors' Company of Choice
\$	↑	?	No	Colgate Ultra-brite	Colgate-Palmolive	Yes A/B	No	No	
\$ \$ \$	↑	↑ ↑	👤 👤 👤	Crest Gleem	Procter & Gamble	No	No	No	✓
\$	No	No	No	Aim Close-up Pepsodent	Unilever	Yes ?	No	No	

? = No information available
 Single figure (\$, ↑) = Minimal
 Double figure (\$\$, ↑↑, 👤, ↑↑) = Moderate
 Triple figure (\$\$\$, ↑↑↑, 👤👤, ↑↑↑) = Substantial

No = No involvement or participation
 Yes = Involvement or participation. A, B, C in the South African column reflect the degree of compliance with Sullivan Principles and/or involvement in strategic industries.

ment. American corporations are not reluctant to test the limits of the law. They pay lawyers handsome sums to discover loopholes, technicalities, and elegant circumventions. In many instances, the investment is worth it to the corporation. It buys the firm at least temporary relief from a regulation, enabling it profitably to continue doing what it was doing before. Nor do American lawyers recoil from the challenge. Indeed, they relish it.

This ploy may be rational from the standpoint of a lawyer and his client, but it is often irrational for American business as a whole. Each maneuver generates a countermovement by the regulatory bureaucracy and Congress; every feint and dodge, a more complicated prophylactic for the next encounter. The result, over time, is a profusion of legislative and regulatory detail which confounds American business.

Unlike the story of the new class of public-policy professionals, there are no plotting villains in this tale. Seymour and other lawyers like him have no intention of confounding American capitalism. Henry too is simply trying to do

his job; indeed, he has a responsibility to his shareholders to do whatever he can, within the limits of the law, to maximize the firm's profits. All the actors are only fulfilling the roles assigned to them, within a framework of rules we all accept.

The story, exasperatingly, suggests no obvious plan of action. For any fundamental improvement to occur, businesses would have to accept a broader definition of their responsibilities, a definition under which they would not simply yield to the letter of the law but endorse its spirit, or else openly challenge its underlying goals.

Such a change in attitude is unlikely. The notion that government is the foil of business is deeply ingrained in America; in no other nation is it assumed to be legitimate, even necessary, for business executives and their lawyers to try systematically to outwit government officials and their lawyers. In most countries, regulations are devised consensually, through ongoing negotiation. But in America, when thrust meets parry, the miasma of regulation only thickens.

[Interview]

MANAGEMENT AMONG THIEVES

From an interview with an armed robber in Bosses, by Jim Wall, published by Lexington Books. Wall, a professor of management at the University of Missouri, interviewed managers in a variety of fields on the subject of leadership.

In leading a score, picking people is the most important thing. I got to find people who when they're under pressure don't visibly show it. They don't get flushed in the face and they don't stammer, scream. You don't go into a robbery screaming. You go in real nice. "This is a stickup. We just want the money. We'll be real cool and let you be and be right out of here." So the owner says, "O.K. Just don't hurt my customers."

I've got a group of people that I choose from. I pick a man with a good reputation or someone I've done something with. The loyalty—trust—is of more value than anything. When you're sure of the man's loyalty, then you don't look behind you to see if he's there.

See, when I say, "Hey, I want you to throw the gun on this dude; I want you to freeze him there," he's going to do it. And if push comes to shove, he *will* shoot this guy. This is what it's all about. And he isn't going to make this guy panic. I don't want him to hit the guy in the head, because if you do, he doesn't know what's happening. He's liable to start kicking, screaming, and the next thing you know, you're shooting.

Sometimes there's a dress rehearsal so that everybody knows what they're doing. They get confidence in themselves and in you.

Hey, I put the plan together with people, but I prefer to do it myself. If I make a mistake, it's on me. If I get caught, it's on me. If I get told on, it's on me. If I got five guys with me and something goes wrong, then it could be two shot and three in jail because of me.

So you don't lead unless you need more hands—to drive the car, hold another gun, scout out the place—or more brains, like to take down a safe. Sometimes after a hit a guy will get scared and start to talk, or he gets to bragging. Then you got to put him in the bushes, and that gets everything too complicated.

I like being a loner because it's easier to survive that way. Being a leader's stressful. You got to plan, worry about people. Take care of your people. You got to find enough scores to keep them in scratch.

Look, your leader has got to know the subject

you're dealing with. In my case, robberies. Since I did so many by myself, I learned all the details. Like to keep something between me and you. I don't care if it's a ball bearing. When I'm sticking you up, as long as that ball bearing is there, you're going to think before you come after me. Do I step around it, over it, or . . . ? So I know to keep something between me and you. But I know better than to block the situation so I can't see what your hands are doing. So I know about my subject.

The people. The people I'm going to lead have to want to be involved in this subject. I've got to show them that I know what I'm talking about, and I got to show them that by my track record.

Now if you've got a good idea, I'm going for it. I'm not going to be pigheaded about it. I got rules about robbing, and if the troops got an idea that fits in these guidelines, then it goes. If it doesn't, we throw it out. In crime you don't have a research shop, no R & D. You can't do no experiments and trial and error. So you can't stretch out too far.

And I got to know what these people want. This guy wants this. He wants that. And this guy wants to get next to me because he wants the fattest slice of the pie. So I want him to push these other two. Drive them; get more out of them so he can get next to me. I use people by giving them what they want. Whatever trips their trigger, I want to find that out. Their hole card—what's their hole card? Show me what that is, man, and if I can produce that, then we're in like flint. If I can't produce it, then you can just pass me up.

So you got the system and the troops set up to do this robbery. Then I got these people who I know can do the job, and I got to keep them busy. It's a twenty-four-hour job. Because if I don't keep them busy, I'm going to lose them to somebody else.

You got to do all this. Still, you can run into problems. Like touching women in robberies. That's a real problem. I got enough trouble just dealing with the robbery. I can't worry about my own guys molesting women. Like this time we jammed a tavern and made everybody take their clothes off. Well, I had this guy—nineteen years old, good, and he's always putting his hands on women. But I got him straight on the job before this one: "You touch a woman and I leave you there."

So we've jammed this bar and we're ready to go and there's an accident outside. The cops are there and the getaway car's blocked. So we got to be cool. Can't have the people running out of there. Can't have no screaming. So we have everybody take off *all* their clothes, and we roll them in a ball. I see what this guy's thinking, so

I just ease the shotgun over at him. He gets the message. He's cool; don't touch no part of no broads.

I go outside and find this old brown Chevy that's at the end of the block. Come back in. "Whose brown Chevy is this? Give me the keys, man, and we'll be out of here."

All went cool.

[Vignettes]

THE AMERICAS: ENLIGHTENMENT AND ENTERPRISE

From Memory of Fire: Faces and Masks, by Eduardo Galeano, published this month by Pantheon. The second volume of the Uruguayan writer's three-volume history of the Americas, Faces and Masks covers the period from 1700 to 1900. (Excerpts from the first volume appeared in the September 1985 Harper's). Quotations from original sources appear in italics. Translated from the Spanish by Cedric Belfrage.

1717: Dupus Island

Among the Indians of Canada there are no paunches nor any hunchbacks, say the French friars and explorers. If there is one who is lame, or blind, or one-eyed, it is from a war wound.

They do not know about property or envy, says Pouchot, and call money *the Frenchmen's snake*.

They think it ridiculous to obey a fellow man, says Lafitau. They elect chiefs who have no privilege whatsoever; and if one gets bossy, they depose him. Women give opinions and decisions on a par with men. Councils of elders and public assemblies have the final word; but no human word has precedence over the voice of dreams.

They obey dreams as Christians do the divine mandate, says Brébeuf. They obey them every day, because the soul speaks through dreams every night; and when winter comes to an end and the ice of the world is broken, they throw a big party dedicated to dreams. Then the Indians dress up in costumes and every kind of madness is permitted.

They eat when they are hungry, says Cartier. Appetite is the only clock they know.

They are libertines, Le Jeune observes. Both women and men can break their marriage vows when they like. Virginity means nothing to them. Champlain has found women who have been married twenty times.

According to Le Jeune, they do not like working, but they delight in inventing lies. They know nothing of art, unless it be the art of scalping enemies. They are vengeful: for vengeance they eat lice and worms and every bug that enjoys human flesh. They are incapable, Biard shows, of understanding any abstract idea.

According to Brébeuf, the Indians cannot grasp the idea of hell. They have never heard of eternal punishment. When Christians threaten them with hell, the savages ask: *And will my friends be there in hell?*

1829: Rio de Janeiro

It has been seven years since Prince Pedro proclaimed himself emperor of Brazil. The country was born into independent life knocking at the doors of English bankers. King Juan, Pedro's father, had stripped the bank bare and taken with him to Lisbon the last grams of gold and silver. The first millions of pounds sterling soon arrived from London. The customs income was mortgaged as a guarantee, and native intermediaries got 2 percent of every loan.

Now Brazil owes double what it received and the debt rolls on, growing like a snowball. The creditors give the orders; and every Brazilian is born in debt.

In a solemn speech Emperor Pedro reveals that the public treasury is exhausted, in *a miserable state*, and that total ruin threatens the country. However, he announces salvation: the emperor has decided to take *measures which will destroy the cause of the existing calamity at one blow*. And he explains what those radical measures are: they consist of new loans that Brazil expects to receive from the houses of Rothschild and Wilson in London, with stiff but honorable interest.

Meanwhile, the newspapers report that a thousand fiestas are being prepared to celebrate the emperor's wedding to Princess Amelia. The advertisements in the papers offer black slaves for sale or hire, cheeses and pianos newly arrived from Europe, English jackets of fine wool, and Bordeaux wines. The Hotel do Globo on Quitanda Street seeks a *white, foreign chef who is not a drunkard or a puffer of cigars*, and at 76 Duvidor Street they need a *lady who speaks French to look after a blind person*.

1830: Magdalena River

Green land, black land. In the far distance mist shrouds the mountains. The Magdalena is carrying Simón Bolívar downstream.

"No."

In the streets of Lima, the same people who gave him a diamond-studded sword are burning

Thailand

HONGKONG

Dear J,
What an adventure!
There is no place as rich in contrasts as Hong Kong. People actually live on sampans! Fishermen still worship Tin Hau Goddess of the sea!
Hong Kong is eating 'dim sum' in 'dai pai dong' (street stalls) or world class restaurants, shopping for designer clothes at bargain prices and exotic handicrafts.

The Cathay Pacific flight was incredible. Imagine gourmet food and wine on an airplane! And the service lived up to its legendary reputation. Did you know Cathay flight attendants come from 10 Asian lands?

Arrived in Thailand. This is a place one dreams about. Ornate temples, golden Buddhas, floating markets, shimmering silks, sun-drenched resorts, elephants at work.

Well, I am off to see the magnificent Grand Palace and then try some spicy Thai cuisine.
Next time we'll come out together.

AK

I'm fascinated by the Orient. Please send me more information on Hong Kong, Thailand and Cathay Pacific Airways.

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

HA-87-02

Return the coupon to: Hong Kong Tourist Association,
P.O.Box 476,
San Francisco, California 94101.

Arrive in better shape

CATHAY PACIFIC
The Swire Group



Maasai, a painting by Malcolm Morley, from a show of his work last December at the Xavier Fourcade gallery in New York. The Maasai are a tribe of nomadic herdsmen who live in Kenya and Tanzania. Morley recently visited Africa.

his constitution. Those who called him "Father of the Country" are burning his effigy in the streets of Bogotá. In Caracas, they officially dub him "enemy of Venezuela." Over in Paris, the defamatory articles about him get stronger; and the friends who know how to praise him do not know how to defend him.

"I cannot."

Was this the history of mankind? This labyrinth, this futile game of shadows? The Venezuelan people curse the wars that have taken half their sons to remote areas and given them nothing for it. Venezuela tears itself loose from Grand Colombia and Ecuador follows suit, while Bolívar lies beneath a dirty canvas in the boat that sails down the Magdalena to the sea.

"I can no more."

Blacks are still slaves in Venezuela, despite the laws. In Colombia and Peru, the laws passed to civilize Indians are applied to despoil them. The tribute, the colonial tax that Indians pay for being Indians, has been reimposed in Bolivia.

Was this, was this history? All grandeur ends up dwarfed. On the neck of every promise crawls betrayal. Great men become voracious land-

lords. The sons of America destroy each other. Sucre, the chosen inheritor, who had saved himself from poison and dagger, falls in the forests on the way to Quito, toppled by a bullet.

"I can no more. Let us go."

Crocodiles and timber interweave in the river. Bolívar, yellow-skinned, no light in his eyes, shivering, delirious, moves down the Magdalena toward the sea, toward death.

1836: Hartford

Samuel Colt, engineer, registers in Hartford, Connecticut, the patent of the "revolving pistol" he has invented. It is a pistol with a revolving cylinder of five shots, which kills five times in twenty seconds.

From Texas comes the first order.

1855: Washington Territory

Is anyone really listening to old Chief Seattle? The Indians are condemned, like the buffalo and the moose. The one that does not die by the bullet dies of hunger or sorrow. From the reservation where he languishes, old Chief Seattle

talks in solitude about usurpations and exterminations and says who knows what things about the memory of his people flowing in the sap of the trees.

The Colt barks. Like the sun, the white pioneers march westward. A diamond light from the mountains guides them. The promised land rejuvenates anyone sticking a plow in it to make it fertile. In a flash cities and streets spring up in the solitude so recently inhabited by cactuses, Indians, and snakes. The climate, they say, is so very healthy that the only way to inaugurate cemeteries is to shoot someone down.

Adolescent capitalism, stampeding and glutinous, transfigures what it touches. The forest exists for the ax to chop down and the desert for the train to cross; the river is worth bothering about if it contains gold, and the mountain if it shelters coal or iron. No one walks. All run, in a hurry, it's urgent, after the nomad shadow of wealth and power. Space exists for time to defeat, and time for progress to sacrifice on its altars.

1856: Granada

The son of Tennessee shoots from the hip and buries without epitaph. He has eyes of cinders. He neither laughs nor drinks. He eats as a duty. No woman has been seen with him since his deaf-and-dumb fiancée died; and God is his only friend worthy of trust. He calls himself the Predestined. He dresses in black. He hates anyone touching him.

William Walker, Southern gentleman, proclaims himself president of Nicaragua. Red carpets cover the main square of Granada. Trumpets flash in the sun. The band plays North American military marches as Walker kneels and takes the oath with one hand on the Bible. Twenty-one salutes are fired. He makes his speech in English and then raises a glass of water and toasts the president of the United States, his compatriot and esteemed colleague. The North American ambassador, John Wheeler, compares William Walker to Christopher Columbus.

Walker arrived in Nicaragua a year ago, at the head of the Phalanx of Immortals. *I will order the death of anyone who opposes the imperial march of my forces.* Like a knife into meat came the adventurers recruited on the wharves of San Francisco and New Orleans.

The new president of Nicaragua restores slavery, abolished in Central America over thirty years ago, and reimplants the slave trade, serfdom, and forced labor. He decrees that English is Nicaragua's official language and offers lands and hands to any white North Americans who care to come.

[Poem]

SPRING-SHOCK

By James Dickey. From the Summer/Fall Paris Review, the quarterly's hundredth issue. Dickey is the writer-in-residence at the University of South Carolina. His new novel, *Alnilam*, will be published by Doubleday in June.

All bubbles travelling

In tubes, and being lights: up down and around
They were: blue, red and every man uncaught
And guilty. Prison-paleness
Over the street between strobes
Unfailingly. But no light
On top of anything moving, until
The last, one:

one. Whoever it was switched it

Dead when he saw me. Winter; not dream-like
But a dream and cars
Of that. I took my stand where they were called
By absent law to stop, obstructedly raging

And I could not get in. All their windows
Were sealed and throbbing
With strobe, red and blue, red and blue

And go. One pulled out of the flight
Of others; pulled up and may have had back-road
Dust on it red dust in a last show
Of blue. A man in a cowboy hat rolled down

The window on my side. His voice
Was home-born Southern; Oklahoma, Texas,
Could have been. Manhandling my overcoat, I slid
In there with him. Central Park South, I said,
A war-safety zone; the St. Moritz.

He turned up

One of the streets with no lights. Into the seat
I settled; black buildings thickened
Around us, high tenements flattening
Into squares; warehouses, now,
They were; maybe docks. I watched. No birds.
No trash cans. The car died

Between two alley walls

And froze, and a voice at last, still
Out of Oklahoma, said "I want your money."

We were present

In silence. A brought-on up-backward thock

Took place, and on the fresh blade
A light alive in the hand
New-born with spring-shock. It was mine
At sixty. "I want your car," I said.

1882: New York

In the beginning I made light with a kerosene lamp. And the shadows, which mocked tallow and sperm candles, retreated. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

And on the second day God put me to the test and allowed the Devil to tempt me, offering me friends and lovers and other extravagances.

And I said: "Let petroleum come to me." And I founded Standard Oil. And I saw that it was good and the evening and the morning were the third day.

And on the fourth I followed God's example. Like him, I threatened and cursed anyone refusing me obedience; and like him I applied extortion and punishment. As God has crushed his competitors, so I pitilessly pulverized my rivals in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. And to the repentant I promised forgiveness and eternal peace.

And I put an end to the disorder of the universe. And where there was chaos, I made organization. And on a scale never before known I calculated costs, imposed prices, and conquered markets. And I distributed the force of millions of hands so that time would never again be wasted, nor energy, nor materials. And I banished chance and fate from the story of men. And in the space created by me I reserved no place for the weak or the inefficient. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

And to give my work a name I coined the word "trust." And I saw that it was good. And I confirmed that the world turned around my watchful eyes, while the evening and the morning were the sixth day.

And on the seventh day I did charity. I added up the money God had given me for having continued his perfect work and gave twenty-five cents to the poor. And then I rested.

1883: Bismarck City

The Northern Pacific authorities invite Chief Sitting Bull to make a speech at the great inauguration party. Sitting Bull arrives from the reservation where the Sioux survive on charity. He mounts the rostrum covered with flags, and addresses himself to the president of the United States, the officials and personalities present, and the general public: "I hate all the white people," he says. "You are thieves and liars . . ."

The interpreter, a young officer, translates: "My red and gentle heart bids you welcome . . ."

Sitting Bull interrupts the clamorous applause of the audience: "You have taken away our land and made us outcasts . . ."

The audience gives the feather-headed warrior a standing ovation; and the interpreter sweats ice.

[Narrative]

TOURISTS IN HELL

From Breakfast in Hell: A Doctor's Eyewitness Account of the Politics of Hunger in Ethiopia, by Myles Harris, M.D. Published this month by Poseidon Press. Harris worked for the Red Cross in 1984 at a camp in Bati.

I lay in the warm darkness and thought of the day's events, trying to etch them on my mind. The light of a distant fire flickered against the window. Three miles away, 30,000 people lay dying for want of food and water, while farther out in the desert their kinsmen, armed with ancient rifles, crouched in foxholes, prepared to take on a modern army. My wife, Janet, sick with amoebiasis, stirred feverishly beside me. Tomorrow I was taking her to Addis Ababa for some blood tests.

It was eleven at night, the end of two months in Bati. Why had we come? A pursuit of scenes that never will be painted, photographed, or filmed for television, over which no memorial will be raised. Not the great dramas of shuffling, dying peasants, the mounds of corpses, the fly-infested children. But the look in the eyes of a commissar as he ordered the seizure of a peasant's ration card. "I am hungry." The terror of an eight-year-old child's hand pulling you to a tent where her mother, the last of her family, stares motionless into space.

In the past six weeks we had had a lot of visitors, mainly press but lately the famous. Film stars, politicians, TV journalists, and of course Mengistu himself. It was said that Michael Jackson would be arriving, the Kennedys, even Margaret Thatcher. Television had transformed the camp into a public dying platform, a sacrificial pyre in front of which paid orators appeared to shed a few tears and offer pious resolutions.

A green bus brought the Kennedys. The senator, huge and lumbering, wearing a Red Cross front and back like a target, led a retinue of aides in the style of his president brother through the camp. They were all there: fresh-faced American girls with Jackie hairstyles, crew-cut Secret Service men, nervous political advisers. Right at the rear, dwarfing his Ethiopian minders, came Kennedy's giant of a son, stumping painfully on an artificial leg. What they saw, what conclusions they could possibly have drawn, were impossible to imagine. The senator was led to the sordid staff toilet; the rickety door opened and he entered, two of the crew cuts taking up positions outside, armpits bulging conspicuously. It was bad, that toilet, a squat with a stained hole in which ten feet below thrived a festering mass



from Sweet Silent Thought: Photographs of Twelve-Year-Old Girls, a portfolio by Sally Mann in the Fall issue of *Shenandoah*, a quarterly published by Washington and Lee University. The full series will appear this year in a traveling exhibition and will be published in the spring of 1988 by David R. Godine. Mann lives in Lexington, Virginia.

of some of the worst intestinal diseases known to man. I thought of his brother, a ghost of the sixties, speaking in that high, strained voice about a new frontier: "We will go anywhere, do anything, risk any risk..."

The door opened and the presidential candidate waddled out pulling at his trousers, his face green. All he would find here was a demonstration that of all the centuries, this one, with its cruel promises of progress, of the sort his brother had made, has been the worst of all.

I sat in a corner of the Kursa Hotel's dining room that evening, struggling with the monthly assessments of the nurses for the headquarters in Geneva. Germaine Greer, visiting the camp that day, was being noisy in another corner. On the stained wall behind her head a garish portrait of Lenin reached out to embrace a swirling crowd at the Finland Station. The mad grinning cook in the kitchen, who spent so much time carefully boiling water for my wife to drink, crashed some pots in the serving hatch. Somebody said "Yellum," nothing. We seemed, in that room with its chipped black-and-white tiled floor, broken coffee machine, and perpet-

ually locked bar full of prerevolutionary drinks, to be creatures from another world. A spaceship suspended over the desert below, where in the darkness biblical families faced total extinction.

The next morning one of the camp drivers took my wife and me in the truck to Kembolcha. The airfield lay in a field of gray stones that sloped down toward a dry riverbed. At the terminal building a sign saying TICKET OFFICE hung above a collapsing veranda, but the door was shut and padlocked and a surly guard stood in front of it holding a Kalashnikov. A huge Russian, stubble-headed and blond, walked past wearing absurd shorts, like an Englishman on holiday.

We waited, perched on a packing case. The Twin Otter was due in half an hour. There was a buzzing sound to the north and a helicopter, flying low, secretively, and camouflaged, approached to land. At the far end of the runway it plumped heavily onto the rough gravel. A file of men in gray rags, faces like skulls, each clinging with a long, thin arm to the shroud of the man in front, shuffled from under the whirling blades. One or two poked the ground with long

staves, but the others carried nothing, their free hand clutching their coarse rags tight about them. The helicopter took off in a swirl of brown dust. The file of shuffling skeletons vanished into a hut.

The Twin Otter landed short, bumping toward us with the copilot waving us to hurry through the already open rear door. They were late and short of fuel.

The fifteen-seater was full. In the rear four puzzled-looking Episcopalian ministers sat among piles of mail sacks and cartons of powdered milk. I sat next to a young black man with a confident air and smooth, well-fed features. Janet sat behind me. Through the window I watched my driver shambling back to the truck. There is a peculiar smell in the tropics on the last day you are there, a nostalgic smell like grass cuttings on an English summer's day. I smelled it as the door was slammed and knew that I would probably not come back.

The young black turned toward me and said with an American accent, "Say man, where your psychic investment income coming from?"

I groped with the metaphor. "How do you mean?"

He looked slightly impatient and gestured around him. Two-thirds of the seats were filled

with black Americans. "Well man, me and the brothers here, we here to help our African brothers in their tra-vail. I mean man, you here for what, man?"

I began to explain but he cut me short. They were a steering group for a new program that American blacks had started to help African countries find their true identities again. He informed me he had been a press secretary to a Senate lobbying group. It had, he said, taught him a lot about massaging public opinion. He talked of American Negroes coming soon to sit under the plane trees to give, brother to brother, advice to village chiefs. Being black, he said, was something different from being white, and it was only black people who could solve black people's problems. I listened, hoping for another metaphor with the startling quality of his first, but he had spent his most valuable coin at the very outset of the conversation. The rest of what he said I knew to be devalued currency, the plane-tree routine as dated as a Mary Lloyd film.

I asked him about the other members of the party, in particular the young man with a round, rather wistful face that seemed vaguely familiar. That was, he whispered, Martin Luther King's son. I looked again, seeing now the bland round face of the father peeping from his son's features.

Just in front of King's son sat an elderly black man with a tense face, weighed down under an enormous khaki pith helmet. The man in the helmet leaned over the aisle and handed my wife, sitting behind us, a small pamphlet. She glanced at it, then pushed it to me between the seats.

After four months of Amharic, the American type looked momentarily unfamiliar. Two lines of three-quarter-inch print announced, "The Slim Face Bahamian Diet." Below this some paragraphs outlined details of a vitamin drink offered as a substitute for meals. "Dick Gregory, the comedian," whispered the ex-press secretary. The plane bucked slightly in the turbulence.

I hunched slightly in my seat, unaccountably embarrassed, concentrating on the pilot's instruments, which I could see through the open door of the cockpit. I turned slightly to get another glimpse. But the comedian sat immersed in a book, the gray curls and the pith helmet overshadowing a drawn, sad face.

The copilot adjusted the trim, and reached behind him for the approach map to Addis Ababa.

A former press secretary, a diet in the middle of a famine, and the son of one of the world's most inspired idealists, a man who once said he had had a dream of justice, equality, and freedom for the black people of the world. Now the son was seeing a dream: gray, sticklike men be-

[Poem]

PINNED

By August Kleinzahler. From the Fall issue of ZYZZYVA, a quarterly featuring the work of West Coast writers and artists. Kleinzahler is the author of Storm Over Hackensack, a collection of poems, published by Moyer Bell Ltd.

The ways water finds to break
the bonds of solid things—
You move across my flank;
the ground turns strange.
Your sylph-gang churns a wind
and my beanie's propeller
ticks the air morosely.

Two steps and my breath quits.
Bits of steak and turnip
drop unchewed to my plate.
Wrestlers work this way:
they uproot you from earth
and take you back down,
tied insolubly to their wills.

ing bundled into huge whirling helicopters to fly over a dead land in search of a few handfuls of grain.

The Episcopalians stared out the windows at a strange un-American world through thin gold-rimmed spectacles. We landed at Addis.

[Scene]

THE LAST MAMA-ON-A-COUCH PLAY

From The Colored Museum, a play by George C. Wolfe, which opened last November at the Public Theater in New York City. The entire script appears in the February issue of American Theater, and an edition for actors will be published this spring by Broadway Play Publishing.

In a spotlight, a NARRATOR, dressed in a black tuxedo. He is totally solemn.

NARRATOR: We are pleased to bring you yet another mama-on-the-couch play. A searing domestic drama that tears at the very fabric of racist America. (He opens a playscript and reads) Act One. Scene One.

Lights reveal what he describes.

Lights up on a dreary, depressing (but with middle-class aspirations) tenement slum. There is a couch, with a mama on it. Both are well worn. There is a picture of Jesus on the wall and a window which looks onto an abandoned tenement. It is late spring.

Enter Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie-Jones. He is Mama's thirty-year-old son. His brow is heavy from 300 years of oppression.

MAMA (looking up from her oversize Bible and speaking in a slow manner): Son, did you wipe your feet?

SON: No, Mama, I didn't wipe my feet! Out there everyday, Mama, is The Man. The Man Mama. Mr. Charlie! Mr. Bossman! And he's wipin' his feet on me. On me Mama. Every damn day of my life. Ain't that enough for me to deal with? Ain't that enough?

MAMA: Son, wipe your feet.

SON: I wanna dream. I wanna be somebody, I wanna take charge of my life.

MAMA: You can do all of that, but first you got to wipe your feet.

He does, mumbling to himself.

That's a good boy.

SON (ready to erupt): Boy! Boy! I don't wanna be nobody's good boy, Mama. I wanna be my own man!

MAMA: I know son, I know. God will show the way.

SON: God Mama! Since when did your God ever do a damn thing for the black man? Huh, Mama, huh? You tell me. When did your God ever help me!

MAMA: Son, come here.

SON crosses to MAMA, who slowly stands and then backhands him clear across the room. She then lifts her clinched fists to the heavens.

Not in my house, my house, will you ever talk that way again!

The NARRATOR, so moved by her performance, erupts in applause and encourages the audience to do so.

NARRATOR: Beautiful. Just stunning.

He then gives MAMA an award for her performance. She bows and resumes her place on the couch.

Enter Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie's wife, the Lady in Plaid.

Music from nowhere is heard, a jazzy pseudo-abstract intro as LADY IN PLAID dances in.

LADY IN PLAID:

She was a creature of regal beauty
who in ancient times graced the temples of
the Nile
with her womanliness.

But here she was, stuck being colored
and a woman in a world that valued neither.

SON: You cooked my dinner?

LADY IN PLAID (oblivious to SON):

Feet flat, back broke,
she looked at the man who though he be
thirty,
still ain't got his own apartment.
Yeah, he's still living with his Mama!
And she asked herself, was this the life
for a Princess Colored, who by the
translucence of her skin knew the
universe was her sister.

LADY IN PLAID *twirls and dances.*

SON: I've had a hard day of dealin' with The Man. Where's my damn dinner? Woman stand still when I'm talkin' to you!

LADY IN PLAID:

And she cried for her sisters in Detroit
Who knew as she that their souls belonged
in ancient temples on the Nile.

And she cried for her sisters in Chicago who like her their life has become one colored hell.

SON: There's only one thing gonna get through to you.

LADY IN PLAID:

And she cried for her sisters in New Orleans and her sisters in Trenton and Birmingham and Poughkeepsie and Orlando and Las Vegas and Palm Springs and Miami Beach and...

As LADY IN PLAID continues to call off cities, SON goes offstage and returns with two black dolls.

SON (crossing to the window): Now, are you gonna cook me dinner?

LADY IN PLAID: Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie-Jones, no! Not my babies!

SON throws them out the window. She then lets out a primal scream.

He dropped them!!!!

NARRATOR (passionately applauding): Just splendid. Shattering.

After an intense struggle with MAMA he takes the award from her and gives it to the LADY IN PLAID, who is still suffering primal pain. Upon receiving the award she instantly recovers.

LADY IN PLAID: Help me up suggah.

The NARRATOR helps her stand. She bows and takes her place behind the couch.

NARRATOR: Enter Medea Jones, Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie's sister.

MEDEA dresses and speaks as if she just escaped from a Greek tragedy.

MEDEA:

Ah, see how the sun kneels to speak her evening vespers, exalting all in her vision, even lowly tenement long abandoned.

Mother, wife of brother, I trust the approaching darkness finds you safe in Hestia's bosom.

Brother, why wear the face of a man in anguish. Can the garment of thine feelings cause the shape of your countenance to disfigure so?

SON: Leave me alone Medea.

MEDEA (to MAMA and LADY IN PLAID): Is good brother still going on and on about he and The Man?

MAMA and LADY IN PLAID: What else?

MEDEA:

Ah brother, if with our thoughts and words we could cast thine oppressors into the lowest bowels of wretched hell, would that make us more like the gods or more like our oppressors.

No, brother, no, do not let thy rage choke the blood which anoints thy heart with love. Forgo thine darkened humor and let love shine on your soul, like a jewel on a young maiden's hand.

I beseech thee, forgo thine anger and leave wrath to the gods.

SON: Girl, what has gotten into you?

MEDEA:

Juilliard, good brother. For I am no longer bound by rhythms of race or region. Oh no. My speech, like my pain and suffering, has become classical and therefore universal.

[Photograph]

MATCHLESS TOBACCO



From "Transient and Stable Expression of the Firefly Luciferase Gene in Plant Cells and Transgenic Plants," by David W. Ow et al., in the November 14, 1986, issue of Science. The authors, a group of scientists at the University of California at San Diego, altered the genetic makeup of this tobacco plant by inserting a gene from a firefly into its DNA. The result is a tobacco plant that glows.

LADY IN PLAID: I didn't understand a damn thing she said, but ain't she sayin' those words.

MAMA and NARRATOR applaud as LADY IN PLAID goes and gives MEDEA the award.

SON: Wait one damn minute! This is my play. It's about me and The Man. It ain't got nuthin' to do with no ancient temples on the Nile and it ain't got nuthin' to do with Hestia's bosom and it ain't got nuthin' to do with you slappin' me across the room. It's about me and my pain! My pain!

VOICE OF THE MAN: Walter-Lee-Beau-Willie, this is The Man. You have been convicted of overacting. Come out with your hands up.

SON starts to cross to the window.

SON: Well now that does it!

MAMA: Son no, don't go near that window. Son no!

Gun shots ring out and SON falls dead.

Ohhh, my son was a good boy. Confused. Angry. Just like his father. And his father's father. And his father's father's father. And now he's dead. (*She drops to her knees*) If only he had been born into a world much better than this. A world where there are no well-worn couches and no well-worn Mamas and nobody overremotes.

If only he had been born into an all-black musical. Nobody ever dies in an all-black musical.

She sings a soul-stirring gospel.

OH WHY COULDN'T HE
BE BORN
INTO A SHOW WITH LOTS OF SINGING
AND DANCING

I SAY WHY
COULDN'T HE
BE BORN
INTO A SHOW WHERE EVERYBODY
IS HAPPY

OH WHY COULDN'T HE BE BORN WITH THE
CHANCE
TO SMILE A LOT AND SING AND DANCE
OH WHY
OH WHY COULDN'T HE BE BORN
INTO AN ALL-BLACK SHOW
WOAH-WOAH

The cast joins in, singing background to MAMA.

OH WHY
COULDN'T HE
BE BORN
(HE BE BORN)
INTO A SHOW WHERE EVERYBODY
IS HAPPY

WHY COULDN'T HE BE BORN WITH THE
CHANCE
TO SMILE A LOT AND SING AND DANCE

OH WHY
COULDN'T HE
BE BORN
INTO AN ALL-BLACK SHOW
A-MEN

A singing/dancing revival begins.

CAST:

OH SON GET UP
GET UP AND DANCE
WE SAY GET UP
THIS IS YOUR SECOND CHANCE

MAMA:

DON'T SHAKE A FIST
JUST SHAKE A LEG
AND DO THE TWIST
DON'T SCREAM AND BEG
SON SON SON
GET UP AND DANCE
GET UP!
GET UP AND!
GET UP AND DANCE—ALL RIGHT!

WALTER-LEE-BEAU-WILLIE-JONES springs to life and joins in the dancing. A manic production number builds, encompassing a myriad of black dancing styles.

MAMA (very bluesy and sassy):

WHY COULDN'T HE BE BORN INTO AN ALL-
BLACK SHOW

CAST:

WITH SINGING AND DANCING

MAMA:

BLACK SHOW

The dancing becomes manic and just a little too desperate to please.

CAST:

WE GOTTA DANCE
WE GOTTA DANCE
GET UP GET UP GET UP AND DANCE
WE GOTTA DANCE
WE GOTTA DANCE
GOTTA DANCE!

Just at the point the dancing is about to become violent, the CAST freezes, and pointedly and simply sings.

CAST:

IF WE WANT TO LIVE
WE HAVE GOT TO
WE HAVE GOT TO
DANCE... AND DANCE... AND DANCE...

They continue to dance with frozen smiles and faces. Around them images of coon performers flash as the lights slowly fade to black. ■

How high blood pressure can destroy high hopes

The effects of untreated high blood pressure often strike without warning. While high blood pressure (hypertension) by itself might not show any symptoms, there are a range of complications that can result in permanent impairment or death. The complications show up...

Through strokes

Constant high pressure against blood vessel walls in the brain can eventually cause them to break—one form of stroke. High blood pressure seems to speed up atherosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries. As arteries become less flexible and clogged with fatty deposits (cholesterol), it is more and more difficult for the blood to flow. If this happens to the blood vessels supplying your brain, the result can be a blocked artery that will cause a different kind of stroke known as cerebral thrombosis.

Through other problems

Not only are the blood vessels going to your brain affected by high blood pressure, but also the vessels to your heart may be seriously damaged. This results in chest pain (angina pectoris) or a heart attack (myocardial infarction). Hypertension also can trigger problems with the flow of blood to your kidneys, your eyes, or your hands and feet.

Who is at risk?

While individuals of any age can get high blood pressure, it is far more common in older age groups. It affects close to half the population over the age of 64. Under the age of 50, hypertension is more common in men than in women. After 55 or 60, it is more common in women than in men. Yet more men die from hypertension complications than do women.

Statistics also show that blacks, compared to whites, get high blood pressure earlier in life, at higher levels and twice as often.

People of any race who are overweight suffer more often from hypertension. High blood pressure also runs in families and may be aggravated in some cases by consuming too much salt.

What can be done about high blood pressure?

1. Live a healthy lifestyle. Lose excess weight; stop smoking; reduce stress, fat and salt intake; and make sure you get enough exercise, rest and relaxation.

2. If necessary, your doctor will prescribe an appropriate blood pressure medication. While hypertension medica-

tions available 20 years ago sometimes caused severe side effects, including changes in blood lipid levels, now there is a growing spectrum of medications that provide safe and effective therapy while focusing on the specific abnormalities of hypertension affecting you. Coordinating efforts closely with your doctor will ensure that he or she will prescribe the right medicine or combination of medicines to keep your pressure under control with few significant side effects. The use of anti-hypertensive medicines, together with improved lifestyles has helped cut one type of stroke death in half and reduced heart attacks by one-third.

3. Watch out for other health conditions that may aggravate effects of hypertension. For example, the risk of heart disease increases if both high blood pressure and high cholesterol are present. Your doctor can test your blood pressure and your cholesterol level and interpret the results.

Obviously, you can't be your own doctor. You need a support system. We call it...

Partners in Healthcare:

You are the most important partner.

Only you can make the appointment with your physician to have your blood pressure taken. And it's you who must decide to accept the guidance and counseling of your physician, pharmacist and other health care professionals. When medicines are prescribed, only you can take them as directed.

Your doctor interprets the warning signs, orders your tests and makes the diagnosis.

Your physician also prescribes the best medication for you among those available—considering each drug's characteristics—and monitors your progress.

All those who discover, develop and distribute medicines complete the partnership.

Pfizer's ongoing research brings you essential medicines for a wide range of diseases. Through development of these and many other medications along with providing important health care information, we are fulfilling our responsibility as one of your partners in health care.

For reprints of this Healthcare Series, please write: Pfizer Pharmaceuticals, Post Office Box 3852HY, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163



PHARMACEUTICALS • A PARTNER IN QUALITY,
COST-EFFECTIVE HEALTHCARE

MOVING UP AT LAST?

To talk about being black in America has long meant to talk about negatives: racism, poverty, violence. There was always a black middle class, but it never managed to make the headlines. Even the wealthiest blacks seemed at times to have only a fragile hold on the niceties of bourgeois existence. And few blacks were willing to go against the general sentiment that the best way to deal with the social and economic problems of the black community was through ever-increasing government intervention.

The rising economic fortunes of blacks in America, however, have brought about a new self-esteem on the part of the black middle class—and an apparent weakening of its traditional commitment to the tenets of liberalism. The old political slogans and remedies have lost much of their luster for the black bourgeoisie. But have the circumstances under which middle-class blacks live in America really changed? *Harper's Magazine* invited a group of prominent blacks to discuss the condition of the black middle class in America today.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art in New York City. Juan Williams served as moderator.

JUAN WILLIAMS

is a national correspondent for the Washington Post. He is the author of Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Years, 1954–1965, published last month by Viking Penguin.

GLENN C. LOURY

is a professor of political economy at the John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University. His book Free at Last?: Racial Advocacy in the Post-Civil Rights Era will be published this fall by The Free Press.

JULIAN BOND

served in the Georgia legislature from 1965 to 1987. He is the host of the syndicated television series America's Black Forum and narrator of the six-part PBS documentary Eyes on the Prize. He is the author of A Time to Speak, A Time to Act.

FRANK MINGO

is president of Mingo-Jones Advertising, the second-largest minority-owned communications company in the United States.

PAULA GIDDINGS

is the United Negro College Fund Distinguished Scholar at Spelman College in Atlanta. She is a contributing editor of Essence magazine and the author of When and Where I Enter: The Impact of Black Women on Race and Sex in America.

JUAN WILLIAMS: **E**. Franklin Frazier, the black sociologist, said in 1955 that the black middle class "lacks a basis in the American economic system." Things have changed since then, and in the process the black middle class has become an important debating point in the American political arena. Some say our economic progress proves that America is now colorblind and that the system can work for blacks. Others argue that the fact that one-third of black America remains trapped in the underclass proves that the system continues to discriminate against black people and that middle-class blacks are simply lucky. Could Frazier still be right? Is there a real black middle class in America today? And what are its prospects?

GLENN C. LOURY: If you look at the number of blacks in middle-class occupations—professionals, managers, technicians—you'll see a definite upward trend throughout the last three decades, the years of the civil rights movement. If you compare the earnings of, say, black and white doctors over the same term, you will see a relative gain on the part of the blacks. There's still a gap, of course, but it's getting smaller every year. And there's also a smaller earnings gap between black and white professionals than between black and white blue-collar workers. All of this suggests that since the 1950s there has been a noticeable increase in the number and

income and occupational status of black people in middle-class positions.

How secure is this increase? A good deal less, I suspect, than the statistical indicators are telling us. For one thing, black family income is usually more dependent on the wages of two different earners than is white family income. That makes it more subject to factors like unemployment or dislocation because of a job change, which means that the chances of economic backsliding are greater for middle-class blacks than for middle-class whites. And the question of security has a psychological dimension to it as well. Do successful blacks really feel they belong to that group of Americans who exert power and make their own lives? You can't pin down that kind of thing statistically.

WILLIAMS: What do the numbers tell you, Senator Bond? Is the emergence of a black middle class evidence that there are no racial barriers to success in America today?

JULIAN BOND: No. I think it's evidence that the nation has fewer and less overt barriers to black success. I don't like to use the word "emergence," by the way. There has been a black middle class in this country for a long, long time. It's an ancient part of the black community, though its numbers may have swelled recently. But the number of black lawyers, the number of black

doctors, the number of blacks graduating from professional schools—all of these have been in a relatively sharp decline over the last several years. The long-term security of the black middle class is threatened by that fact alone.

FRANK MINGO: Everybody talks about the black middle class. But nobody says anything about the black upper class. And that's because there isn't one. Upper-class money is old money, built on institutions that have been around for a long time. The black community is just starting to build those kinds of institutions. We've never had a chance to build on anything. We have to start from scratch each generation. When a black doctor dies, his son has to start all over again. That's one of the reasons why I'm in business, why I've taken the risk of being an entrepreneur and started my own company. I want to leave an institution that somebody else can build on.

PAULA GIDDINGS: The success of the civil rights movement, including anti-sex-discrimination laws, has ensured that black men and women have de jure access to the political and economic mainstream. The key question now is: How do they become empowered once they get in? A recent Harris poll commissioned by the National Coalition of 100 Black Women, for example, revealed that black women may have access to executive positions in the corporate world, but they are steered toward staff or personnel positions rather than more high-powered managerial jobs.

We also have to accept the fact that much of the income of the black middle class now comes from mainstream sources rather than the black community. Black lawyers, doctors, and businesspeople used to be dependent on monies from other blacks. Now more and more of them are living outside the black community—and making their money outside it as well.

WILLIAMS: What difference does that make? My money comes from the *Washington Post*. Does that mean I'm not answerable to the black community?

GIDDINGS: No, but it probably means that you're more isolated from the black community. That changes your perspective, because you're also answerable to the *Washington Post*.

MINGO: If you're a professional living and earning your income in a particular community, your success is based in large measure on how that community sees you: what you return to it, what your image is in the eyes of the people you live with. If your income comes from outside that

community, you're going to be less concerned about it—and less likely to want to live there in the first place.

LOURY: There was a time when most of the black middle class served as providers to the black community. But these were the people about whom E. Franklin Frazier wrote so scathingly in *Black Bourgeoisie*: black people who were prejudiced against the black poor. Even within my own family, I've heard stories about relatives who wouldn't talk to other relatives because they were "poor-ass niggers." They lived on the wrong side of town. They couldn't come to the party.

My point is that there wasn't some long-lost, pristine era in which all black people related to each other in natural harmony. There have always been profound class differences within the black community. And these differences are likely to grow as the black middle class gradually improves its economic lot. If blacks are to have power and status and participate in all the arenas of American society, then a large class of black Americans is eventually going to come into existence whose main sources of income and sense of professional identity and attachment will not lie with explicitly black institutions and organizations.

MINGO: Blacks have trouble talking about the issue of class. We don't like to discuss it. But class exists. I don't mean it in a derogatory way, but a black family that moves into a higher socioeconomic level inevitably develops a new and different social agenda.

WILLIAMS: One reason blacks won't talk about class is that race is still the determining factor in their existence as Americans.

MINGO: That's not the point. Societies start to have trouble whenever there's a small upper class that controls most of the wealth, a larger lower class that controls very little of it, and nothing in the middle. The middle class is the buffer of a class system. But all we have is a middle class and an underclass, and the interests and life styles of those two groups are very different.

Let me make an example. If I am trying to sell something to the lowest part of the black underclass in the ghetto, how do I reach them? Not on network television—they don't watch it. Not in the daily white newspapers—they don't read them. They don't even read *Ebony*. But they *do* walk the streets, so I hit them with a billboard. Now, you know how I reach upper-middle-class blacks? The same way I reach white people. Everybody at this table reads the *Wall*

Street Journal. You all read *Time*. You all watch David Brinkley on Sunday morning. There isn't any tangible difference between the upper level of black society and its white counterpart. The black middle class is increasingly Republican, increasingly conservative, increasingly like white people with similar incomes.

BOND: But our middle class isn't rigidly defined by income, or even by professional status. Jobs that might be considered blue-collar by whites have always been seen as middle-class by blacks.

GIDDINGS: Like the Pullman car porters.

BOND: Right. The porter's salary, small as it was, was big for his community, big enough for him to live well and dress well and educate his children well and keep a fine house. So I think our middle class is larger than any statistical definition can show. And while I don't know about the attitudes of these people, I'll hazard a guess that despite their political preferences, which are certainly moving to the right, they will remain race-bound and race-conscious, at least for the foreseeable future. That will be the distinguishing factor between them and their white counterparts.

WILLIAMS: If the problem for middle-class blacks has shifted from access to empowerment, does that mean the old civil rights strategies aren't valid anymore?

BOND: No. I think those strategies will be good for another hundred years.

WILLIAMS: Why?

BOND: Because they work. I'm president of the Atlanta NAACP. If you sat in our office for a day and answered the telephone, you'd find that the calls we get complaining of racial discrimination come from a wide variety of people: everyone from menial laborers to people who, at least by income and job title, are clearly members of the middle class. Our responses to these people are pretty much the same as they would have been twenty years ago.

WILLIAMS: But do those strategies work for the middle-class black trying to get ahead in a large corporation? Can you just walk into IBM and say: "How come you don't have any blacks in middle management?" And get results?

BOND: Sure.

WILLIAMS: What are you going to back it up with? A boycott of home computers?

BOND: IBM isn't a very good example. It's easier to boycott Gulf Oil or Kellogg's Corn Flakes or Toyota than IBM, just as it's easier to deal with the president of Coca-Cola than Ronald Reagan. More blacks drink Coke than voted for Reagan.

LOURY: Yes, but the distinction between not being able to get access and being successful once you have access is fundamental. I don't think strategies like affirmative action can ever be as effective in solving the second problem as they were in solving the first one.

You can't just tell a corporation that it had better shape up and get its black-white employment ratios together. To be effective in a large organization, you have to command the respect of the people you work with. You have to have an aura of competence about you. That's not something that can be imposed from without. It has to be grounded in past performance. When blacks come into an organization through an aggressive affirmative-action program, they don't have the track record that will make it possible for them to succeed in the corporate environment. White people invariably say: "These people wouldn't be here if it weren't for affirmative action. They'll never really be leaders."

Blacks who succeed in the world of business know something the rest of us are reluctant to talk about: it *matters* if the white man doesn't respect us. We don't like to talk about it because for so long, when we were objectively good, we didn't get what we had coming. So now we don't even want to credit the idea that the opinions of our white peers, however misguided, might actually be relevant to our ultimate success. But if we want to see blacks as CEOs of major corporations, at some point we're going to have to defer to the freely conveyed judgments of the whites in these environments with respect to the abilities of the blacks who wish to enter them. That's where affirmative action gets in the way.

WILLIAMS: So we don't need affirmative action? Is that what you're saying? That a black today who is objectively good can get to the top on his own?

LOURY: Yes, I believe that.

BOND: I hear this argument constantly, particularly from some of the blacks in the Reagan Administration. They claim that affirmative action creates in the minds of all whites the idea that all blacks who've come into new positions over the last several years did so solely because of affirmative action, and are therefore unqualified. I suspect that many, many white people feel this way, even about the guy who has laboriously

worked his way up the ladder, step by step. It's a false notion that seriously impacts on black people. But I think it's a *white* problem. It's nothing that blacks ought to spend a lot of time worrying about.

WILLIAMS: You don't care about it?

BOND: I care about it some because, as I say, I do think it has a negative impact on black people. But I don't care about it a lot.

MINGO: There has always been racism, and there's always going to be racism. What you have to do is get around it. You can't use racism as an excuse. Black people can learn how to work their way through the system, and we don't give enough credit to those who do. The energy you spend complaining about racism is energy you

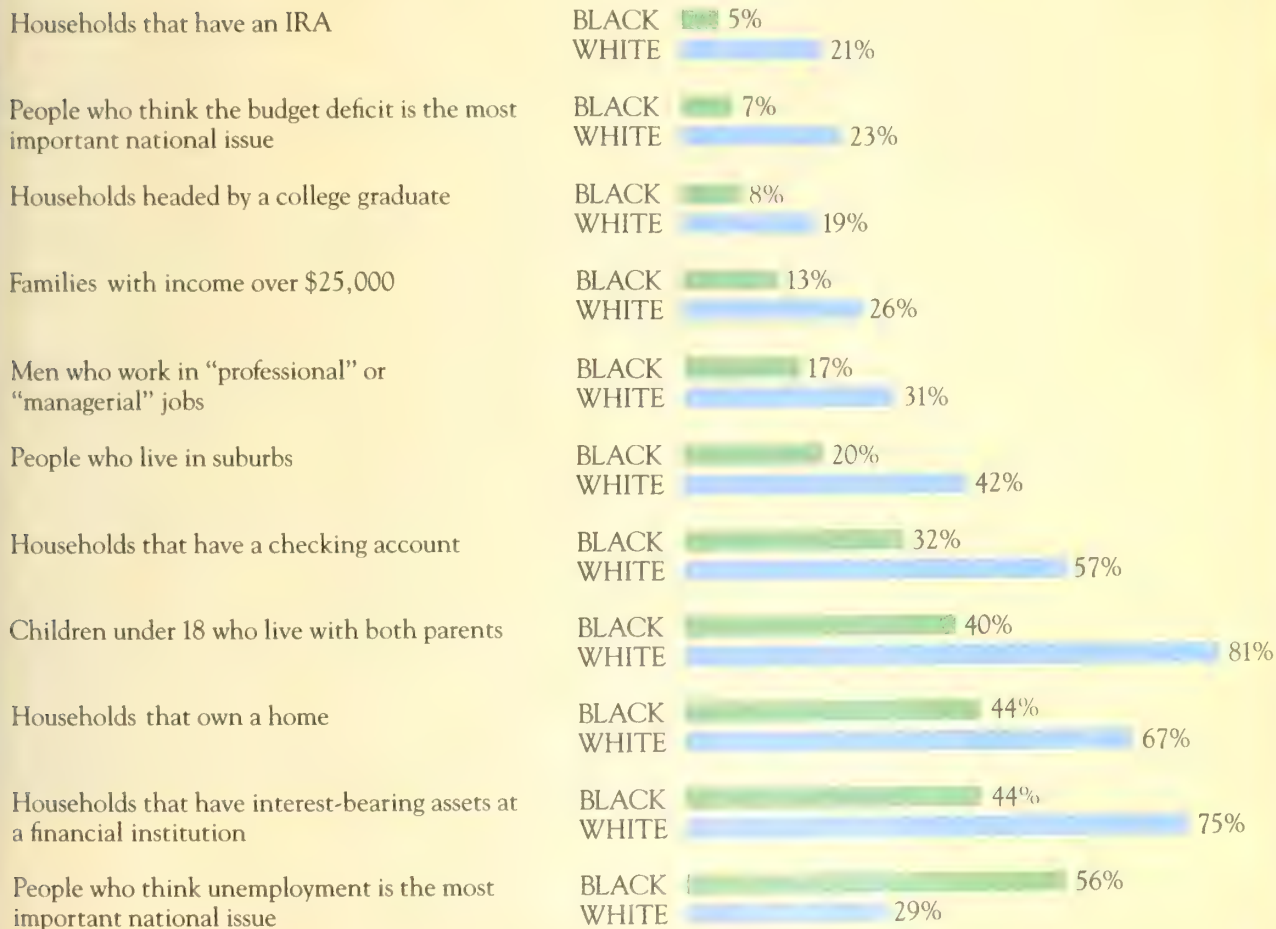
could have spent trying to figure out how to work the system.

BOND: I don't want to suggest that we ought to continue blaming every fault and every setback on racism. But it's there, as Mr. Mingo says, and you have to have a strategy for dealing with it. The strategies that proved successful in the past are going to prove effective in the future. What worked to get the first black bakery truck drivers hired in Philadelphia will work to get the first assistant VP hired in Atlanta.

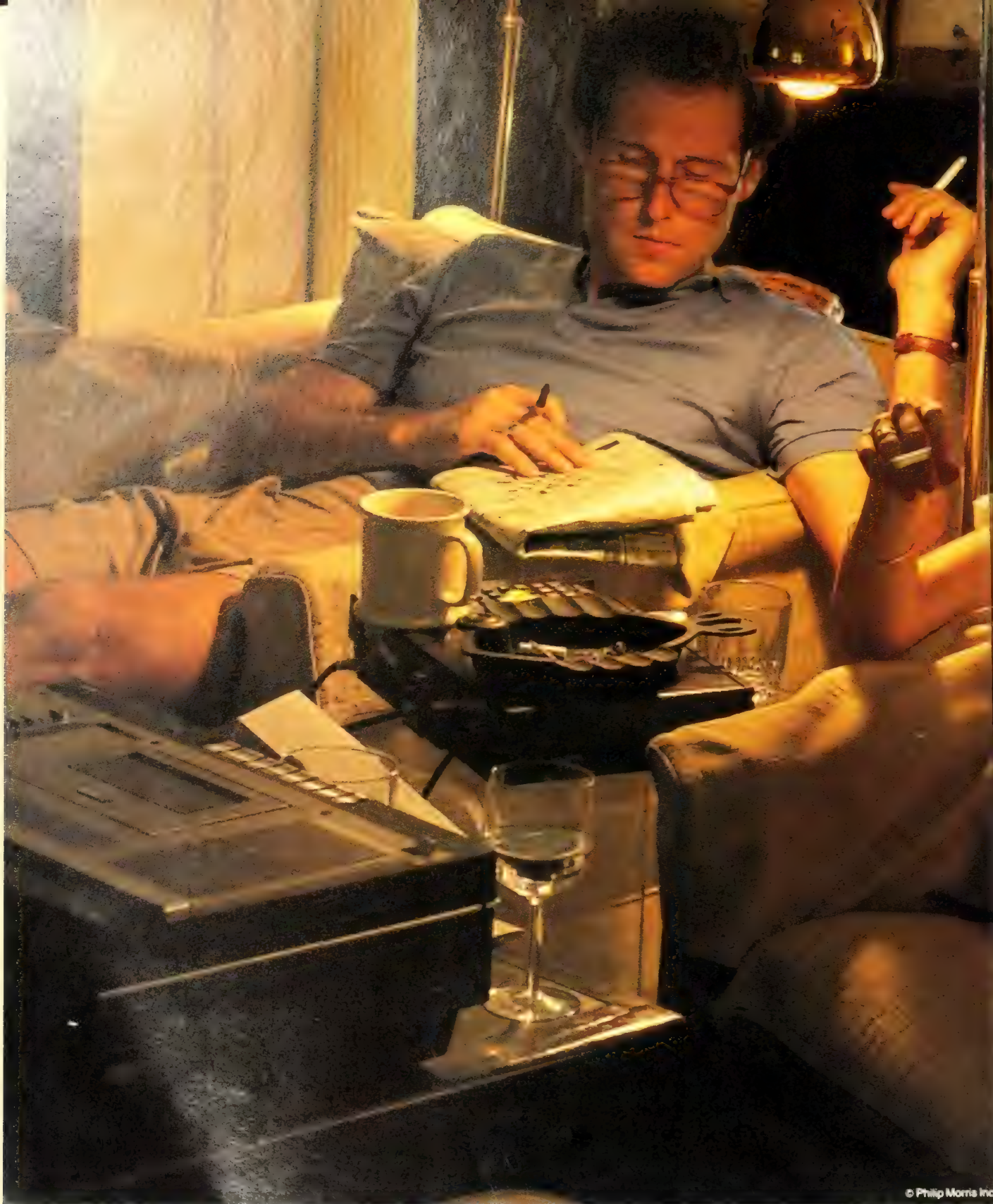
LOURY: But will it work to get a black in as CEO of the corporation?

WILLIAMS: Wait a minute. Aren't you the one who's saying that if you're black and objectively good, you'll make it?

Making It: A Study in Black and White




Sources: Reynolds Farley and Walter Allen, *The Color Line and the Quality of Life in America*, forthcoming this spring from the Russell Sage Foundation; Joint Center for Political Studies



© Philip Morris Inc.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



For people
who like
to smoke...



BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.



Rap Street, by Varnette P. Honeywood, 1979. A reproduction of this painting hangs over the bed in Vanessa Huxtable's room on the set of NBC's *The Cosby Show*. *Rap Street* is also featured on the "Speakout '86" poster of the Children's Defense Fund Teen Pregnancy Prevention Campaign. (From the collection of Craig and Beverly Cummings, Los Angeles.)

LOURY: Yes. And I didn't mean to sound naive about the existence of racism. I merely think that racism is manageable, that really good people can succeed in corporate environments in spite of it. If your inclination in the face of adversity is to buckle down and look for ways to get ahead, you're going to be a different kind of person, one more fit to survive in the world we live in, than if your first inclination is to go crying to the very people whose racist sentiments and indifference to your circumstances are causing you to complain.

WILLIAMS: You're letting a lot of people off the hook who are racists, who still want to deny equal opportunity to black people. You're saying that racism is a given, to forget it, it doesn't matter.

LOURY: I'm not letting them off the hook. They're not on the hook to begin with. Look, if these people are racists, if they're not really concerned about my welfare, by what logic do I conclude that an appeal to their conscience is going to somehow better my circumstances?

WILLIAMS: Fair enough. But you know that you're offering comfort to the Reaganites of the world who say: "The blacks have a problem with teenage pregnancy, with crime, with drugs. That's

what's keeping them back, not racism. America is a wonderful country. You can make it on your own. Glenn Loury says so."

LOURY: That's a price I'm willing to pay. I'm not going to live my life worried about whether or not something I say to the black community, something that I think is valid and necessary for my people, allows some white racist to feel good.

BOND: I don't mind appealing to the people who caused the problem in the first place, because I want to stop them from causing it for others who come after me. Say that I'm working for Multi-national Corporation A, and I'm right at the top rank of lower-level managers, and I see that my promotion didn't come through, and as far as I'm concerned I'm superior to the white guy whose promotion *did* come through. I'm going to go to my superior and say: "Look here, you're stiffing me, and the only reason you're stiffing me is because I'm black." Or I might go to Agency B or Attorney C or Civil Rights Group X to do it for me.

MINGO: I've spent twenty-five years in corporations, and I'm going to tell you: you do any of that stuff and you're a dead man.

WILLIAMS: So what do you do?

MINGO: I remember one particular guy who came to me for advice a few years ago. He was bright, he had an MBA, he'd worked his way up through the system. He felt that he should have been promoted and that he'd been passed over strictly because he was black. But he just didn't understand the corporate culture. I said to him: "Tell me something. The guy that got the promotion—is he here every morning when you get here?" "Oh, yeah, but he's just brown-nosing the boss." "When you come back from lunch, is he already back?" "Oh, yes, he usually eats a sandwich at his desk, but that's just apple-polishing."

WILLIAMS: So racism really doesn't play a role in the corporate culture? It's all a question of coming back from lunch on time?

MINGO: No, no. Let me be clear about what I'm saying. I have little tolerance for people who blame *all* their failures on racism. If you fall victim to this business of thinking that everything is a direct consequence of racism, that there's nothing we can do about it, we might as well give it up right now. I have a \$75 million company. I think I ought to have a \$500 million company. I think a whole lot of that is due to

racism. But I'd rather have a \$75 million company than no company at all. When I lose some business, I don't sit around and say that I lost that business because of racism, the system is terrible, I'm going to complain to the NAACP. I put my faith in myself, and I think more people should do that. I can't deal with sitting back on my rear end and saying that racism is the reason I'm not a multimillionaire.

LOURY: The same thing goes for the children of the black middle class who are now attending col-

leges like Harvard and Yale and Swarthmore and Williams and who are in direct competition with other young people for positions in law schools and other professional schools. We all know that there are racial problems on a lot of campuses. I certainly don't want to ascribe the responsibility for these problems solely, or even substantially, to black students and their attitudes. But I do think that we may not be demanding as much as we should from our young people who are coming out of good homes, who have all the advantages, and who show up at

The Boston Four Hundred: 1940

So I went gawking around the neighborhood—the Waumbeck and Humboldt Avenue Hill section of Roxbury, which is something like Harlem's Sugar Hill, where I'd later live. I saw those Roxbury Negroes acting and living differently from any black people I'd ever dreamed of in my life. This was the snooty-black neighborhood; they called themselves the "Four Hundred," and looked down their noses at the Negroes of the black ghetto, or so-called "town" section where Mary, my other half-sister, lived.

What I thought I was seeing there in Roxbury were high-class, educated, important Negroes, living well, working in big jobs and positions. Their quiet homes sat back in their mowed yards. These Negroes walked along the sidewalks looking haughty and dignified, on their way to work, to shop, to visit, to church. I know now, of course, that what I was really seeing was only a big-city version of those "successful" Negro bootblacks and janitors back in Lansing. The only difference was that the ones in Boston had been brainwashed even more thoroughly. They prided themselves on being incomparably more "cultured," "cultivated," "dignified," and better off than their black brethren down in the ghetto, which was no farther away than you could throw a rock. Under the pitiful misapprehension that it would make them "better," these Hill Negroes were breaking their backs trying to imitate white people.

Any black family that had been around Boston long enough to own the home they lived in was considered among the Hill elite. It didn't make any difference that they had to rent out rooms to make ends meet. Then the native-born New Englanders among them looked down upon recently migrated Southern home-owners who lived next door, like Ella. And a big percentage

of the Hill dwellers were in Ella's category—Southern strivers and scramblers, and West Indian Negroes, whom both the New Englanders and the Southerners called "Black Jews." Usually it was the Southerners and the West Indians who not only managed to own the places where they lived, but also at least one other house which they rented as income property. The snooty New Englanders usually owned less than they.

In those days on the Hill, any who could claim "professional" status—teachers, preachers, practical nurses—also considered themselves superior. Foreign diplomats could have modeled their conduct on the way the Negro postmen, Pullman porters, and dining car waiters of Roxbury acted, striding around as if they were wearing top hats and cutaways.

I'd guess that eight out of ten of the Hill Negroes of Roxbury, despite the impressive-sounding job titles they affected, actually worked as menials and servants. "He's in banking," or "He's in securities." It sounded as though they were discussing a Rockefeller or a Mellon—and not some gray-headed, dignity-posturing bank janitor, or bond-house messenger. "I'm with an old family" was the euphemism used to dignify the professions of white folks' cooks and maids who talked so affectedly among their own kind in Roxbury that you couldn't even understand them. I don't know how many forty- and fifty-year-old errand boys went down the Hill dressed like ambassadors in black suits and white collars, to downtown jobs "in government," "in finance," or "in law." It has never ceased to amaze me how so many Negroes, then and now, could stand the indignity of that kind of self-delusion.

—from *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*,
by *Malcolm X with Alex Haley*

Harvard and get Cs when they could be getting As and Bs.

Many of these young people couch their rhetoric in terms of oppression and exploitation. I think we need to wean ourselves from the rhetoric of victimization. My daughters are in college now, and I've told them: "I don't want to hear any excuses about why you can't make it in 1987 at the University of Illinois. It's just not acceptable that you tell me how some racist teacher has prevented you from getting a grade in philosophy or calculus that I *know* you can get."

WILLIAMS: Let's turn to another question. What is the responsibility of the black middle class to the black underclass?

GIDDINGS: I think we have the primary responsibility in terms of the black underclass. This isn't to say that the federal government doesn't have responsibilities, merely that we are going to have to be in the vanguard in terms of finding solutions. For the first time, the black middle class is in a position to leverage its skills and access to the instruments of political and economic power in order to deal with the problems of the under-

A World of Make-Believe: 1955

The black bourgeoisie in the United States is an essentially American phenomenon. Its emergence and its rise to importance within the Negro community are closely tied up with economic and social changes in the American community. Its behavior as well as its mentality is a reflection of American modes of behavior and American values. What may appear as distortions of American patterns of behavior and thought are due to the fact that the Negro lives on the margin of American society. The very existence of a separate Negro community with its own institutions within the heart of the American society is indicative of its quasi-pathological character, especially since the persistence of this separate community has been due to racial discrimination and oppression.

As the result of this fact, the black bourgeoisie is unique in a number of respects: First, it lacks a basis in the American economic system. Among colonial peoples and among other racial minorities, the bourgeoisie usually comes into existence as the result of its role in the economic organization of these societies. But the black bourgeoisie in the United States has subsisted off the crumbs of philanthropy, the salaries of public servants, and what could be squeezed from the meager earnings of Negro workers. Hence "Negro business," which has no significance in the American economy, has become a social myth embodying the aspirations of this class. . . .

When the opportunity has been present, the black bourgeoisie has exploited the Negro masses as ruthlessly as have whites. As the intellectual leaders in the Negro community, they have never dared think beyond a narrow, opportunistic philosophy that provided a rationalization for their own advantages. Although the

black bourgeoisie exercise considerable influence on the values of Negroes, they do not occupy a dignified position in the Negro community. The masses regard the black bourgeoisie as simply those who have been "lucky in getting money" which enables them to engage in conspicuous consumption. When this class pretends to represent the best manners or morals of the Negro, the masses regard such claims as hypocrisy. . . .

The emphasis upon "social" life or "society" is one of the main props of the world of make-believe into which the black bourgeoisie has sought an escape from its inferiority and frustrations in American society. This world of make-believe, to be sure, is a reflection of the values of American society, but it lacks the economic basis that would give it roots in the world of reality. In escaping into a world of make-believe, middle-class Negroes have rejected both identification with the Negro and his traditional culture. Through delusions of wealth and power they have sought identification with the white America which continues to reject them. But these delusions leave them frustrated because they are unable to escape from the emptiness and futility of their existence. Gertrude Stein would have been nearer the truth if she had said of the black bourgeoisie what she said of Negroes in general, that they "were not suffering from persecution, they were suffering from nothingness," not because, as she explained, the African has "a very ancient but a very narrow culture." The black bourgeoisie suffers from "nothingness" because when Negroes attain middle-class status, their lives generally lose both content and significance.

—from *Black Bourgeoisie*,
by E. Franklin Frazier

class. But the challenge is a particularly difficult one, because the black middle class is no longer part of the black community.

WILLIAMS: Because middle-class blacks live in the suburbs now?

GIDDINGS: Yes, but the separation is more than just a physical one. Throughout our history, black leaders like Mary Church Terrell and Ida B. Wells understood and articulated the idea that the fate of all blacks was inseparable by class. We seem to have lost sight of that concept. But the black middle class will remain fragile as long as there's a large and growing black underclass in our society. Today, most black children are born poor. They're the legacy of the next generation of the majority of black people in this country. Our survival depends on the survival of the black underclass.

WILLIAMS: Glenn, wouldn't you say that it's the responsibility of the underclass to pull itself up out of poverty?

LOURY: I would say that every individual carries a substantial responsibility to be actively involved in the process by which he's going to get pulled up. And I don't absolve a person from this responsibility merely because he's poor or without a job. I know you can't pull yourself up by your bootstraps if you don't have any boots. There is clearly a public responsibility for the underclass. But you can separate this idea from the idea that the recipient of public assistance should be actively engaged in changing his circumstances. I don't say this to someone who's disabled. I don't say it to a two-year-old. But I damn well do say it to a twenty-two-year-old man or woman who is the father or mother of that child.

Mr. Mingo said earlier that we don't like to talk about class, that we don't want to talk about the differences in attitudes and values that exist among black people. Well, those differences *do* exist. The middle-class black resents it when someone says he's lucky, because he knows that his success is based upon having worked very hard. I don't mean to sound sanctimonious, but one of the most important responsibilities of the black middle class to the black underclass is to be able to say: "We succeeded because we worked hard, because we got up early in the morning and got to work on time."

WILLIAMS: Did you come from the black middle class?

LOURY: My father and mother were divorced when I was young. My mother and sister and I lived upstairs in the back of my auntie's house. A nice

neighborhood, a middle-class black neighborhood in Chicago. I was taken care of reasonably well. I was never hungry. And I was always aware of the "we-they" distinction that black people have always been warned not to talk about, but which is very real nevertheless. We weren't going to jail. Our sisters weren't having five kids and living on welfare. We lived in nice communities. They lived in the projects and cut each other on Saturday night. My whole family was aware of that distinction.

What I'm trying to say is that we've got to be willing to judge each other. Do you remember the young man on the Bill Moyers TV special last year? He had fathered six children by four different women. He talked about wanting to marry the mother of the last three—when he could afford a big wedding. Carl Rowan saw fit to write a column defending this young man as a handicapped victim of society. I think the man should be judged, and I think we can judge him without dismissing all black people and without being racists. Maybe Jesse Helms gets a thrill when he hears us doing that, but I'm not worried about Jesse Helms's thrill. I'm more worried about the other young men who might be channeled into the wrong path of behavior by our unwillingness to criticize the behavior of this young man, who has behaved irresponsibly. *That's* the middle-class black role that is not now being filled.

WILLIAMS: So you think it's the obligation of the black middle class to judge the underclass?

MINGO: The first obligation of the black middle class is to survive. The second obligation of the black middle class is to take care of its children. Then we can be concerned about the wider issues of the black underclass. And we'll have to do that through new institutions. Our own institutions. But I don't think we should put the burden on individuals in the black middle class to turn around and help the underclass. It's not going to happen anyway. I would never send my nine-year-old son to spend the summer in the worst part of the ghetto on some project. I would not do that. Ain't no *way* you're going to make me do that.

GIDDINGS: We have to look beyond individual philanthropy. We must deal with the systemic problems of black poverty. We know, for example, that education is the key to black economic progress. We also know that the public education system, particularly in our inner cities, has fallen apart. The reasons go beyond the caliber of teachers—or even that of the students. They have to do with political issues, public finance, and tax issues, with a burgeoning bureaucracy

that is destructive to the education of our children. In other words, we have to take a more sophisticated look at why the institution of education is failing in the inner cities.

MINGO: That's exactly what I'm talking about. Let me add that while blacks are still the largest minority in this country, Hispanics may well displace us in the next century. And they are already benefiting from the lessons we had to work out for ourselves in the civil rights movement. If we don't deal with the black underclass now, no one is going to care in twenty-five years. We'll be irrelevant.

LOURY: To put it crudely, there are some new kids on the block who are kicking ass—who are in the game, who are playing the game, who are getting ahead. And their success threatens us. I hear shrill desperation in the rhetoric of many of today's black leaders. They prostrate themselves before the American polity, and continue to make these appeals about the misery of our lot and how it keeps getting worse. White people are going to stop listening to us sooner or later, if they haven't already.

Yes, there has to be public support. There has to be public assistance. There should be jobs programs. We should be worrying about educating disadvantaged youths. But clearly that's not enough. In cities like Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, the majority of public school teachers are black middle-class men and women. What's wrong with the idea that they should start worrying about something bigger than themselves, something besides wage demands and job security?

BOND: My little girl brought a note home from school that said, "Julia be late too often." What kind of teacher wrote that note? Is he teaching my daughter how to read and write? I'm talking about a public school in Atlanta. If that teacher's main concern is wages and hours and whether or not he has to sit in a study hall and does he get a rest period, then some other force is going to have to move in. The parents are going to have to say: "It's my education that helped put me where I am today. So I want my children to get the best possible education they can."

MINGO: Middle-class people in general—not just black middle-class people—are not terribly concerned with the wider issues. And they'll tell you that. They tell us that in our surveys. Black or white, middle-class people aren't joiners anymore. "How do I get this? What can I do for my kids? What's in it for me?" Man, this is the Age of Me. It's a problem. And until and unless we find new leaders, it's going to continue to be a

problem. That's one of the main reasons we can't get the middle class to attend to the problems of the underclass. It's been a long time since we've had an individual who could galvanize our efforts, give us a goal, show us where we're going. We haven't had a leader that enough black people will listen to since Martin Luther King.

BOND: I disagree with you, Mr. Mingo. One of the reasons for the success of the civil rights movement in the early 1960s was the fact that it was essentially a mass movement. Everybody had a role to play—from the domestic worker in Montgomery who could walk to work instead of riding at the back of the bus to the young white kid from Harvard who could take the summer off and come down to work in Mississippi. But today's movement, if there is such a thing, is largely leader-heavy and followship-light. Over and over I hear people saying, "When is Jesse Jackson going to take care of that?" and "What is Benjamin Hooks doing about that?" These aren't just Jesse Jackson's or Benjamin Hooks's troubles. They're *our* troubles. And unless all of us are willing to dig in, they aren't going to go away. The dilemma of the black underclass will eventually engulf the rest of us.

Granting that middle-class blacks may be increasingly self-centered in their interests, I do think there's an undercurrent of growing race and community consciousness running through black America, particularly on the issues of education and teenage sex. The Urban League, for example, would never have addressed the question of black male sexual irresponsibility ten years ago.

LOURY: Blackness still means something. It's not just an arbitrary category, not just a device. It's a reflection of a long history of shared experience that can continue to have powerful meaning in our lives. But we've got to *make* that meaning. Once we were called Negro or colored. Now we're called Afro-American or black. We're proud of our African heritage. There was a time when calling somebody black would have started a fight. Now *not* being called black is considered just as insulting. How did that happen? The government didn't do it. Black people did it. They did it through social sanctions, through establishing expectations about behavior, through forcing others in the group to measure up to those expectations or run the risk of being excluded. And in the name of blackness, in the spirit of our collective identity, we've got to push forward in exactly the same way to find our own solutions to the problems that threaten the survival of the black community in America. ■

LOST INNOCENTS

The myth of missing children

By Peter Schneider

In Berlin in the winter, the sky becomes an immovable, concrete-gray roof. Anyone leaving the walled-in city for a trip to California is regarded as a deserter. As he takes leave of his friends, he watches their pallid faces turn paler with envy. He hears them congratulating him through clenched teeth. He is off to see the foamy crests of the Pacific; he will be back when the linden trees are dripping.

A few days before I left for California—I was to teach at Stanford—a friend who had just returned from the States dropped by and managed to cast a dark shadow on my sunny vision. My friend and I sat and talked with my scarcely two-year-old daughter and her mother; I mentioned to him that they would be traveling with me. He suddenly furrowed his brow. With a cold gaze he scrutinized my daughter's blond hair and enormous blue eyes, and then said that he didn't wish to frighten us, but if we didn't want to see a photograph of this little angel on a milk carton, we had better not let her out of our sight for a moment. "My daughter on a milk carton?" I asked, thinking my friend was hinting at a possible offer from some package designer or casting director for TV commercials. "Surely the parents have a word to say about that."

Thereupon my informant told me about a trade I had never heard of. He said there were professional kidnappers in California, Mexicans, who stole blond, blue-eyed children and sold them to childless couples for five-figure sums. Pictures of these stolen children would gaze out at me at the breakfast table, printed on the extra-large milk cartons sold everywhere. In fact, he said, it was impossible to drink a glass of milk anywhere in America without gazing into the eyes of a disappeared child and reading his or her plaintive plea: "Have you seen me?"

The bizarre idea of seeing my daughter's face on a milk carton began to haunt me. I recalled a campaign instigated by German parents some time ago against a traffic sign cautioning drivers to pay heed to pedestrians. The sign had shown the silhouette of a man with a slouch hat leading a child across the street. The parents protested that this image had the power to

Peter Schneider is the author of The Wall Jumper, a novel. He wrote about Berlin in the August 1986 issue of Harper's Magazine.

All the stories about
kidnapping began to
affect my parental
style. Outings with
my daughter turned
into anxious
misadventures

instill in children a dangerous trust in strangers wearing slouch hats. All too often, the parents argued, sex maniacs wearing slouch hats were proaching children in order to lead them, first across the street, and then into the bushes. The campaign was successful: the male silhouette was replaced by a female image, and little by little, it seemed, men with slouch hats disappeared from the streets altogether.

This campaign had made me laugh at the time; I was not yet a father. But now I felt its effect. Each time I thought about my friend's story of California kidnappers, the image of the man with the slouch hat immediately came to mind.

I think I would quickly have forgotten my friend's advice about keeping a close eye on my daughter if I hadn't heard it repeated so often and with such urgency in the States. The first warning actually reached me before I had passed through customs. We were in the baggage-claim area of an airport. The luggage had not arrived yet, and to the delight of two American children, my daughter was using the circling conveyor belt as a merry-go-round. The mother of the two kids was having a hard time restraining them. She then turned to me and indignantly asked, What in the world made me so sure that my child would reappear after vanishing—with the conveyor belt—behind that pillar? I quickly lifted my daughter off.

Signs of a constantly lurking menace multiplied after we had settled in. Every few days, I found advertisements in the mailbox, little postcards praising the merits of razors, weight-reduction schemes, and insect repellents. It would have been easy to throw them away if the backs of the cards hadn't carried photographs of missing children. One leaflet even showed a child on the front; the back featured an electronic bug-killer that had been reduced from \$19.99 to \$9.98. This leaflet came so often that I finally ordered the electronic bug-killer: if it could get rid of roaches, maybe it would scare off kidnappers as well.

I had been in San Francisco for only a few days when I read a thriller-like story in the *Chronicle*. The hero was a private detective who had been hired by a desperate mother to find her stolen child. After searching for several years, the man located the child in Mexico. He had pursued the abductor across half of that country by plane, by car, and on horseback, and had finally cornered him at gunpoint on a Sunday morning during Mass. (I would have to ask the *Chronicle* for the detective's address.) Needless to say, the abductor was Mexican. That he was also the father of the child, long since divorced from the mother, was a detail the significance of which escaped me at the time.

There were other stories, in the papers and on TV. In Chicago, a special presentation about "stranger-danger" had been given to 986 groups of children during the first six months of 1986. A year earlier, in Denver, 35,000 children had responded to a soft-drink company's invitation to press their little fingers on stamp pads, so that fingerprints would be on file in case of kidnapping. I heard about parents who had "video portraits" made of their children, this to facilitate identification years later. Other parents had computer identification chips with vital data implanted in their children's molars as soon as their second teeth came in.

As if this were not enough, campaigns for party primaries were going on in California during the time of my stay. Among the ads I saw on television was one with this touching scene: having just led a missing child into the arms of her weeping mother, the candidate receives the child's grateful kiss on the cheek. I felt relieved, and became a little careless. I decided to forgo the offer of an insurance company to cover the cost of a detective in case my child was abducted.

All the stories about kidnapping began to affect my parental style. Outings with my daughter, especially shopping trips, turned into anxious misadventures. In the supermarket, it is all but impossible to keep her standing in line at the cash register. Her near addiction to Gummy Bear

quickly leads her to the aisle where her favorite edible animals can be found. In better times, I had let her have her will and waited until she returned with the package of her choice. Now when she took off I'd give up my place in line and hurry after her. Full of mistrust, I would scrutinize any child seemingly loitering in the vicinity of the Gummy Bears—clearly such a spot was ideal for kidnappers.

If my fear could be called paranoia, there were others who shared it with me. One day, when I led a lost child back to his parents, I saw in the stranger's eyes not gratitude but a restrained desire to attack me—the stranger who was holding his child by the hand.

Ah, and those walks on the glorious Pacific beaches! I had long been proud of a trait of my daughter's that I secretly attributed to me: as early as the age of eight months, whenever she saw some interesting creature—a dog, a child, a man with a hat—as a distant speck on the horizon, she would start crawling in that direction without once turning around. In this new environment, her adventurous courage struck me as a nuisance, or, to use a Darwinian term, as unconducive to her survival. One evening, as the sun sank into the Pacific with an incomparable display of color, I sat on the beach constructing in my mind a child-friendly leash by which I would henceforth lead my daughter along the coastline of California.

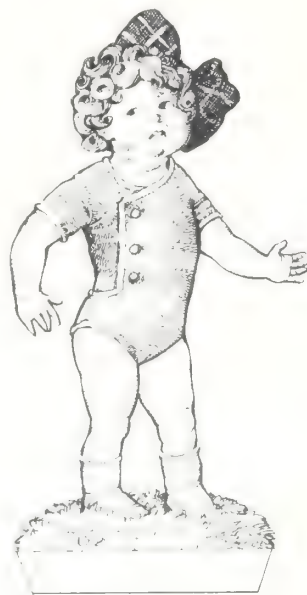
I believe it was there, on the beach, that I experienced my first doubts about the rationality of my fear of kidnappers. This much was uncontestedly true: not a day passed when my eyes didn't meet the eyes of missing children—on television, on shopping bags, on milk cartons. But did I know for sure that each of these daily reminders corresponded to a kidnapping? How often, exactly, did that which "could happen any hour of any day" actually happen? The question at first seems blasphemous, I know. But of course every child kidnapped is one too many. But after nervously hovering over my blond and blue-eyed daughter for two months, I wanted to see some figures.

The first, and admittedly awkward, phase of my research consisted of digging empty milk cartons out of garbage cans and comparing the pictures of missing children on the back. The result was this: within a given time period (indicated by the sale date), the cartons usually bore the same pictures. I began to pester friends and acquaintances with questions about the number of missing children. And I made a surprising discovery. Nearly every citizen of this country so spoiled with numbers is normally in a position to supply a stranger with statistical information concerning this or that condition. Even intimate things like household income, or the age when the average girl loses her virginity, are matters of public knowledge. But the people I questioned about missing children just shrugged and then mumbled some figure—maybe 5,000, maybe 50,000. No one could tell me with assurance where these figures came from or whether they pertained to California or to the whole United States. None of the people I asked could name even a distant acquaintance whose child had been kidnapped.

If my research failed to provide me with hard numbers, I did get to hear more stories. Children, I learned, were not—as my friend in Berlin had explained—stolen exclusively by Mexicans for the purpose of selling them to childless couples. They were also abducted and shipped to Africa or to Arabian harems; there were those who were forced into prostitution by Mafia pimps. Thus my phantom image of the kidnapper was expanded: the man with the sombrero was joined by a black with a knitted cap and an Italian waiter with a picture of the Madonna dangling on his chest.

I had to travel far before I came a bit nearer to the truth. During Easter vacation I took a trip to Mexico, and deep in the south of the Baja I met a Californian of Herculean proportions who invited me to have a Margarita at a poolside table. I immediately liked the man; the moment he heard where I came from, he expressed an interest in going to Berlin. I asked him

After nervously hovering over my daughter for two months, I wanted to see some figures about missing children



One percent at the
most of all missing
children were
abducted
by strangers



whether he wasn't afraid—two Americans had just been killed in the bombing of a discothèque. He laughed heartily and identified himself as detective. In 1985, he said, fifty-four Americans were murdered by terrorists overseas. In Los Angeles, where he worked, more than 700 people are murdered each year. Clearly, an American has a lot more to fear in an American city than in any city in Europe. Infected by my interlocutor's readiness to tear down preconceptions, I decided to confess my fear of child kidnappers. He was in police work; maybe he could give me some information. "How many missing children are there in a year?" I asked straight out. My new friend replied with a question of his own: "What do you mean by 'missing child'?" And already he was delivering a furious little lecture. The term "missing child," he said, included, first of all, the category of "runaways," children who try to escape their parents' clutches. Then there were the "throwaways," children rejected by their parents; a third group consisted of "parent-abducted" children. Finally, there were the children abducted by strangers.

"But nobody," I shouted, "nobody looking at those pictures on milk cartons sees these children as their own parents' victims! How many stranger-abducted children are there in California in a year?"

"At the most?" the detective shouted back. "Tops? Ten!" He said it stretched, and performed one and a half somersaults as he leaped into the water. He left me at poolside, a man stripped of a blindfold. "Ten," I mumbled, and watched my detective perform chin-ups on the diving board in competition with his daughter. "Ten," I shouted at my daughter, who was clinging to my side by sheer force of recently acquired habit (I gave her a shove). "Ten—I don't believe it!"

After returning to San Francisco I found out that I was by no means the first to suspect that fear had made him the victim of a national myth. Several reporters had already written admirably researched pieces—for example, a Pulitzer Prize-winning series published by the *Denver Post* in May 1985—revealing the truth about "missing children." Their number is indeed alarming. Nobody knows how many children are reported missing in the United States each year—estimates range from 380,000 to more than a million; a large number, at any rate. But experts agree that about 95 percent of these children fall into the category of runaways. Most runaways return to their families within three days, so on any given day there are likely to be 30,000 to 40,000 open cases. On July 1, 1986, for example, the FBI was actively investigating 41,258 cases. Only about 5 percent of the children who have been missing for any significant amount of time can be regarded as kidnapped; and of these, four out of five were "kidnapped" by one of their parents—the kidnapping usually being the last straw in a ramorous custody dispute. One percent at the most of all those missing were abducted by strangers: in December 1985, the FBI had fifty-three such cases in its computers; on July 1, 1986, the number was thirty. Last summer Jay Howell, director of the National Center for Missing and Exploited Children—a group partially funded by the Justice Department and mandated by the Missing Children Assistance Act of 1984—

The most dangerous place for a child in this country is in his or her home."

These figures are available to any interested American and hence to the politicians, television stations, and dairy-product manufacturers who occupy themselves with the missing children issue. And the numbers certainly do evince a national problem of disastrous proportions, one deserving of the widest public attention. But what is the problem?

Let me begin by asking: Why in the United States, a wealthy nation famous all over the world for its kindness to children, do hundreds of thousands of children run away from home each year? The answer to this question, it turns out, has been established with some certainty. According to a 1985 study conducted in San Francisco, 78 percent of runaways were mis-

ted at home. Researchers believe that many of these children were sexually abused. It is a fact, furthermore, that there is a direct correlation between child abuse or child neglect and poverty. In 1984, more than half the parents who were reported for abusing their children were receiving some form of public assistance at the time.

One might expect that a nation seriously concerned with missing children would call for immediate and substantial relief for poor families; that President of the United States himself, perhaps, would have one of the ways to the White House to call attention to the problem. Maybe President Reagan could offer to become a foster parent. It may be that I'm being kitschy here. And President Reagan does not go in for kitsch! In 1983, NBC presented a movie, *Adam*, about a boy who was abducted, seduced, and decapitated by a stranger. *Adam* was aired three times in all, to a total of over 50 million households, and John Walsh, father of the little Adam upon whose case the movie was based, has visited the White House several times. The President also spoke at the conclusion of the movie the last time it was shown; images of the faces of fifty-four missing children were flashed behind him. "Please watch carefully," Reagan said. "Maybe your eyes can bring them home." Needless to say, the President did not trouble his audience with information about the number of children who run away from home each year. He certainly did not mention that the terrible fate of little Adam Walsh was an awful exception to the rule. Such information can perhaps not be expected of a President who in six years has seen to it that nearly all programs of aid for poor families have been frozen, cut, or eliminated altogether.

There remains the question of why so many parents are content to accept the stranger-danger version of the problem. Why, when all the facts are available, is the smallest group of missing children given most of the public attention? What purpose does the myth of stranger-danger serve? To begin with, of course, it serves to relieve guilt. It is not the family that is driving children away. It is not father who is molesting our little child. It is not money, the lack of it, that makes for hungry and sickly children. It is not *our* problem, *our* fault.

A desire for relief from guilt explains the existence of the missing children myth, but not its power. Here I must invite the reader to follow me for a moment into the field of speculation. For I would like to entertain the idea that the true subject of the missing children campaign is not children at all but adults. The public concern for the mythical missing child involves, I think, a powerful need on the part of adults: the need for clearly marked innocence and evil. The defenseless child abducted by a dark stranger is the perfect metaphor for violated innocence. Any person declaring himself an advocate of such a child partakes of the child's innocence and purity. Who would cast aspersions on such a person's motives? Is there a more noble, chivalrous, and absolute feeling than the urge to protect a defenseless child? And is there a more detestable creature on earth than one who would abduct a child? The kidnapper and his little victim enact the opposition of "good" and "evil" more clearly and purely than any other social constellation.

It is no accident, perhaps, that the launching of the campaign for missing children coincided with an event that shaped the American self-image none other in the last ten years: the Iranian hostage drama. Americans at home had to stand by, watching TV, as a small group of fellow citizens was humiliated, mistreated, and held prisoner by a horde of fanatics. Painful though these scenes were, they provided the impulse and the material for a new identification. Americans came to recognize themselves in those defenseless hostages. The images of their torment seemed to purify each citizen's self-image, darkened by Vietnam. The hostages had none of the traits of the "ugly American." They were innocent, as good Americans

Why is the smallest group of missing children given most of the attention? What purpose does the myth of stranger-danger serve?

*If it is true that there
isn't a kidnapper
lurking behind every
tree, a watchful
guardian does seem
to be waiting around
every corner*

always used to be. They were defenseless and speechless, like children. To save them was not just a political act but an almost sacred duty.

What I am getting at is this: the missing children campaign seems to me to be a domestic version of the "fight against international terrorism." Both causes confirm and are fueled by a Manichaean idea of the world: in the constellation of hostage and terrorist, as in that of kidnapper and victim, social and political conflicts are reduced to the opposition of good and evil. After a period of contrition and self-vilification, America has once again donned the garb of violent innocence.

The myth of the missing child, as all such myths, has its ineluctable and nasty consequences on everyday life. So my story does not end quite yet. As the armies of abducted children began to depart from my consciousness, I became more and more lax with my daughter. I let her play naked among diaper-heavy toddlers at the beach; I allowed her to plunder untended the Gummy Bear stand in the Safeway. Sometimes I even left her alone in the car for the few seconds I needed to pick up my daily ration of cigarettes at the corner store. And I made a further discovery. If it is true that there isn't a kidnapper lurking behind every tree, a watchful guardian does seem to be waiting around every corner. A child-protector is doubtless preferable to a child-thief. Nevertheless, he can make your life difficult.

I shall pass over my own experiences—the looks and more I'd get as my daughter ran naked among the beach blankets—and tell a story I heard at Laguna Beach. There was a couple who, like me, let their little daughter play naked on the beach. Not content with this affront to the Californian sense of propriety, they had gone on to fondling and kissing the girl on those parts of the body that are normally protected against such importunities by a diaper or a bathing suit. In front of everybody! Eyewitnesses alerted the police; half an hour later, the parents were in jail and for themselves faced with a charge of child molesting—specifically, having committed an oral sex act on their daughter. The child was held in police custody for the hours her parents remained behind bars. A judge eventually found that a paternal kiss on a baby's behind does not quite fit the standard definition of oral sex and declared the parents not guilty. A fortunate outcome, but not without cost: the parents had spent a day in jail, their lawyer's fee was in the thousands, and their daughter had suffered a trauma.

I was inclined to dismiss the parents' ordeal as a freakish accident—that is, until I told my host in Laguna Beach about it. I had barely uttered a few cues, and already, like the caliph in *A Thousand and One Nights*, I was being treated to a second story. In February 1985, my host received a telephone call from his daughter's pediatrician asking why her appointment had been postponed until the following day. Somewhat baffled, he replied that his four-year-old Anna's condition had improved since the appointment was made but that her mother had such a high temperature that he thought it best not to leave the house.

The next day the doctor, finding that the child had a fever and an infection, prescribed an antibiotic. At this point the mother made a grave mistake: she pointed out that her daughter had been suffering from earaches for a year and that she had been taking antibiotics fairly often. Might it not be advisable to avoid another dose of this medicine, in view of the long-term effect of weakening the immune system? In this connection she mentioned a homeopathic remedy she had brought back from a trip to Germany. The doctor, who was apparently angered by the discussion, asked what this remedy was made up of. The mother named the substance belladonna.

This seemed to confirm the doctor's opinion of the parents. Belladonna is a poisonous substance, and doctors don't like patients taking it without their supervision. The postponed appointment and the mention of belladonna were sufficient evidence for the doctor to send a report to the Police.

ive Services Division of the Orange County Social Services Agency. In report she charged the parents with "medical neglect."

What happened then sounds like a rejected chapter from *Nineteen Forty-Four*, but it took place on February 8, 1985, in Laguna Beach, California. At 8 A.M. a police officer called up and interrogated the parents: they administered the antibiotic to their child? The truthful answer, "s," and the information that the child's fever had been reduced to 100 degrees did not satisfy the pediatrician's armed assistants. Soon after, a male and a female police officer arrived at the parents' apartment with a thermometer. The child's officially established body temperature and general state of health did not confirm the suspicion of neglect.

The two officers politely said goodbye and left. Technically, the matter ended there, but now the parents were on record as having been charged with neglect. Ten days later they received a letter from the county informing them that after studying the police officers' report, the Social Services Agency had decided not to take further steps, but that in the eventuality of further complaint, immediate corrective measures would be taken. Translated into plain English, this meant that if a malicious neighbor accused them of leaving their daughter alone in the house for ten minutes, the child could be taken away from them. I will not enumerate the parents' efforts to annul the original charge. Suffice it to say that when I left California for New York, where I was to stop over before returning to Berlin, the matter was not yet settled.

In New York, with all its serious crime and sophistication, I thought I was self-protected against this sort of episode. But some demon prodded me to tell my host there about my experiences in California. This man, who normally has a good sense of humor, did not laugh. Instead he told me the following tale of woe. Two years ago, he left his eight-year-old daughter alone for an afternoon with two boys, the sons of a colleague—two boys I shall name. I should say. Several weeks later, two police officers announced themselves in his office. They presented him with a sealed envelope from a photography studio and asked whether he had a receipt for the contents. "Yes," he replied, and was informed of his rights and of his imminent arraignment before a court on charges of child pornography. There were photos in the envelope of his daughter—naked, with flowers in her hair and grapes in her lap.

The accused did not know what to do. His daughter was on her way to school with her mother, so he could not question her. He turned to the father of his daughter's playmates. The two men decided it best to talk to the boys, who eventually explained how they had come to take the pictures. They had got the idea from a book about Botticelli they'd found in the house. The girl had posed in positions suggested by the Italian master, and the boys had taken the pictures. In one composition, the boys had even used a porcelain swan (an ashtray) to re-create the temptation of Eve. The unsuspecting father of the girl took the roll of film to be developed and was promptly denounced by the owner of the lab.

When the accused informed his attorney about the result of his investigation, the lawyer dryly remarked that his client had better come up with a better story. But my host decided to rely on the testimony of the two boys. Fortunately, they stuck to the details of their account and responded satisfactorily to the prosecutor's question as to whether their parents occasionally exposed themselves to their children. The case was dismissed and my host was glad to have gotten away with the usual legal fees.

After hearing this story, I decided not to broach the subject in America again. I really don't like shaggy-dog stories very much. I leaned back in my armchair with a feeling of severe overload and suddenly had a vision, a prophetic image, which I am almost afraid to report. I saw the man with the slouch hat inexorably transformed into the silhouette of a policeman who, politely and giving every indication of his good intentions, was dragging my daughter into his car and taking her away. ■

I had a vision: a policeman, politely and giving every indication of his good intentions, was dragging my daughter away



THE RH

A quick read on book

The signature belongs to Henry James, and the inscription to his friend Walter Berry is in a 1904 first edition of James's *The Golden Bowl*. This splendid "presentation copy" (a gift from the author) rated a full page in the Christie's catalogue issued last January for the auction of the estate of James Gilvarry, a book lover who died in 1984. First editions—plain, signed, or inscribed—trade in a market as efficient as that on Wall Street. Gilvarry, a Bernard Baruch among book collectors, began to buy first editions of James in the 1930s, when they were selling for ten or fifteen dollars. His collection sat in a small, dark apartment in Manhattan, appreciating like a portfolio of IBM.

The Golden Bowl was lot 103 in the Christie's sale, which attracted all the major book dealers, some representing the handful of wealthy collectors who dominate the market. (For the price of a very minor Monet, which is to say a million dollars, an individual can become a very major book collector.) Collectors generally stay away from the big auctions; if they tried to bid for themselves, the dealers would make sure that they got no bargains. What Isaac Babel wrote of librarians in Odessa is true of book dealers: "they have entered into communion with The Book, with life at second-hand." The atmosphere in the auction room when books are on the block is accordingly mustier than, say, when there is a sale of Postimpressionist paintings.

When Gilvarry started to buy James, dealers were delighted to include for free postcards and letters he had signed (now, like the card signed by James and Edith Wharton noted here, worth thousands). At the time, James's reputation was being sat on by Marxist critics, who later changed their minds about an author who could write of "the black and merciless things that are behind great possessions." As late as the early 1960s, lot 103 might have been acquired for a few hundred dollars.

To Walter Berry

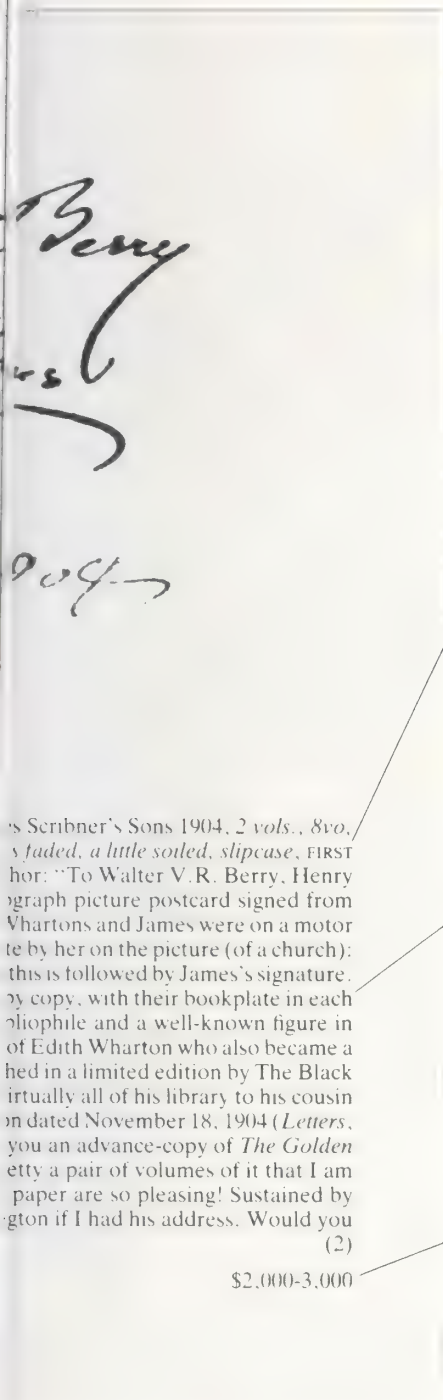
As

Novel

• 103 JAMES, HENRY. *The Golden Bowl*. Original tannish-rose sateen cloth, t.e.g. EDITION, PRESENTATION COPY TO WALTER JAMES. November 1904" (publication Edith Wharton and James to Berry in tour in France in March 1907, addressed "Les Sandistes saluent, en route pour BAL 10659; Edel & Laurence A60a. 1 volume. Walter Van Rensselaer Berry Parisian social and literary circles, was good friend of James. The letters from Sun Press in 1928 (see lot 116). When Harry Crosby (of The Black Sun Press) ed. Edel, IV, p. 334). James writes: "Bowl which comes out tomorrow. The comparatively brazen about thrusting this sense I would in fact send a copy to very kindly inscribe the same on a simple

THINGS

George Sim Johnston



The most important item in a catalogue is the description of a book's condition. The ideal copy is one that has never been opened, unless the original owner was famous and given to scribbling in the margins. Twentieth-century authors must come dressed in dust jackets. A first edition of *The Great Gatsby* in a mint jacket might go to a collector for \$5,000. Without the jacket, the same copy of *Gatsby* might be worth only \$100.

The critic Philip Rahv once made a distinction between writers who are "palefaces" and those who are "redskins." Collectors, like academics, prefer the former. Mandarins like Joyce (presentation copy of a first edition of *Ulysses*, \$38,500) and T.S. Eliot (first edition of *Prufrock*, \$2,200) generally fetch much higher prices than Mark Twain or Theodore Dreiser. This Christie's blurb is a veritable précis of paleface culture. James was the prince of palefaces, and Berry, who may or may not have been Edith Wharton's lover, was a Washington lawyer who was most at home in a Parisian drawing room. Harry Crosby, the owner of the bookplates, took paleface culture the full circle by performing strange onanistic rites while chanting hymns to the sun.

s Scribner's Sons 1904, 2 vols., 8vo.,
s faded, a little soiled, slipcase, FIRST
hor: "To Walter V. R. Berry, Henry
graph picture postcard signed from
Whartons and James were on a motor
te by her on the picture (of a church):
this is followed by James's signature.
oy copy, with their bookplate in each
oliophile and a well-known figure in
of Edith Wharton who also became a
hed in a limited edition by The Black
irtually all of his library to his cousin
on dated November 18, 1904 (*Letters*,
you an advance-copy of *The Golden*
etty a pair of volumes of it that I am
paper are so pleasing! Sustained by
gton if I had his address. Would you
(2)

\$2,000-3,000

The book market has fads and panics just like the stock market. In the late 1970s, the book market was overbought by investors who were dumping stocks and swapping into "tangibles"; a selling wave subsequently gripped New York and London, driving the prices of many authors down. The Christie's sale, however, confirmed the long-term bull market for Henry James. And lot 103—in Jamesian locution—produced some of the finer vibrations in the auction room that day. It was conservatively estimated to go for \$2,000-\$3,000; it went for \$17,600.

George Sim Johnston, a serendipitous book collector, is a writer who lives in New York.



THE ULTIMATE VISION: EYES FOR THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD.

To see some accidents coming, you'd have to be born with radar. But you're not, so GM is working to give you the next best thing. Radar for your car. The option to "see" all around you, all at once. It's called Obstacle Detection. Just one of the many safety features GM is developing for cars of the future.

Obstacle Detection will operate by sensors strategically placed all around your car which will sense and warn you of obstacles you're approaching, giving you a chance to avoid them.

At GM, we can't prevent all accidents from happening, but we want to help you steer clear of as many as we can.

**THE GM ODYSSEY:
SCIENCE NOT FICTION**

GM



AN ISLAND BETWEEN SEASONS

The task of reimagining Haiti

By Bob Shacochis

You could see the posters, the bloody red lettering printed on a black background, at strategic corners throughout the capital city of Port-au-Prince: *The Terror of the Tontons Macoutes!* What they advertised was a showing of *The Comedians*, the film adaptation of Graham Greene's novel about Haitian life under the rule of François Duvalier—Papa Doc—and the Macoutes (Creole for bogymen, figuratively speaking), the private paramilitary force Duvalier organized to crush all actual or imagined dissent. The showing of the film was an event, of sorts, because until the calendar of the Duvalier dynasty ran out last February 7—the day President-for-Life Jean-Claude Duvalier, son of Papa Doc, boarded a U.S. Air Force plane bound for France—any Haitian wanting to read Greene's book had to smuggle it into the country. The film was playing at the Triomphe, a grand movie house divided into four theaters. A seat cost ten gourdes—two dollars. I paid with one five-gourde note, illustrated with a portrait of Jean-Claude (Baby Doc), and five one-gourde notes, each illustrated with a portrait of his father, who died in 1971 after naming his nineteen-year-old son as his successor. (Every financial transaction in Haiti is still conducted under the symbolic scrutiny of the hated dictators, a cold reminder that the influence of the Duvaliers has not vanished with the men themselves.) Most of the seats inside the Triomphe were empty. The film had been dubbed in French, the official language of Haiti. Even if they could have afforded the ten-gourde price of a ticket—more than twice what the average Haitian makes in a day, according to the World Bank—the majority of Haitians would not have understood what the characters

on the screen were saying, for at least 80 percent of the population speaks only Creole.

During the violent scenes, what audience there was, about thirty-five neatly dressed youths and a scattering of whites from the foreign-aid community, was solemn, perhaps even bored. They had seen it before, firsthand. One scene, however, provoked a reaction. When the character played by Richard Burton is assaulted by Tontons Macoutes, a matronly tourist interrupts the bloody-minded thugs at their work and discourages them by citing the avenging wrath of the president of the United States. The audience broke out in laughter. They knew that the Duvaliers had manipulated the State Department and seven U.S. presidents with a cynical ingenuity few heads of state could match, crying wolf about communists (Haiti lies seventy miles east of Cuba) whenever Washington showed signs of queasiness about its commitment. The audience knew that American taxpayers' money was almost never spent on what it was appropriated for, but instead was stored in Swiss bank accounts or squandered on shopping sprees. Even now, under the National Governing Council (CNG), the military junta serving as a provisional government, what was happening in Haiti was being described at home and abroad as Duvalierism without Duvalier. Yet the Americans were still doing business in Port-au-Prince, this time as sponsors of a cosmetically altered status quo.

When the movie ended I followed the audience outside, and watched as they strolled toward a line of expensive cars parked along the rue Capois. On the sidewalk in front of the Triomphe, a coterie of die-hard hucksters and beggars pushed forward, keeping faith with the enterprise of survival in this city where more than 40,000 people live on the streets, in this

Bob Shacochis's Easy in the Islands, a collection of stories, won an American Book Award in 1985.

If any
feature has
distinguished
the nation
throughout
the course
of its
independence,
it has been
lack of self-
discipline

country where not even 22 percent of the urban population earns a salary. How's it going? I asked them in Creole. *Koman ou ye?*

They gave the standard response: *N'ap boule.* We're boiling. We're on fire.

Haiti, Graham Greene has remarked, ought to be given the chance to be ruled by heroes. Twelve months ago it gave itself that chance, but the year since has been marred by uncertainty, inertia, and vestigial oppression.

From the outset, the CNG, presided over by the former chief of staff of the armed forces, Lieutenant General Henri Namphy, displayed an inherited talent for inspiring not confidence but fear and anger salted with frustration. Throughout the first year of the Dechoukaj, or "Uprooting," as the popular uprising is called in Creole, the CNG's performance has been a masterpiece of strategic paradox—movement without motion, change without progress. Early in the game of public relations, Namphy declared "absolute respect for human rights, press freedom, the existence of free labor unions, and the functioning of structured political parties." He also promised rule of law, the force of justice brought to bear against criminals of the former regime, a new constitution, and democratic elections. In effect, a modern nation.

However beautiful the CNG's rhetoric is to the ear, principle has never more than flirted with practice. The army and the police have continued to use deadly force against peaceful demonstrators. Amnesty International continues to publicize disappearances and arbitrary detentions. The press, which barked without restraint last spring, was issued new restrictions in July, some of which are more severe than Duvalier's. Once outlawed, labor unions are again sanctioned, but the right of workers to organize has not been protected: attempts by Haitians to unionize have been met by intimidation, dismissal, and arrest. Political parties have begun to form, but the rule of law has yet to evolve out of the bureaucratic ooze. As late as last September, Duvalier officials accused of human rights abuses were allowed to leave the country. Elections for delegates to a constitutional assembly were held in October, but the process, and the candidates, were insufficiently advertised: less than 10 percent of the electorate voted.

Baby Doc and his entourage left behind an economy and ecology traumatized to the brink of no return, the poorest nation in the Western Hemisphere. But Jean-Claude Duvalier was hardly worse than most of the thirty chiefs of state, strutting chancleers of misleadership, who preceded him. If any single feature has distinguished the nation throughout the course of its independence, it has been lack of political self-discipline. On and on, the country has

marched in place, dirtied and shunned, bearing its perpetually dismal image of *sauvagerie*, the aspirations of Haiti's founding fathers, modeled on the libertarian doctrines of the French and American revolutions, failed to conjugate. For almost two centuries there has been only one overriding point of view in command—singular—and one verb tense—present. *Me, nu.* The ideology of infants.

Why should the Dechoukaj break this pattern? Perhaps because for the first time since their war of independence against France, Haitians engaged in a universal insurrection rather than the *petite* revolutions of political and racial factions. But as long as the question of who will lead and how remains unanswered, there is a danger that Haiti's customary impatience with surface, and that history will repeat itself.

Sometime after the cheering and self-congratulations faded, I came to Haiti with my friend Yves Colon, a Haitian-born writer acting as my interpreter, to learn what it was that the people believed in in the first year of the Dechoukaj, to identify the ingredients of the Haitian dialogue taking place at every crossroad and market. I had lived in the Caribbean for several years, and written about the area, but had avoided Haiti as an immutable aberration. After last February 7, ignoring Haiti was as long as possible. I came with two fundamental questions. What was it, exactly, that the nation had liberated itself from? And what must happen now if *Haiti Libérée* is to be a reality, not just a slogan?

The Spanish word *cimarrón* means "wild, unruly," and during the colonial period the French adapted its derivative, *maroon*, to refer to both slaves and livestock that had broken loose from the sugar cane plantations. Thus the fugitive had a name and a brutish stereotype. By the latter half of the eighteenth century, tens of thousands of African-born Maroons had taken possession of the Haitian highlands. Maroonage was not just the alternative to slavery or death but the seedbed of rebellion. In 1791, the Maroons commenced a twelve-year insurrection; the ex-slaves defeated, one after another, the French colonial militias, the opportunistic British, the Spanish troops on the eastern two-thirds of the island, and an invasion force led by Napoleon's brother-in-law, landed by perhaps the largest armada in history.

In 1806, Henri Christophe was elected (by assembly) the first president of the world's first free black republic. The Citadelle of Henri Christophe, conceived in the glory of independence, is the largest mountaintop fortress in the New World, dominating the sky above the northern coast of the island with its magnificent

iplike prow and towering bastions. Christophe built the stronghold to defend Haiti's autonomy against a second threat of recolonization by Napoleon. The rumored invasion never materialized, and in less than twenty years, Christophe, hated for his cruel excesses, shot himself in the heart rather than be overthrown. The Citadelle was ransacked by his armies and eventually deserted. It is the preeminent ghost of a republic that never quite was.

Today the Citadelle is undergoing restoration, and it was there, high up in the mountains that burst out of the Plaine du Nord, that I found Astride Salomon, a twenty-seven-year-old architect involved in the project.

Every Monday morning, Astride is picked up in a UNESCO Land Rover at the house where she is a weekend boarder in Cap-Haitien, a city once splendid enough to be called the Paris of the West Indies. She spends the next five days and nights atop Pic Laferrière, inside the Citadelle. It is 6:30 A.M. when she and her colleagues are dropped off above the village of Filot at a leveled turnaround amid a cluster of thatched huts and coffee bushes. For a half-hour they ascend a steep, rugged path single-file, the stones of the trail worn marble smooth by the feet of barefooted men made to haul the fortress piece by piece up the mountain.

Astride Salomon, who bears the surname and elegant features of a former president of the republic, is a mulatto, a descendant of great-great-

grandparents who were African and Polish. Throughout the revolt that brought Haiti independence, the black sons and daughters of Africa and the "yellow" children of America fought in a united cause. But their alliance was vulnerable. Lines drawn between color and culture soon subverted the momentum of liberation. The mulattoes had adopted the Catholicism of the colonizers; the blacks clung to the primitive beliefs and practices of animism, known today as voodoo. The mulattoes spoke French, enabling them to communicate with the outside world. The blacks spoke Creole. The mulattoes kept to the cities; the blacks, for the most part, to the countryside.

Astride's family is part of the almost invisible Haitian middle class. After she received her architect's license from a private college in Port-au-Prince, she applied for the position at the Citadelle and was hired in January 1986. She had never seen the fortress before her first day on the job.

"The people loved Christophe so much they wanted to do something impossible for him, and for their glory," she told me. Cosmopolitan in appearance but shy in her manner, Astride's innocence was unexpected. Although Christophe's tomb identifies him as *Le Civilisateur*, thousands of conscripted laborers died during the fifteen years of the Citadelle's construction. Christophe, like the Duvaliers, thought nothing of disciplining his subjects by murdering them.

Lines drawn between blacks and mulattoes, between color and culture, soon subverted the momentum of liberation



Did it really
matter that
.5 percent
of the
population
controlled
46 percent of
the wealth?

For Astride, the achievements of the past must be safeguarded for the future. Of course. But she had lived under an obscene oligarchy, and had been slow to grasp what Duvalierism actually was. Not until she came to the provinces and heard the workers talking did she realize what had gone on.

When I asked what Haiti had liberated itself from, Astride paused, searching for a metaphor. "Haiti liberated itself from this strong pressure," she said, "like the pressure in a bottle that keeps increasing. As soon as the cap was taken off, the people became like lost children, because they didn't know what to do once they were released."

The first time Astride sent a handwritten note of instructions to one of the workers, she discovered that the boy she had enlisted to carry the message couldn't read it, nor could the man she wanted it to reach. (About 85 percent of Haitians are illiterate.) Astride was upset enough to do something about it. Within days she had organized an *alphabetization*, a literacy class. Each evening after dinner she meets with her eight students for an hour and a half in the architect's shed. Sometimes they must wait for the forty-year-old cook, the only other woman at the Citadelle, to arrive from the kitchen before they begin. The other members of the class are teenage boys who have made themselves helpful around the project. After each session they descend the mountain trail with a borrowed flashlight, returning to the huts where they live.

"It's part of the actual movement, the nationalistic movement," Astride told me, "to teach the people to read and write. Now they know how to write their names, and they know how to count. Little by little the rest will come." Her hands gestured modestly as she spoke, as if she were trying to brush aside any exaggerated significance I might assign to her contribution. "Now they react to their conditions. There's more, though. They need to liberate themselves from ignorance, to broaden their minds." Astride envisioned a Haiti in which people take their freedom rather than ask for it. "The thing that's important," she said, finally daring to emphasize her words, "is *not to ask*."

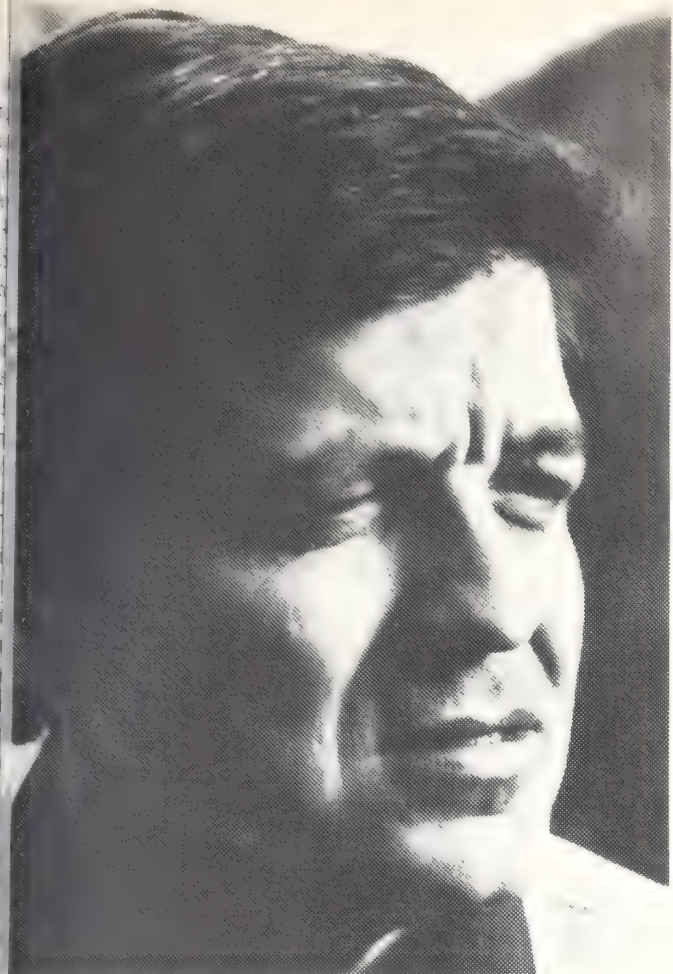
In March 1983, Pope John Paul II visited the island, took a look around, and said, "Everything here must change." Baby Doc was puzzled and hurt by the pope's fussiness. Did it really matter that .5 percent of the population controlled 46 percent of the wealth, that the per capita income of rural Haitians averaged \$125 a year, that the life expectancy of Haitians was forty-seven years, or that almost 60 percent of the children were malnourished?

By mid-1985, two years after the pope's visit,

tens of thousands of young people dared to assemble and march in protest across the island. The Catholic church began publicly to challenge the legitimacy of the regime. (In July 1985, according to the ballot counters, a referendum endorsed Baby Doc by a euphoric 99.8 percent of the vote.) Finally, on November 2, 1985, the uprising ignited in Gonaïves, the northwestern port city. High school students demonstrating peacefully for the release of charity food stocks from warehouses were assaulted by security forces. Three students were killed, one in a classroom, and overnight anti-government sentiment swept the country. Waves of protest closed businesses and schools, and students boycotted their reopening on January 1, 1986. By the end of the month, looting (motivated largely by hunger) and riots were the daily national fare. On January 31, President Reagan's spokesman, Larry Speakes, announced that the Duvalier government had toppled. The news, conspiratorially prophetic, came a week too early; Duvalier kept his composure and declared a state of siege, closed down radio stations, and ordered soldiers and *Macoutes* to shoot troublemakers. The *Macoutes* obeyed; the army, miraculously, refused. The integrity of the desperation of the people in the streets had emboldened those in the upper echelons of the military, who seemed suddenly to have decided they were men of courage, if not moral character. After all, Baby Doc's claim to the throne was congenital, not mystical, like his father's. Merchants locked their doors in anticipation of civil war, and the demonstrators cooled their heels, waiting to see what would happen. Somehow, the State Department coaxed Duvalier into stepping down.

From Cap-Haitien I drove south, through a range of fog-chilled mountains and across the arid, treeless *savanne desolée*, to Gonaïves. I went to visit Luciano Phaeron, a former lay brother who had taught the three students killed by the security forces. I located Luciano at a Catholic mission. In Luciano, the defiant idealism of generations seemed to have been fulfilled. His paternal grandfather was a *Caco*, the guerrilla fighters who resisted the American occupation of Haiti from 1915 to 1934. He was one of the few who escaped the ambush of the *Caco* leader Charlemagne Peralte, by U.S. Marines and their Haitian collaborators. Luciano's father was a truck driver until he was given a license to pick up tourists at the airport and deliver them to their hotels. When Duvalier moved to "Tonton Macoutize" the airport, his father refused the invitation and was sent to prison. He eventually fled to Miami, where he still lives.

Luciano himself had operated subversively since 1980, doing "work which led to this rejection



Sergio Ramirez' **STORIES**
'Fun to read, difficult to forget'

—London's newsweekly *South*

They are the comic, unheroic figures of an honest, humane insider's view. 'The stories are masterfully told,' says *Publishers Weekly*, 'and will reach readers' hearts.'

Blundering giants can't stop a good story...Not even with \$100 million.

Begin your subscription to **RI's** world literature series with Sergio Ramirez' **STORIES**. Every other month you will receive a new hardback volume—the best of world fiction—at the subscriber price of \$8.45 + \$1.50 p & p.

Forthcoming selections include the modern Haitian epic, *Cathedral of the August Heat*; *The Laughing Cry*, a searing Congolese satire on the Great African Dictator; and *A Cup of Coffee with My Interrogator*, ironic short (underground) fiction from Czechoslovakia.

RI subscribers have already helped publish some of the finest of today's literature from South Africa, Chile, Poland, the Philippines, East Germany, Lebanon, China, Brazil, Japan and elsewhere.

Subscribe now for a *good read* and help bring today's most gifted writers into English—all at a very modest price.

THE \$100 MILLION SHORT STORY COMPETITION Or, Can George Bush Write Fiction?

SERGIO RAMIREZ, Nicaragua's vice president and master storyteller. As man of action, he leads a revolution. As artist, he writes quality fiction: 'a product not even great navies and blundering giants can embargo' says the *L.A. Times* of his work. Now **Readers International (RI)** brings you his stories in English—lively reading for anyone with an interest in Central America or in good literature.

The N.Y. Times Book Review calls them 'biting and satirical short stories'.

Ramírez' bodybuilding fanatic, baseball players, weatherman, down-and-out Santa Claus serve in no propaganda army.

ri READERS INTERNATIONAL

PO Box 959, Columbia, LA 71418-0959

Please begin my subscription to RI's series with Sergio Ramirez' *Stories* at the \$8.45 subscriber price plus \$1.50 for postage. Send RI's latest book at the same price every other month. At any time I may cancel simply by writing to you.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/PROV. _____

ZIP/CODE _____

☐ \$9.95 (Can. \$12.50) enclosed. Bill my ☐ Mastercard
☐ VISA

CARD NUMBER _____

EXPIRATION DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

SPECIAL SAVINGS: Prepay a year's subscription for six books at \$6.50 each plus \$1.50 p&p:

☐ I enclose my check for \$48.00 (Can. \$58).
☐ Bill my credit card for \$48 (US currency only).

5
11

'There is an odor in this house, there is rotteness, there are cockroaches gnawing away at us'

nion of Jean-Claude Duvalierism." A month before the fall of the dictatorship, Luciano's name appeared on a list of young priests and social activists to be executed by the authorities on February 7. Luciano was on the streets that day, in the forefront of the Dechoukaj.

Luciano is thirty-three years old—"The age of Christ," he was quick to mention, jokingly. He is small and dark. Behind wire-rimmed glasses that seem a pious vestige of his days in the seminary, his eyes made steady, challenging contact with mine.

"You should know that I'm an ex-member of a religious order," he said when I asked about his relationship with the Catholic church. We had driven to the grim precincts of the downtown waterfront, where, in a small warehouse across from a broad plaza of rubble, Luciano directs a woodworking school he established with money from Canadian donors. We sat at his desk, cluttered with inventory receipts and tools, and spoke above the din of nailing. "I was told by the head of my religious community to choose between the politics of development and religion," he said. "To stay would have been to work against my people and what they expect of me." Introduced to the theology of liberation while a student at the University of Montreal in the late 1970s, Luciano was considered too radical for the Haitian church establishment, whose bishops as recently as four years ago had to be approved by the Duvaliers.

As Luciano saw it, the iron doors of the nation had been broken down. But this was not enough. He explained to me that the interior was still infested with vermin. "There is an odor in this house," he said, "there is rotteness, there are cockroaches gnawing away at us." With disgust he spoke of the former supporters of Duvalier who remain in the government. They are beasts, and should be imprisoned.

Luciano derived only a meager comfort from the Dechoukaj, but he was convinced that the society could rehabilitate itself, if only the army didn't blow first. "People take advantage of the fact that the army isn't beating us, isn't arresting us the way they used to, which results in a counter-movement. The people become king of the hill. And this is where we have to be careful."

Luciano was testifying to the familiar admonition that too much freedom is as detrimental as too little. He had perceived that the concept of freedom could not be imagined correctly if not navigated accurately without boxing it in with checks and balances. This was the primary lesson of Haitian history, with its portfolio of well-intentioned men gone insane, unable to restrain the liberties power had brought them.

"We have to free ourselves from this mentality of thieves, of scoundrels, of crazy people, of martyrs, of selfishness, of fear of others, of jealousy," Luciano said, adding to this list of cardinal sins more tangible objectives—the acquisition of food, medicine, housing, health



e. "This isn't the work of the populace, it's the work of the government," he explained, "because we don't have the means. We don't have anything but the ideas and the words."

The ethos of Haiti cannot be discussed without discussing voodoo, or *vodou*, a set of principles and practices that assume an active relationship between a spirit world and the world of men. For instance, Grand Bois, the spirit of the forest, can be solicited for assistance and protection. Djab is the devil, and only evilers try to connect with him. Not surprisingly, many Haitians thought of François Duvalier as a personification of Baron Samedi, the lord and guardian of the cemetery. In fact, both Papa Doc and Baby Doc—unlike the mulattoes, who have traditionally been ashamed of their African roots—consolidated their authority by masquerading the culture of their own countrymen, tapping the collective imagination. When even the voodooists turned against Baby Doc, everyone knew he was finished.

The Dechoukaj has intensified a long-standing debate among educated Haitians: Should voodoo be embraced or rejected? Is it part of the solution or part of the problem? For many Haitians, the traditional folklore, represented by dance, color, music, legend, even the Creole language, is an expression of what lives within the black Haitian, and must be preserved. Luciano Phaeron compares certain aspects of voodoo to reggae in Jamaica, to Negro spirituals in the United States. He advocates the syncretism that has brought drums into the Catholic church, Jesus and the saints into the *houngfours*, the voodoo temples. Still, there is a historical animosity between Christianity and voodoo, one that perhaps cannot be resolved.

Since the Dechoukaj, *houngans* and *mambos*, voodoo priests and priestesses, have become casualties in an outbreak of religious, though some say political, skirmishes. The conflict is ambiguous, and opinions vary on the degree of the *houngans*' active cooperation with the Tontons macoutes and their tactics of oppression. The stories are dark. A Protestant minister allegedly hacked off the legs of a *mambo*; a Catholic bishop ordered a voodoo shrine buried in cement. The death toll is impossible to verify. Estimates of the number of those killed since Duvalier's fall start at sixty-two, according to the Bureau of Technology, and rise to 800, according to Max Beauvoir, a *houngan* who stores his data in an IBM computer.

I went to see Herard Simon, a man Luciano Phaeron characterized as the incarnation of the evil. A Belgian film crew was on hand when I arrived at his farm, and for their benefit Herard

had donned a straw squire's hat, bifocals with designer frames, and a gold wristwatch. A slender ceremonial machete was in and out of his hands. At the age of fifty-three he was the *Empereur*, as his father had been, of the Society of Congo, one of the six voodoo sects in Haiti. Wade Davis, an ethno-botanist from Harvard, wrote about him in 1985 in *The Serpent and the Rainbow*, an investigation into the mysteries of zombies and secret societies; the book made Herard something of an international celebrity. Davis labeled him a "black Buddha," a description that conveys Herard's immense size and meditative presence. The *houngan* will close his eyes, arms crossed on his chest, to receive your questions, and then orate his response, his voice guttural and raspy with the West African phonetics of Creole.

He readily denied having a disreputable past. "They said I participated in Duvalierism," he told me. "Yes, I voted for François Duvalier because my age permitted me to, and I believed in the ideology of negritude which Duvalier espoused. I made a mistake, because Duvalier turned out to be a *malfacteur*. But I never played in the game of killing people." Asked if he had been threatened since the Dechoukaj, he provided an ecumenical echo to his Christian adversaries. "You have no right to kill someone because he was a Duvalierist," he said.

I am reproached for my wording when I mention that in some minds, voodoo is responsible for keeping back the people of Haiti. "My dear," he answered, lighting a mentholated cigarette, "'keeping back' is a Western phrase, a Western concept. You cannot say that voodoo is keeping the country back, because it's never been given the chance to move the country forward. All the help is given to the Western churches, and the churches want to destroy us." He sang a litany of the dead from colonial times to the present, adding to each account the chorus he believed the world must respect: voodoo is the peasants, and voodoo has a right to speak.

We sat outside his cottage, flanked by banana groves from which Herard said he earned more income than from his service as a priest, an intermediary between the ancestral *loas* and those who petition the deities for health, protection, consolation, and advancement. The Belgians had purchased a "ritual" for a hundred dollars, and it was to be enacted on the packed dirt in front of Herard's newly constructed temple. Teams of drummers and singers were encouraging a line of dancers to give the film crew their money's worth. The inspiration fell short. When the action waned, Herard walked over to orchestrate. "This is a game for the camera," he said with contempt. Two police officers were stationed nearby, pistols holstered; the *houngan*

When even the voodooists turned against Baby Doc, everyone knew he was finished

"They love dictators here, and it's all because the Haitian has not had any consciousness of himself."

had requested them for security reasons.

Herard is an astute practitioner of the craft of Papa Legba, the loa of communication. "I'm going to tell you something in all sincerity," he said. "The moral contribution of voodoo is the only thing that can save Haitians. Without voodoo we can't know what our purpose was in Haiti, what we came here for, what happened to us. How many years of independence have we had? And today to be in the state we are! Without voodoo, we're out of it, we're lost."

The film crew called it a day and the crowd dispersed. We moved onto a concrete porch to drink rum and coconut water. "In all countries of the world," Herard told me, "revolutions are always done through the youth. It's natural for the youth to revolt, to evolve. But we ask ourselves, To what point can these youth carry the revolution to a good end? Inside the youth of Haiti you get the impression you're in the U.S., which means an underdeveloped country trying to follow a country going at 90,000 miles in front of you. This revolution is begging to be anchored in a good port—total democracy. They can only find that by returning to their identity. Otherwise, you will never have the consciousness that you have a country to build. You'll always believe that it's foreigners who have to come and do it for you."

That evening we drove deep into the unlit countryside to the site of an annual ceremony of thanksgiving being offered by one of the families in the *Empereur's* sect. About 150 peasants had gathered by the buttery light of candles and kerosene lamps to cook, drink, dance, sing, and drum with tremendous energy for three days and nights. Chairs were brought out for Herard and his guests to sit and watch the festivity. And what I saw, I recognized. Others would surely have seen it differently, but I recognized it from my upbringing. Here was the Haitian version of what I loved as a child: the polka fetes at the Knights of Columbus hall on the feast days of important saints, in a failing coal-mining town in Pennsylvania. The exotic, like magic, is in the mind of the beholder.

Herard Simon wants to bring to government the values of the village. I had no way of knowing, but his quest for a moral renaissance in Haiti seemed genuine. But ridding voodoo of Duvalierism is only a beginning, because every time Haitians wake up, the *houngan* told me, they have to get themselves a father figure. "They love dictators here," he said, "and it's all because the Haitian has not had any consciousness of himself."

In the public of Port-au-Prince, as it is derisively called by Haitians who resent the centralization of power and privilege there, the

provinces exist in obscurity, and voodoo's remedy for the future can seem no more effective than an herbal potion for a terminally ill patient. The capital is a relentless urban labyrinth, propagating itself. Its structures are in such flux that it's difficult to ascertain whether they are falling down or being erected. In the Caribbean, Port-au-Prince is unrivaled in the dimension of its maladies, the scale of its slums. The city's million citizens seem to subsist on the streets congested with traffic and fumigated by raw exhaust. Wood smoke billows from cooking fires, and laundry flowers on hedges and walls. Port-au-Prince is the ultimate village, a hive of labor buzzing with penny commerce and nickel enterprise.

On the road to the suburb of Petion-ville the rents increase with the altitude, until the lease on a bungalow costs the same as it would in Palm Beach. The daughters of high society carry pistols and Valium in their handbags; the sons roar down the rue Gregoire on shining motorcycles, centurions behind sunglasses.

At a restaurant across from the municipal park I met with Bobbie Duval, a Haitian businessman and head of the League of Former Political Prisoners. Bobbie is broad-shouldered and looks Gallic, a light-skinned mulatto with a deferential voice and blue eyes. He is a descendant of an untitled aristocracy perceived variously as the source, the scapegoat, or the opponent of Haitian injustices.

Bobbie Duval's father is chairman of the board of Industries Duval, a company which manufactures tires, engines, mattresses, and prefabricated housing. In the early 1970s, Bobbie was sent to the United States, enrolled at Loyola University to be groomed for the position he fills today, general sales manager for the family business. His involvement in student activities was misinterpreted back home, and his name was added to the membership roll of a clandestine group that opposed Duvalier. After graduation he returned to Haiti to work for his father. Eight months later, in 1976, at the age of twenty-two, he was arrested at his office by three Tontons Macoutes.

Bobbie was taken to the Casernes Dessaline, the main army barracks in central Port-au-Prince, and left in an antechamber for six days. On the seventh day he was interrogated by Colonel Albert Pierre, chief of the Port-au-Prince secret police. (Pierre was allowed to see asylum in Brazil last February; he is now under lax house arrest there, and may or may not be extradited.) Pierre showed Bobbie weapons and munitions that he had supposedly stockpiled. He accused him of working to overthrow the government, of having operated underground in Canada and Puerto Rico. "I was flabbergasted,

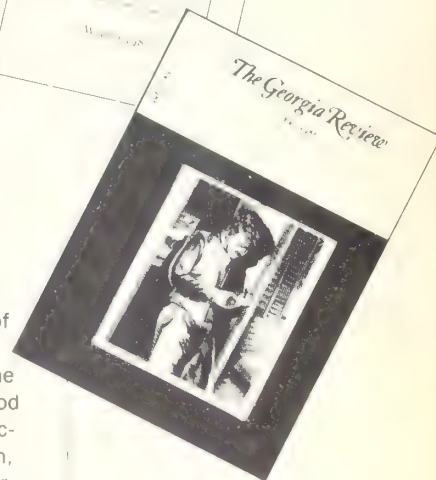
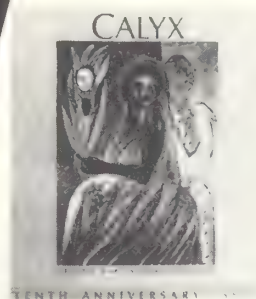
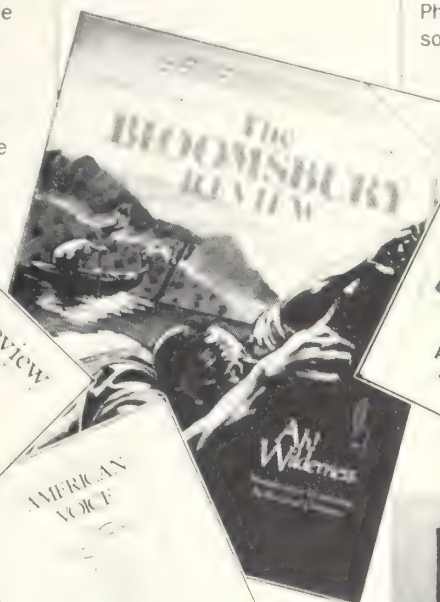
MAGAZINES THAT MATTER

cent issues of **The Iowa Review** include a Fiftieth Anniversary Anthology from the Iowa Writer's Workshop, centennial homages to Pound & Eliot, and miscellanies of the best in new essays, stories and poems. End of 1987 issue to include a centennial feature on Marianne Moore, with Jorie Graham, Marianne Rich, and others. \$15/yr. inst.; \$20/yr. inst.

Bloomsbury Review, a magazine about books, with reviews, essays and poetry Writers featured include Mark Axelrod, Steven C. Ballinger, Mary Lou Cornish, Tony Mofeit, Scott Montgomery. \$10/yr

"An indispensable literary magazine of the first order,"—Raymond Carver. "Everything about **Crazyhorse** speaks of quality,"—*Literary Magazine Review*. Contributors include John Ashbery, Andre Dubus, Jorie Graham, Galway Kinnell, Philip Levine, Bobbie Ann Mason, John Updike. \$8/yr.

Sewanee is the American literary review, the one that through present work embraces the past and the future of our culture,"—F.D. Reeve. America's oldest literary quarterly, with poetry, fiction, and essays on literary subjects. Writers in past issues include Hayden Carruth, Malcolm Cowley, George Garrett, Howard Nemerov, Robley Wilson, Jr. \$12/yr. ind.; \$18/yr. inst.



River Styx is "a wonderful magazine with excellent poetry and fascinating interviews,"—John Houseman. Winner of the 1986 Editor's and Younger Writers Award. Upcoming issues to include William H. Gass, Mario Vargas Llosa, W.S. Merwin, Howard Nemerov, Grace Paley. \$14/yr. ind.; \$24/yr. inst.

"Exceptional for its range and quality... **The American Voice** is liberating a new generation of writers,"—Frank MacShane. Allende, Borges, Cardenal, Erdrich, Highwater and others. "A most impressive and ambitious new quarterly..."—*Small Press*. \$12/yr.

Calyx is "in the first rank of women's literature and art publications, and one of the top-notch little mags, period..."—*Contact II*. Poetry, fiction, art, reviews by women, including Olga Broumas, Ursula Le Guin, Margaret Randall, Marilyn Hacker, Betty La Duke. \$18/yr.

Winner of the 1986 National Magazine Award in Fiction, **The Georgia Review** features a rich blend of interdisciplinary essays, book reviews, graphics, poetry and fiction. "The best of them all is the amazing **Georgia Review**: modestly priced, superbly conceived and edited,"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. \$9/yr; \$15/2 yrs.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Please indicate publications desired.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> The Iowa Review \$15/yr. | <input type="checkbox"/> The Bloomsbury Review \$10/yr. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Calyx \$18/yr. | <input type="checkbox"/> The Georgia Review \$9/yr. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Crazyhorse \$8/yr. | <input type="checkbox"/> The American Voice \$12/yr. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> River Styx \$14/yr. | <input type="checkbox"/> The Sewanee Review \$12/yr. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> The 1987 Directory of Literary Magazines | |
| Guidebook to 375 literary magazines. \$6.95 | |

TOTAL _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Make check payable to CCLM and return with order form to: CCLM, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012

The Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines is a unifying organization for these and over 375 other literary publications. CCLM

CCLM

Coordinating Council
of Literary Magazines

The true
Haitian
metamorphosis
has been
from the
bondage of
the spirit to
the release
of the
imagination

Bobbie said, retelling the nightmare. "I had never been to those places." Without a trial, they transferred him to Fort-Dimanche. "They send you there to die," he said, "to live until you die in a thirteen-by-fourteen-foot room with forty people, all day, all night. You shit in a five-gallon can. You sleep next to that five-gallon can. You see people die next to that five-gallon can. Everybody becomes everybody else's worst enemy, and I'm wishing that you would die so that I can keep you sitting there and get your plate of food. Day in, day out, you're waiting to die. Nobody knows where you are. And your family thinks you're dead already."

Bobbie's weight plunged from 210 to 90 pounds. Again his name appeared on a list, now with twelve others collected by Amnesty International. Seventeen months after Bobbie was jailed, President Carter dispatched Andrew Young to Haiti to seek the release of the thirteen prisoners.

"He came just at the right time, because I was ready to pass away," Bobbie said, staring at his hands. For ten other men on the list, Young's intercession was too late.

"I think about that time, but I'm not so bitter because I talk about it," Bobbie Duval told me. "I formed the league of ex-prisoners because people should never forget, and that's part of democracy. The league will make sure that people never forget about Fort-Dimanche. For us it was our Holocaust—150,000 deaths in twenty-nine years."

On April 26 of last year, the league and the survivors of a 1963 massacre sponsored a march to Fort-Dimanche to demand its closing. Military police opened fire on the demonstrators, killing six and wounding at least fifty. A CNG communiqué blamed the incident on agitators and provocateurs of the extreme left and right who, General Namphy elaborated, were trying to install "a new, totalitarian regime." There was an outcry against the killings, and the CNG promised to close the prison.

"I don't agree that because I was brutalized I see things differently," Bobbie said earnestly when I asked him if his views had been distorted by his incarceration. "I'm not a public person, but the situation has made me move and try, and be outspoken. I fall on my nose most of the time but I try. We are the number-one backward country in the world. I'm sort of ashamed of that, but I'd like to think that I'm not part of those people and forces that put this country into the bushes."

Bobbie's lifestyle—the lifestyle of an upper-class mulatto and a businessman, would be alien to the majority of Haitians. I expected him to refute Herard Simon; instead, he praised voodoo as a good communicator. "The bourgeoisie have

gotten more involved in voodoo in the last fifteen years," he acknowledged. "Because it is strong and hard, it can give strength to survive and endure the abuses. More people are becoming aware of the need for voodoo."

His expression was the least optimistic, but the most passionate, when he speculated about the policies of the Reagan Administration. "The U.S. is scared of turmoil, and that has dominated its strategy with Haiti for a long time. In a situation of change and crisis, there have to be choices—opting for profound reforms or opting for the quick fix to recover the immediate peace. But Haiti cannot change without the U.S. opting for profound changes."

Instability is the prime bait at the old guard's disposal to lure military hardware, money, and ideological camaraderie out of Washington. On the streets of Port-au-Prince, graffiti on one block declare "Up with communism," on the next block "Down with communism." "They" probably written by the same guy," Bobbie said sadly.

"One thing that will make this country great will be a new balance of forces," Bobbie tells everyone he talks with. "Now decisions must take into account different levels and factions. It's not going to take a change of attitudes, though, not just with the people in the old government, but even with the people who didn't have it so good who never had to think very hard about how to change their circumstances."

"Right now," Bobbie concluded, "it's time for rationalization, putting things into perspective. I hate to get into that bullshit that Haiti is unique and unlike anywhere else, but if we can get the positive forces operating in the government, we can surprise a lot of people."

The Haitians, anyone who knows the country well will tell you, are creators. Left with trash, somehow they will make art. Telling a story known to everybody, the best Haitian folk raconteurs will create a version all their own. Though it has been their fate to exist, boil, and on fire, they have done what providence and history and their own leaders would not do—created themselves as human beings. The true Haitian metamorphosis, then, has been from the bondage of the spirit to the release of the imagination, the first and most powerful of creative tools. And a year's accounting of the Dechoukaj finishes with an epiphany, not a resolution.

I don't know, I don't know, Haitians sang in the streets last February 7. *I don't know what's going to happen now—but at least the monster's gone*. Haiti's improvisation has been in its singers, not its song.

ues of the Information Age:

PROMISES KEPT, PROMISES TO KEEP.

At the beginning of this century, Theodore N. Vail, president of AT&T, understood his competition not just as other telephone companies, but as distance, loneliness, separation. He foresaw that the success of his company would end the geographic isolation of man. And in ending that isolation, the company's success would be assured. The vision became reality: by the mid-'70s, America had universal telephone service.

Today, as the Information Age has begun, there is a new kind of isolation. People are awash in a mounting sea of information, yet unable to connect or work with information in an orderly, useful form; that is, with the world's knowledge. Often, information machines do little to

help. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, generally unable to work with any but their own kind.

To overcome this new kind of isolation, we have a new vision: to make the Information Age universal, to help build a worldwide Telecommunity, not just open to all, but inviting.

At AT&T, we are now working toward the day when people around the world will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today. And they will be able to get information in a form they can use, whenever they need it, from wherever it is.

We envision a vast global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers, linking devices so incredibly capable, they will bend to the will of human beings, rather than forcing humans to bend to theirs.

Obviously, no one company, no one nation, can universalize the Information Age. It will take the best minds of many companies and many nations. The needs of our customers are creating imperatives for our industry. We need common standards and compatibility. We need national and international policies that are open



and encouraging. And we need to make information machines far easier to use.

We have the science to construct the systems now. The technology is rapidly taking shape.

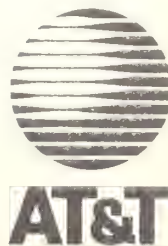
We are dedicating our minds, our energy, our resources—our future—to making Telecommunity a reality. To bringing the best of the Information Age to the world.

Our vision has its roots in AT&T's heritage of service. Just as the

telephone extended the reach of the human voice, Telecommunity will extend the reach and capability of minds and talents.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means.SM

We're committed to leading the way.



STATE CHAMPIONS

By Bobbie Ann Mason

In 1952, when I was in the seventh grade in Cuba, Kentucky, the Cuba Cubs were the state champions in high school basketball. When the Cubs returned from the tournament in Lexington, a crowd greeted them at Eggner's Ferry bridge over Kentucky Lake, and a convoy fourteen miles long escorted them to Mayfield, the county seat. It was a cold day in March as twelve thousand people watched the Cubs ride around the courthouse square in convertibles. The mayor and other dignitaries made speeches. Willie Foster, the president of the Merit Clothing Company, gave the players and Coach Jack Story free suits from his factory. The coach, a chunky guy in a trench coat like a character in a forties movie, told the crowd, "I'm mighty glad we could bring back the big trophy." And All-Stater Howie Crittenden, the razzle-dazzle dribbler, said, "There are two things I'm proud of today. First, we won the tournament, and second, Mr. Story said we made him feel like a young mule."

The cheerleaders then climbed up onto the concrete seat sections of the Confederate monument and led a final fight yell.

Chick-a-lacka, chick-a-lacka chow, chow, chow
 Boom-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka bow, wow, wow
 Chick-a-lacka, boom-a-lacka, who are we?
 Cuba High School, can't you see?

The next day the Cubs took off in the convertibles again, leading a motorcade around western Kentucky, visiting the schools in Seditalia, Mayfield, Farmington, Murray, Hardin, Benton, Sharpe, Reidland, Paducah, Kevil, La

Ann Mason is the author of Shiloh and Other Stories and In Country.

Center, Barlow, Wickliffe, Bardwell, Arlington, Clinton, Fulton, and Pilot Oak.

I remember the hoopla at the square that day but at the time I felt a strange sort of distance knowing that in another year another community would have its champions. I was twelve years old and going through a crisis, so I thought I had a wise understanding of the evanescence of victory.

But years later, in the seventies, in upstate New York, I met a man who surprised me by actually remembering the Cuba Cubs' championship. He was a Kentuckian, and although he was from the other side of the state, he had lasting memories of Howie Crittenden and Doodle Floyd. Howie was a great dribbler, he said. And Doodle had a windmill hook shot that had to be seen to be believed. The Cubs were inspired by the Harlem Globetrotters—Marcus Haynes' ball handling influenced Howie and Goose Tatum was Doodle's model. The Cuba Cubs, I was told, were, in fact, the most incredible success story in the history of Kentucky high school basketball, and the reason was that they were such unlikely champions.

"Why, they were just a handful of country boys who could barely afford basketball shoes," the man told me in upstate New York.

"They were?" This was news to me.

"Yes. They were known as the Cinderella Cubs. One afternoon during the tournament they were at Memorial Coliseum watching the Kentucky Wildcats practice. The Cubs weren't in uniform, but one of them called for a ball and dribbled it a few times and then canned a two-hand set shot from midcourt. Adolph Rupp happened to be watching. He's another Kentucky

sketball legend—
n't you know any-
ng about Kentucky
ketball? He rushed to
player at midcourt
d demanded, 'How
l you do that?' The
y just smiled. 'It was
y, Mr. Rupp,' he
d. 'Ain't no wind in
e.'"

Of course that was not
image of the Cuba
bs at all. I hadn't real-
d they were just a
ch of farm boys who
together behind the
en after school and
ot baskets in the dirt,
hile the farmers
ound complained that
e boys would never
ount to anything. I
dn't know how
ach Jack Story had
rted them off in the
venth grade, coaching
e daylights out of
ose kids until he made
em believe they could
champions. To me,
t entering junior high
e year they won the
urnament, the Cuba
bs were the essence of
mour. Seeing them in
e gym—standing tall
those glossy green sat-
uniforms, or racing
wn the court, leaping
e deer—took my
eath away. They had
ew cuts and wore real
sketball shoes. And
e cheerleaders dressed
artly in Crayola-
een corduroy circle



irts, saddle oxfords, and rolled-down socks.
hey had green corduroy jackets as well as green
eaters, with a C cutting through the symbol of
megaphone. They clapped their hands in
ythm and orchestrated their elbows in a little
nce that in some way mimicked the Cubs as
ey herded the ball down the court. "Go,
abs, Go!" "Fight, Cubs, Fight!" They did "Lo-
omotive, locomotive, steam, steam, steam,"
id "Strawberry shortcake, huckleberry pie."
e had pep rallies that were like revival services
tone and intent. The cheerleaders pirouetted
id zoomed skyward in unison, their leaps

straight and clean like
jump shots. They
whirled in their circle
skirts, showing off their
green tights under-
neath.

I never questioned
the words of the yells,
any more than I ques-
tioned the name Cuba
Cubs. I didn't know
what kind of cubs they
were supposed to be—
bear cubs or wildcats or
foxes—but I never
thought about it. I doubt
if anyone did. It was the
sound of the words that
mattered, not the mean-
ing. They were the
Cubs. And that was it.
Cuba was a tiny commu-
nity with a couple of
general stores, and its
name is of doubtful ori-
gin, but local historians
say that when the Cuba
post office opened, in
the late 1850s, the Os-
tend Manifesto had
been in the news. This
was a plan the United
States had for getting
control of the island of
Cuba in order to expand
the slave trade. The
United States demand-
ed that Spain either sell
us Cuba at a fair price or
surrender it outright.
Perhaps the founding fa-
thers of Cuba, Kentucky
(old-time pronounci-
ation: Cubie), were
swayed by the fuss with
Spain. Or maybe they
just had romantic imagi-

nations. In the Jackson Purchase, the western
region of Kentucky and Tennessee that Andrew
Jackson purchased from the Chickasaw Indians
in 1818, there are other towns with faraway
names: Moscow, Dublin, Kansas, Ca-
diz, Beulah, Paris, and Dresden.

The gymnasium where the Cuba Cubs prac-
ticed was the hub of the school. Their trophies
gleamed in a glass display case near the entrance
of the school, between the principal's office and
the gymnasium, and the enormous coal furnace
that heated the gym hunched in a corner next to

the bleachers. Several classrooms opened onto the gym floor, with the study hall at one end. The lower grades occupied a separate building, and in those grades we used an outhouse. But in junior high we had the privilege of using the indoor restrooms, which also opened onto the gym. (The boys' room included a locker room for the team, but like the outhouses, the girls' room didn't even have private compartments.) The route from the study hall to the girls' room was dangerous. We had to walk through the gym, along the sidelines, under some basketball hoops. There were several baskets, so many players could practice their shots simultaneously. At recess and lunch, in addition to the Cuba Cubs, all the junior high boys used the gym too, in frantic emulation of their heroes. On the way to the restroom you had to calculate quickly and carefully when you could run beneath a basket. The players pretended that they were oblivious to you, but just when you thought you were safe and could dash under the basket, they would hurl a ball out of nowhere and the ball would fall on your head as you streaked by. Even though I was sort of a tomboy and liked to run—back in the fifth grade I could run as fast as most of the boys—I had no desire to play basketball. It was too violent.

Doodle Floyd himself bopped me on the head once, but I doubt if he remembers it.

The year of the championship was the year I got in trouble for running in the study hall. At lunch hour one day, Judy Howell and I decided to run the length of the gym as fast as we could, daring ourselves to run through the hailstorm of basketballs flying at us. We raced through the gym and kept on running, unable to slow down, finally skidding to a stop in the study hall. We were giggling because we had caught a glimpse of what one of the senior players was wearing under his green practice shorts (different from the satin show shorts they wore at the games), when Mr. Gilhorn, the history teacher, big as a buffalo, appeared before us and growled, "What do you young ladies think you're doing?"

I had on the tightest Levi's I owned. When they were newly washed and ironed, they fit snug. My mother had ironed a crease in them. I had on a cowboy shirt and a bandanna.

Mr. Gilhorn went on, "Now girls, do we run in our own living rooms? Does your mama let you run in the house?"

"Yes," I said, staring at him confidently. "My mama always lets me run in the house." It was a lie, of course, but it was my habit to contradict whatever anybody assumed. If I was supposed to be a lady, then I would be a cowboy. The truth in this instance was that it had never occurred to me to run in our house. It was too small, and the boards were shaky. Therefore, I reasoned,

my mother had never laid down the law about not running in the house.

Judy said, "We won't do it again." But I wouldn't promise.

"I know what would be good for you girls," said Mr. Gilhorn in a kindly, thoughtful tone, as if he had just had a great idea.

That meant the duckwalk. As punishment, Judy and I had to squat, grabbing our ankles and duckwalk around the gym. We waddled, humiliated, with the basketballs beating on our heads and the players following our progress with loud quacks of derision.

"This was your fault," Judy claimed. She stopped speaking to me, which disappointed me because we had been playmates since the second grade. I admired her short blond curls and color-coordinated outfits. She had been to Detroit one summer.

During study-hall periods, we could hear the basketballs pounding the floor. We could tell when a player made a basket—that pause after the ball hit the backboard and sank luxuriously into the net before hitting the floor. I visited the library more often than necessary just to get a glimpse of the Cubs practicing as I passed the door to the gym. The library was a shelf at one end of the study hall, and it had a couple of hundred old books—mostly hand-me-downs from the Graves County Library, including outdated textbooks and even annuals from Kentucky colleges. That year I read some old American histories, and a biography of Benjamin Franklin and the "Junior Miss" books. On the wainscoted walls of the study hall were gigantic framed pictures, four feet high, each composed of individual portraits of all the faculty members and the seniors of a specific year. They gazed down at us like kings and queens on playing cards. There was a year for each frame, and they dated all the way back to the early forties.

In junior high, we shared the study hall with the high school students. The big room was drafty, and in the winter it was very cold. The boys were responsible for keeping the potbelly stove filled with coal from the coal pile outside near where the school buses were parked. In grade school during the winter, I had worn long pants under my dresses—little starched puffed dresses with gathered skirts and puffed sleeves. But in junior high, the girls wore blue jeans, like the boys, except that we rolled them up almost to our knees. The Cuba Cubs wore Levi's and green basketball jackets, and the other high school boys—the Future Farmers of America—wore bright blue FFA jackets. Although the FFA jackets didn't have the status of the basketball jackets, they were beautiful. They were royal-blue corduroy and on the back was an enormous gold eagle, embraced by the word

ENTUCKY" and "GRAVES" (for Graves County).

I had a crush on a freshman named Glenn in FFA jacket. He helped manage the coal ket in the study hall. Glenn didn't ride my . He lived in Dukedom, down across the Tennessee line. Glenn was one of the Cuba os, but he wasn't one of the major Cubs—he on the B team and didn't yet have a green et. But I admired his dribble, and his long could travel that floor like a bicycle. When I waited at the edge of the gym for my chance to t to the girls' room, I sometimes stood and ched him dribble. Then one day as I ran pell-ll to the restroom, his basketball hit me on head and he called to me flirtatiously. "I got aim on her," he yelled out to the world. If a had a claim on a girl, it meant she was his friend. The next day in study hall he showed an "eight-page novel." It was a Li'l Abner nic strip. In the eight-page novel, Li'l Abner d on Daisy Mae. It was disgusting, but I was illed that he showed me the booklet.

"Hey, let me show you these hand signals," enn said a couple of days later, out on the yground. "In case you ever need them." He ck his middle finger straight up and folded others down. "That's single F," he said. en he turned down his two middle fingers, ving the forefinger and the little finger up-ht, like horns. "That's double F," he said idently.

"Oh," I said. At first I thought he meant d signals used in driving. Cars didn't have omatic turn signals then.

There were other hand signals. In basketball, e coach and the players exchanged finger ges-es. The cheerleaders clapped us on to victory. d with lovers, lightly scraping the index fin-on the other's palm meant "Do you want " and responding the same way meant "Yes." ou didn't know this and you held hands with oy, you might inadvertently agree to do something that you had no intention of doing.

Seventh grade was the year we had a different acher for each subject. Arithmetic became athematics. The English teacher paddled ances High and me for stealing Jack Reed's ilky Way from his desk. Jack Reed had even ld us he didn't mind that we stole it, that he nted us to have it. "The paddling didn't rt," I said to him proudly. He was cute, but t as cute as Glenn, who had a crooked grin I ough was fascinating and later found reincar-rted in Elvis. In the study hall I stood in front the stove until my backside was soaked with at. I slid my hands down the back of my legs d felt the sharp crease of my Levi's. I was in a

perpetual state of excitement. It was 1952 and the Cuba Cubs were on their way to the championship.

Judy was still mad at me, but Glenn's sister Willowdean was in my class, and I contrived to go home with her one evening, riding her unfamiliar school bus along gravel roads far back into the country. Country kids didn't socialize much. To go home with someone and spend the night was a big event, strange and unpredictable. Glenn and Willowdean lived with three brothers and sisters in a small house surrounded by bare, stubbled tobacco fields. It was a wintry day, but Willowdean and I played outdoors, and I watched for Glenn to arrive.

He had stayed late at school, practicing ball, and the coach brought him home. Then he had his chores to do. At suppertime, when he came in with his father from milking, his mother handed him a tray of food. "Come on and go with me," he said to me. His Levi's were smudged with cow manure.

His mother said, "Make sure she's got her teeth."

"Have you got your teeth?" Glenn asked me with a grin.

His mother swatted at him crossly. "I meant Bluma. You know who I meant."

Glenn motioned with a nod of his head for me to follow him, and we went to a tiny back room where Glenn's grandmother sat in a wheelchair in a corner with a heater at her feet. She had dark hair and lips painted bright orange and a growth on her neck.

"She don't talk," Glenn said. "But she can hear."

The strange woman jerked her body in a spasm of acknowledgment as Glenn set the supper tray in her lap. He fished her teeth out of a glass of water and poked them in her mouth. She squeaked like a mouse.

"Are you hungry?" Glenn asked me as we left the room. "We've got chicken and dumplings tonight. That's my favorite."

That night I slept with Willowdean on a fold-out couch in the living room, with newspaper-wrapped hot bricks at our feet. We huddled under four quilts and whispered. I worked the conversation around to Glenn.

"He told me he liked you," Willowdean said.

I could feel myself blush. At supper, Glenn had tickled me under the table.

"I'll tell you a secret if you promise not to tell," she said.

"What?" I loved secrets and usually didn't tell them.

"Betty Jean's going to have a baby."

Willowdean's sister Betty Jean was a sophomore. On the school bus her boyfriend Roy Matthews had kept his arm around her during

the whole journey, while she cracked gum and looked pleased with herself. That evening at the supper table, Glenn and his brothers had teased her about Roy's big feet.

Willowdean whispered now, "Did you see the way she ate supper? Like a pig. That's because she has to eat for two. She's got a baby in her stomach."

"What will she do?" I asked, scared. The warmth of the bricks was fading, and I knew it would be a freezing night.

"Her and Roy will live with us," said Willowdean. "That's what my sister Mary Lou did at first. But then she got mad and took the baby off and went to live with her husband's folks. She said they treated her better."

The high school classes were small because kids dropped out, to have babies and farm. They seemed to disappear, like our calves going off to the slaughterhouse in the fall, and it was creepy.

"I don't want to have a baby and have to quit school," I said.

"You don't?" Willowdean was surprised. "What do you want to go to school for?"

I didn't answer. I didn't have the words handy. But she didn't seem to notice. She turned over and pulled the quilts with her. In the darkness, I could hear a mouse squeaking. But it wasn't a mouse. It was Willowdean's grandmother, in her cold room at the back of the house.

That winter, while basketball fever raged, a student teacher from Murray State College taught Kentucky history. She was very pretty and resembled a picture of Pocahontas in one of the library books. One time when she sat down, flipping her large gathered skirt up, I saw her panties. They were pink. She was so soft-spoken she didn't know how to make us behave well enough to accomplish any classwork. Daniel Boone's exploits were nothing, compared to Doodle Floyd's. During the week the Cubs were at the tournament Pocahontas couldn't keep us quiet. The school was raising money for next year's basketball uniforms, and each class sold candy and cookies our mothers had made. Frequently there was a knock at the door, and some kids from another grade would be there selling Rice Krispies squares wrapped in waxed paper, or brownies, or sometimes divinity fudge. One day, while Pocahontas was reading to us about Daniel Boone and the Indians, and we were throwing paper wads, there was a sudden pounding on the door. I was hoping for divinity, and I had a nickel with me, but the door burst open and Judy Howell's sister Georgia was there, crying, "Judy Bee! Mama's had a wreck and Linda Faye's killed."

Judy flew out of the room. For one moment

the class was quiet, and then it went into an roar. Pocahontas didn't know what to do, so she gave us a pop quiz. The next day we learned that Judy's little sister Linda Faye, who was thirteen years old, had been thrown into a ditch when her mother slammed into a truck that had pulled out in front of her. The seventh-grade class took up a collection for flowers. I was stunned by the news of death, for I had never known a child die. I couldn't sleep, and my mind went on and over the accident, imagining the truck plowing into the car and Linda Faye pitched out the door or through the window. I created various scenes, ways it might have happened. I kept seeing her stretched out stiff on her side like the dead animals I had seen on our farm. At school I was sleepy, and I escaped into my dreams about Glenn, imagining that I had gone to Lexington too, to watch him in triumph when he was called in from the sidelines to replace Doodle Floyd, who had turned his ankle.

It was a sober, long walk from the study hall to the restroom. The gymnasium seemed dead and late, without the Cubs practicing. I walked slowly down the gym, remembering the time in the fourth grade when I was a flower girl in the corner of the basketball queen. I had carried an Easter basket filled with flower petals down the center of the gym, scattering rose petals so the queen could step on them as she minced slowly toward her throne.

I was too scared to go to the funeral, and my parents didn't want me to go. My father had been traumatized by funerals in his childhood, and he didn't think they were a good idea. "The Howells live so far away," Mama said. "And it looks like snow."

That weekend, the tournament was on the radio, and I listened carefully, hoping to hear Glenn's name. The final game was crazy. In the background, the cheerleaders chanted:

Warren, Warren, he's our man
If he can't do it—
Floyd can
Floyd, Floyd, he's our man
If he can't do it
Crittenden can—

The announcer was saying, "Crittenden dribbling has the crowd on its feet. It's a thrilling game! The Cubs were beaten twice by the same Louisville Manual squad during the season, but now they've just inched ahead. The Cubs pulled even at 39–39 when Floyd converted a charity flip, and then Warren sent them ahead for the first time with a short one-handed Crittenden's pass. The crowd is going wild."

Toward the end of the game the whole Colesburg gymnasium—except for a small Manual cheering section—was yelling, "Hey, hey, what do you see! It looks like Cuba all the way!"

In Japan, a 12-year old can tell you about Lee Iacocca. What do you know about Toyoda?



If you draw a blank on Mr. Toyoda, don't be surprised. Until his auto company started driving down sales of U.S. cars we didn't pay much attention to him. But he's a prime example of why Americans must learn all they can about the world beyond our borders. The reason many top-level business, media, and government leaders read *World Press Review*.

World Press Review is a monthly digest of the leading publications around the world. Every issue presents a global cross-section of news, opinion, and cartoons on topics like business, science, the arts, and politics. It's information you can't get anywhere else—all information you really can't do without.

WORLD PRESS
review

WORLD PRESS REVIEW
H.M., 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10169 (212) 697-6162



As I listened to the excited announcer chatter about huddles and timeouts and driving jumps and hook shots, I forgot about Judy, but then on Sunday, when I went to the courthouse square to welcome the Cubs home, her sister's death struck me again like fresh news. Seeing so many people celebrating made me feel uncomfortable, as if the death of a child always went unnoticed, like a dead dog by the side of the road. It was a cold day, and I had to wear a dress because it was Sunday. I wanted to see Glenn. I had an audacious plan. I had been thinking about it all night. I wanted to give him a hug, of congratulations. I would plant a big wet kiss on his cheek. I had seen a cheerleader do this to one of the players once after he made an unusual number of free throws. It was at a home game, one of the few I attended. I wanted to hug Glenn because it would be my answer to his announcement that he had a claim on me. It would be silent, without explanation, but he would know what it meant.

I managed to lose my parents in the throng and I headed for the east side of the square, where the dime store was. Suddenly I saw Judy, with her mother, in front of a shoe store. I knew the funeral had been the day before, but here they were at the square, in the middle of a celebration. Judy and her mother were still in their Sunday church clothes. Judy saw me. She looked straight at me, then turned away. I pretended I hadn't seen her and I hurried to the center of the square, looking for Glenn.

But when I finally saw him up ahead, I stopped. He looked different. The Cubs, I learned later, had all gone to an Army surplus store and bought themselves pairs of Army fatigue pants and porkpie hats. Glenn looked unfamiliar in his basketball jacket—now he had one—and the baggy Army fatigues instead of his Levi's. The hat looked silly. I thought about Judy, and how her sister's death had occurred while Glenn was away playing basketball and buying new clothes. I wanted to tell him what it was like to be at home when such a terrible thing happened, but I couldn't, even though I saw him not thirty feet from me. As I hesitated, I saw his parents and Willowdean and one of his brothers crowd around him. Playfully, Willowdean knocked his hat off.

The tournament was over, but we were still wild with our victory. Senior play practice started then, and we never had classes in the afternoon because all the teachers were busy coaching the seniors on their lines in the play. Maybe they had dreams of Broadway. If the Cubs could go to the tournament, anything was possible. Judy returned to school, but everyone was afraid to speak to her. They whispered behind her back. And Judy began acting aloof, as

though she had some secret knowledge that freed her above us.

On one last cool day in early spring we had a cleanup day, and there were no classes all day. Everyone was supposed to help clean the school grounds, picking up all the discarded candy wrappers and drink bottles. There was a bonfire and instead of a plate lunch in the lunchroom—too much like the plain farm food we had to eat at home—we had hot dogs, boiled outside in a kettle over the fire. The fat hot dogs in the steamy air tasted heavenly. They steamed like bread.

Just as I finished my hot dog and drank the last of my RC (we had a choice between Coca-Cola and Orange Crush and I liked to name which people chose which—it seemed to divide people into categories), Judy came up behind me and whispered, "Come out there with me." She pointed toward the graveyard across the road.

I followed her, and as we walked between the long rows of Wilcoxes and Ingrahams and Morrisons and Crittendens, the noise of the playground receded. Judy located a spot of bare earth, a little brown heap that was not grass over, even though the dandelions had already come up and turned to fluff. She knelt beside the dirt pile, like a child in a sandbox, and fussed with a pot of artificial flowers. She straightened them and poked them down into the pot, as if they were real. As she worked tenderly but firmly with the flowers, she said, "Mama says Linda Faye will be waiting for you in heaven. That's her true home. The preachers said we should feel special, to think we have a member of our family all the way up in heaven."

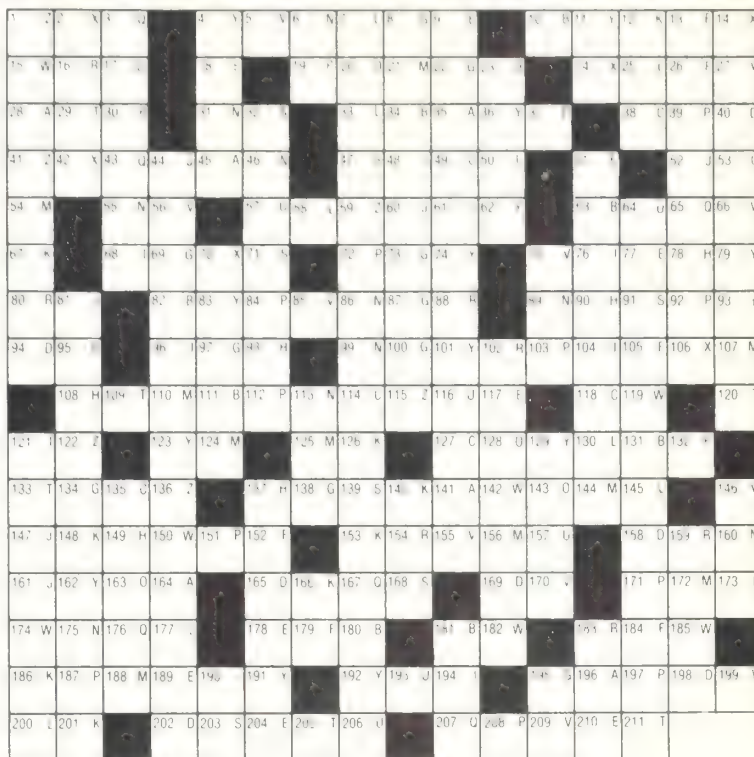
That was sort of how I had felt about Glenn going to Lexington to the basketball tournament, and I didn't know what to say. I couldn't say anything, for we weren't raised to say things that were heartfelt and gracious. Country kids didn't learn manners. Manners were too embarrassing. Learning not to run in the house was about the extent of what we knew about how to act. We didn't learn to congratulate people; we didn't wish people happy birthday. We didn't even address each other by name. And we didn't jump up and spontaneously hug someone for joy. Only cheerleaders claimed that talent. We didn't say we were sorry. We hid from view, in case we might be called on to make appropriate remarks, the way certain old folks in church were sometimes called on to pray. At Clara School, there was one teacher who, for punishment, made her students write "I love you" five hundred times on the blackboard. "Love" was a dirty word, and I had seen it on the walls of the girls' restroom—blazing there in ugly red lipstick. In the eight-page novel Glenn showed me, Li'l Abner said "I love you" to Daisy Mae.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 50

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.



CLUES

A. lerk, dope

32 196 45 141 35
28 164

B. Considering
(3 wds.)

10 180 82 181 131
34 111 63

C. At rest; quiescent

127 49 114 135 118 38

D. Noninterventionist
(hyph.)

198 169 94 17 158 40 202 165

E. Increased in
intensity

117 77 178 18 189 51 210 9
204

F. Basic; extreme

173 179 152 105 26 184 13

G. Increasing;
exaggerating

69 100 8 87 134 195 138 73
97 22

H. Baffled; in a
quandary

137 78 90 108 149 23 98

I. Social affair that
dropped out of fash-
ion in the early
1950s (2 wds.)

104 61 96 194 121 76 68 190

J. Place where one is
most likely to be
found

147 44 52 48 81 161 60

K. Unconventional

67 12 186 126 201 140 166 148
153

L. Lewd

177 25 33 145 93 130 7 200
58 50

M. Adamantly,
unyielding

144 107 172 54 124 21 156 125
188 110

N. Large cemetery

113 46 6 160 31 89 55 86
99 175

O. Vandyke's relative

95 53 20 143 163 128

P. 1952 Hemingway
novelette (5 wds.
after The)

208 19 92 72 103 112 171 84
132 37 39 30 197 151 187

Q. Stole

43 176 167 207 3 65

R. Seaport on the
Scheldt

88 80 102 183 16 154 159

S. Stunned, paralyzed;
in shock

139 203 168 47 71 91

T. Decorative trinket

29 211 133 205 109 120

U. Deer entrails used as
food

64 157 57 193 206 116

V. Justin McCarthy
play about François
Villon (4 wds.)

199 56 75 146 5 209 155 27
85 170 66

W. Located

185 150 174 119 182 142 15

X. Configuration of
mechanical parts
acting as an inte-
grated unit

2 42 106 70 14 24

Y. Remarkable

36 74 123 4 79 192 62 191
101 11 83 129 162

Z. Sudden sharp pain

122 59 115 1 41 136

2 MAN \$38
3 MAN \$50
4 MAN \$65

Call Free

Before Midnight For The Next 30 Days

As part of an advertising test, *Dunlap Boat Mfg.* will send any of the above size boats to anyone who reads and responds to this test before the next 30 days. Each Boat Lot No. (Z-26 PVC) is constructed of tough high density fabric (resistant to abrasions, sunlight, salt & oil), electronically welded embossed seams, nylon safety line grommets all around, heavy duty oar locks, 3 separate air chambers for extra safety (4 air chambers in 4-man), self-locking safety valves, bow lifting & towing handle and are recommended for marine, ocean and fresh water recreation, camping, fishing or a family fun boat. Each boat will be accompanied with a **LIFETIME** guarantee that it must perform 100% or it will be replaced free. Add \$7 handling & crating for each boat requested. *Dunlap Boat Mfg.* pays all shipping. If your order is received within the next ten days you will receive **FREE** a combined hand/foot inflator/deflator bellows style pump for each boat requested. Should you wish to return your boat you may do so for a refund. Any letter post-marked after 30 days will be returned. **LIMIT** three (3) boats per address, no exceptions. Send appropriate sum together with your name and address to: Boat Dept. #225-C, *Dunlap Boat Mfg.*, 2940 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90006. Or for fastest service from any part of the country call 1-800-824-9988 for Boat Dept. #225-C (Calif. residents call collect 213-735-9363), before midnight seven days a week. Have credit card ready.

PROCESSES THE DED CARRYING THE RISK OF INJURY TO THE

So, Rex was having one of those days, and he ate your favorite issue of *Harper's*?



Most issues are still available.

Send all inquiries to:

Back Issue Sales
Harper's Magazine
666 Broadway
New York, NY 10012

LETTERS

Continued from page 7

acter disease since early in his life and what this disease of the soul was able to begin, a disease of the soul quite capably concluded.

It must satisfy those who look for some sign of symmetry in this seemingly chaotic world that a man inextricably entwined in an era of American history that can justly be called a pestilence should fall victim to a latter-day pestilence.

Michael Miller
Los Angeles, Calif.

Roy Cohn's right to privacy. Whose rights to anything did he respect? What ethics did he possess? He did not see his death from AIDS as punishment for his sexual preferences, as punishment for destroying the lives of others in order to cover up homosexuality.

Florence C. Leurs
El Cerrito, Calif.

An outstanding watch value: on land, at sea, and underwater . . .

Navigator™ Watch

Now, with new ratcheted safety bezel, and still only **\$49⁹⁵***

**But read the ad for an even better deal!*

Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive — and to rally. The Navigator™ Watch is steered by a sophisticated ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement that is powered by a tiny mercury cell. It should last at least 18 months before you need replace it. The Navigator™ has both luminous analog dial and LCD display. It gives you dual time capability. The LCD display shows time continuously — in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and you display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch, chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has “interrupt” and “lap” modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

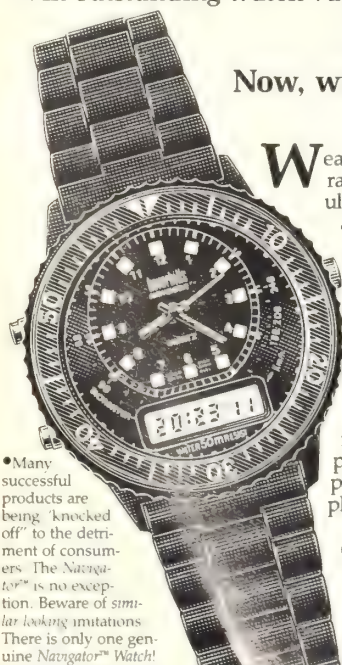
The *Navigator®* Watch is totally executed in black metal, including the linked, stainless steel band. It is waterproof to 150 ft. The new, exclusive ratcheted safety bezel prevents you from staying underwater longer than you had planned. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it will never scratch.

We import these outstanding watches directly in large quantities and are able to offer them for just \$49.95. National catalog houses offer the identical watch for \$120 or more, and that's *without* the exclusive safety bezel. But here is an even better deal: *Buy two for \$99.90, and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE, with our compliments.* Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.

Note: For quantity orders (100+), with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107



• Many successful products are being 'knocked off' to the detriment of consumers. The Navigator™ is no exception. Beware of *similar looking* imitations. There is only one genuine Navigator™ Watch!

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 431-9003
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1015B850. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS/insurance: \$5.95 for one Navigator™ Watch, \$6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

Women, Men, and the Night

Brent Staples's "Black Men in Public Space" [Readings, *Harvard Magazine*, December 1986] sheds important light on street fear in urban America. I too have suffered the tyranny of nighttime paranoia, though in appearance—short, bespectacled, and white—I am the physical antithesis of Staples. My victim was a middle-aged woman who nearly jumped out of her skin when the dark night echoed my rapid footsteps and warned her of my approach. She quickened her pace to just short of a sprint, which resounded along the tree-lined street of an otherwise quiet residential area of Brooklyn.

Of course I was not swooping down on her—I was cold, it was late, I wanted to get home. When I realized that this poor lady was rattled, I wanted to call to her, “Ma’am, don’t worry. I’m not a mugger. I go to assault college. I belong to the K. of C. You’d want me to meet your daughter.” Instead I merely slowed my car, gave her room to breathe, the

ed the street and continued on
it-of-the-way trek home.
ir suspicious urban society re-
s a new etiquette for the inno-
nocturnal wayfarer: hands that
no weapons must be kept out of
ets; unavoidable questions to
gers concerning time and direc-
should be *sotto voce*.
aples's essay illustrates that it's
rtant to know more than just
e and when not to travel. The
y to defuse, as well as to avoid,
ntially unpleasant encounters has
ne an essential skill, especially
ien.

John Windorf
klyn, N.Y.

ary Index Sources

os Angeles County Commission on
in Relations; 3 *New York Times*; 4
t Free Press; 5 *Denver Post*; 6, 7 Na-
Coalition Against Domestic Vio-
(Washington, D.C.); 8, 9 *New York*
Center; 10 Carter-Wallace (New
City); 11 Centers for Disease Con-
Atlanta); 12 *American Demographics*
ine (Ithaca, N.Y.); 13 Hallmark
(Kansas City, Mo.); 14 Drop Dead
rs (New York City); 15, 16 Nautical
nac Office (U.S. Naval Observa-
Harper's research; 17 *Night as Fron-*
Colonizing the World After Dark, by
ay Melbin (Free Press); 18 Feder-
of State Medical Boards of the Unit-
es (Fort Worth); 19 American Bar
ciation (Chicago); 20 National
h Service (London); 21 National
ty of Master Thatchers (Northamp-
England); 22 *Manchester Guardian*
ly; 23 Institute for Soviet-American
ions (Washington, D.C.); 24 Byrd
atories (Austin, Tex.); 25 WORD
Waco, Tex.); 26 Putnam Publishing
New York City); 27, 28 CBS (New York
; 29 Gallup Organization (Prince-
N.J.); 30 Father Benedict Joseph
schel (Trinity Retreat, Larchmont,
); 31 Gallup Organization (Prince-
N.J.); 32 *Forbes* (New York City);
4 American Fur Industry (New York
; 35, 36 MRCA Information Ser-
(Stamford, Conn.); 37 Rails to
Conservancy (Washington, D.C.);
olphins Plus Marine Mammal Center
Largo, Fla.); 39 Jules' Undersea
e (Key Largo, Fla.); 40 *Black's Veteri-*
Dictionary (A. & C. Black Publishers,
lon).

NEW IN THE
LIBRARY OF AMERICA



Cather
The Troll Garden/
O Pioneers!/The Song of the
Lark/My Antonia/One of Ours

Novels and stories imbued with
Cather's passion of the ideals of
the American frontier.

★ ★ ★ \$27.50

THE LIBRARY OF AMERICA

More than 30 volumes now available at better bookstores, or call
(800) 641-1577 in NJ (201) 933-1460. Distributed by Viking Penguin.
Write for free catalog: The Library of America, 14 E 60 St., NY, NY 10022

25 FREE pairs of Wright Arch Preserver[®] Shoes.



Yes! 25 pairs of
America's finest
men's shoes will
be given to 25 people
who answer this ad. On March 2 we will
draw 25 names from those who send
for our FREE catalog. Each will choose
a pair of WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER
SHOES priced up to \$149! Mail this
coupon for FREE catalog and YOUR
chance to win these famous shoes.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
Executive Shoes, Dept. 167, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370
Enter me in the Free drawing, and send Free
catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

THE STOMACH ELIMINATORTM

For Travelers, Business Men and Women and Anyone Concerned with their Health and Good Looks

I don't know about you, but I travel a
lot and often it's simply not practical to
go jogging or do exercise on the road.
Worse, it often happens that you eat
and drink too much while traveling. The
result is stomach flab.

A Portable Device
Recently, I found the
answer to this problem.
In Europe they have
developed a 2 1/2 lb.
exercise device you can
carry in your overnight
bag. They call it "NO
STOMACH." Designed
specifically to eliminate
all excess fat from your
stomach, it is a stretching
and exercise device
made with three steel
coil springs so you can
adjust the level of work-
out you want.



**10 Minutes a Day and
Your Pot Belly Will Be Gone!**
That's our guarantee. If you're not
satisfied with how it works for you,
return it for full refund. There are seven
simple exercises to do and you can do
them almost anywhere: In a hotel
room, in your own home, etc. That's
why I think the Stomach Eliminator
really is the answer for people who
travel, who like to have good meals,
but who don't want the pot belly that
often comes as a result.

OUR GUARANTEE: If this product does not re-
duce your stomach significantly in 90 days, return
for full refund.

Cecil C. Hoge, Jr.

© 1985 HARRISON-HOGE IND., INC.
104 Arlington Ave., St. James, N.Y. 11780

Please send me:
_____ Stomach Eliminator at **\$19.95** postpaid. Name _____
Enclosed is a check/M.O. for \$ _____ Address _____
Charge my credit card: _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
☐ Amex ☐ Diners ☐ Visa ☐ MC
Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____
Signature _____
NY Residents please add sales tax.

HARRISON-HOGE INDUSTRIES, INC.
Dept. HA712X, P.O. Box 944, Smithtown, NY 11787
Phone: (516) 724-8900 8:30 am-4:30 pm M-F EST

CLASSIFIED

PERSONALS

L.A. gentleman, 55, educated, non-smoker, married and lonesome, desires to meet similarly situated lady. Box 507, 1047 East Broadway, Glendale, Calif. 91205.

Good-looking, sophisticated, funny, demonstrative, down-to-earth Ph.D., fine company, Democrat, Jewish (non-religious), mid-forties, seeking wonderful unmarried man, her age range. Details, photo please. Box 18029, Washington, D.C. 20036-0666.

Chicago lady. Are you an over 35, single, intelligent, humorous, professional man? A slim, green-eyed Irish gentlewoman seeks you to warm her nights. Box 8272, Argonne, Ill. 60439-8272.

DWJM, six-foot plus, 50, midlife crisis resolved, self-employed in media, seeks woman 36-42, financially and emotionally secure, to be happily ever after with... or at least through Easter. My interests: film, classical music and jazz, short walks in the city, innovative cooking. Returning mothers encouraged to respond. No problem with kids, dogs, cats, snakes, etc. Photo appreciated, but I understand if you've run out. Box 20576, New York, N.Y. 10025.

Life's drama has gifted this older (but passable for fifty) Beverly Hills bachelor with superior looks, brains, financial status, and good nature, but also deprived him, via polio, of some physical abilities. His search for forever-relationship further hampered by innate selectivity; demands high intelligence, deep-feeling nature, and bikini build. Insists she's gotta be somewhere! Box 5882, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Make new friends. Join one of America's largest correspondence clubs. Information: \$1. Friendships Unlimited, Box 350, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

Meet lovely Oriental ladies through our specialized correspondence service. Free brochure. Oriental Introductions, Box 1364-HA, Bowling Green, N.Y. 10274.

Asian singles wish correspondence for friendship, cultural exchange. Sunshine International, Dept. NA, Box 260, North Hollywood, Calif. 91603.

Exchange thoughts and ideas with people like yourself. Send SASE for details. Letters Unlimited, Box 8273, Silver Spring, Md. 20907.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Non-smokers' exclusive house parties for discerning business/professional singles. \$35. Risa (718) 424-1843.

Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Photos, details: GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Asian singles want correspondence, friendship. Photos, details: World Friends, Box 15010HA, Sacramento, Calif. 95851.

Friends nearby and ninety countries worldwide. For sports, hobbies, correspondence, vacations. Electronic Exchange, Box 68-H4, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

ARTWORK

Original Kurz & Allison lithographs. Free catalogue. American Print Gallery, 43914 S.E. 139th St., North Bend, Wash. 98045. (206) 888-3464.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Hemlock Society. POB 66218, Los Angeles, Calif. 90066. (213) 391-1871.

Mikes of America. The exclusive club for Mikes. Over 12,000 members. Gift memberships available. For information write: Box 676, Minneapolis, Minn. 55440.

How stupid can ya get? American Densa Foundation, 31186 Westhill, Farmington Hills, Mich. 48024.

BOOKS

Locating out-of-print books our specialty. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, Main Station, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Authentic Irish folk wisdom distilled from oral tradition. Commentary and historical background. Endlessly entertaining and enlightening. Send \$6.95 to Tara, Box 3553, Macon, Ga. 31205.

Bookstock finds books. Free search. Box 942-H, S. Orleans, Mass. 02662.

Import directories reveal 1,568 Asian sources. Mercantile, 1023/97B Adams, Olympia, Wash. 98501.

Out-of-print book finder. Send wants. 2035 Everding-HA, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Free book search by specialist book finder. Send titles: Continental Book Search, Box 1163-H, New York, N.Y. 10009.

"Chance Discovery," the ultimate murder mystery novel, by Janet Sassi. to Word-of-Mouth Press, 179 E. 3rd, New York, N.Y. 10009.

This Lincoln biography repelled 160 lions. Box 458, Roscoe, N.Y. 12776.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Earn while you read. Maximum profit, minimum effort. Free details. Robros, 8768H, Boston, Mass. 02114.

Make money with one of the fastest growing companies in the U.S.A. Market legions. Write to TVC, 4546 B10 El Camino Real, Suite 356/C, Los Altos, Calif. 94024.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter." Fact, fiction, recommendations on unique cruising. \$3. TravLTips, Box 188, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore islands than any other Galapagos expeditions. 44 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option. FREE BROCHURE. INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622. 1606hp Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920.

EMPLOYMENT

Rocky Mountain Employment News. Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming. Recent openings, all occupations. Free directory. Intermountain-4R, 3021N Hancock, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907. (303) 630-4418.

Work abroad. Newsletter listing openings. \$5. Directory of hiring agencies: \$5. Job-search catalogue, domestic/foreign. Mr. Information, Sort 185, 2515 Rainier, South, Seattle, Wash. 98144.

Teach abroad/here. Current openings in U.S.A., \$7; overseas, \$7. Specials: Japan, Australia, France, \$7 each. EISL, Box 100, Newton, Mass. 02162-0062.

MERCHANDISE

Verdi T-shirt, with composer conducting first Paris performance of *Aida* (1880). Wonderful period lithograph. Black on white. S-M-L-XL, \$9.95 ppd. HC Designs, Box 33245, Baltimore, Md. 21218.

COLLECTIBLES

Doll of the Month Club. Ethnic dolls from country of origin, with descriptive write-up of country and costume. Box 1673, St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada L7Y 9Z1.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, \$1.85 per word; three times, \$1.75 per word; six times, \$1.65 per word; twelve times, \$1.50 per word. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, \$1 per column inch; three times, \$110 per column inch; six times, \$105 per column inch; twelve times, \$90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to Harper's Magazine and send to Harper's Classified, 100 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Elena Gustines, Classified Advertising Manager.

FILM/VIDEO

n, classic films on video. Giant catalog. \$2. Facets, 1517 W. Fullerton, Ch. Ill. 60614.

"Hail Mary," and many others. Foreign films by mail. VHS only. Send catalogue. Specialty Video, Box M #105, Las Vegas, Nev. 89114.

d Canyon," 2-hour spectacular heli- exploration video. Breathtaking mu- ritically acclaimed. Details free. r Productions, 3217-A48 Arville, Las Nev. 89102. (702) 876-2328.

GOURMET

lly rich, flourless chocolate cakes. y's mouth-watering sweet potato pie. es: \$1/SASE. Box 14016H27, Sara- la. 34278.

7-six sinful cake and pie recipes. Great e- cial occasions. \$2. Satisfaction guar- d. Abbott's Confectionery, 451 y, Waltham, Mass. 02154.

entic West Texas chile. Recipe and ationary hands-free recipe holder. recipe so you don't have to. Guar- \$5. RJJ, Box 20545, Columbus Circle n, New York, N.Y. 10023.

ids, Please. 156 recipes, 12 categories. l, easy. Will earn you many requests econds, please." Excellent gift. \$5.95 fable of contents available, \$1. SASE. ds, Please, Route 8, Longhill, Win- er, Va. 22601.

GIFTS

nt care package for college or boarding l students. Quality items for dorm and desk. \$22 includes shipping direct ent. Satisfaction guaranteed. Infor- n: Campus Kits, 6112 North Mesa, 206D, El Paso, Tex. 79912.

EDUCATION

lives on. 333 common words that are -for-letter identical in Latin and Eng- A must for teachers of Latin, English, list and article by novelist Bruce Dei- Price, first published in *Princeton Alum-* zekly. For reprint send \$2 for postage handling to Word-Wise Educational ces. WWES, Box 21212, Midtown Sta- New York, N.Y. 10129.

Speak French like a diplomat!

mprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette reses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed eazy learning: 47 languages in all. Free log. Write.

IDIO-FORUM Dept 306 96 Broad St Guilford CT 06437

ish degrees. Somerset University offers ee programs to mature students by dis- e learning. For a prospectus, send \$8 to erset University, Ilminster, Somerset, 9 OBQ, England.

Handwriting analyst, stress management specialist/correspondence. Certification. Excellent income. Free analysis. Informa- tion \$1. Career Institute-H, Box 8921, Mesa, Ariz. 85204.

Learn 10 languages a year while striding, driving. 200 Language Club, Box 1727, Bev- erly Hills, Calif. 90213.

Welcome to the off-campus campus. Ver- mont College of Norwich University, a lead- er in independent study for adults, supports home-based college work leading to intellec- tual, professional, and personal growth. Unique, challenging, accredited. Exper- ienced, caring faculty. Call or write us, specifying B.A. or M.A. Vermont College of Norwich University, Box 99, Montpelier, Vt. 05602. (802) 229-0522.

Foreign languages for children. "Spring- board" audio-cassette programs in Spanish, French, German. \$21.95 each, ppd. (Conn. residents add sales tax.) Money-back guaran- tee. Audio-Forum, Dept. 302, Guilford, Conn. 06437. (203) 453-9794.

PUBLICATIONS

Jesus never existed. Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created fictional Je- sus, gospels. \$4. Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Interested in politics? Dismayed with Rea- gan policies? Try free sample of our unique publication. *Progressive Pragmatist*, 3214 Tibbett, Bronx, N.Y. 10463.

Future fascism? Three spectacular 21st-cen- tury scenarios. \$5. Tim Donovan, 7 Ash- land, Manchester, Conn. 06040.

The Art & Science of Automobile Buying. The informed person's guidebook. Free in- formation. Archer Press, 215-H Meadow- brook Way, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

Christ a hand-me-down? *Christianity Before Christ* examines the lives of the great mes- siah and finds many parallels. 238 pp., \$9 ppd. American Atheist Press, Box 2117, Austin, Tex. 78768-2117.

"New Rotics." 40 pages of humorously cap- tioned inkblots. Great gift. \$4. Franklin's, 260 N. Ardmore, Villa Park, Ill. 60181.

LITERARY SERVICES

We'll publish your book. Our 45 years' ex- perience will help you toward success. Send manuscript or outline for free information and evaluation. Rivercross Publishing, Dept. HM, 127 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Manuscripts/cassettes professionally edited, typed. Marye Myers, Box 1019, So. Pasade- na, Calif. 91030-1019.

Ghostwriting, editing, research, indexing. Twenty years' experience. Professional staff. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-b, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Writers! Lawrence Block's books, tapes, seminars. Details free. WFYL, 3750-D Estero, Fort Myers Beach, Fla. 33931.

SOLUTION TO THE JANUARY PUZZLE

NOTES FOR "LETTERS LATENT"

Note: The full answer is given first, with latent letter paren- thesized, followed by an explanation for the mutilated form. ACROSS: 1. (P)RICIER, R-ICIER; 5. BAR(O)QUE, BARQUE; 9. (T)RIFLES, RIFLES; 10. H(E)CUBA, H(omer)-CUBA; 14. TI(N) CA(N), TI(rev)-CA; 16. (T)HIR(T)EEN(T)H, HIREEN(ana- gram)-(marc)H; 17. OD(I)UM, MUD-O reversed; 19. OS(A)GE, OSGE, anagram; 20. NON(L)IBERA(L), NO-NIB-ERA; 24. F(U)- SILEERS, FSILEERS, anagram; 26. SHEE(N), (ban)SHEE; 27. SPA(W)N, SPAN; 29. TOASTIE(R), TOASTIE, anagram; 32. N(I)TRO, NTRO, anagram; 34. (T)REE(T)OP, REEOP, hidden; 35. (T)ENEMEN(T), ENEMEN, hidden; 36. T(E)NDONS, T-...N-DONS; 37. OPE(N)(I)N)GS, OP(E...)IGS, anagram. DOWN: 1. (C)ROUTON, ROUT-ON; 2. IR(O)NIC, I-RN-I-C(ut); 3. I(N)FRA DIG, IFRADIG, anagram; 4. EL(C)ID, ELID, anagram; 5. B(E)STIARI(E)S, BSTIARIS, anagram; 6. (A)RC(A)NE, R-C-N-E, even letters; 8. (L)EATHER, EATHER, anagram; 11. BUNG(L)ER, BUNG-L-R; 13. (D)ERMA, ERMA; 18. MES- (Q)UITES, ME"sweets"; 21. O(U)THO(U)SE, OT(reversal)-HOSE; 22. MEAN T(I)ME, MEANT-ME; 23. R(E)- START, R-STAR-(tou)T; 24. FAT(S)O, FAT(anagram)-O; 25. S(C)ROLLS, S(hip)-ROLLS; 28. D(E)RANG(E), D-RA(N)G; 30. SPOO(N), SPOO, hidden; 31. INEP(T), I-NEP(reversal).

R	I	C	I	E	R	B	A	R	Q	U	E
O	R	I	F	L	E	S	H	C	U	B	A
U	N	W	R	I	T	T	E	N	I	U	T
T	I	C	A	D	H	I	R	E	E	N	H
O	C	O	D	U	M	A	M	O	S	G	E
N	O	N	I	B	E	R	A	M	C	L	R
R	T	C	G	F	S	I	L	E	E	R	S
S	H	E	E	A	U	S	P	A	N	D	R
T	O	A	S	T	I	E	I	N	T	R	O
A	S	L	P	O	T	E	N	T	I	A	L
R	E	E	O	P	E	N	E	M	E	N	L
T	N	D	O	N	S	O	P	E	I	G	S

SOLUTION TO JANUARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 49). (SUSAN) TRAU SCH. IT CAME FROM THE SWAMP. The folks who write regularly for *The New York Times* Washington Talk page should get some kind of medal. This is the section with the light stuff: humor and off-the-wall gossip that saves the paper from terminal objectivity.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 50, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by February 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. The solution will be printed in the March issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 48 (December) are Jesse Green, New York, New York; Leo Ades, Millsboro, Delaware; and Richard Stevens, Ventura, California.

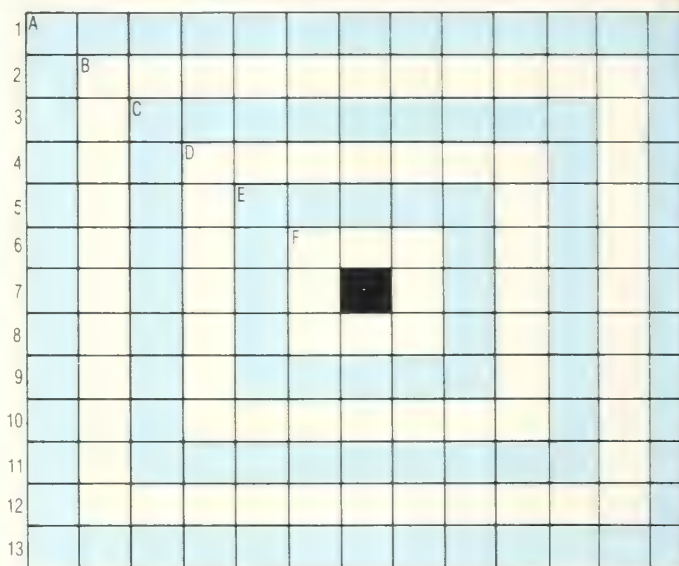
PUZZLE

Square-rigged

By E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Each numbered row contains two non-overlapping entries. Superimposed on those entries are six square circuits beginning at the upper-left-hand corner of each and reading clockwise, consisting of one to seven consecutive and non-overlapping entries. Thus each square in the diagram contains a letter that appears in two words. All clue groupings are given in order of answer length, which is not necessarily the order of entry.

Among the clue answers are two proper names and one common foreign word. The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



Rows

1. a. Step around the all-French allegations (5)
b. Pronghorn run after kitty (8)
2. a. Something you get from smorgasbord! (3)
b. When drum beat is covering, the Spanish fail to impress (10)
3. a. Religious women embracing love. They can be proper, but not this one! (5)
b. Shipboard entertainment tossed in hopper (8)
4. a. Inoculate partially against illness (6)
b. Something put into cosmetics . . . loan goes sour . . . nothing returned (7)
5. a. Actor who isn't regular is supposed to be heard (5)
b. Relief team seen traveling (8)
6. a. State's right invested in piece of property (6)
b. A woman getting married needs a bit of guts to reduce (7)
7. a. Custer unfortunately pauses during hostilities (6)
b. Fairy king relocated in Borneo (6)
8. a. Decorating a cake requires practicing on the back (5)
b. Hitter, losing head, goes after ump . . . get new equipment from him (8)
9. a. Good paramour is one who needs to know the size of your hands (6)
b. Nothing weaver weaves is to dazzle totally (7)
10. a. Row: two Democrats in faint (6)
b. Engineer got me an electrical device (7)
11. a. Gentleman gypsy flips over English dance (6)
b. Bum tries an aromatic wine (7)
12. a. Equipment for computers installed inside makes me do more backward (6)
b. Prohibition, inter alia, in Communist country (7)
13. a. Like wine that's gone bad? Does one spot odd behavior? (6)
b. German-American fixes bridge plates (7)

Square Circuits

- A. a. Call for oral inspection (4)
b. Sweetheart, it's the wrong way to tease you and me (5)
c. A sect's revised social divisions (6)
d. Write, in large characters, "1440"? Only if the first character is removed (7)
e. Common person assuming Latin becomes agreeable (8)
f. Carrying the boat, sailor's left, becoming mature (9)
g. Running off converts in one temple (9)
- B. a. One of the Italians crosses you nonchalantly (3)
b. Well-fitted, even with cap on head! (4)
c. Almost reluctant vows (5)
d. First note principal ownership (6)
e. Communist navy this country turned back in pieces (7)
f. Ex Met, i.e., on base (7)
g. Wife has share . . . is this the bitch's doing? (8)
- C. a. Removes the tension, but declines if Republican replaces Democrat (7)
b. Needing a barber, but it could be non-rush situation (7)
c. Often offensive Catholic man is full of nonsense? Just the opposite! (8)
d. It sets the pier supports stacked up by stream (4,6)
- D. a. Unite me with Lord, forsaking gold (4)
b. Cultivate source of money (4)
c. Study origins of Greek-American dance (5)
d. Prepares potatoes right before cold desserts (5)
e. A refusal to get married . . . that is personal alienation (6)
- E. a. No defect in tea service? What a nuisance (6)
b. Hogwash . . . we garble it badly (10)
- F. a. Little stands for arranging to be star (8)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Square-rigged," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the April issue. Winners of the December puzzle, "Tree Trimming," are Rosemary Scala, Murrysville, Pennsylvania; Anna D. Shepard, Murphy, North Carolina; and Paul Evans, Munith, Michigan.

March 1987

WIRE MAGAZINE

MARCH 1987

7

3 9042 01822951 5

HARPER'S



ACROSS THE BORDERS OF HISTORY
Tijuana and San Diego Exchange Futures
By Richard Rodriguez

BLABSCAM
TV's Rigged Political Talk Shows
By Christopher Hitchens

AMNESIA IN LITTERIS
The Books I Have Read (I Think)
By Patrick Süskind

MAKING BOOK ON OLIVER NORTH
By Scott Meredith

BURLINGAME

FEB 13 1987

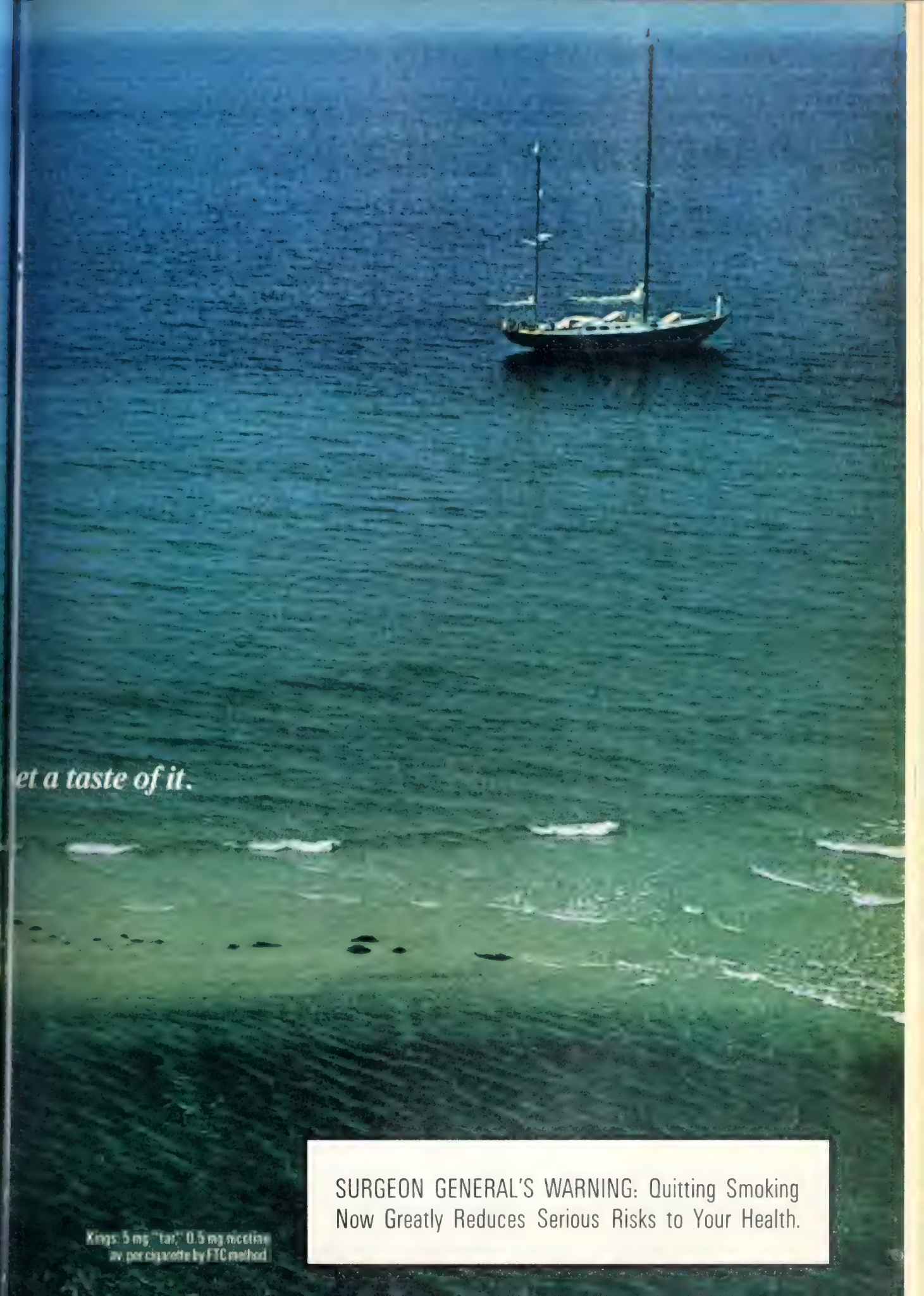
LIBRARY

*****5-DIGIT 11914 04010
JUN 88 10 0000
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
4400 PLIMROSE AVE
BURLINGAME, CA 94010

mus Heaney,
ance in Romania

Merit Ultra Lights

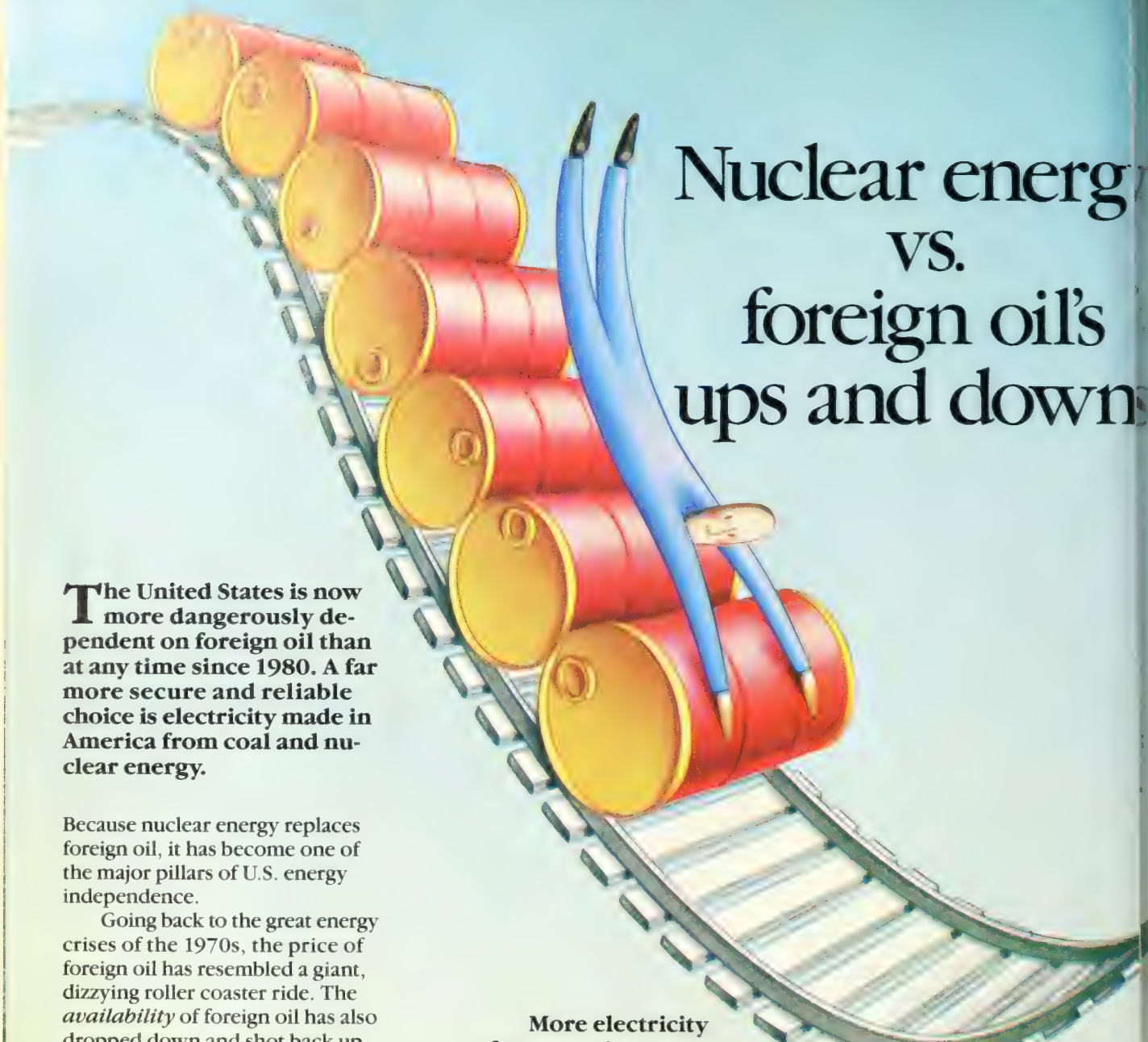




Get a taste of it.

Kings: 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**



Nuclear energy vs. foreign oil's ups and downs

The United States is now more dangerously dependent on foreign oil than at any time since 1980. A far more secure and reliable choice is electricity made in America from coal and nuclear energy.

Because nuclear energy replaces foreign oil, it has become one of the major pillars of U.S. energy independence.

Going back to the great energy crises of the 1970s, the price of foreign oil has resembled a giant, dizzying roller coaster ride. The *availability* of foreign oil has also dropped down and shot back up. And we don't even control the roller coaster—others do.

Consider this ominous statistic: even though prices were low in 1986, America still had to pay about \$30 billion for foreign oil. That's a lot of dollars leaving this country, adding to an already huge trade deficit.

Nuclear energy cuts oil imports

Clearly, the more energy we use in the form of electricity from coal and nuclear energy, the less oil we have to import.

Nuclear-generated electricity has already saved America over two billion barrels of oil, with billions more to be saved before the turn of the century. That's why it's so important for our energy self-reliance.

More electricity for a growing economy

Our economy needs plenty of *new* electrical energy to keep on growing. Almost all of that new energy is coming from coal and nuclear electric plants.

The truth is that nuclear energy is an everyday fact of life in the U.S. It's been generating electricity here for nearly 30 years. Throughout the country are more than 100 nuclear plants, and they are our second largest source of electric power. As our economy grows, we'll need more of those plants to avoid even more dependence on foreign oil.

Safe energy for a secure future

Most important, nuclear energy is a safe, clean way to generate electric-

ity. U.S. nuclear plants have a whole series of multiple backup safety systems to prevent accidents. Plus superthick containment buildings designed to protect the public even if something goes wrong. (It's the "Safety in Depth" system.)

The simple fact is this: America's energy independence depends in part on America's nuclear energy.

For more information, write the U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 1537 (RC1), Ridgely, MD 21681. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Information about energy
America can count on
U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 274, NO. 1642
MARCH 1987

Letters	4	Carl Jensen, Peter M. Leschak
Notebook	10	
Happy anniversary		Lewis H. Lapham
Harper's Index	15	
Readings	19	
Interpreting Palestine		Edward Said
Onward Christian Singles		Christian Dating Club
Foiling the Urine Police		Byrd Laboratories
Night, the Final Frontier		Murray Melbin
A Child's Prison		Elizabeth Marek
"An Open Letter"		a poem by Seamus Heaney
And . . .		Robert Lekachman, Leonard Michaels, E. M. Cioran
Report	42	
ACROSS THE BORDERS OF HISTORY		Richard Rodriguez
Tijuana and San Diego exchange futures		
Annotation	54	
MAKING BOOK ON OLIVER NORTH		Scott Meredith
The big money in tarnished images		
Memoir	57	
THE EROTIC STRIPPED BARE		Linda Mizejewski
Romanians are prisoners of sexlessness		
Story	63	
MOLE		Rick DeMarinis
Miscellany	71	
AMNESIA IN LITTERIS		Patrick Süskind
The books I have read (I think)		
Washington Letter	75	
BLABSCAM		Christopher Hitchens
TV's rigged political talk shows		
Acrostic	77	Thomas H. Middleton
Puzzle	80	E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Cover: Detail of a photograph by Wilma Ervin

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Leon Botstein, Chairman. Copyright©1987 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the United States. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, Ohio 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add \$2; other foreign, add \$3 per year. Please send orders to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Harper's Magazine does not publish unsolicited poetry.

HARPER'S

Lewis H. Lapham, *Editor*

Executive Editor

Michael Pollan

Managing Editor

Janet Gold

Senior Editors

Gerald Marzorati, Terry Teachout

Deborah Rust, *Art Director*

Eric Etheridge, *Associate Editor*

Assistant Editors

Pamela Abrams, Richard T. Marin

Ann K. Stern, *Assistant to the Editor*

Ilena Silverman, *Research*

Editorial Assistant

Charis W. Conn

Interns

Lynne Bertrand,

Lisa Levchuk, Anne Hardart

Contributing Editors

T.D. Allman, George Ball,

Leon Botstein, Mark D. Danner,

L. J. Davis, Timothy Dickinson,

Mark Edmundson, Samuel C. Florman,

Gregory A. Fossedal, Francisco Goldman,

Vicki Hearne, Walter Karp,

Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez,

Robert Karl Manoff, Peter Marin,

George Plimpton, Earl Shortis,

Jacqueline Simon, Henry Scott Stokes,

Frances Taliaferro, Tom Wolfe,

Sidney Zion

Washington Editor

Martin Morse Wooster

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager

Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Circulation

Elvira Lopez

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs

Randall V. Warner

Vice President, Advertising Director

Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives

Kathryn Crowley, Mary Anne Malley,

Karen A. Rydzewski

Elena Gustines, *Advertising Coordinator*

Max Lane, *Circulation Assistant*

Staff

Benjamin Glassberg, Joseph Malits

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES

666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012

(212) 614-6500

San Francisco

Colin Smith (415) 486-0454

Detroit

Norma Davis & Associates (313) 656-1887

Tokyo

Yoshio Matsui, IMI Corporation

(03) 546-2231

LETTERS

Of Virtue and Profit

There must be virtue in profit, given the dedicated pursuit of it by virtuous profiteers, such as Ivan Boesky. But if there is profit in virtue, it has yet to be discovered. As I was reading the December forum ["Is There Virtue in Profit?"], and gagging on the rationalizations of Michael Novak and Walter Wriston, I was presented with yet another example of corporate America's love affair with avarice.

My eighty-four-year-old mother was discharged from a hospital so that she might enter a convalescent home, and a Clinitron bed was prescribed to ease her pain. But she was rejected by the convalescent hospital because, I was told, Medicare is slow to pay for Clinitron beds and "We must be responsive to our facility's financial needs."

Wriston's extraordinary suggestion that the desire to achieve the best of all possible bottom lines maximizes human liberty is the same kind of thinking that gave the convalescent hospital the freedom to reject my mother in order to achieve a greater profit. Meanwhile, my mother's liberty has been maximized to the point where she is free to suffer in pain.

I realize Wriston would criticize me, as he did Lewis Lapham, for using a sample that is "too narrow." After years of deciphering academic gobble-dycook, I recognize that when you can't argue the subject, you argue the sample. Further, I know Wriston is well aware that this is not a sample of one but rather representative of mil-

lions of elderly Americans. Indeed, even Otis R. Bowen, President Reagan's secretary of health and human services, recently acknowledged the tragedy of catastrophic illness and the elderly.

A society that encourages greed and then attributes virtue to it is hypocritical as well as doomed.

Carl Jensen

Cotati, Calif.

Walter Wriston, in attempting to show the benefits of capitalism in the Third World, boasts of Brazil's world-leading GNP growth rate. This may be providing material comfort to some Brazilians, justifying capitalism's claim to virtuousness, but no one on the panel mentioned the immoral aspects of Brazil's unregulated boom. Millions of native Indians are being displaced from their homes in the Amazon River basin, and the rain forest, which produces 40 percent of the world's oxygen, is being chopped down at the rate of 5,000 acres per day. I have a cautious faith in profit, but where is the virtue here?

David J. Mathies

Huntsville, Ontario

Last year I earned about \$16,000 as a full-time freelance writer. That figure was pleasantly inflated from the year before by the recent sale of a book manuscript to Harper & Row. Until two years ago, I was a skilled laborer at a sewage treatment plant, where I made \$21,000 (with overtime). In short, my personal profits are low.

Nevertheless, I am a staunch supporter of capitalism. I appreciate the inherent freedom of choice. (Whether

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

not I've chosen wisely is my problem. I'm puzzled by people who've done well professionally and financially, but who attack the system that's allowed them to flourish. Still, one of the reassuring things about capitalism is that it allows people to bite the hand that feeds them.

Michael Novak was right on when he said that we are taught to hate our economic system. I live in northern Minnesota, a stronghold of the Democratic Farmer Labor Party and a haven for a lot of professed socialists. Gus Hall, the longtime leader of the American Communist Party, lives up just down the road. People I know lambast capitalism at every turn. But that's how they talk, not how they act. The same guy who sings "Solidarity Forever" down at the union hall has a little cottage business at home, and he runs it like Andrew Carnegie. He didn't vote for Ronald Reagan, but he happily works for his own self-interest (even in the union), and he considers it his right to do so. In spite of his rhetoric, he's an enthusiastic participant in the marketplace. It's not unlike the situation in Hungary, where the government continues to encourage capitalist practices—because they work. And they work because they are fair.

Lewis Lapham and Robert Lekachman criticize the capitalist system, but neither has anything of substance to offer in its place. Lapham says that he's "never been able to see any connection between morality and capitalism." That is astounding. What has more to do with ethics than how humanity shall share the commons? Do terms such as "slavery," "theft," "charity," and "freedom" have nothing to do with how we run our economy? For example, if someone takes from me something that I do not wish to give up, that's theft—precisely the basis of socialism. And it certainly concerns morality. When Lapham speaks of an "utter disparity between [a] system of ethics and [a] system of economics," I believe he is considering not systems, but individuals. There are bad capitalists. But the roof of the system lies before you: simply, the United States.

If it were possible to find an intelligent person who was unfamiliar with

Free Facts That Can Cut Your Exercise Time in Half

A Challenging Workout in Only 12 Minutes

You can get an extensive workout for a longer, healthier life just by doing a special 12 minute routine a few days a week. Find out about it by phoning or sending for our **FREE booklet, GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout by Lifecycle.**

You'll Look and Feel Better

This **FREE, 16-page** illustrated booklet tells you how to improve your cardiorespiratory system, burn calories faster, decrease body fat, alleviate stress and develop a lean, trim body in the privacy of your own home. And it's so easy, your whole family can do it!



Send for the Free Facts Today

Just send this coupon to get your free booklet. No money out of your pocket. Lifecycle, Bally Fitness Products, 10 Thomas Road, Irvine, CA 92718

1-800-544-3004 Dept. M64



YES, I want to cut my exercise time in half! Please send me my **FREE** copy of the **GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout** by Lifecycle.® I understand I am under no obligation.

Send For Your FREE Booklet Today!

MAIL TO: Lifecycle
Bally Fitness Products
10 Thomas Road
Irvine, CA 92718

(Please Print) Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

25 FREE pairs of

Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes.

Yes! A FREE pair of America's finest men's shoes will be given to 25 people who answer this ad by May 30. We will draw 25 names from those who send for our FREE catalog. Each will choose a pair of WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES priced up to \$149! Mail this coupon for FREE catalog and YOUR chance to win these famous shoes.



MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
Executive Shoes, Dept. 387, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370

Enter me in the Free drawing, and send Free catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name (PLEASE PRINT) _____

Address _____

City State Zip _____

Have you ever worn Wright Shoes? yes ☐ no ☐

BAHAMA OUT-ISLANDS *Barefoot Elegance*

... Remember a special place you once visited ...
Where you were touched by the magnificence of nature — you forgot yourself and your problems?

Welcome to the **ABACO INN**

We invite you to share this special island with us. A peaceful, charming island with warm-hearted inhabitants who still speak the colonial dialect of their Tory ancestors. Unspoiled beaches, where you can relax and never see another soul. Perhaps you'll just relax in front of your cottage and feel the warmth of the sun and the glistening spray of the pounding surf. Our ten very private rooms, each with its own hammock, ensure privacy and personal attention. We offer you an extremely fine menu and a splendid dining experience, excellent snorkeling, scuba-diving, deep-sea, reef and bonefishing, sailing, windsurfing, trips to Randolph Johnston's artist retreat, or nearby settlements where boat building is very much an art.

The **ABACO INN** is just a pleasant walk from the picturesque 18th century fishing settlement of Hope Town and the historic Elbow Cay lighthouse. If you wish to escape the rigors of 20th century urban life and enjoy barefoot elegance, please write via air-mail or telephone us for our brochure and information.

Ruth Maury



ABACO INN

Box X11, Hope Town,
Abaco, Bahamas
Tel. 1-809-367-2666

these issues and ask him to read this forum, I believe that in answer to the question "Is there virtue in profit?" he would be compelled to answer yes.

Peter M. Leschak
Side Lake, Minn.

It is indicative of the level to which debate on economic issues has fallen that capitalism's attackers should have so much difficulty proving its immorality when its very defenders provide the ammunition.

Perhaps Michael Novak was being facetious when he said that we have cleaner water than "traditional pre-capitalist societies" did. Even assuming this statement was made before chemical spills destroyed the Rhine, it is ludicrous.

The widespread contamination of our groundwater through the excessive or improper use of pesticides is one of the best proofs of the immorality of capitalism. To rely on an individual's assessment of what is the best method of "economic development" can result in injury to all, including the people who make the decisions. Any act that harms *everyone* is clearly immoral.

Several traffic helicopters have crashed recently, killing reporters who were forced into the air by the pressure of competition. Profits were put ahead of people, as in the classic example of the Ford Pinto cited by Robert Lekachman.

Novak had it exactly wrong when he alleged a link between socialist theory and authoritarian practices. The essence of socialism is cooperation, so it is completely moral in theory. That is all it has going for it. In fact, it's an inefficient system that may require some restrictions on personal freedom. But Walter Wriston's suggestion that individual liberty is "the most important moral value" is excusable only because he is a cheerleader, with his back to the action.

Because socialism is theoretically moral, people will continue to experiment with it, but the experiments are doomed to failure until we become better people.

Bowden Quinn
Oakdale, Conn.

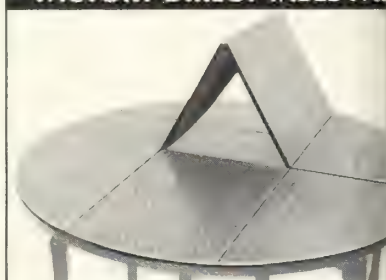
So, Rex was having one of those days, and he ate your favorite issue of *Harper's*?



Most issues are still available.
Send all inquiries to:

Back Issue Sales
Harper's Magazine
666 Broadway
New York, NY 10012

FACTORY DIRECT TABLE PAD



Order with confidence from America's old and largest custom table pad manufacturer

Phone 1-800/328-7237 Ext. 25

108 Briarcliff, Thomasville, NC 27360

612/646-6778—Ext. 257

Sentry TABLE PAD CO.

TREAT YOURSELF to a new view of how Americans are improving their cities and preserving the amenities. Learn about federal grants that can help your own community. **SEND \$1** (check or dollar bill) for our colorful 32-page catalog of publications assisted by the National Endowment for the Arts. Mail to Publishing Cent 625 Broadway, NYC 10012. Please enclose this ad and mark envelope **PLACES AS ART** Box

he moral poverty of the debate on question "Is There Virtue in Prof- was itself noteworthy. If "virtue" e really under discussion, it es- ed my notice. Michael Novak's ans to the-wonder-that-is-capital- notwithstanding, the debate got in an embarrassing free-for-all of logy conducted by the ostensible ics of capitalism, Peter Steinfels . Robert Lekachman. Everyone quick to accept Walter Wriston's d "when all is said and done, the imizing of human liberty is the st important moral impera- . . . Why should anyone impose own view of what is good on a soci- ?" But shouldn't *that* have been the as of debate?

Substantive issues aside, however, I e fascinated by the references to e young people I know" made by vis Lapham and Wriston. One can- help but wonder what sorts of ing people Wriston, a former presi- and chief executive officer of icorp, is likely to know. Does he w any students at public universi- s, students without trust funds and ose parents barely make enough to ng them above the poverty level? hen was the last time he spoke with neone who joined the armed forces cause it was the only way to kiss erty goodbye? And is Michael Nok any better, with his complacent ertion that "most of the people I ow seek the work that satisfies them st completely." I suppose we ought be thankful that *someone* knows ostly people like that.

ut Herold
orthampton, Mass.

The issue isn't whether capitalism is oral. The question is whether soci- ies that benefit from the enormous ealth created by capitalism can rise ove the emptiness of consumerism. seems that after we've seen to the sentials—food, shelter, clothing— e can't figure out what's next. Lack- g direction, we just keep adding to ar store of material wealth.

If we were honest, we would revise ar currency to read "In technology e trust," for this has become our true d. We worship at the church of tele- ision to discover what new goodies

An almost unbelievable offer—but there's a reason!

Why would Haverhills "sell" this DL-323 Power Failure Light for only \$12.95?*

**But read the ad for an even more astonishing deal!*

We are one of the largest national mail-order houses. In order to make our operation even more efficient, we need to increase our customer file by at least 25,000 names per month. The best way to do that is to make an almost irresistible offer of quality merchandise—or, as the Godfather put it, "an offer you can't refuse".

The DL-323: A Rechargeable 3-Way Power Failure Emergency Light

Because of our large buying power and agents all over the world, we have unlimited access to merchandise. And after scouring all sources, we decided that the DL-323 would be such an irresistible offer, especially if we could "sell it" at a give-away price. At our special-offer price of \$12.95, the DL-323 is a "steal." You get these quality features:

- Plug into any 110-volt wall outlet. The DL-323 will always be charged. Bypass circuitry avoids overcharge.
- Red LED serves as nightlight and shows that unit is on charge.
- If power fails, the DL-323 turns on automatically. When power is restored, it reverts to the charging mode.
- Unplug the DL-323 anytime and carry it as a convenient flashlight.
- Has folding plug, off/on switch.
- NiCd power cells for continuous recharging and highest performance.
- White high-impact designer body, 3" wide, 1½" deep.
- 1.5 watt bulb, easily replaced and obtainable anywhere.
- Faceted parabolic reflector for wide-beam illumination.
- Listed by Underwriters' Labs.

Every home should have *at least* one *Power Failure Light*. Many prefer to have one in every room of an apartment or on every floor of a house. You are not helpless—groping for candles or a flashlight that more likely than not has spent or corroded batteries. But the DL-323 goes on when the power goes off and provides area illumination when you need it. You can remove the DL-323 from its socket any time and use it as a bright broad-beam flashlight—it's always fully charged!

As for quality: don't let the low promotional price turn you off. The DL-323's are made to highest quality standards. We warrant them for material and workmanship for one full year. And, of course, UL (Underwriters' Laboratories) wouldn't put *their* stamp of approval on them if they were not convinced of the quality.



The DL-323 is called "3-way" because it serves as a nightlight, flashlight, and area-illuminating power failure light.

Here is the deal.

Take advantage of it!

The DL-323 is made to sell for \$29.95 to \$39.95. We ourselves have sold thousands at these prices. But with this special limited list-building offer, you may order this outstanding *Power Failure Light* for just \$12.95.

Because this is a list-building promotion, we must limit this offer to a maximum of three (3) *Power Failure Lights* per household. You may, however, request up to six (6) *Power Failure Lights* maximum if you mail your order within 30 days of the publication of this ad. (No exceptions, please!) **If you do buy six (6) DL-323 Power Failure Lights, you only pay for five (5)—the sixth one is with our compliments, absolutely FREE!** With this offer, only mail orders, accompanied by check or money order (no chargecards, no phone orders!) can be accepted. Because of the special price, we cannot assure that the DL-323's will be available beyond 60 days from the publication of this ad.

Take advantage of this incredible buy—this totally unprecedented offer—while it is available. Write your name and address on a sheet of paper, and also write "Code B887." Tell us how many lights you want and include your check or money order. Add \$2.95 postage/insurance for the first light and \$5.90 for two to six lights. Add sales tax for California delivery. Mail to:

since 1967
haverhills

List Building Division, Dept. DL-323
131 Townsend Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

this beneficent god offers.

We say money doesn't buy happiness, but we don't really believe that. So we find ourselves in the ironic position of growing rich materially while becoming impoverished spiritually.

What will lift us from this rut? I don't think capitalism or any "ism" will lead us to greatness. The flaws in our society are flaws not of capitalism but of human nature. Can human nature be perfected? This would seem a worthy goal for people who need not worry about their next meal.

Jim Bass
Miami, Fla.

Professor and Mrs. Barth

I'm sorry I read the memoir "Teacher" by John Barth [*Harper's Magazine*, November 1986]. It left a bad taste in my mouth. As a college teacher of English, I thought it might be enlightening. Instead, I found its twin

themes of brilliant student as sex object and brilliant woman playing second fiddle to brilliant man disgusting. He writes novels, she teaches them to high school students. The few comments on Shelly Barth as teacher were submerged by these dominant themes.

The motifs were likewise distasteful: woman drops out of graduate school in emotional crisis; wife and mother of three is superseded by newer and younger model; woman seeks male approval; woman follows socially conditioned, limited career goals despite superior talents; woman proudly takes man's name.

I would much rather read Shelly Rosenberg Barth's account of teaching in the secondary schools and her commitment to it.

Anne Eggebroten
Costa Mesa, Calif.

What splendid memories were evoked by John Barth's memoir. My

roommate and I had Barth at Penn State in 1959: Hum I, of course. A couple of business majors, we suddenly found a whole new world of mind opening to us. We couldn't wait to settle down each evening to discuss what had come up in class. Barth gave us the tools we needed to discover the essence of ideas. More important, what he taught was permanent. In twenty-seven years I have examined every new idea through the prism he gave to me in Hum I.

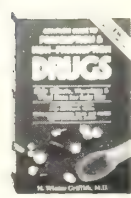







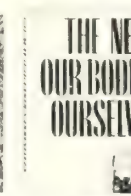
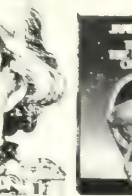

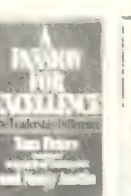


Such teachers are rare, indeed. I'm glad there are at least two of them out there, and grateful that I had Barth.

David J. Pepper
Dallas, Tex.

True Stories

I enjoyed "Truer Than Strange" [*Harper's Magazine*, December 1986] and Barbara La Fontaine is a fine writer, but her idea that fiction is in co-

3 BOOKS, 3 BUCKS.

								
*650 Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$9.95	768 QPB: \$9.95	396 Hardcover: \$25 QPB: \$14.95	*101 Hardcover: \$15.95 QPB: \$7.95	*117 QPB: \$12.95	687 QPB: \$6.95	*734 Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$12.95	401 Hardcover: \$24.95 QPB: \$9.95	33 Hardcover: \$9.95
								
347 Hardcover: \$22.50 QPB: \$14.50	419 Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$6.95	192 QPB: \$9.95	172 Hardcover: \$19.95 QPB: \$10.95	128 Hardcover: \$18.95 QPB: \$7.95		*343 Hardcover: \$27 QPB: \$13.50	*116 Hardcover: \$25 QPB: \$11.95	QPB: \$2
								
597 Hardcover: \$39.90 QPB: \$16.50		267 Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$12.95	602 Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$9.50	418 Hardcover: \$27.50 QPB: \$14.95	218 Hardcover: \$29.95 QPB: \$13.50	*755 Hardcover: \$25.95 QPB: \$12.95	439 Hardcover: \$22.95 QPB: \$11.50	6 Hardcover: \$20.95 QPB: \$10.95

ition with real-life stories misses point of literature. Short stories, novels, and plays are not written to be bigger, badder, more outrageous than the big, bad, outrageous openings of real life. It is precisely because we have fourteen-year-olds living next door, and upstairs neighbors who beat each other with flat bowls, that good fiction is written. Good fiction does not attempt to ape real life or to create even wilder sets of circumstances. Rather, it pretends to make sense of the passions, errors, and paradoxes on which our mortal nest is made.

vid Cates
ring Green, Wis.

Correction

The cartoon on page 14 in the November 1986 *Harper's* was mistakenly identified as having been originally published in *Voices of Solidarity*. The



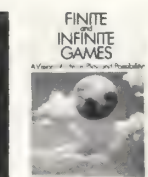




cartoon, by Roy Peterson, first appeared in the *Vancouver Sun*, where Peterson is an editorial cartoonist.

March Index Sources

1, 2 Moody's Investors Service (New York City); 3 MasterCard International (New York City); 4, 5 Bank Credit Card Observer newsletter (Iselin, N.J.); 6 Gary Hufbauer, professor of international finance, American University (Washington, D.C.); 7 Melvin A. Brenner Associates (Rowayton, Conn.); 8, 9 Federal Aviation Administration; 10, 11 Xenex (Honolulu); 12, 13 Consumer Federation of America (Washington, D.C.); 14 Ha'aretz (Tel Aviv); 15 Inter-American Press Association (Miami); 16 *New York Times*; 17 *Los Angeles Times*; 18 Lightning Protection Institute (Harvard, Ill.); 19, 20 *Sex, Nutrition and You*, by Gordon S. Tessler (Better Health Publishers, San Diego); 21, 22 American Associ-

ation of Medical Colleges (Washington, D.C.); 23 Centers for Disease Control (Atlanta); 24 *Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago); 25 Wool Bureau (New York City); 26 *Sri Lanka Sun*; 27 Brule Ville Associés (Paris); 28 Bar à Eaux (Paris); 29 Richard A. Spears, author of *Slang and Euphemism: A Dictionary of Oaths, Curses, Insults, Sexual Slang and Metaphor, Racial Slurs, Drug Talk, Homosexual Lingo and Related Matters* (Jonathan David, Queens, N.Y.); 30 *Megadoses: Vitamins as Drugs*, by Annette B. Natow and Joann Heslin (Pocket Books); 31 *Chain Store Executive with Shopping Center Age* magazine (New York City); 32, 33 *Decima Research and Maclean's* magazine (Toronto); 34 California Film Office (Hollywood); 35 American League of Theaters and Producers (New York City); 36 *Variety* (New York City); 37 *Video Marketing Newsletter* (New York City); 38 Catholic Traditionalist Movement (Westbury, N.Y.); 39 National Opinion Research Center (Chicago); 40 Gallup Organization.

NO COMMITMENT. NO KIDDING.

						
72 \$16.95 \$8.95	515 QPB: \$9.50	750 Hardcover: \$13.95 QPB: \$6.95	721 Hardcover: \$24.95 QPB: \$12.95	728 Hardcover: \$17.95 QPB: \$8.95	757 Hardcover: \$16.95 QPB: \$7.95	752 Hardcover: \$24.95 QPB: \$12.50
						137 Hardcover: \$11.95 QPB: \$6.95

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

avings: QPB books are paperback books in hardcover format, durably bound and printed on quality paper. But they are priced at 50% less than their hardcover counterparts.

Review: You'll receive the *Review* 15 times a year (every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new Selection, a group of other books. If you like the Selection do nothing. If you don't like it, you'll be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision in the Reply Form always included and return it by the date specified.

Return privilege: If the *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.

Bonus books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book you set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in any six-month period.

Let's Try Each Other For 6 Months.

Quality Paperback Book Club® P.O. Box 8804 Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804



VIRGINIA WOOLF

Name _____ 7-16
(Please print clearly) QPB7 3
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Indicate by number your 3 choices.

--	--	--

Please print clearly. Quality Paperback Book Club. All orders subject to approval.

Quality Paperback Book Club

NOTEBOOK

Happy anniversary
By Lewis H. Lapham

A novel is a mirror walking on a road.
—Stendhal

Three years ago this month, *Harper's Magazine* revised its editorial method and design, and the occasion is as good as any to celebrate the result. The anniversary also gives me a chance to clarify the magazine's purpose and intent. A number of new readers, presumably too long accustomed to the lullaby sung by the choir of the mass media, seem to imagine that they have wandered into a Parisian café frequented by anarchists.

As measured by the impresarios at Time Inc. or NBC News, three years is a synonym for eternity. Fortunes come and go between commercials; so do wars and ratings points and political truths thought to be as immutable as the fixed stars. But for a monthly journal, especially a long-established journal undertaking an extensive revision of its traditional appearance, three years is barely enough time to issue a preliminary report. Despite the circulation director's reluctance to trust any trend that cannot be carved in stone, I think it fair to say that the reformed *Harper's Magazine* is a success. Nor would it be going too far, even for somebody uneasy with circus adjectives, to call the magazine a colossal or spectacular success.

In December 1983 the magazine sold 120,000 copies, and the number of readers was dwindling; in February 1987 the magazine sold 176,000 copies, and the number of readers was rising. By comparison with the circulation numbers quoted by the mass media, the numbers appear trivial, but, unlike the numbers quoted by the mass media, they are real—i.e., rep-

resentative of copies sold to individuals as distinct from copies discounted or distributed free to an alien ZIP code—and for a journal that traffics in ideas they indicate a triumph. Even the magazine's finances (notoriously as precarious as those of Mexico or Zambia) have improved to the point where it's not implausible to project a modest profit before the end of the Reagan Administration.

Readers who have subscribed to the magazine for any length of time clearly don't require further statements of editorial theory. They might take exception to a particular text, finding it foolish or tasteless or wrong, but it doesn't occur to them to quarrel with the magazine's motives. They have written too many appreciative letters for me to question their understanding of the magazine's devices or doubt their pleasure in its various means of expression.

Although the circulation director doesn't place much faith in anything that can't be programmed into a computer, to me it is the mail, the letters from reader to writer, that proves the theorem of the magazine's success. The opening of the mail I count as the best of the business of editing *Harper's Magazine*. Never have I encountered so many thoughtful and responsive people, all of them literate (no small wonder in the era of the data base), all of them delighting, as did the old Greeks, in what Sophocles called "the glittering play of wind-swift thought." They would rather talk about shoes, or ships, or sealing wax than go shopping for oysters.

Less sympathetic readers complain about the magazine on general principles, pronouncing it "random," "not serious enough," "oblique," "espous-

ing no known politics," "un-American," "irrelevant," "disrespectful," "unresponsive to the fateful issues of our time." They approach the magazine with sets of expectations so different from my own that I feel bound to make some sort of an argument. I seldom know what I think about anything (not even the weather or Bush Reynolds's wig) until I'm obliged to write something on the subject, and by answering what I take to be the general run of objection, I might formulate a clearer idea of what *Harper's Magazine* is and what it is not.

Certainly it isn't a political party. It doesn't promote lines of policy, endorse candidates, sponsor causes, or submit proposals for saving the world. To the best of my knowledge nobody in the office knows how to save the world, nor, again to the best of my knowledge, does anybody take seriously Shelley's observation that poetry can be construed as "the unacknowledged legislators of the world." If anybody fits that unenviable job description, I suspect that it would be the secret police.

Politicians talk about "the blacks" and "the environment," about "the problem in Iran" and "the business of the state." But as far as I can see, the business of the state is theft (converting public money to private use under the rubrics of the nonexistent "national interest"), and the collective nouns ("blacks," "communists," etc.) mean nothing until they have been made specific—these particular blacks in this particular street, this river and that chemical factory, precisely these few middle-aged gentlemen in Washington and Tehran who for reasons drowned in the sorrow of their early youth, believe in the mir-

of weapons analysis or jihad. At the moment the abstractions assume recognizable human form (all too often a manifestation both armed and dangerous), the politicians leave for airport. They would rather look at what they call "the big picture" (which is, of course, no picture) from a safe height of 42,000 feet.

The magazine's bias in favor of the street view on the ground sets it at odds with the conventions of American journalism. The difference of opinion is epistemological, not ideological. Most newspaper editors and television producers rely on the techniques of the social sciences, on the collecting of evidence supposedly impartial from sources allegedly authoritative. If given a choice in the matter, they prefer the general to the particular, issues to values, data to ideas, certainties to individuals.

Harper's Magazine reverses the order of preference and relies on the strategies of the humanities, on the shamelessly partial evidence furnished by history, narrative, and metaphor. It isn't a question of how one sees but of what kinds of stories one sees.

Flaubert could think of no endeavor more ennobling than the contemplation of reality, and I. I. Rabi, the Nobel Prize-winning physicist at Columbia University, conceded a similar preference when he said that physics (which he meant the basic structure of reality) was "the only study proper to a gentleman." Writers as distant from one another in time as Montaigne, John Adams, and Albert Einstein sought to know the world as it is, not as it is more or less immaculately conceived in the canons of political doctrine and ethical romance. Writing last spring in *Harper's Magazine* about the uses of modern fiction, Walker Percy, a lapsed physician and arguably one of the finest of contemporary American novelists, put the opposition as follows:

The point is that all fiction can be used as an instrument of exploration and discovery . . . to discover, or rediscover, how it is that man himself, who he is, and how it is between him and other men.

Which isn't to say that *Harper's Magazine* pretends to the rank of lit-

erature, but its premises more nearly resemble those of the novelist or historian than those of the journalist, the politician, or the faith healer. The intention is diagnostic, not therapeutic.

Stendhal defined a novel as "a mirror walking on a road," and with something of the same hope in mind, *Harper's Magazine* every month assembles a mosaic of found or commissioned texts—essays, statements, fictions, statistics, reports, lists, proclamations, notes—which, when taken together, reflect the wonderful ambiguity of the story, or, rather, the many stories, passing on the road.

Within the larger context of human thought and experience, politics belongs to the margins, at best a set of circumstances that people put up with, like taxes or the rain, at worst a deadly charade, often merely a convention of fraudulent speech that blames the tragedy of the human predicament on the Russians, the real estate interests, the Democratic Party, or a collision of oil tankers off the coast of Peru.

Once having discounted the rhetoric of the people who profit from the business of the state, every hospital room bears witness to battles as desperate as the battles fought at Waterloo or Gettysburg; every bedroom door opens into a desert or a garden. Even while walking on an otherwise quiet street, man wages a bitter and incessant war against himself, his nobler elements joined in mortal combat with the old enemies come against him under the familiar banners of his ignorance, superstition, greed, selfishness, and fear.

The epistemology of American journalism discourages extensive reporting along these particular fronts. The mass media increasingly have become less hospitable to the first person singular. With remarkably few exceptions, the news and editorial columns of the big media (*Newsweek*, the *New York Times*, NBC, etc.) sound so nearly alike as to be indistinguishable from one another. Dan Rather's voice (like Peter Jennings's voice or Tom Brokaw's voice) is the voice of a committee, of a syndicate, of an institution. Properly defined, it is nobody's voice, telling nobody's story.

Because of the size of their audi-

ences (measured in the millions instead of the tens of thousands) and because of the enormous sums of money inhibiting any sudden or subversive movement of the imagination, the big media cannot afford to describe the world as it is. The world is too strange, too alarming, too specific, too much at odds with the mythologies in which people would prefer to believe. The mass media have no choice but to flatter the illusions of their audiences and tell the equivalent of fairy tales. "Yes, Virginia, this is the best of all possible worlds; yes, our generals are competent, our armies invincible, our artists busily at work on masterpieces, our statesmen wise, our money safe."

At the other end of the dial, among the policy reviews and journals of distilled opinion, the alarms and excitements of the last twenty-five years have forced a retreat into the trenches of ideological doctrine. Being more concerned with the access to power than the contemplation of reality, the writers defending the strongholds of virtuous belief (in abortion, SDI, civil rights) imitate the example not of Flaubert but of Patrick Buchanan. Slogans serve as substitutes for thought, and words, instead of being prized as diagnostic instruments, come to be valued for their uses as clubs and stones. The apologists for this or that line of intellectual merchandise form their opinions as if they were acquiring investment portfolios, not for the sake of the opinion but in hope of an appointment to Washington or Harvard. The arguments provide the subtexts for the more momentous questions of patronage.

Having no connections at Yale or the Bureau of Motor Vehicles (much less at Harvard or the White House), *Harper's Magazine* offers its writers nothing but the space to "discover, or rediscover, how it is with man himself, who he is, and how it is between him and other men." That so many readers and writers stand willing to undertake so modest and yet so difficult a task seems reason enough to celebrate this month's anniversary. The magazine is lucky in its friends, fortunate in the wealth and diversity of their voices, made buoyant by their largeness of mind and generosity of spirit. ■



Mon.

Tues.

Thurs.

Fri.

The week David Ansen went to the movies and wrote a story on old age, high art and the bottom line.

When Newsweek sends its critic, David Ansen, to a movie—he goes to a movie.

He enters its beckoning world with the intensity of a foreign correspondent covering a war. And he prepares his dispatches with an all-seeing eye that can spot nuance in a disaster and romance in a stone.

Ansen's reviews are welcomed by Newsweek readers because they're so much more than thumbs up or thumbs down. He climbs inside the movie to tell you why it was made. And how it was made. And whether the world would have missed it if it hadn't been made.

When he writes a story on

Clint Eastwood he helps you see him for what he really is. Not just a lucky survivor of spaghetti westerns but as a man who has merged the character he portrays into the character he is: "An American icon."

This isn't Hollywood hood. This is sociology. Anthropology. Economics. Always info

Wed.

A scene from the movie *Seven Years in Tibet*.
Directed by Kurosawa. Inspired by "King Lear."
Starring

Sat.

ative and always entertaining.

When he pays tribute to
Akira Kurosawa, the 75-year-
old master of Japanese film,
Ansen treats him not only as a
genius of the Samurai movie
but as a sharp interpreter of
contemporary life. A wise
teacher who loves the world
enough to be saddened by it.

Ansen sees Kurosawa as a
national treasure rejected by his
own country—an aged wan-
derer seeking support.

David Ansen belongs in the
movies. And because of the

special way he sees them—the
bridging of their cultural, busi-
ness, social and international
significance—he belongs in
Newsweek.

That's where you'll find him.

Newsweek.

Why it happened. What it means.

Master of possibilities: John Huston.

*"Substance separates
film from movies."*

I'm not knocking 'movies.' We all need entertainment. But to really reach people, make a statement of lasting substance, you have to have a theme of substance.

'The Treasure of the Sierra Madre' has not abided all these years simply because it was an adventure movie. It focused on a bigger issue—the possibilities of life.

I always look for substance in everything. I choose the Gold MasterCard® because it widens my possibilities with universal acceptance and recognizes my needs and success with a substantial credit line.

The Gold MasterCard gives me definite advantages in directing my biggest film of all... my life. Which at times, quite frankly, can run like a movie.



Master
The Possibilities™

HARPER'S INDEX

Number of U.S. corporations whose credit ratings were lowered by Moody's in 1985 : 153

In 1986 : 246

Portion of consumer purchases in the United States that are paid for in cash : 1/4

Average interest rate charged on bank credit cards : 17.83

Percentage of Americans who say they don't know the interest rates charged on their credit cards : 25

Amount consumers paid in higher prices in 1986 because of import restrictions : \$65,000,000,000

Percentage change in the average fare per mile of air travel since deregulation : +42

Market value of an airline landing slot at LaGuardia Airport in New York City : \$25,000

At National Airport in Washington, D.C. : \$100,000

Cubic feet of fresh air circulated per minute for each passenger on a commercial flight in 1976 : 15

Today : 6

Estimated percentage change in long-distance telephone rates since deregulation : -17

In local telephone rates : +40

Number of pay phones in the West Bank : 80

Number of Colombian journalists murdered since 1984 : 7

Number of Colombian judges murdered since 1984 : 14

Percentage of Americans who say that AIDS is God's punishment for homosexuality : 24

Bolts of lightning that strike the United States every day : 250,000

Average number of sperm per cubic millimeter of an American male's semen in 1929 : 100,000,000

Today : 60,000,000

Portion of 1982 medical school graduates specializing in obstetrics and gynecology who were women : 1/3

Portion of 1986 graduates : 1/2

Percentage of parents who request that their children be excused from sex-education classes : 3

Percentage of Americans who say that doctors in hospitals should wear white coats : 65

Percentage of men who are accompanied by a woman when shopping for clothes : 67

Percentage of prostitutes in India who say their husband or a relative forced them into the profession : 33

Percentage of French men who say they would like to see Princess Stephanie pose nude in a magazine : 28

Different kinds of bottled water served at the Bar à Eaux in Paris : 150

Estimated number of expressions in English for being drunk : 2,500

Percentage of Americans who take more than five vitamin pills a day : 11

Percentage of Americans who say they have been to a shopping mall in the last month : 78

Rank of the outdoors and trains among the unconventional places in which Canadians say they've had sex : 1,2

Percentage of Canadians who say they would prefer Soviet occupation to nuclear war : 50

Percentage of feature films made in the United States in 1986 that were shot somewhere other than California : 57

Number of the 38 Broadway theaters that are currently dark : 18

Number of movie tickets sold in 1986 : 1,030,000,000

Number of videotapes rented in 1986 : 1,040,000,000

Price of a Latin mass on videocassette : \$60

Percentage of adult Americans who say they have had contact with the dead : 42

Percentage of American teen-agers who say they believe in the existence of angels : 67

Figures cited are the latest available as of January 1987. Sources are listed on page 9.

"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.



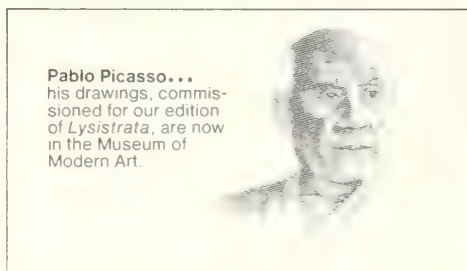
Now You Can Own the Most Important Editions of Our Time

Heritage Club classics illustrated, designed and introduced by the world's foremost artists and literary figures.

Would you be proud to own a volume illustrated by Picasso?

The Heritage Club has, for several decades, commissioned leading artists to illustrate its editions. Pablo Picasso, for instance, was commissioned to create the drawings of beautiful young women and courageous Athenian warriors which illustrate the ancient Greek comedy, *Lysistrata*. The original works which he created expressly for this volume are now part of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art.

In a wholly different vein, but altogether appropriately, The Heritage Club commissioned Norman Rockwell to illustrate *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. Who could



Pablo Picasso... his drawings, commissioned for our edition of *Lysistrata*, are now in the Museum of Modern Art.

better portray the inexperience of youth and the innocence of a bygone era? Today, these Norman Rockwell originals are as classic as Twain's novels themselves.

Introductions by leading literary figures of the twentieth century.

Often, the writer who introduces a Heritage Club volume is as famous as the author who wrote the work. Sinclair Lewis, Thornton Wilder and A. A. Milne, are just a few of the prominent literary figures who have been chosen to write introductions. Imagine having Theodore Dreiser tell you what to read for in *The Way of All Flesh*...or having Isaac Asimov set the stage for *Journey to the Center of the Earth*.

Definitive editions that withstand the test of time.

Heritage Club Editions have come to be regarded as *definitive* editions of the world's classics. The reason is that they are masterpieces of literature, but masterpieces of the book crafting art as well. Over the years, The Heritage Club has sought the talents of the world's foremost artists, typographers, designers, binders, and printers to produce editions which are as classic as the immortal works they contain.

Not a book club in a conventional sense.

There is nothing conventional about the way The Heritage Club operates. Choices are made by you, and not for you. When you enroll, you receive a *Prospectus* of upcoming Club titles. You tell us which titles you wish to receive, which are then sent to you at the rate of one title per month. You can purchase all titles, most or some. And even though you receive only the titles you have specifically requested, you are not required to return any volume within 30 days for a refund. You are also at liberty to cancel your membership at any time.

Norman Rockwell... his classic original illustrations were commissioned exclusively for our editions of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and *Poor Richard's Almanac*.





Heritage Club Books are Among the Best Made Books in the World.

- Acid-neutral paper that won't turn yellow.
- Pages thread-sewn for extra strength.
- Flawless reproductions of original works of art.
- Elegant type faces.
- Large library sized volumes.
- Sturdy attractive slip-cases to beautify and protect.

Wells Kent... of the many famous illustrations whose illustrations can be found in age Club editions



Sinclair Lewis... he was so enthusiastic about our design of *Main Street* that he wrote a special introduction for it!



Thomas Hart Benton... the Heritage edition of *The Grapes of Wrath* and *Life on the Mississippi* contain some of his finest work.



Arthur Rackham... his famous illustrations for the Heritage edition of *The Wind in the Willows*, have made it the most prized edition ever published.



Daphne du Maurier... her introduction to *Peter Ibbetson* is another Heritage Club original



H.G. Wells... one of the many famous authors who has written introductions for Heritage Club editions.



Remember when books were made to last? Heritage Club Editions still are!

It is more discouraging than to pay up \$30 for an ordinary hardcover best-seller and that the book is printed on poor-quality paper and that the pages are merely glued binding. Heritage Club editions, on the other hand, are produced the way they always been—to last for generations. Covers are hard and sturdy. Papers are acid-free—meanture for generations without cracking or fading. Pages are meticulously bound—sewn so they will not fall out in your hands 10 or 20 years hence.

Uniformity is boring. Each Heritage Club edition was created afresh!

Each Heritage Club edition is designed to entertain, enrich, and even enlighten the particular work it presents. The manner of illustration—watercolors, woodcuts, engravings, and sizes vary. So do cover and trim colors. So do prefaces. The only standard to which these attractive volumes conform is a uniformly high standard of taste.

Please act promptly.

Sooner or later, the generous terms of this introductory offer must bow to the still rising costs of making books. To accept this invitation, simply complete the Membership Application below and return it promptly. This is all you need to do to begin acquiring your own magnificent library of the world's greatest books in editions you will be proud to own.

A free book just for joining!

When we receive your application, we will send you a complimentary volume by way of introduction—so that you can see, firsthand, that everything we have said about the beauty and elegance of Heritage Club editions is true. If, for any reason, you are not satisfied, simply return the volume. Your membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing. If you are delighted with your complimentary volume, you are eligible to receive other volumes at just \$17.50 each—a price which will be maintained for at least your first two full years of membership regardless of changes in underlying costs.

Membership Application

277

THE HERITAGE CLUB
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, Conn. 06857

No Payment
Required
Simply mail this
application.

YES! I want to join The Heritage Club and begin building my own personal library of the greatest books of all time.

Send me my FREE first volume. Assuming this book is satisfactory, I will then send \$17.50 (plus shipping and handling) to pay for the next volume in my Heritage library. This price will be guaranteed to me for the next two years. I will continue to receive a volume per month for as long as I continue my membership. I understand that I may return any book within 30 days for a refund, and that either party may cancel this subscription agreement at any time.

If the first volume does not meet with my approval, I agree to return it. I will then owe you nothing, and my membership will automatically be cancelled.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

The paradox of power

The Information Age, for all its potential, has brought with it a new kind of problem. Often, the machines that contribute so much to the flood of information do little to help most of us cope with it. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, almost arrogant in their inability to work with any but their own kind. They are the muscle-bound tools of specialists.

In our view, the problem is not that the machines are too powerful for the rest of us. They are not powerful enough.

This is the paradox of power: the more powerful the machine, the less power it exerts over the person using it. We define a more powerful machine as one that is more capable of bending to the will of humans, rather than having humans bend to its will. The definition is deeply ingrained in AT&T. The telephone is such a powerful device precisely because it demands so little of its user.

AT&T foresees the day when the Information Age will become universal. People everywhere will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity. They will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they now make a phone call.



That day is coming closer. One example: scientists at AT&T Bell Laboratories are developing "associative" memories for computers, further enabling the machines to work with incomplete, imprecise, or even contradictory information. That's perfectly natural for a human. What makes it a breakthrough is that these computers won't ask you to be anything else.

Telecommunity is our goal.
Technology is our means.

We are committed to leading the way.



READINGS

[Lecture]

INTERPRETING PALESTINE

From "The Burdens of Interpretation and the Question of Palestine," a paper delivered by Edward Said last July at the annual meeting of the International Society of Political Psychology, in Amsterdam. His remarks were published in the Fall 1986 issue of the Journal of Palestine Studies. Said is a professor of English at Columbia University and a member of the Palestine National Council.

Where do you stand on the question of Palestine? A shamelessly provocative question, but an interesting one against the wider background of theories of interpretation. One of the effects of the great explosion of knowledge associated with emergent movements has been the discovery that there is no point of view, no vantage, no perspective available like an Archimedean principle outside history. Decolonization and the development of newly independent peoples, like the rise of women from subaltern to more equal status, like the appearance from obscurity of various and variously suppressed minority voices, have demonstrated that all forms of knowledge about human history are forms of engagement in it. This is particularly true, of course, in the social and humanistic disciplines, where we have come to realize—if not always to acknowledge—that the modern formation of such sciences as anthropology and history occurred within those sites of intensity and contest we have tended to associate only with political

struggle. Thus scientific images of blacks, of women, of primitives that occur in the nineteenth century are, to use a notion elaborated by Foucault, part of the production of these beings as inferior, and hence as dominated by the wielders of the scientific discourse about blacks, women, primitives. I think it is correct to say that Palestine is a topic, a subject, a "matter" about which interests and knowledges have evolved, but like all such knowledges they are implicated in the contest over and about Palestine.

Perhaps this is a roundabout way of saying that there is no neutrality, there can be no neutrality or objectivity, about Palestine. This is not to say that all positions are equal. But it is to say that so ideologically saturated is the question of Palestine, so manifestly present is it to most people who come to deal with it, that even a superficial or cursory apprehension of it involves a position taken, an interest defended, a claim or a right asserted. There is no indifference, no objectivity, no neutrality, because there is simply no room for them in a space that is as crowded and overdetermined as this one.

If I seem so insistent it is because I feel that most writing on this subject is based on the assumption that outside the fateful circle of Palestinians and Israelis, who are locked in something called "the Israeli-Palestinian conflict," stands a group of people less involved and less affected than the main parties by the conflict's depredations and diminishments, able to legislate, inform, and perhaps even achieve a totally distinct and other point of view. I would also mention that the rhetorical tone of such

writing, as much as its implied point of view, seems to transport the reader outside the conflict's zone of disagreeable engagement to a place removed, where—it is further implied—things can be made clear, set right, properly understood.

Such interpretations (for they are, at bottom, interpretations) have been a consistent aspect of the question of Palestine since its modern inception. There has always been an appeal made by one or both of the parties to a silent and impartial jury somewhere out there. The fact that no such jury has every really existed can immediately be verified by a quick look at the vacillating, not to say dramatically altered, perception of the United Nations by parties to the conflict since the late 1940s. It is only a slight simplification to say that whereas the Zionists appealed to the United Nations more or less consistently until 1967, it has been the Palestinians for whom since 1967 the United Nations has been cast in the role of arbiter and adjudicator.

But this is not all. One of the most striking features of attempts at representing the conflict as if from the outside has been the notion that Palestinians and Israelis are equal, symmetrical—balanced, polarized at dead center. It will hardly come as a revelation, however, when I say that no such symmetry has ever existed, no matter how tempted we may be by the nicely balanced rhetorical form of the polarity. To place the Palestinian and the Israeli sides on what appears to be an equal, opposite, and symmetrical footing is also to reduce the claims of the one by elevating the claims of the other.

However much the Jews may view Zionism as a crucial and compelling aspect of Jewish history, as its telos, as its restitution and redemption, as its culmination and vindication, there is no getting past the fact that for all Palestinians, the processes of Zionism have dispossessed them. And not just that, for here we come to the very essence of the Palestinian case against Israel. The Zionist movement is unique in the history of such pioneering settlement movements from Europe in that it not only took over territory but excluded—as opposed to simply exploiting—the natives. In the process, and ever since, there has been a programmatic denial of these facts, except by a few courageous (albeit belated) revisionist Israeli historians, political activists, and intellectuals. The first dispossession bred a whole series of sustained exclusions, by which Palestinians were denied their primordial rights not only in fact; they were also denied those rights in history, in rhetoric, in information, and in institutions. So we have the case today by which the state of Israel maintains a population of over two million Palestinians in inferior status, and another two-plus million as exiles,

while at the same time it says that it does not do so and wars against the Palestinians on every conceivable level. It brands Palestinian organizations as terrorist, it claims that its own actions are just and democratic, it congratulates itself constantly on its soul and its anguish, even after it is manifestly responsible for massacres, wars, deportations, torture, collective punishment, and expropriations against the Palestinians.

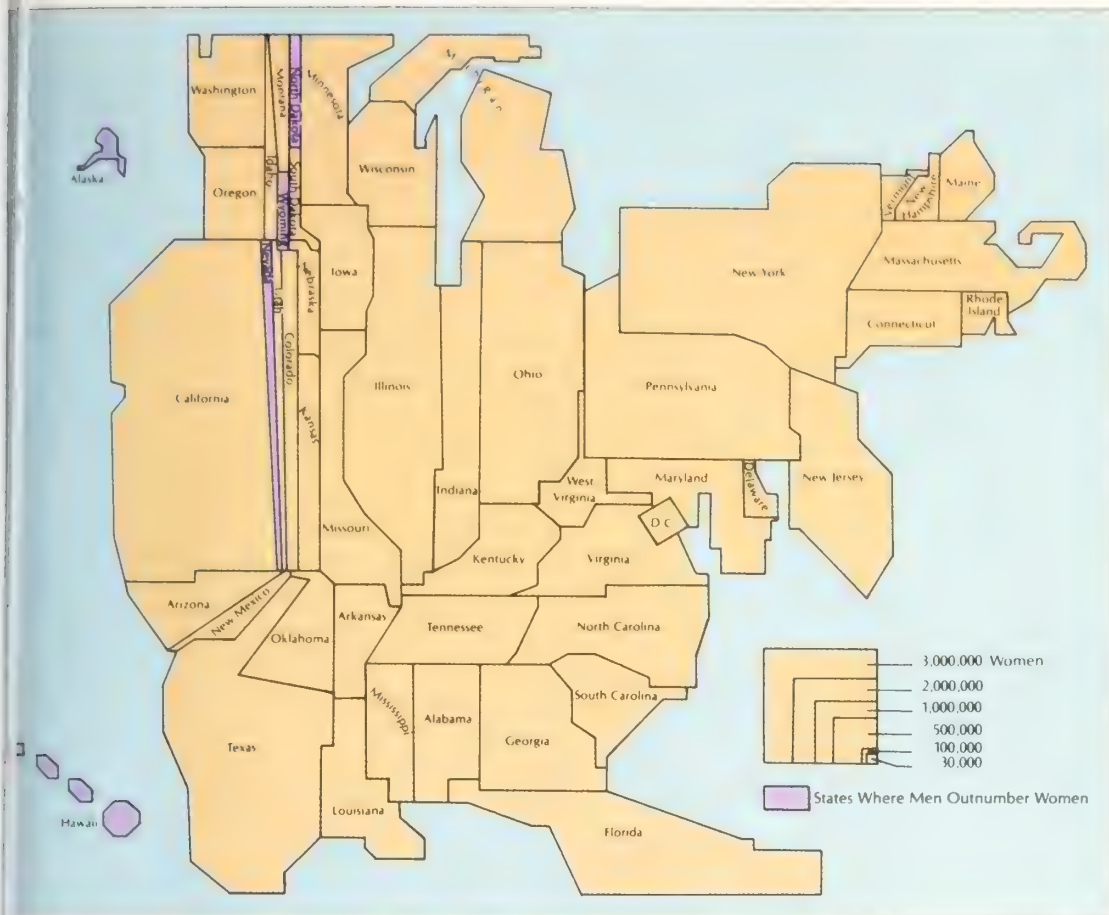
I am reminded of an anecdote in Rudyard Kipling's autobiography, *Something of Myself*. Kipling speaks of visiting Theodore Roosevelt at the Smithsonian Institution:

The Smithsonian, especially on the ethnological side, was a pleasant place to browse in. Every nation, like every individual, walks in a vain show—else it could not live with itself—but I never got over the wonder of a people who, having extirpated the aborigines of their continent more completely than any modern race had ever done, honestly believed that they were a godly little New England community, setting examples to brutal mankind. This wonder I used to explain to Theodore Roosevelt, who made the glass cases of Indian relics shake with his rebuttals.

For indeed it is the coincidence of shaking glass cases full of Indian relics with Roosevelt's loud rebuttals that recalls Israeli public posturing today alongside the continued occupation of the West Bank and Gaza, as well as the punishment and daily humiliation of the Palestinians. It must be one of the rarest instances ever in which the nation that has dispossessed and continues to punish another wants to enjoy the moral status and virtuous suffering of the victim. More: Israel requires from the Palestinians such unprecedented (and in the whole history of diplomacy, unknown) concessions—including such things as acknowledgments of the right to exist, legitimacy, etc.—with none offered in return. Who can forget the extraordinary public relations attempt by supporters of Israel to turn the massacres at Sabra and Shatila, for which Israel was directly responsible, into an example of Israel's greatness of soul, or, as it was put by the egregious editorialists of the *New Republic*, an example of how Israel's shame honors her?

Very well then: how do we change this situation, if we have properly understood it and properly interpreted its discrepancies as seen from the perspective of its greatest loser, the Palestinian Arab? How do we really begin to move toward peace? The psychology of conflict demands, I think, a recognition on the part of the Israelis that they have done a great injustice to the Palestinian people. For an example of the thinking and the political gesture I have in mind there is a quite remarkable book by Edward

THE GEOGRAPHY OF GENDER



The Women's Atlas of the United States, by Anne Gibson and Timothy Fast, published by Facts on File. The size of a state reflects the size of its female population. An area the size of the outer square at right represents 3 million women.

Thompson published in 1926 by the Hogarth Press; it is called *The Other Side of the Medal*. In this tract, Thompson addresses England's long colonization of India, acknowledging the immense psychological as well as moral damage done both sides in the protracted colonial encounter between them. One of the characteristics of this admirable little book is that while Thompson shows how both sides misrepresented each other's history, he has the courage and the moral severity to see that there is a difference and an asymmetry between the two sides. England has exploited and colonized India, he says, and no matter how savage the reprisals of Indian nationalism, they cannot measure up to the imperial offense itself.

As Thompson says, the difference between the Indian and the British versions of history is that the latter have an enormous arsenal of interpretive weapons with which to make points;

this includes, for example, Oxford's *New History of India*, the British press, the great universities. In other words, he recognizes the considerable political force of publications, of the diffusion of opinion, of moral hegemony operating on the British side. The same is no less true today, where partly because of the power of the United States, which supports Israel more or less unconditionally, and partly because of the moral authority of Jewish suffering, Israel's views have a dominating power over the Palestinians that amplifies, intensifies, and aggravates the disproportionate character of their relationship. Thus, while it is horrible for a Palestinian to be deported, or for a Palestinian family to be massacred, or for Palestinians to be arrested without charge, it is a good deal worse for them to endure these punishments and be forced, at the same time, to admire Israel's democracy, its scientific performances, its military prowess.

Furthermore, it needs to be said again that the dehumanizing portrayals of the Palestinians by Israel and Israel's supporters have regularly been accompanied by weirdly excessive depictions of the Jews of Israel as victims who have directly inherited the sacrosanct status of Holocaust survivors in everything that they as Israelis do to the Palestinians.

In his book, Thompson proposes that England should make a gesture of atonement for its actions in India. It is my belief that the present impasse between the Palestinians and the Israelis can profit from this idea.

As to what this gesture might be, I shall not be more specific than to say that the situation requires a visible abrogation of those denials—by now institutionalized, programmed, and even theorized—by which Israel has protected itself from its own record of practices against the Palestinian people. I would be less than honest if I did not add that we may be very well past the moment when reconciliation can be affected much by such gestures, although there will always be room for them. Instead, there is a much more likely prospect of growing polarization—after all, almost an entire generation of persecuted Palestinians has now grown up in Israel, the occupied territories, and Lebanon—especially as it is clear to Israel and the Palestinians that neither has any real military option against the other.

I should not end on so bleak and negative a note. If I were to say to myself and to a younger generation than mine what it is that we must do in furthering the *mutual recognition* and peace that the current situation requires, I would specify three things. One is to keep our thoughts and actions resolutely in a secular dimension, free of divine promises, covenants, and destinies. Second, there must be a constant, perpetually renewed search for modes of community, not structures of exclusion. Third, we need a more conscious political engagement with the questions of justice and injustice that have animated the question of Palestine throughout modern times. The less we disingenuously claim to be studying, or adjudicating, or manipulating, or pragmatically seeking impartial solutions for the conflict between Israel and the Palestinian nation, the better. Everyone who looks into the question of Palestine is engaged in it, but how much better to be engaged openly on the side of justice and truth than to loiter on the margins, vainly seeking impartial solutions and symmetrical frameworks. As with most things in human history, this is a matter of choice and will, and so rather than concluding with a few bits of scientific and contemplative wisdom, let me instead enjoin you to call justice justice and truth truth.

[Questionnaire]

ONWARD CHRISTIAN SINGLES

From a questionnaire distributed by the Christian Dating Club, which seeks to help single men and women in the Minneapolis area find spouses "as soon as physically possible." Copies of the completed 122-question survey are circulated among club members, who may then ask anyone they deem compatible for a date. The Christian Dating Club requires that couples attend church on the first date. It suggests that members shop for engagement rings on the second date and that they get married within seven months.

What are your main hobbies?

How many vehicles do you own?

Do you agree that when a divorced person remarries, he or she commits adultery?

Have you produced any children of your own?

Should an employed wife pay one-half of the rent and grocery bill, instead of wasting her paycheck on travel, hairdressers (especially male hairdressers), unnecessary and expensive clothes, antiques and knickknacks, psychologists, drugs, etc.?

Would you have dishwashers and microwave ovens in your home?

Have you ever used contraceptives?

Should paintings and photos of nude men in museums be restricted to viewing by men only, and paintings and photos of nude females restricted to viewing by females only?

Should a pre-engaged couple share the same bedroom?

State the last date on which you consciously masturbated.

According to Ezekiel 23:21, is it O.K. to premaritally breast-rub a woman—i.e., medically examine her—if sexual feeling is involved to any degree?

Is it perverted in the hot summertime for a gal to wear slacks, chignon, and socks?

Do you have a VCR or cable TV?

Should HBO movies or Gideon bibles be disallowed in motel rooms?

May Polaroid film and VCRs be used by a couple in private to create their own erotica of themselves in hot action together?

Have you ever been drunk?

Do you waste money on bingo, cards, or horse race gambling?

Should women wear lipstick?

Contrary to Acts 15:20, do you order and eat meat rare or medium rare?

Should guys ask gals for dates? To be engaged?

Are fake diamond rings O.K.?

LOOKING FOR GOOD MOVIES? DOWN ANY THREE, JUST \$3.30 EACH.

WITH MEMBERSHIP

LY MINE	1584082
IR	5119012
ROAD WARRIOR	6028052
ALINS	6082082
H CASSIDY AND SUNDANCE KID	0517002
OURS	2021182
IRMAN	3051132
ION	3553052
BRIDGE ON THE KAWAI	1606062
PLAN OF THE BEAR	3583092
STBUSTERS	1742012
ABOUT EVE	0044082
ED EDGE	1813052
WOLF	4104072
LONGEST DAY	0577032
HT NIGHT	1823062
SSAGE TO INDIA	1741022
AMERICAN WEREWOLF JNDOM	7140062
ALAMO	0583052



JEWEL OF THE NILE
3571032



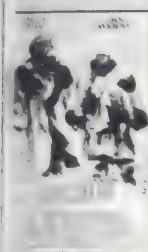
PRETTY IN PINK
4224022



IRON EAGLE
3588042



SLEEPING BEAUTY
5437022



SPIES LIKE US
6116082



DELTA FORCE
3383012



AFTER HOURS
6167062

OPATRA	0579012
PARENT TRAP	5288022
HOWLING	0527202
MESS	4114052
MUR	6024092
IPLE RAIN	6048012
ST SIDE STORY	0505342
VRENCE OF ARABIA	1514072
R WARS	0564162
FAIR LADY	3507022
BIG CHILL	1527022
WEE'S ADVENTURE	6098002
VES OF GOD	1812062
VIE	1516052

OKLAHOMA!	0054052
BEVERLY HILLS COP	2053102
CADDYSHACK	6024002
THE BLADE RUNNER	3104092
AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN	2021192
POLICE ACADEMY	6049002
RE-ANIMATOR	4847092
THE SWORD IN THE STONE	5409062
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA	5378032
THE BLACK STALLION	0504012
CHARIOTS OF FIRE	6014012
PINOCHIO	5361102

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN	1187092
PRIZZI'S HONOR	4602172
YANKEE DOODLE DANDY	0573062
BLUE HAWAII	0674142
"10"	0017072
DR. STRANGELOVE	1571082
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION	0717122
THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE	4305062
THE CARE BEARS MOVIE II	1862052
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD	0855062
ROMANCING THE STONE	0894092
STING—BRING ON THE NIGHT	5116002
ON GOLDEN POND	0523162
THE COTTON CLUB	3100032
SOUTH PACIFIC	3506112
RISKY BUSINESS	6033082
PATTON	0043042
KRAMER VS. KRAMER	1503002
FLASHDANCE	2018142
A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET 2	3382022
THE RIGHT STUFF	6043062
MARY POPPINS	5276062
SILVERADO	1810082
FOOTLOOSE	2019052
THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK	0910092
WHITE NIGHTS	1814042
ST. ELMO'S FIRE	1803072
DUMBO	5251052
GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER	1819092
THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534212

NATIONAL LAMPOON'S EUROPEAN VACATION	6096022
MURPHY'S ROMANCE	1853062
ALICE IN WONDERLAND	5423082
DIRTY HARRY	6017082
OLD YELLER	5289012
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND	1510192
SESAME STREET PRESENTS FOLLOW THAT BIRD	6117072
GANDHI	1533042
PLACES IN THE HEART	0928082
A CHORUS LINE	3193012



**DOWN AND OUT
IN BEVERLY HILLS**
5426052



RETURN OF THE JEDI
3547042



GUNG HO
4225012

THE KILLING FIELDS	6084062
PALE RIDER	6097012
COUNTRY	5341072
PRIVATE BENJAMIN	6018072
ROCKY IV	3570042
A NIGHTMARE ON ELM STREET	3088072

BODY DOUBLE	1714062
SOUND OF MUSIC	0034122
LA CAGE AUX FOLLES	0517012
MAD MAX BEYOND THUNDERDOME	6089012
BODY HEAT	6029022
SUMMER RENTAL	3173032
RETURN OF THE DRAGON	0818022
STAR TREK III— THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK	2016162
THE AFRICAN QUEEN	0511022
CASABLANCA	0507162
SOME LIKE IT HOT	0584122
NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN	6042072
REVOLUTION	6115092
NOTORIOUS	0567132
STAR TREK THE MOTION PICTURE	2035132
TOOTSIE	1509042
THE EMERALD FOREST	3145002
THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	0582222
TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A.	7225042
STRIPES	1513162
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS	2026062
ALIEN	0002322

Now you can own any three movies here for just \$3.30 each with membership in the CBS Video Club! Movies for less than the price of movie tickets, less than the price of movie rentals, and they're yours for keeps!

Choose from the best, too. *Return of the Jedi*, *Gung Ho*, *Sleeping Beauty* and more. There's no membership fee, and you don't have to buy a lot of movies.

Just buy five more within the next two years. The movies you order will be mailed and billed at regular Club prices, which currently range from \$29.95 to \$9.95, plus shipping and handling. Extra-long films and specials may cost a bit more.)

BONUS PLAN—SAVE 50%

After buying five movies at regular Club prices in the next two years, you can cancel. Or stay with it and save even more under our current Bonus Plan. With each movie you buy, the plan currently allows you to help yourself to another movie of equal value or less at 50% off. (And you can save as much as \$60 more right now—see the

Advance Selection box in coupon.)

About every four weeks (up to 13 times a year) we'll send you our *CBS Video Club Magazine*, reviewing our Director's Selection plus many alternate movies. Up to four times a year you may also receive Special Selection offers, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 17 buying opportunities.

CHOOSE FROM HUNDREDS OF HIT MOVIES

As a member, you'll always have a wide range of choices. If you want the Director's Selection, don't do a thing. It will arrive automatically. If you prefer an alternate title, or none at all, just return the card provided by the date specified.

You'll always have two full weeks to decide. (If you ever receive a movie without having had a full two weeks to decide, send it back at our expense.) There's a toll-free number to call if you have any questions or service requests.

Join today and we'll send you three movies for just \$3.30 each along with more details on how the

Club works. If you're not satisfied, return everything within 10 days for a full, prompt refund with no further obligation.

For faster service, use your credit card and our toll-free

number to order. Just call 1-800-CBS-4804 (in Indiana 1-800-742-1200).

Or mail the coupon.

CBS VIDEO CLUB

400 North Frutidge Avenue, Terre Haute, IN 47811

CBS VIDEO CLUB

1400 North Frutidge Avenue
Dept. 720, P.O. Box 1111, Terre Haute, IN 47811

Yes, please enroll me in the CBS Video Club under the terms outlined in the advance selection. As a member, I need buy just five more movies at regular Club prices within the next two years.

Check one: ☐ VHS ☐ Beta

Send these 4 movies for \$4.00 each (plus shipping and handling).	#
#	#

Please check how paying:

Charge my introductory movies and future Club purchases to:

☐ MasterCard ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ X20 X21

Account # _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

My check for the entire amount is enclosed ☐ X19 X21

Bill me for my introductory movies (and first selection, if I ordered one). ☐ X65 X66

Name _____ Phone _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Note: CBS Video Club reserves the right to reject any application or cancel any membership. Offer limited to U.S. residents only. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto (offer may vary). Applicable sales tax added to all orders.

Advance Selection SAVE UP TO \$60 MORE— HAVE LESS TO BUY LATER!

Order a fourth movie now for only \$19.95—and your membership obligations immediately reduced (you then need buy only 3 more movies of equal value).

For more information on our Bonus Plan, please call 1-800-742-1200 or write to the address above.

#

[Essay]

REAGANOMICS WITH A HUMAN FACE

From *Visions and Nightmares: America After Reagan*, by Robert Lekachman, published this month by Macmillan.

Is it possible that in 1988 Americans will turn from Reaganomics to neoliberalism? In American politics, almost anything, aside from outright socialism, is possible. It may be that in the wake of the most ideological president in our history, the public will welcome the neoliberal emphasis on technique and process and the sus-

pension of crusades at home and abroad. Neoliberalism fits comfortably into the American tradition of pragmatism. For the unknowing disciples of William James, the important question to ask of any human effort is, Will it work? If vouchers will improve the quality of education, increase the quantity of low-income housing, and widen access to medical care for the poor, let a million vouchers bloom. As with vouchers, so too with pollution metering instead of legalistic regulation, the contracting out of public services to the lowest bidder, and for-profit medical care.

The issue of health care, however, highlights a major neoliberal defect, one which suggests that a neoliberal course might not represent a sharp break with Reaganomics. On grounds of principle and political policy alike, the neoliberal approach is tacitly hostile to a national health-care system; comprehensive welfare reform; large-scale, publicly funded job and housing ventures; and similar programs. Yet the experiences of both the United States and England make it abundantly clear that services will be second-rate or unavailable whenever and wherever access to them is strictly limited to low-income or otherwise vulnerable groups. In laissez-faire Victorian England, public-health legislation was enacted only after it became clear that the plagues of the poor were spreading on an equal-opportunity basis to the affluent; and it took a universal health-care program in the years after World War II to raise standards for the poor. In the United States, public housing has from its inception been closed to all but low-income families. By contrast, council homes, the British equivalent, have been open to middle-income as well as poor families. No surprise that council housing has a generally good reputation and that public housing does not. Nor is it surprising that Social Security has survived six years of a President whose record had been one of strong opposition to it. The program has survived because its benefits flow to nearly everybody—above all, to the vast, amorphous middle class. Means-tested programs, which benefit only those who cannot afford to pay, inflict stigma; universal entitlements create enormous constituencies in favor of their continuance.

Unlike their opponents on the right, neoliberals do not by preference stigmatize the poor. They recognize the legitimacy of decent social provision. All the same, their distrust of large-scale, universal programs and their attraction to market mechanisms lead ineluctably to the segmented delivery of services. Again, health care is paradigmatic. The legitimization of for-profit hospitals, nursing homes, dialysis centers, and health-maintenance organizations sanctions a

[Phrase Book]

KITCHEN SPANISH

From *Kitchen Spanish*, a pamphlet written and published by Leslie Hayden, a Washington, D.C., marketing consultant.

Do you have references?

¿Tiene referencias?

Do you know how to take care of children?

¿Sabe cuidar niños?

This is your room.

Este es su cuarto.

Dust here.

Por favor quite el polvo de aquí.

Please be careful with this, it is breakable.

Por favor tenga cuidado con esto, es frágil.

Do not put this in the dryer.

No ponga esto en la secadora.

Please do not answer the phone.

Por favor no conteste el teléfono.

Wash this by hand.

Por favor lave esto a mano.

Do not use (Comet/steel wool), it will scratch the surface.

No use (Comet/esponja de aluminio) porque raya el material.

Do not be afraid, it will not hurt you.

No tenga miedo, no le va a lastimar.

Thailand

HONGKONG

Dear J.
What an adventure!
There is no place as rich in contrasts as Hong Kong. People actually live on sampans! Fishermen still worship Tin Hau Goddess of the sea!
Hong Kong is eating 'dim sum' in 'dai pai dong' (street stalls) or world class restaurants, shopping for designer clothes at bargain prices and exotic handicrafts.
The Cathay Pacific flight was incredible. Imagine gourmet food and wine on an airplane! And the service lived up to its legendary reputation. Did you know Cathay flight attendants come from 10 Asian lands?
Arrived in Thailand. This is a place one dreams about. Ornate temples, golden Buddhas, floating markets, shimmering silks, sun-drenched resorts, elephants at work.
Well, I am off to see the magnificent Grand Palace and then try some spicy Thai cuisine.
Next time we'll come out together.

AL

I'm fascinated by the Orient. Please send me more information on Hong Kong, Thailand and Cathay Pacific Airways.

Name _____
Address _____
Zip _____

Return the coupon to: Hong Kong Tourist Association,
P.O.Box 476,
San Francisco, California 94101.

HA-87-03

Arrive in better shape
CATHAY PACIFIC
The Swire Group

hierarchy of accommodations and, inevitably, treatment. The economic approach to health care reduces it to the status of any other commodity or service in the marketplace. Naturally, the rich will fare better than the poor. Hospital chains will, of course, gladly contract with the government to treat the indigent on terms that will simultaneously reduce public expenditures and pay suitable dividends to stockholders. Under the cloak of rationality, the functional equivalent of old-time charity medicine would

complete a comeback begun by Reagan.

Calculation is fatal to comity. Families, voluntary associations, professional societies, and political entities quarrel and disintegrate when they focus narrowly—as neoliberals are wont to do—on who pays and who benefits. Harmony requires the acceptance of cross-subsidization and the humility to realize that most individuals are subsidized at some point in their lives and on other occasions contribute to subsidies for those less fortunate.

Closely examine Social Security, for example, and it will prove unfair on both the revenue side and the expenditure side. Payroll taxes are regressive. Since a single rate applies to wage and salary income under \$40,000, and since income above that level is not taxed, the corporate vice president paid \$400,000 is assessed the same amount as a colleague collecting a mere \$40,000. On the expenditure side, the system is progressive: the more lucrative was your working career, the less significant a part of your Golden Years resources will your Social Security check be. There is less logic than political wisdom in these arrangements. That they have endured for so long testifies to public acceptance of the system.

It should be glaringly clear that tampering with either side of the ledger risks an open season of interest-group conflict. Neoliberals argue that well-paid professional and managerial workers should be allowed to opt out of Social Security, thereby enabling them to provide for their own retirement by investing in common stocks or real estate or setting up Individual Retirement Accounts. But the social costs of rational investment are heavy. The universal character of the present system would be destroyed. The amount low-paid workers would collect from either a diminished Social Security fund or their own small investments would have to be supplemented. In effect, welfare would supplant the current system of dignified income maintenance.

Here, as elsewhere, neoliberal logic—much like neoconservative logic—draws upon the wrong social science: economics, instead of soci-

ology. Insofar as the scholarly imperialism of economists is allowed or actually encouraged by politicians to reshape social policy, it is almost certain to reinforce the existing distribution of income and wealth. Lacking any old-fashioned passion for social justice and possessing far too rational an attitude toward public policy, neoliberals are quite capable of reshaping policy in much the same direction as supply-siders and neoconservatives. The only difference is that neoliberals would act not out of ideological fervor but out of solicitude for efficiency, international competitiveness, faster economic growth, and intellectual tidiness.

On several grounds, neoliberalism is preferable to the nightmare of four, eight, or more years of Reaganism. Crusades against abortion and for public prayer would no doubt continue, but without White House encouragement. Defense policy would likely be less chauvinistic. Blacks and Hispanics would not be totally ignored, because no Democrat can become president without substantial minority support. But what remains of the welfare state after eight years of Reagan would be threatened by the social accounting of neoliberals. Neoliberalism is less a nightmare than a recipe for uneasy sleep.

[Guidelines]

FOILING THE URINE POLICE

From Success in Urine Testing, a pamphlet published by Byrd Laboratories, an Austin, Texas, company that sells dehydrated, drug-free urine specimens.

1. Never give your first urine of the morning. This urine is the most concentrated and will yield the worst results.

2. If you know you are going to be tested, drink a lot of water and other liquids in the hours right before the test. This tends to dilute the sample.

3. Several over-the-counter medications may cause urine to test positive for a number of illegal drugs. Most common nasal decongestants, for instance, can cause positive readings for amphetamines. By informing your tester that you have taken such drugs, you can lay the basis for an appeal should you test positive.

4. Switch your urine for a "quality" sample. Drug-free urine may be stored in urostomy or saline bags or in condoms, and then hidden in your underwear. Keep in mind that testing per-



At Lands' End we want to do more than make a sale to you.

We're out to build a relationship.
Through service.

Therefore:

1. We select or develop a quality product.
2. We price it fairly.
3. We ship it immediately.
4. We guarantee it. Period.

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford button-down shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

Please send free catalog.

Lands' End Dept. XX-31
Dodgeville, WI 53595



Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Or call Toll-free:

800-356-4444

sonnel often check samples to see whether they are warm.

5. Adding ammonia to your sample will cause chemical reactions that render negative test results, but the smell is easily detected.

6. Approximately 3 percent of the population is psychologically incapable of urinating in front of other people. Doctors have named this phenomenon "the blushing kidney syndrome." If you have reason to believe that you may fail a urine test and have no other options, inform testing personnel, after a suitable interval, that you are simply unable to produce a specimen.

[Examination Questions]

READING COMPREHENSION

From Condensed Book, a collection of pieces by Peter Cherches, published by Benzene Editions. Cherches is a performance artist, writer, and singer.

I.

Twentieth-century Americans are happier than our ancestors because we have more to be happy about. Also, there are more of us to be happy, so the country is happier as a whole. We have many things to be happy about, but the happiest thing of all is that we are Americans.

Today's American is happier than yesterday's American because life is easier. Our forefathers, those great men who built our nation, did not always have it so easy. Building a nation is hard work, and it doesn't pay very well, so many of our forefathers had to go hungry. Today no American need be hungry. All Americans can eat well because of the sacrifices made by the architects of our great nation. Our great nation was built by many hungry men. George Washington was just one of them.

Life today is also easier than in the past because of the many wonderful inventions that make life easier for all of us. These inventions are the result of American ingenuity. All great inventions are American. Those great American inventors, such as Edison, Bell, and Marconi, were able to make their important discoveries because of the sacrifices of our forefathers. We can watch television and use our electric can openers because Thomas Jefferson often went to bed without supper.

America is the land of opportunity. In America, anybody can be an inventor. For instance, the peanut was invented by a Negro.

Things are very different in Russia. The peo-

ple in Russia are not happy. In fact, the people in Russia used to be much happier. This is because they used to be ruled by a happy ruler known as the czar. Now they are ruled by a group of unhappy rulers known as the communists. Many Russians go to bed without supper. This is very sad, but very true.

1. A good title for this passage would be:

- (a) Thomas Edison, Inventor
- (b) Thomas Jefferson, Martyr
- (c) The Negro Problem
- (d) Hunger and Happiness

2. The main idea of this passage is:

- (a) America is good
- (b) Inventions are good
- (c) Russia is bad
- (d) All of the above

3. Thomas Jefferson went to bed without supper because:

- (a) He went to bed with his slaves
- (b) He was on a diet
- (c) He wanted us to be happy
- (d) Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone
- (e) a & c

4. We can watch television because:

- (a) America is a free country
- (b) The Russians haven't figured out how to jam the airwaves
- (c) It was invented by an American
- (d) None of the above

5. The rulers of Russia are unhappy because:

- (a) They're communists
- (b) They're not American
- (c) They know they can't win the cold war
- (d) All of the above

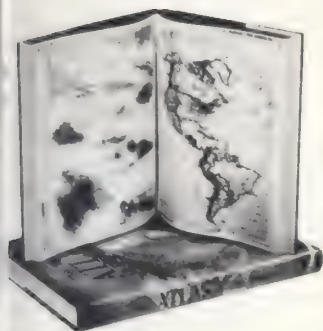
II.

Football is a very popular sport in the United States. Football is also very popular in England, but in England football is a different game. The English are wrong to call their game football, because the game that the English call football is actually the game that we know of as soccer. Soccer uses a round ball, as opposed to football, which uses a football. The English also have a game called rugby, which uses a ball that looks very much like a football, but rugby is not called football. However, despite the popularity of football in the United States, baseball is still America's favorite pastime.

Permanent pleasures.

Choose one of these fine works and save up to \$305⁵⁰

You simply agree to buy 4 additional books within the next two years.



The Times Atlas of the World, Seventh Comprehensive Edition

for **\$29.95** (Pub. price \$139.95)
 "The best atlas now available in English"—*The New York Times*. With 122 double-page, 8-color maps for clear reading of geographical and political features, this latest edition (1985) also contains a fully updated index-gazetteer with over 10,000 entries and many other unique features. Size: 18" x 12"; 520 pages.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for **\$27.95** (Pub. price \$195)
 "The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Way to Cook by Julia Child: 6 One-hour Videocassettes

for **\$39.95** (Pub. price \$179.70)

America's favorite cook demonstrates the basic techniques of good cooking with step-by-step clarity in her entertaining style. In this 6-hour, videocassette set—Meat; Poultry; Fish & Eggs; Vegetables; Soups, Salads & Breads; First Courses & Desserts—she provides professional tips on how to master everything from thickening sauces to butterflying a chicken. Six recipe booklets are included. Available on VHS or Beta.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for **\$29.95** (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic forces, the arts and sciences, the customs and con-

quests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for **\$24.95** (Pub. price \$225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses vital aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source for home libraries.

Details About Membership. As a member you will receive a *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 100 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today, with savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803

A67-3

Check one box only.

- ☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World **\$29.95**
- ☐ 905. Compact OED **\$27.95**
- ☐ 928. Way to Cook (Beta) **\$39.95**
- ☐ 929. Way to Cook (VHS) **\$39.95**
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. **\$29.95**
- ☐ 917. Ency. of Philosophy **\$24.95**

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ 7-64
 (Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher. All orders are subject to approval.

1. A good title for this passage would be:
 - (a) America's Favorite Pastime
 - (b) A Very Popular Sport
 - (c) England, Land of Mistakes
 - (d) Let's Play Rugby
2. The main idea of this passage is:
 - (a) Football is better than baseball
 - (b) Baseball is better than football
 - (c) America is better than England
 - (d) Baseball is better than rugby and soccer put together
3. Rugby and soccer are:
 - (a) The same
 - (b) Different
 - (c) Both silly games
 - (d) All of the above
4. The English are wrong because:
 - (a) They're not right
 - (b) They're not American
 - (c) They're stupid
 - (d) They use the English language incorrectly

III.

A man drives a car at 50 miles per hour. The car gets 17.5 miles to the gallon. The man is going from point A to point B. Point B is 326 miles from point A. The car is a convertible. Point B is in another country. The man has just killed his wife. The car is a Buick convertible. The man has blood on his hands. It is 9:00 P.M. The man has stabbed his wife 6 times in the chest. The car's gas tank holds 20 gallons. The wife's corpse is at point A. The man has left point A with a gas tank three-quarters full. Halfway between point A and point B is the Sunflower Diner. A hamburger at the Sunflower Diner costs \$1.35. A side order of French fries costs 65 cents. A Coke costs 45 cents. When the man in the Buick convertible reaches the Sunflower Diner he decides he'd like a coffee to go. He enters the diner. He orders a coffee to go. Light and sweet. The coffee costs 35 cents. He pays for it and takes it out. He gets into his car again and starts it up. He drives 12 miles, this time at 35 MPH, then decides to take a sip of his coffee. There has been a mistake; the coffee is black, no sugar. The man drives back to the Sunflower Diner. He stabs Ethel, the waitress responsible for the coffee mixup. He stabs her 6 times in the chest. He gets back into his car and once again heads toward point B, this time at 55 MPH. He runs out of gas along the way.

Where is he?

[Thesis]

NIGHT, THE FINAL FRONTIER

From Night as Frontier: Colonizing the World After Dark, by Murray Melbin, published this month by the Free Press. Melbin is a sociologist who teaches at Boston University.

Although nighttime activity represents a modest portion of contemporary life, it is proliferating faster than most of us realize. In an important sense, night has become our social and economic frontier. Indeed, nighttime activity today stems from the same forces that once promoted westward expansion, and it in many ways resembles a geographic outpost. Consider these parallels:

Organized sponsorship: Popular myth credits independent frontiersmen with exploring the West, but a sizable portion of their ventures were formally sponsored. Commercial, governmental, and religious organizations promoted new settlements. Likewise, business firms have been leading sponsors of nighttime activity. With the availability of gaslight during the early phase of industrial expansion in the nineteenth century, factories began to exploit their idle equipment at night. Later, utilities reacted to high levels of demand during the day by creating a fee structure that encouraged after-dark consumption. Governments joined in by encouraging shift work as a way to bolster the economy and reduce unemployment.

Homogeneous population: Typically, people who try to sustain themselves beyond the fringes of settled society are young males with few social obligations. They can respond to new opportunities and adapt to them readily. A recent study in Boston showed that whereas people of all ages were outside during the day, no one over fifty-nine was on the streets between midnight and 5 A.M., and from 2 A.M. to 5 A.M. there was virtually no one over the age of forty-one outside. Men predominated. The number and types of people outside after midnight stand in the same relation to the number and kinds of people who are outside during the rest of the day as the demographics of the region west of the Mississippi stood to those of the East a century ago.

Escape and opportunity: Like the colonization of the West, the conquest of darkness has opened a new zone capable of meeting people's need for escape and opportunity. This zone offers privacy and few social constraints.

Announcing an "apprenticeship program" for aspiring millionaires

You can become a millionaire." When 9 out of 10 people hear that statement, their minds shut like a steel trap. They don't believe it...they'll never get the steps needed to turn a goal into a reality.

But we're looking for that one on in ten open-minded people to say, "Show me."

You're that one person, what we want to show you could change your life, not by magic but by logic. And we will send you the first 2 parts of the program *and without risk or obligation to continue*, to prove its

the program designed to put you on a systematic path to wealth called *Successful Investing & Money Management (SIMM)*. It is based on one simple premise: **you can learn how to get rich.** Now you don't have to risk anything you've ever worked for in order to acquire wealth. You don't have to take the "trial and error" approach to investing—making expensive mistakes, learning from them, and usually discovering how to survive and prosper in the financial market. Now, for the first time, you have the opportunity to participate in a unique "apprenticeship program" for aspiring millionaires.

Through the *SIMM* program, you can learn the actual techniques of self-made millionaires. Leading financial experts such as Dr. Morton Shulman, a multimillionaire investor and author of one of the best-selling investment books of all time, *One Can Make A Million*, and Andrew Sarlos, who started with a \$500 and built a multimillion dollar investment group.

You can learn how to get rich, in people who've actually done it. Not overnight, but through steady, systematic multiplication of your wealth through techniques taught to you in *SIMM*.

And you will be able to take advantage of all this valuable knowledge because in Lesson 1 you will discover that you probably do have money you can afford

to invest. *SIMM* will show you how to find as much as an extra \$2,500 a year to invest, without changing your standard of living.

Proof that you can make a million

Once you've found your \$2,500 to invest, think of this...by investing just \$119 a month with a return of just 13%, anyone 30 years of age can retire with over a million dollars. Over 30? Then, consider this...

If you can invest more than \$119 a month...and if you can get a better return than 13% (opportunities for gains of up to 25% are possible)...and if you learn how to make some of your investment dollars have the "leverage" of \$5 or \$10 (which we'll also teach you)...you can see immediately that you have the potential to join the exclusive "millionaire's club" well before your retirement years.

How to live richer now

So, you can see that it really is possible to amass a million dollars by the time you retire. *SIMM* will enable you to act now to increase your wealth,

without lowering your standard of living, out of the money you have today.

Just as important, *SIMM* will train you to respond to the ever-changing economic climate. You will know how and when to act as the financial picture changes. You will become equipped to make your own decisions—to be really in control of your financial destiny.

By successfully applying the techniques you'll learn, you can reasonably expect to be on the road to financial security in five years. Ten years from now, you may no longer have to work for a living, for your income from your investment portfolio may well have surpassed the income you earn from your job.

Accept your first 2 lessons free

To help you get started on the road to wealth and financial independence, we'll send you Lessons 1 and 2 of the *SIMM* program free and without risk or obligation to continue. They are yours to keep—no questions asked.

In your 2 free lessons you'll see how to take inventory of your assets, liabilities and financial

goals. This will give you the clearest picture you've ever had of where you stand, where you want to go and how to get there. **For the first time, you'll have an actual blueprint for getting rich.**

You'll be given a comprehensive overview of the various investments open to you, so it will be easy to see which ones suit you best, and which ones you've been overlooking. And you'll discover some excellent ideas on how to improve your returns on many of these investments. All this, and much more, in just your first 2 free lessons.

Make the most out of the 1,700 hours you work each year

One final point. This year and every year of your working life, you'll probably put in over 1,700 hours of hard work. As your reward, you'll earn a good salary which will probably translate into a lifetime income of well over a million dollars. **Doesn't it make sense to explore how these 2 free lessons can help you protect everything you're working for?**

Assurance of Integrity

We are an independent educational service offering a unique course and successful method for acquiring wealth. We are not a brokerage or insurance company, nor do we make any financial offerings to the public. Our objective is to enable those enrolled in the program to achieve security and financial independence with just those investments most suitable to their particular circumstances.

Tax Deductible

All payments may be tax deductible if the program is used to make investment or business decisions, depending on your personal tax situation.

Hume Advisory Board

ARCHIE R. BOE
Past President of Sears Roebuck & Co.

DR. MORTON SHULMAN
Self-made investment millionaire and best-selling author.

ANDREW SARLOS
Investment adviser to some of the wealthiest families in North America.

FRED McCUTCHEON
Past Chairman of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

J. TREVOR EYTON
A director and officer of many prominent public corporations.

No-Risk Trial Enrollment Form

To: Hume Financial Education Services,
835 Franklin Court, Box 105627, Atlanta, Georgia 30348

YES I accept your invitation to evaluate *Successful Investing & Money Management* and enclose my \$5 Registration Fee. Please send me the first 2 lessons FREE of charge. Later, you will send Lessons 3 & 4. I'll have 15 days to look these over and then decide. If I do not wish to continue, I'll simply return Lessons 3 & 4, and pay nothing, owe nothing. And you will promptly refund my \$5 Registration Fee.

If I wish to continue with the course, you will send me the remaining lessons at the rate of 2 lessons approximately every 3 weeks. You will bill me only \$10 (plus a small charge for shipping and handling) for each of the 27 lessons.

In any case, the first 2 lessons will be mine to keep free of charge. *No salesperson will ever call on me.*

Mr., Miss, Mrs., Ms. (Please print) _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ \$5 Registration Fee enclosed (pay to Hume Financial Education Services)

Or, use my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club ☐

Account Number _____ Expiration Date _____

Signature (For credit card users only) _____ 814Q

CA and GA residents: State sales tax will be charged as applicable

Hume Financial
Education Services
835 Franklin Court
Box 105627
Atlanta, Georgia 30348



Night's hush and solitude are attractive to people looking for a haven from stress. Many of those who are troubled or stigmatized retreat to the darkness to avoid humiliation and challenge. People tolerate more extreme public behavior at night than they do during the subdued daytime.

The night is also a realm of opportunity for improving one's economic circumstances. The deprived, the hopeful, and the ambitious all take jobs after dark. For some, nighttime employment barely affords sustenance. For others, it is a port of entry to the work force, since beginners often start on the night shift and move to a daytime schedule as they earn seniority or promotions.

Fewer status distinctions: When people travel beyond the confines of the established social order, they find that its rules of deferential conduct are relaxed. Western settlers and visitors alike left behind the trappings of social class. They showed no special respect to people of higher rank, and even those holding such rank frequently made it a point to be treated like everyone else.

People who usually keep to their separate haunts often meet after midnight in public places and exchange pleasantries. In Madrid, the popular custom of eating fritters and melted chocolate at *churrerías* brings together disco patrons on their way home and laborers on their

way to work. *Crêperies* in Paris and coffee shops in New York are similarly democratic in the wee hours. Workers and supervisors on the job at night dispense with the proprieties that prevail in the daytime.

Decentralization of authority: At night, when the top administrators of cities and organizations are asleep, power is temporarily decentralized, much as it was in frontier towns far from federal control. Lesser officials make decisions that in the daytime would be made by upper-echelon personnel. Foremen on their own at night deal with many matters that at other times would call for the notification of superiors. Supervisors usually impose less rigid discipline at night, and indulge minor violations of the rules.

Lawlessness and peril: Both the geographic frontier and the night have well-known reputations as realms of danger and outlawry.

Helpfulness and sociability: At the same time, the Western frontier had a reputation for friendliness and helpfulness toward both neighbors and strangers. Nighttime, too, fosters a generous spirit. When people meet in an all-night diner or grocery, they tend to be cheerful and willing to strike up conversations with strangers. Night shifts are also scenes of fraternity.

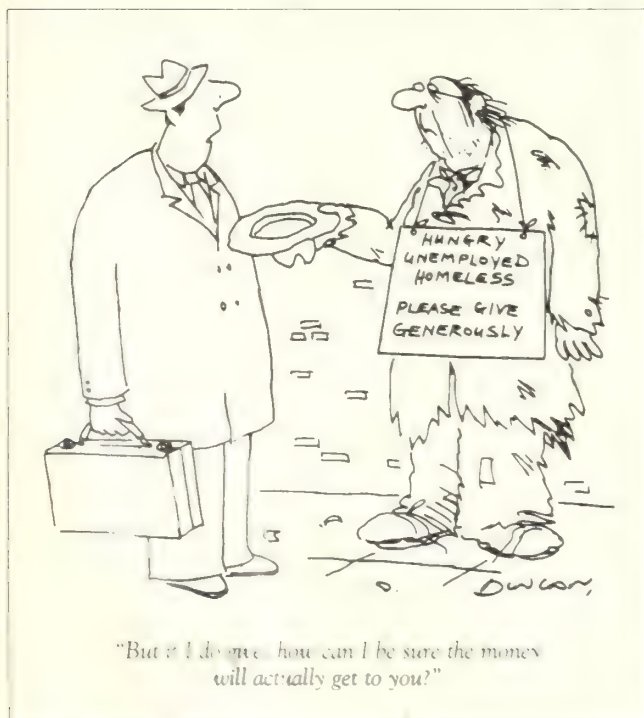
In many ways, the society we are creating at night reiterates the pattern of our past. In Frederick Jackson Turner's famous 1893 essay on the West he declared, "And now, four centuries from the discovery of America, at the end of 100 years of life under the Constitution, the frontier has gone." But the frontier had not gone. As Turner was writing, the frontier was shifting from a geographic realm to a temporal one.

[Narrative]

A CHILD'S PRISON

From *The Children at Santa Clara*, by Elizabeth Marek, to be published next month by Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking. The *Children at Santa Clara* chronicles a year Marek spent working at a school for autistic and emotionally disturbed children in the Southwest.

We sang our special song as Paul rocked back and forth, back and forth, clutching a torn, faded copy of a storybook to his chest. I sang; he snapped his mouth open and shut, and murmured *ouiouiouiouioui*. Sometimes he flapped his hand, the fingers loose and extended, flickering up and down in front of his



From Punch.

face. Sometimes he squeezed his stiffened fingers together and placed the tips close to his mouth, screeching with all his might. Sometimes he blinked his eyes open and shut, a hundred times a minute, filtering out all that he did not want to see.

I do not know what the song meant to him. He was never able to tell me, and I was never able to get far enough into his world to figure it out. In Paul's world, other people had no part. He had cast them out, as he had been cast out. What need did he have of us, when his world was filled with so much else? He could look at a tiny fluff of dust for hours, holding it to his mouth or nose or cheek, loving it, studying it, knowing it to its very essence, but could sit in a room with me for hours and never once look at my face.

His eyes were deep green, flecked with gold and brown and blue, but cloudy, like a smoldering volcano, always ready to erupt. It was difficult to see the eyes, to catch them watching. Usually he hid them behind a book or a toy or his fluttering lids. But sometimes, if you looked stealthily, you could see through his rocking, watch him watching you, his eyes a steady gleam of cold green light. Oh, he was angry, such rage and hate inside the eyes, lit with a light so cold it burned, like dry ice. Medusa eyes, I used to think, as if eyes could really turn people to stone, as if they had turned him to stone already, a stone statue rocking dangerously on a high pedestal. His eyes seemed filled with intelligence, too, and my God, Paulie, I used to think, what might you have been. He was tall and thin and strong, but he moved hesitantly, with a shuffling gait, like someone who had just learned to walk. A fourteen-year-old toddler. I don't think I ever saw him run. He had pale, creamy skin and long dark lashes and a face as thin and chiseled as a deer. A reindeer.

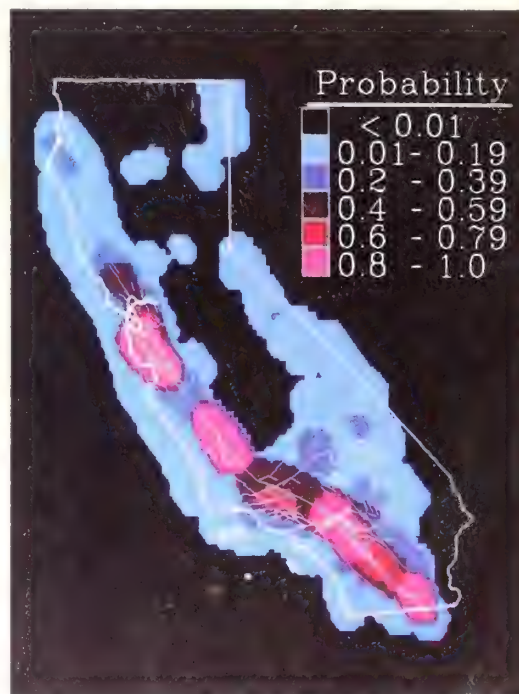
When Paul was four years old and his sister Corinne nearly three, they had both been locked in a small room, perhaps a closet, from which they were not let out for the next seven years. Their brother Peter had the daily job of changing the shoe box they used as a toilet and bringing them their food. With rare exceptions, he was the only person they ever saw. For seven years. How many days is seven years? How many hours? How many minutes, sitting in the dark? How long would you cry, a four-year-old child, before you knew that no one would ever answer? How long could you keep crying after you knew? And what would you do when the crying had stopped, when the world was empty, and you were too young yet to have a self to fill it up? What would you think about, a four-year-old child, alone with a baby sister in the dark of a tiny room? Surely you would know that they had

abandoned you, your mother, your father, that they had left your soul to die. Would you hear the noises of the family at dinner below? Would you listen to the sounds of your brothers and sisters, playing free throughout the house? Would you be old enough, a four-year-old child, to wonder why you were the one? Could you reason that it must be the badness within you? Could you kill yourself as your body sat there, breathing, second after second, filling up the days of seven years?

Paul had done nothing so very crazy, after all. In a way, he had only done what he had been told to do, like any four-year-old, anxious to please. Told by his parents not to be, he had ceased to be in their world; he had imploded like a black hole, all his energies surging inward. I used to lie in bed at night, staring through the

[Map]

CALIFORNIA'S CHANCES



From "Earthquakes, Quaternary Faults, and Seismic Hazard in California," by Steven G. Wesnousky, in the November 10, 1986, *Journal of Geophysical Research*. This computer-generated map shows the probability that an earthquake will occur in various parts of California in the next fifty years. In the pink areas there is an 80 to 100 percent chance of an earthquake measuring 6.5 or greater on the Richter scale.

dark at the ceiling, counting the layers of air above my head in the grainy light and trying to be that child, building his own world within the confines of a three-by-four closet. I could never do it. But then, it had taken Paul years and years.

I used to wonder, sometimes, how it could have happened. What could the parents have told the other children? There were three older children and a younger brother and sister, all of whom were sent to school each day. What must the parents have told them to keep them from mentioning the fact that, oh, yeah, and by the way, I've got this other brother and sister, see, but my folks keep them locked up at home. Why were Paul and Corinne singled out for torture? How could the parents have done it, have lived with themselves? I had been told that it was the mother who had done it, really. That she had been the jailer, the one to lock them up and throw away the key while the father just watched, inert, pretending, perhaps, that the children had died. I did not see much difference, could not fathom whose culpability was the greater. My son is dead, he might have told himself, the father, might even have been told by his wife one night at dinner, perhaps, over the green beans. Surely, though, somewhere within himself, he must have known.

And what of the mother? I tried to empathize, to understand. Alone and afraid, shut up in a house with five young children, the youngest, Paul and Corinne, born so close together, both sickly children, I had been told. Maybe one day she just wished that they would disappear, shut them in a closet because they would not stop screaming and her head was aching and the older kids were begging for a story. And once she had put them there, in the closet, had locked them in and ignored their frightened wails, how could she ever let them out? In the closet, they became embodiments of her evil, for what mother could do that to her own children? Of necessity she blocked them out of her mind, literal skeletons, to be forgotten, buried, denied. They stopped screaming, they stopped existing, of course, they had never existed at all. And she went on with her life, the life of her family, had two more children, a boy and a girl, oh, aren't they sweet, and nurtured them until they grew whole and ripe, quite forgetting the fetid fruit that rotted like a carton of forgotten apples in a tiny room in the back of the house.

But it is impossible to fathom.

No real way to understand, either, how the ordeal had finally ended. Perhaps it never would have ended, except that one day Paul got out and ran naked down the street with a terrified Peter at his heels. Social services moved in then, began asking questions, interviewing the

other children, talking to Peter. Finally, upon subsequent investigation and after months of red tape, all seven children were removed from the home and placed in our foster custody.

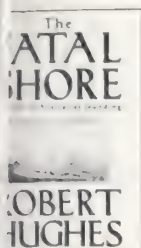
When Paul emerged from the closet, he was a wild child. He would sit and rock for hours in the same spot on the floor, like a caged bird suddenly set free, digging his claws into a familiar perch. I had read that kittens raised in the dark lose the ability to see, and grope pitifully, bumping into walls even in brightly lit rooms. Paul reminded me of such a kitten, frightened, blind, unwilling to give up the safety of his little world for the overwhelming demands of our big one. He could not talk, made almost no sounds at all, at first, although there was nothing the matter with his vocal cords, no neurological damage that anyone could find. Perhaps he had simply lost faith in the power of speech. He also seemed to understand almost nothing of what was said to him, and stared stony-eyed past all offers of juice, play, hugs. And yet, there was something there, behind the cloudy film that obscured the eyes, a life force lurking in the shadows, flashing like the beam from a lighthouse, beckoning, begging don't give up on me. Not yet.

The light was like the sirens' call: come to me, come to me. But maybe the light, like the call of the sirens, was itself only a trap. Beckoning from within, it suggested a prisoner, weak, frail perhaps, yet otherwise whole and sound, held captive against his will behind thick enemy walls. It is so easy, watching these children, to believe in that prisoner, in the myth of rescue. But it is not so simple. The prison and the captive are both aspects of the child, inseparable. There are walls to be broken down, but they are walls which the child himself has created, and may struggle to buttress, fighting your attempts to help him escape with all the energy in his soul. And who is the prisoner, once he is found? Surely a healthy, normal, intelligent boy of fourteen did not exist within Paul's mighty walls. Without the walls, he would have had nothing, would have had to rebuild his self from infancy, picking out the pieces of the closet years like shards of glass, carefully, one by one. There was no key I could find that would release him, only the thinnest thread leading inward through his maze, step by agonizing step. And yet, it was so easy to feel that Paul could tell me all the secrets of the universe, that all those years of watching and waiting and burrowing inward had given him knowledge the rest of us could never possess. The belief that there was a way out, a secret door to find . . . it was almost irresistible. And the light never stopped beckoning, giving the lie.

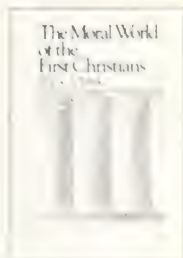
Three times more history. We guarantee it.

The History Book Club offers one of the largest history collections available.
Choose any 3 for \$1.00 each. with Trial Membership

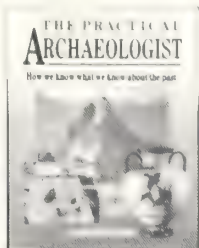
(First price is publishers' list. Boldface is Members' Price.)



78. \$24.95/\$17.50



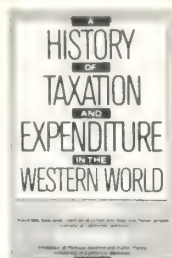
2683. \$18.95/\$15.95



2097. \$18.95/\$14.95



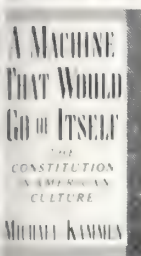
3657. \$29.95/\$19.95



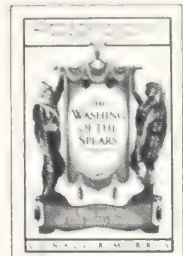
3129. \$24.95/\$16.95



2899. \$27.50/\$18.50



85. \$29.95/\$19.95



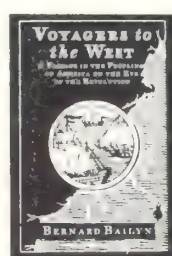
2436. \$21.95/\$15.50



A3475. \$49.95/\$32.95
(Counts as 2 of your 3 selections)



1917. \$29.95/\$22.50



2279. \$30.00/\$18.50



2402. \$22.50/\$17.50

general interest book club offers more great history books at more substantial savings. If you love history, you'll love the quality, savings and selection you enjoy as a member of The History Book Club.

no matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today, at an average of 30% off publishers' list prices.

you can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for \$1.00 each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Your total savings as a Trial Member, including the Introductory Offer, can be more than 50%.

once you've completed Trial Membership, you qualify for additional savings through Bonus Books you select from our entire list at an average savings of 20% off publishers' list prices.

108. **The Fall Of The Roman Empire: The Military Explanation**, by Arther Mill. How the collapse of Rome's army led to its fall. \$22.50/\$17.50

60. **The Whiskey Rebellion: Frontier Epilogue To The American Revolution**, by Thomas Slaughter. Taxes threaten liberty. \$19.95/\$15.95

03. **The Zimmermann Telegram**, by Barbara W. Tuchman. The critically acclaimed tale of war, espionage and diplomacy. \$14.95/\$12.95

205. **Thinking In Time: The Use Of History For Decision Makers**, by R.E. Gustaf and E.R. May. History - a tool to knowledge. \$19.95/\$14.50

360. **The Education Of Julius Caesar: A Biography, A Reconstruction**, by Arthur Kahn. Hails Rome's outstanding leader. \$28.50/\$18.50

714. **Bold Dragon: The Life Of J.E.B. Stuart**, by Emory Thomas. A standout biography of this brilliant Civil War cavalry leader. \$22.95/\$16.95

416. **Our Tempestuous Day: A History Of Regency England**, by Carolyn Rickson. An opulent yet tragic age vividly portrayed. \$18.95/\$15.50

390. **The Riddle Of The Dinosaur**, by John N. Wilford. Rise and fall of the most extraordinary beasts to walk the earth. \$22.95/\$16.50

149. **The Affair: The Case Of Alfred Dreyfus**, by Jean-Denis Bredin. A superb rendition of the scandalous French trial. \$24.95/\$17.95

171. **Pershing: General Of The Armies**, by Donald Smythe. The exalted leader who dominated W.W.I with his ability to command. \$27.50/\$18.50

453. **The Perspective Of The World: 15th-18th Century (Civilization And Capitalism, Vol. III)**, by Fernand Braudel. \$35.00/\$18.50

172. **A History Of The Vikings: Revised Edition**, by Gwyn Jones. The definitive account of the Viking Age and World. \$25.00/\$16.50

222. **Napoleon's Family: The Notorious Bonapartes And Their Ascent To The Thrones Of Europe**, by Desmond Seward. \$16.95/\$13.95

246. **Exploring Exodus: The Heritage Of Biblical Israel**, by Nahum M. Sarna. A section by section illumination of the text. \$17.95/\$15.50

4879. **In Search Of The Trojan War**, by Michael Wood. A probing adventure for one of the most perplexing sites of history. \$22.95/\$16.95

1859. **The Celts: The People Who Came Out Of The Darkness**, by Gerhard Herm. An epic study of 2,000 years. \$15.00/\$10.50

7666. **The Holocaust: A History Of The Jews Of Europe During The Second World War**, by Martin Gilbert. A powerful testimony. \$24.95/\$17.50

2535. **Maya: The Riddle And Rediscovery Of A Lost Civilization**, by Charles Gullenkamp. Incorporates a century of research. \$22.95/\$16.95

How the Club Works: Approximately every 4 weeks, (14 times per year), you'll receive a new issue of *The History Book Club Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing - the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, simply return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

Join The History Book Club today - and save!

NST87A

The History Book Club

YES, HBC! Please activate my Trial Membership and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill the first three at \$1.00 each and the fourth at the low Members' Price plus postage and packing.

I may return these books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more books over the next two years, not including my choices above. Either the Club or I may cancel my membership any time thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

HVCR09SP

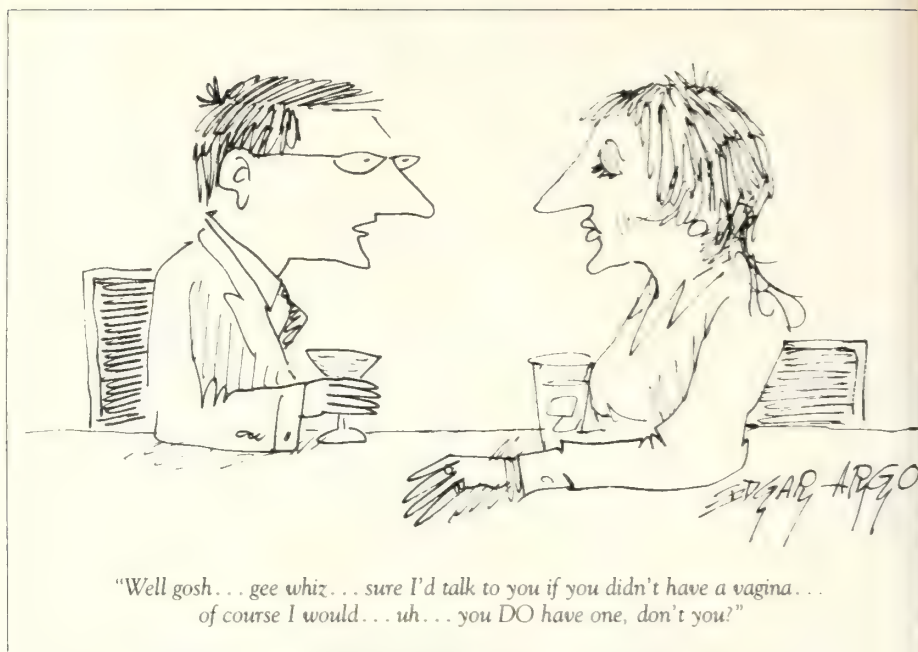
Print Name

Address

City

State Zip

U.S. and Canada mail to: The History Book Club,
Dept. N, 40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904-0790



From American Atheist magazine.

[Short Story]

JEALOUSY

By Leonard Michaels. From the Summer/Fall 1986 Paris Review, the quarterly's one-hundredth issue. Michaels is the author of *The Men's Club*.

The girl who only because she walked arm in arm with her sweetheart looked quietly around.

—Kafka's Diaries

He phoned his wife at her lover's apartment. She asked him to repeat himself. He was sobbing and unintelligible. He wanted her to come home and collect her clothes. The sight of them was unbearable. She'd been conscious of his pain before then, but in a strangely general way. To her lover, she'd said, "I feel guilty for not feeling guilty." But with her husband sobbing, she could virtually see her dresses and shoes in the bedroom closet, and she felt something strongly, a kind of urgency. She went home to collect her clothes. Her husband locked the door behind her and beat her up.

I heard her story at a literary conference. She complained that she couldn't write it in a convincing manner. "But it really happened," she said, laughing at herself. "It saved my marriage. You'd think I could write about that."

She had told her husband about the other man and named him. Already, to my mind, a failed marriage. Her husband should have

known her body; guessed there was another man. Smells change in erotic chemistry, especially about the ears and nostrils; elsewhere, too. Lilies fester. The drama of her love affair should certainly have reached him in how she gave herself. "Where did you learn to do that?" was a question he never asked. The man was dull. He made nothing of her luminous moods or irrational petulance. Her revulsion at the shape of his feet and his habit of scratching his head didn't strike him as curious developments. He made nothing of his own depression and malaise. Simply didn't know why he'd become that way. He was even cruel to his girlfriend and didn't know why. He'd had to be told by his wife, in so many words, about her lover. The poor man's suffering exceeded his understanding. He beat her up. "But it really happened," she said, laughing moronically at herself.

Another woman at the conference, drawn forth by the story, said her husband accused her of sleeping with his best friend, a master carpenter. He helped build their sailboat. The accusations began at breakfast and resumed at night when her husband returned from work. He ruined her nicest dinners. He ruined her sleep. All her efforts to make them happy—and she "really tried"—were turned into ugly occasions by his suspiciousness. Marriage counseling did them no good. Her husband wouldn't discuss "real problems."

"Were you?" I asked.

"What?"

"Fucking his friend?"

"Yes, but that's not the point."

Her exasperation was fierce. She lifted her hands, fingers bent into laborious hooks.

"I cleaned. I cooked. I washed his filthy hairs out of the bathtub. Our sex life was terrific, especially toward the end."

There was nothing anyone could say.

In the emptiness, I remembered how I used to meet a certain woman, on Sunday mornings, in the parking lot behind her church. I'd wait in my car, in the darkness of a low-hanging willow, smoking cigarettes until the service was over. Then I'd see her strike across the steamy asphalt in her high heels and dark blue churchgoing suit, a white flower in the lapel. She looked magnificent, yet my car was good enough for her; all we needed. As she talked about God, her wonderful cloud of hair bloated with a blonder light. Her breath flowed with perfume. Once, she surprised me, her voice bitter and reproachful, as if I'd done something bad. But it was her fiancé, not me. She said he'd made a gruesome scene last night, shrieking at her in a crowded oyster bar, "You sucked another man's cock."

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't think. I started to kiss her, but she thrust me back, making me see how pity mixed with pain in her eyes. "Can you believe he said that to me? All those people sitting there eating oysters. Can you imagine how I felt?"

I nodded yes, yes, yes, but she wanted me to wait, listen to her, let the sacred fullness of her sorrow sink into me. She wanted me to feed on her immensely beseeching stare, her prim blue suit, the little flower in the lapel. Somehow, as I waited, I pressed her backward. She tucked up her skirt. Hot slick thighs flashed in the shady car. The pretty church danced beyond the willow. The vision of her fiancé lingered, small, far away. Such suffering should matter, but in the convulsive pitch of things there is no should. "You're greedy," she said.

I begged her to marry me.

"You mean it, don't you?" Her lips moved against my cheek, as if she talked to a deaf child, each word a touching pressure. "You know," she whispered, "I've never gotten a speeding ticket. The cop looks at me, then just can't seem to write it. When they start writing me tickets, ask me again."

She saved me from myself, but why did I want her? She was only ten years older than my son. He'd have started smoking dope; maybe run away.

"Can you believe my fiancé said that to me?"

Her question passed like the shadow of a bird through my heart.

[Poem]

ELEGY

By Christianne Balk. From Bindweed, a collection of her poems published by Macmillan. Balk lives in Fairbanks, Alaska.

In Wainwright they say the plane went down in the Brooks Range, perhaps near Porcupine River, or perhaps in the Arctic Ocean; It was spring, the rivers were breaking up, and the mist settled in for weeks.

The plane went down in March, when it rains one day and snows the next;

When the ice fields split into islands big enough to crush ships.

The plane went down in the early spring, when the snow still drifts in the wind, snow so fine it works into the tightest weave of a man's coat;

In the north, where the snow is hardened and serrated by winter winds, where metal sled runners wear out in days, and where men do not leave heel marks;

In the spring, when the winds begin to drop, when the snow turns soft and honeycombed, and cannot support a man's weight;

In the spring, when the winds leave, and the insects come, swarms of insects that can weaken a man until he cannot walk;

In the far north, where magnetic compasses are useless.

Snowshoe frames can be made of metal from plane keels, sleds built from wings, harnesses woven from shroud lines;

Cloudy streams of fresh water can be found; and salmon, tomcod, needlefish, and pike caught; But the Brooks Range stretches from Cape Lisburne to Demarcation Point, and few of its mountains are mapped.

The plane went down in the north, where valley glaciers crack into crevasses above deep, granite beds;

In the spring, when rivers swell with melt water, when snowbridges are swept away, and debris dams up the streams;

In the north, where the overflow fills the flatland with shallow, swampy lakes.

Beaver, marmot, and ground squirrel can be trapped, and molting spruce grouse, arctic loon, and ptarmigan can be snared.

Bushes can be dug for the starchy roots; cup-fungus, bracken, and the inner white bark of willow, poplar, and birch can be eaten;

But the north is filled with rose-capped mushroom, water hemlock, baneberry, and amanita.

A plane crashed six years ago in the Bering Sea, in water so cold it paralyzed the pilot's hands,



From *Illuminations: A Bestiary*, by Rosamond Wolff Purcell and Stephen Jay Gould, published by W.W. Norton. The specimens (left, a penguin; right, flamingos) were photographed at the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard.

but he used his teeth to lash himself to a raft with ripcord.

A man went under for forty minutes in the Yukon River, but was pulled up breathing because the water had been just cold enough.

But masses of sea-ice crowd into the bays in the spring, colliding with each other and the coast, and the booming can be heard for miles.

A woman lifted an ice-wall in Kotzebue, fracturing her spine, but she held the ice up so her husband could crawl out.

A plane crashed near Eagle, and a woman dragged her husband from the fuselage, and she melted snow in her mouth, and brought it to him, until help came.

A Galena trapper was lost two years ago, but his wife waited, and pounded beef suet, berries, and bacon with a wooden mallet into pemmican, for his next trip out, and he was found; But tundra streams wander aimlessly in the spring, and often lead to marshes filled with mosquitoes, midges, and blackflies.

[Aphorisms]

NIGHT THOUGHTS

From "Fractures," by E. M. Cioran, in the September/October issue of *Exquisite Corpse*. Translated from the French by Leonard Schwartz.

All the aberrations attract us, and foremost of all Life, aberration par excellence.

Since one remembers only the humiliations and the defeats, for what will all the rest have served?

Existence would be able to justify itself if each behaved as if he were the last one living.

That which discredits arrogance is the fact that we can be wounded by precisely those we scorn.

To have brushed up against all the forms of abasement, including success.

All that can be classified is perishable. Nothing lasts but what is susceptible to several interpretations.

That envy is universal: the most striking proof of this is that one finds it again with the lunatics themselves in their brief intervals of lucidity.

To have invented the murderous smile.

Every life is the history of a debacle. If biographies are interesting, it is because their heroes, and their cowards just as much, have obliged themselves to innovate in the art of toppling over.

[Poem]


AN OPEN LETTER

By Seamus Heaney. From *Ireland's Field Day*, a collection of writings on literature and politics in Ireland, published by the University of Notre Dame Press. Heaney's poem was prompted by his inclusion in *The Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry*.

- 1 To Blake and Andrew, Editors,
Contemporary British Verse,
Penguin Books, Middlesex. Dear Sirs,
My anxious muse,
Roused on her bed among the furze,
Has to refuse
- 2 The adjective. It makes her blush.
It brings her out in a hot flush.
Before this she was called "British"
And acquiesced
But this time it's like the third wish,
The crucial test.
- 3 Caesar's Britain, its *partes tres*,
United England, Scotland, Wales,
Britannia in the old tales,
Is common ground.
Hibernia is where the Gaels
Made a last stand
- 4 And long ago were stood upon—
End of simple history lesson.
As empire rings its curtain down
This "British" word
Sticks deep in native and *colon*
Like Arthur's sword.
- 5 For weeks and months I've messed about,
Unclear, embarrassed and in doubt,
Footered, havered, spragghled, wrought
Like Shauneen Keogh,
Wondering should I write it out
Or let it go.

- 6 Anything for a quiet life.
Play possum and pretend you're deaf.
When awkward facts nag like the wife
Look blank, go dumb.
To greet the smiler with the knife
Smile back at him.
- 7 And what price then, self-preservation?
Your silence is an abdication.
Your Prince of Denmark hesitation
You'll expiate
In Act Five, in desperation—
Too much, too late.
- 8 And therefore it is time to break
Old inclinations not to speak
Which you defined already, Blake,
Good advocate,
But if I clammed now for your sake
I'd always rue it.
- 9 To think the title *Opened Ground*
Was the first title in your mind!
To think of where the phrase was found
Makes it far worse!
To be supplanted in the end
By *British* verse.
- 10 "Under a common flag," said Larkin.
"Different history," said Haughton.
Our own fastidious John Jordan
Raised an eyebrow:
How British were the Ulstermen?
He'd like to know.
- 11 Answer: as far as we are part
Of a new commonwealth of art,
Salute with independent heart
And equally
Doff and flourish in your court
Of poesie.
- 12 (I'll stick to *I*. Forget the *we*.)
As Livy said, *pro se quisque*.
And Horace was exemplary
At Philippi:
He threw away his shield to be
A naked *I*.)
- 13 Yet doubts, admittedly, arise
When somebody who publishes
In LRB and TLS
The Listener—
In other words, whose audience is,
Via Faber,
- 14 A British one, is characterized
As British. But don't be surprised
If I demur, for, be advised
My passport's green.
No glass of ours was ever raised
To toast *The Queen*.
- 15 No harm to her nor you who deign
To God Bless her as sovereign,

- Except that from the start her reign
Of crown and rose
Defied, displaced, would not combine
What I'd espouse.
- 16 You'll understand I draw the line
At being robbed of what is mine,
My *patria*, my deep design
To be at home
In my own place and dwell within
Its proper name—
- 17 Traumatic Ireland! Checkpoints, cairns,
Slated roofs, stone ditches, ferns,
Dublin squares where sunset burns
The Georgian brick—
The whole imagined country mourns
Its lost, erotic
- 18 *Aisling* life. But I digress.
"The pang of ravishment." Now guess
The author of that sweet hurt phrase.
Lawrence? Wilde?
No way, my friends. In fact it was
That self-exiled,
- 19 Vigilant, anti-cavalier,
Anti-pornographic, fear-
some scourge of diction that's impure,
That Royal Navy
Poet of water-nymph and shire:
Donald Davie.
- 20 The pattern of the patriot
Is Davie's theme: all polyglot
Newspeak conference flies he'd swot
Who *lhude sing*
Foucault, Foucault. But that is not,
Just now, my thing.
- 21 It is the way his words imply
That *patria* is maidenly
(Is "pang of ravishment" not O.K.?)
That touched me most
Who long felt my identity
So rudely forc'd.
- 22 Tereu. Tereu. And tooraloo.
A shudder in the loins. And so
The twins for Leda. And twins too
For the hurt North,
One island-green, one royal blue.
An induced birth.
- 23 One a Provo, one a Para,
One Law and Order, one Terror—
It's time to break the cracked mirror
Of this conceit.
It leads nowhere so why bother
To work it out?
- 24 The hidden Ulster lies beneath.
A sudden blow, she collapsed with
The other island; and the South
's been made a cuckold.
- She has had family by them both,
She's growing old
- 25 And scared that both have turned against her.
The cuckold's impotent in Leinster
House. The party in Westminster,
All passion spent,
More down-and-out than sinister,
Just pays the rent.
- 26 Exhaustion underlies the scene.
In Kensington, on Stephen's Green,
The slogans have all ceased to mean
Or almost ceased—
Ulster is British is a tune
Not quite deceased
- 27 In Ulster, though on "the mainland"—
Cf., above, "the other island"—
Ulster is part of Paddyland,
And Londonderry
Is far away as New England
Or County Kerry.
- 28 So let's not raise a big hubbub.
Steer between Scylla and Charyb
A middle way that's neither glib
Nor apocalyptic,
Suggested by the poet Holub
In his Aesopic
- 29 Fable of proper naming, set
In a cinema: a man yells out
When a beaver's called a muskrat
By the narrator,
Some Actors' Union hack, no doubt,
Dubbed in later
- 30 On footage of the beaver dam—
Your usual, B-feature flim-flam.
Anyhow, as the creature swam
And built and gnawed,
This man breaks out into a spasm
Of constant, loud
- 31 And unembarrassed protestation.
Names were not for negotiation.
Right names were the first foundation
For telling truth.
The audience, all irritation,
Cries "Shut your mouth!"
- 32 "Does he have to spoil our evening out?
Who is this self-promoting lout?
Is it an epileptic bout?
Muskrat? Who cares?
Get the manager. Get him out.
To hell with beavers!"
- 33 Need I go on? I hate to bite
Hands that led me to the limelight
In the Penguin book, I regret
The awkwardness.
But British, no, the name's not right.
Yours truly, Seamus. ■



**You won't
go broke giving 52¢ a day,
you'll be richer.**

If you saved 52¢ a day it wouldn't make a big difference in your future. But to needy children, that small amount can decide whether they'll have a future at all.

Save the Children wants every child to have a better tomorrow. One with enough food, clean drinking water, medical care and the chance to go to school. Your sponsorship of only \$16 a month can do so much. By combining your funds with other sponsors', we can help families, even entire communities, help themselves.

In return, you'll receive a photo of the child you sponsor, a personal history, progress reports and the chance to correspond.

Some things can't be measured in dollars and cents, but if you help save a child, we promise you'll feel richer.

*Save the Children, 50 Wilton Road
Westport, Connecticut 06880
Attn: David L. Guyer, President*

☐ Yes, I want to sponsor a child. My first monthly payment of \$16 is enclosed.
I prefer a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either

☐ **Where the need is greatest**

Africa	Gaza	Philippines
American	Honduras	Southern States
Indian	Indonesia	(U.S.)
Appalachia	Inner Cities	Southwest Hispanic
(U.S.)	(U.S.)	(U.S.)
Bangladesh	Israel	Sri Lanka
Colombia	Lebanon	Thailand
Dominican	Mexico	
Republic	Nepal	

☐ Instead of becoming a sponsor at this time
I am enclosing a contribution of \$_____

☐ Please send more information

Your sponsorship payments and contributions are U.S. income tax deductible. Our annual summary with financial statement is available upon request. Because 52 years of experience has taught us that direct handouts are the least effective way of helping children, your sponsorship contributions are not distributed in this way. Instead they are used to help children in the most effective way possible — by helping the entire community with projects and services such as health care, education, food production, nutrition. © Save The Children Federation, Inc. 1985.

Name _____ (Please print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____ H 3/7

 **Save the Children®**

ACROSS THE BORDERS OF HISTORY

Tijuana and San Diego exchange futures

By Richard Rodriguez

Palm Sunday. I am sitting in a parking lot at the edge of California. I have heard there is a city, invisible from here, a Third World capital like Calcutta or Cairo, a great, sore Lazarus sprawled at our gate. In the parking lot there is only silence and the scent of suntan lotion. There is a turnstile.

Through which American tourists enter as at a state fair. Mexicans pass with the cardboard boxes they are using as suitcases. Some men are putting up palm trees. A fluttering white banner overhead heralds the Señorita Mexico pageant. An old Mexican woman proffers sno-cones that look like bulbs of blood. She is wearing Gloria Vanderbilt jeans and jogging shoes. A billboard in sixteen languages implores: "Welcome to Mexico."

I am thinking of my first trip across: the late 1950s. My family was on its way to visit relatives in Ensenada. We had driven all day from Sacramento in the blue DeSoto and we reached the border around midnight. I remember waking in the back seat. A fat Mexican in a brown uniform is making beckoning gestures in the light from our headlamps. This isn't Mexico, this isn't Mexico, my mother keeps saying. Clucking, smoothing. Tijuana is just a border town; you see the worst here. You'll see. I remember my father hunched forward at the wheel. The DeSoto was acting up. It was too late to drive any more. I remember the main street, full of scuffle and shadow: naked lights, persons stumbling, jeering. We found a motel by the bus station. We all

Richard Rodriguez is the author of Hunger for Memory. He is an associate editor at Pacific News Service in San Francisco. Mexico's Children, his new book, is forthcoming from Viking.

slept on a double bed with a green velvet cover. We kept our clothes on. The air was heavy. Wet. I listened to faraway music. American music. Mexican music.

The Tijuana that Americans grew up with was a city they thought they had created. The Tijuana that has grown up is a city that will recreate us.

Tijuana has a million, perhaps two million people. Tijuana will double itself in twelve years. Tijuana is the new Pacific city. Tijuana is already larger than Vancouver or Seattle or San Francisco. Tijuana is larger than San Diego.

In its official census of 1980, the Mexican government entered Tijuana's population as 500,000. Mexico might have chosen to be modestly as a way of dissuading attention from the swell along its northern border.

What is intriguing is the exhilarated rate of swelling. What intrigues us is that we cannot know. There is an uncountable *población flotante*. How does one number fluid shadows passing back and forth over the border and whose business it is to elude any count?

Tijuana is several million lifetimes posing as one street, a metropolis crouched behind a hootchy-kootchy curtain. Most Americans head for the tourist street called Avenida Revolución. From the border you can share a cab for five bucks a head or you can walk along the dirty Tijuana River, where you will see broken bottles and young men asleep on the grass. It is more fun, perhaps, to approach Revolución with adolescent preconceptions of lurid possibility. Mar rakesh. Shanghai. For this you will need a cab. In the first place, where is he taking me? In the second place cabdrivers still offer male passer-

rs *cualquier cosa* as a matter of form.

For all that, you are deposited safely when the driver announces with a distracted wave of his hand, "El Main Street." El Main Street is what you'd expect of the region's fifth tourist attraction, after the San Diego Zoo, Sea World, and many others. A Mexico ride.

Most tourists come for the afternoon. Most tourists stay three or four hours, just between meals. After the shops, after the scolding sighs, after the bottled drinks, there is nothing to do but head back.

Consider Tijuana from Mexico's point of view. Tijuana is farther away from Mexico City than any other city in Mexico. In Mexico City you will waste an afternoon if you go to bookstores looking for books about Tijuana. The clerk will scarcely conceal his amusement. (And what would be in a book about Tijuana?) People in Mexico City will tell you, if they have anything at all to say about Tijuana, that Tijuana is a city without history; a city without architecture; that it is, in fact, an American city.

San Diego may worry about Mexican hordes crawling over the border. Mexico City worries about a cultural spill from the United States.

From pre-history, the north has been the problem. Mexico City (*la Capital*), the watered part of Mexico, has been the platform from which all provincialism is gauged. From the north came marauding tribes, iconoclasts, destroyers of high Indian civilization. During the Spanish colonial era, the north was settled, then garrisoned, but scarcely civilized. In the nineteenth century, Mexico's northernmost territories were too far from the center to be defended against the western migration of Americans. Mexico City lost what is now the entire Southwest.

The new American cliché about border towns is that they represent some blending of cultures. But beyond all the ribbon-cutting palaver about good neighbors, there is the awesome distance of time. Tijuana and San Diego are not in the same historical time zone. Tijuana is at the beginning of an industrial age, a Dickensian city with palm trees. San Diego is a post-industrial city of high-impact plastic and despair diets. and palm trees.

San Diego faces west, looks resolutely out to sea. Tijuana stares north, as toward the future. San Diego is the future, secular, soulless. San Diego is the past, guarding its quality of life. Tijuana is the future. On the Mexican side there is flux, a vast migration, a camp of siege. On the Mexican side is youth, with bad skin or bad teeth, but with a supple naiveté appropriate to youth.

On the American side are English-language amendments; the Ku Klux Klan; racist groups

posing as environmental groups blaming illegal immigration for freeway congestion. And late at night, on the radio call-in shows, hysterical, reasonable American voices say they have had enough. Of this or that. Of waiting in line or crowded buses, or real or imagined rudeness, or welfare.

Whereas San Diego remains provincial and retiring, the intrusion of the United States galvanizes Tijuana to cosmopolitanism. There are seven newspapers in Tijuana; there is American television—everything we see they see. Central American refugees and California *turistas* cross paths in Tijuana. There are new ideas. Most worrisome to Mexico City has been the emergence of a right-wing idea—a pro-American politics to challenge the one-party system that has governed Mexico for most of this century.

Because the United States is the richer country, the more powerful broadcaster, Mexicans know more about us than we care to know about them. Mexicans speak of America as "the other side," saying they are going to *el otro lado* when they cross the border for work, legal or illegal. The border is real enough; it is guarded by men with guns. But Mexicans incline to view the border without reverence, referring to the American side as *el otro cachete*, the other buttock.

Traditionally, Mexican cities are centered by a town square, or *zócalo*, on either side of which stand city hall and cathedral, counterweights to balance the secular with the eternal. Tijuana has a town square a few blocks from Avenida Revolución. But like other California cities, Tijuana is drawing away from its old downtown.

The new commercial district of Tijuana, three miles east of downtown, is called the Zona del Río. For several blocks within the Zona del Río, on grass islands in the middle of the Paseo de los Heroes, stand monuments to various of Mexico's heroes. There is one American (Abraham Lincoln) in a line that otherwise connects the conquered Aztec emperor Cuauhtemoc with the victorious Mexican general Zaragoza. With a Kremlin-like dullness, these monuments were set down upon the city like paperweights upon a map. They are gifts from the capital, meant as reminders.

Prominent along the Paseo de los Heroes is Tijuana's Cultural Center, Mexico City's most insistent token of troth. Tijuana might better have done with sewers or streetlights, but in 1982 the Mexican government built Tijuana a cultural center, an orange concrete *bomba* in the brutal architectural idioms of the 1970s. The main building is a museum, very clean and empty during my visit except for a janitor, who trails me with a vacuum cleaner. Together we tread a ramp past fairly uninteresting displays of Mayan pottery, past folk crafts, past reproductions of

San Diego may worry about hordes crawling over the border. Mexico City worries about cultural spill from the United States

*'The gringos
find our
downtown so
ugly? They
were the ones
who made it'*

political documents and pictures of Mexico's military heroes. The lesson to Tijuana is apparent. She belongs to Mexico.

As the exhibits travel in time, south to north, the umbilical approach narrows to gossamer. We reach a display devoted to Tijuana's own history. We find a collection of picture postcards from the twenties, some with the perfervidly daubed sunsets of paradise and emblazoned in English with "Greetings from Mexico."

One sympathizes with the curator's dilemma. How does one depict the history of an unmonumental city, a city occasioned by defeat and submission to the enemy's will?

Tijuana came into being by an accident of war, after Mexico lost California to the gringo in 1848. The treaty ending the Mexican-American war granted Mexico access to the Pacific across the northern mainland. Tijuana was that point of access. For decades thereafter, Tijuana remained vacant land at the edge of the sea, an arid little clause dangling from Mexico's disgraced nineteenth century.

No one in town is able to fix for me the derivation of the name of the place. Some think it is an Indian word. Others think the town was named for a woman who lived in a shack in the late nineteenth century, a Mexican Ma Kettle known in the region as Tia Juana.

Mexico City tried to get rid of the name in

1925. By an act of Mexico's congress, Tijuana was proclaimed to be Ciudad Zaragoza. A good name. A monumental name. A patriot's name.

The resolution languished in a statute book on a shelf in Mexico City.

Monday of Holy Week. On the side street of the Zona Norte, by the bus station, Mexican men loiter outside the doors of open bars; from within come stale blasts of American rock. This is all that is left of the passé fleshpots of Tijuana.

We are a generation removed from that other city, the city generations of American men mispronounced as "Tee-ah-wanna," by which they named the alter ego American city that would take them about as far as they wanted to go. At the turn of the century, when boxing was illegal in San Diego, there was blood sport in Tijuana. There were whores and there was gambling and there was drink.

Citizens of today's Tijuana will tell you that the Tijuana of memory was always more American than Mexican. A teen-age policeman with bad acne says: "The gringos find our downtown so ugly? They were the ones who made it. Which is true enough, though the lustier truth is that Mexico laid down and the gringo paid for the morning."

At its best and worst, Mexico is tolerant. Spanish Catholicism has bequeathed to Mexico



the assumption of original sin. Much in life is lure or compromise. The knowledge has made Mexico patient as a desert, and it has left Mexico tolerant of corruptions that have played upon surface. Public officials tread a path to corruption, just as men need their whores. *No importa*. Mexico manages to live.

The intimate life, especially the family—undant and eternal—is Mexico's consolation. *Abuelita*, sainted mama, tends her daughter's rity, which is a votive ruby betokening the nily's virtue. A woman of Tijuana, the daughter of wealth, tells me that, as a *señorita*, she was never permitted within one block of Avenida Revolución. She tells me young ladies of Tijuana required *dueñas* long after Mexico City had continued the habit.

In the afternoon, I am chaperoned through the city by an official from the Comité de Turismo. Her English is about as bad as my Spanish. We walk along Avenida Revolución, recently beautified—wider sidewalks, new blight-trees.

There, says my hostess, where the Woolworth's now stands (where disinterested haggards squat, palms extended over their heads), used to be the longest bar in the world. And over there, beyond the blue tourist bus (which is being decanted by a smiling guide with a very *de tie*), is the restaurant where two Italian brothers named Cardini created the Caesar salad back in the twenties.

In Tijuana, as in Las Vegas, another city constructed on sand, and almost as old, history is a matter of matchbook covers and cocktail napkins. It was during reformist America's Prohibition that cynical Tijuana flourished. Tijuana used to be very glamorous, promises my companion from the Comité de Turismo. We are considering a building (a trade school) that used to be the Casino de Agua Caliente. She thinks. She herself is from Guadalajara. Anyway, all the famous movie stars used to come down.

Among the however many million volumes in the library at the University of California at San Diego there is one green book about Tijuana, or thick, a history written by John Price, an American professor. It includes photographs of the Casino de Agua Caliente in the twenties—nitewashed Mission architecture, shadows of palm trees, black limos, silver sky.

There survives from that era (in the same green book) a photo of Sheila Graham, she on mule, Tijuana sombrero, hilarious. Her attendant Joseph is none other than the great tarshed priest of the twenties, F. Scott Fitzgerald. Both look foolish in ways they hadn't intended. San Diego changed first. By the 1940s, Prohibition was over, and Tijuana had lost some of its amorous utility. During the war, Tijuana was

relegated to the sailor's rest. Since the war years a Venusberg lore has passed from fathers to sons, together with prescriptions against infection. A night-town mirage advances on the squeal of a wet horn: a blinking neon cactus; a two-quart margarita; and any of several more lurid images, like the demoiselles who can pick quarters off the table without using their hands.

Tijuana is off-limits now to the Navy between eight at night and dawn. The press officer at the San Diego Naval Station tells me that our boys have been harassed by the Tijuana police.

If you want pornography, go to San Diego, the Mexicans say. You won't see people selling drugs on the street in Tijuana. When the woman wants an abortion, she crosses the border, the Mexicans say.

There is the father in Tijuana who worries that his teen-age son is living under the radiant cloud of American pop culture—its drugs, its disrespect, its despair. On the other side, San Diego's morning paper quotes officials in Washington concerning the corruption of the Mexican government and the unchecked northern flow of drugs. Washington officials do not say that it is America's hunger for drugs that has raised drug lords south of the border.

Mexico does not deny any of it—well, some—but the Mexican has a more graceful sense of universal corruption. What Mexico comprehends is a balance between supply and demand. The Mexican comprehends public morality as a balance—the ethereal parts of any balanced thing rise by virtue of the regrettable ballast. The border, for instance. For Mexico the border is not that rigid Puritan thing, a line; straight lines are unknown in Mexico. The border, like everything else, is subject to supply and demand. The border is a revolving door.

Tijuana proudly bills itself "the most visited city in the world." U.S. immigration officials counted 34 million people entering the United States at the San Ysidro border crossing last year. (The U.S. government bills the San Ysidro border crossing "the busiest in the world.") Mexico, assuming a two-way street, reverses the numbers. So: Tijuana had 34 million visitors last year. It becomes, in a way, Mexico's joke on the gringo's paranoia, his penchant for numbers, his fear of invasion or contamination.

America imagines itself clean, ingenuous, virgin. Aliens are carriers of chaos as well as pigment. Mexicans are obviously carriers of chaos—their backs are broken with bundles of it: gray air, brown water, papacy, leprosy, crime, white powders, and a language full of newts and cicadas.

Mexico does not say it publicly but Mexico perceives America as sterile, as sterilizing, as barren as the nose of a missile. "Don't drink the

Mexico
perceives
America as
sterile, as
sterilizing,
as barren as
the nose of
a missile

All the
adages about
California's
cities—
suburbs in
search of a
center, no
there there—
describe
Tijuana also

water in Los Angeles, it will clean you out like a scalpel," goes the joke. Because Americans are barren by choice, they are perceived by Mexico as having relinquished gravity. Within the porticos of the great churches of Mexico, Mexico posts signs reminding visitors to dress modestly and to behave with dignity. The signs are in English.

Seasoned visitors from southern California pass right on through Tijuana, into the vacant depths of Baja—California's newest, unofficial national park. Just as earlier generations used Tijuana to refresh their virtue, so, once again, Californians use Mexico as an opposite planet. As pollution settles over Orange County, Baja California is prized for its pristine desert, its abiding austerity.

Gingerly, I am steered through the inedible city by my hostess from the *Comite de Turismo*. Street vendors offer unclean enchantments, whirling platters of melon and pineapple, translucent candies, syrups, charcoaled meats, black and red. I begin to feel myself a Jamesian naïf who puzzles and perspires and will not dare.

"The usual visit, then, three or four hours?"

I notice my hostess from the *Comite* is surreptitiously consulting her wristwatch. I'm spending the week. Then I admit to her that I am visiting Tijuana by day, sleeping in San Diego at night. Ah.

We stop at a café where she offers me something to drink. A soft drink? No, I say. *Cerveza*? Not really? But suddenly I fear giving offense. I notice the apothecary jars full of improbably colored juices. Just some *jugo*, please. Offense to whom? That I fear drinking Mexico? A waiter appears from stage left with a tall glass of canary yellow. Ah. We are all very pleased.

It's lovely today. I put the glass to my lips. But I do not drink.

Tuesday of Holy Week. A noisy artificial waterfall outside my window at the Inter-Continental Hotel in San Diego is supposed to drown out the noise of traffic. The traffic report on the radio posts a thirty-minute delay at the San Ysidro border crossing. The children of upper-class Tijuana are traveling in car pools into San Diego for school. Mexicans with green cards are crossing to work. From this side, there are Americans—technicians, engineers, supervisors—heading for jobs in Tijuana.

It was in the nineteenth century that American entrepreneurs began reaching into Mexico for cheap labor to build California. Many of these lodestar Mexican laborers passed through Tijuana. Some stayed, living in Tijuana, working in America.

In good times the United States approved the arrangement, hard work for low wages. But

when the American economy dipped in the 1930s, Mexicans in California slid down the board—were deported. They bumpered up in Tijuana. In the 1940s, America again siphoned Mexico to replace Americans who had gone off to war. In the late 1950s, the *bracero* guest-worker program was discontinued. Mexicans were again sent home and Tijuana took many

Leo Chavez, an anthropologist in San Diego, tells me that there is nothing inexplicable about illegal immigration. America lured the Mexican worker; America established the financial dependency that today America relegates to realms of tragedy. Sons following fathers now, it has become a Mexican rite of passage—"I'm going to college," says Chavez. Tijuana is crowded today with such families. The mass crosses over into the twentieth century; many raises her children at the edge of the nineteenth century.

Tijuana is not Mayhew's London. There are none of the Gothic brick factories, no dark naves of Victorian mills. You see billowing smoke on the horizon, it turns out to be a bonfire in a vacant lot. That this is a viable city is apparent mainly in the congested traffic.

One sees few pedestrians. (Few sidewalks.) Occasional children. Dogs roam dusty lots. In Colonia Libertad some teen-agers gather about a car without wheels. If the car had wheels they wouldn't be there.

All the adages about California's cities—suburbs in search of a center, no there there—describe Tijuana also, Tijuana ranging across the hills to the south and, more evenly, to the east. Tijuana is a *municipio*, something like an American county. Tijuana extends about twenty-five miles south and east from the central city to include surrounding townships. All are united by one mayor, and a single ambition. The ambition of Tijuana is American money.

In the lobby of the Lucerna Hotel I see the sort of family one sees in only two or three hotels in Mexico City. Father with a preoccupied look and thin watch; mother elegant, glacially indulgent of her three children, who squirm under the watchful eye, the iron grasp, of an Indian nanny.

The word signifying money in Tijuana today is *maquiladora*. Twenty years ago, the Mexican government established a duty-free zone, permitting American companies to transport parts and raw materials across the border for assembly in Mexico, after which the products are returned to America. The Mexican assembly plant is called a *maquiladora* or, when paired with a manufacturing plant on the American side, a twin plant.

For their labor, Mexicans are paid Mexican wages. (Mexico's daily minimum wage is roughly

America's hourly wage.) Some such deal involving cheap labor has doubtless brought papa meet his American counterpart in the lobby of the Lucerna Hotel.

Most of the twin-plant operations in Tijuana are in new, quietly marked buildings on the east side of town wherein thousands of doomed Torita Mexicos spin out soft-focus dreams of wealth and idleness even as their nimble fingers assemble the detritus of a waning Western civilization—flashbulbs, electric plugs, stuffed toys.

Ciudad Juárez, which borders El Paso, has the greatest number of *maquiladoras*, but Tijuana and San Diego share advantages over other *maquiladora* regions. On both sides of the border there is land on which to build, and there is access to the sea. The land is called Otay Mesa or San Diego Otay, depending. San Diego expects 100,000 American acres to be developed, creating 100,000 new American jobs. On the Mexican side, 1,000 *maquiladoras* are projected, employing 200,000 Mexicans.

There is complicity between businessmen, shared across the border, and shared optimism. On the American side, particularly, business-

men anticipate "mutual benefit," by which is meant profit from the proximity of technology and despair. Who needs Hong Kong or Taiwan? Tijuana is right here, on the American border, at the rim of the sea.

What American capitalism has in mind for Tijuana depends on the availability of great numbers of the Mexican poor; on the willing acceptance of Third World wages by the Mexican poor; on the poor remaining poor.

Mexico acquiesces. Mexico complies.

A new border crossing has been completed at Otay Mesa in anticipation of the coming panoply of corporate pennants. In my rented car I slowly traverse the rust-colored fields. I look to left and to right, trying to imagine the industrial Camelot.

I am convinced it is not going to work. Yes, the factories will rise. Yes, freighted trucks will pass emptied trucks back and forth across the border. Yes, there will be profit, just as in the past when America imported cheap Mexican labor. But this time we will not be able to get rid of Mexico once we have done with the poor. The anticipatory, desperate city massing beyond

*This time we
will not be
able to get rid
of Mexico
once we have
done with
the poor*



I have seen
worse
neighborhoods
than the ones
we drive
through.
Detroit is
worse. East
London

the cyclone fence is not going to dissipate into ether at the sound of the five o'clock whistle.

The poor can live on far less than justice. But the poor have a half-life to outlast radium.

Back at the Inter-Continental Hotel, Twelfth Night is in progress. Businessmen in baggy swimsuits sit around the noisy waterfall reading about Japan. A woman of profoundly indeterminate age lopes by, leotards, sunglasses, earphones. An aging kiddo in a bikini stands on his head, just as a gold Frisbee divides the air, slices up to catch the fading light of California.

Spy Wednesday. Mexico would rather schedule a sucker-appointment than seem to deny a journalist's request. I phone a city official in Tijuana. His secretary is at my service (*a sus órdenes*): she will call me right back; no one calls back. I rush in for a 10:30 appointment with Señor B. or Licenciado R. His secretary is desolated to have to tell me that Señor B. or Licenciado R. is at a "mixer" in San Diego.

Information in an authoritarian society is power. In Mexico, power accumulates as information is withheld.

Or else I get an interview with a Mexican official and find that even the most innocuous rag of fact is off the record, *por favor*. The professor from the Colegio de la Frontera stops in mid-sentence to crane his neck across the table whenever my pen touches paper.

I sit on an oversize sofa in the outer office of a

Mexican big shot, studying his air-brushed photograph on the wall. I wait thirty minutes, an hour, before I pad back to the secretary's desk. Señor B. was called away to Mexicali by the governor of Baja California two days ago. Everything is so upset. Then the radiant smile, the dawning of an explanation: This is Easter week, señor.

Holy Thursday. I am going to La Casa de los Pobres, a kitchen for the poor run by Franciscan nuns, and evidently well known. The taxi driver doesn't ask for directions.

I have seen worse neighborhoods than the ones we drive through. Detroit is worse. East London. But this is Mexico. Perhaps because Mexico is brown and I am brown, I fear being lost in Mexico. I don't have the easy names of things. As I sit in the back seat of the taxi, lulled by pleasant sensations of perambulation, of course, I nevertheless attempt to memorize the route.

I get out of the cab and I am in a crowd; I am forced by the crowd into a courtyard the color of yellow cake. I can smell coffee, cinnamon, egg, frijoles. Within the courtyard the crowd dissolves into reassuring presences, old men, women, children, dogs. This is Mexico.

There are a number of Americans helping at La Casa this Easter week. I look around for Tom Lucas, a Jesuit priest from Berkeley who invited me here. Tom is in the kitchen drinking coffee with three Mexican nuns.

All that I know about Tom Lucas I have heard from him over lunch at Chez Panisse. The man I see drinking coffee in Mexico is speaking Spanish. He walks me through the buildings, tells me that at eleven o'clock groceries are going to be handed out.

The nuns are in control. The poor form a line; even one in line holds a number. What a relief it seems to me after days of dream-walking invisible, through an inedible city, to feel myself actually doing something, picking up something to hand to someone. Thus Mexico's poor pass through my hands. Most women bring their own plastic bags. The bags are warm at the smell of sweat as I fill them with four potatoes, two loaves of bread, two onions, a cup of pinto beans, a block of orange cheese. I thank each of the



exicans. This baffles them, but they nod. In the afternoon, Father Lucas takes me with him to the Colonia Flores Magon, a poor section of Tijuana, but not the poorest, considering the hills are green and there is a fresh wind blowing.

Even before our pickup comes to a full stop, doors have started to open. First one woman comes out of a house, then several more women come out of their houses, then more women are descending from the hillsides.

"Padrecito," the call is tossed among the women playfully. Most of these women are in their late twenties; most have several children. Could it be possible, Father, for you to bless my use? In the seminary Father Lucas may have agitated an activist, perhaps even a revolutionary, ministry. With a smile, he discourages the women from kissing his hand. Yes, he says, yes I will bless houses.

Some houses are solidly built of concrete blocks. Some houses resemble California suburban houses of the 1960s. Some houses have dirt floors and walls of tin, papered with the *Los Angeles Times*. In front of many houses are tubs of tap water.

No announcement of a mass has been made. People have heard there is a priest. Together we walk toward a neighborhood park—*padrecito*, the children, the barking dogs. We find that a crowd has gathered, an altar is already up. There are carnations in coffee cans, white light bulbs strung in the olive trees. This is Holy Thursday, the commemoration of the Last Supper and the institution of the Eucharist. Twelve teenage boys have been rounded up by their mothers to slouch at the altar, dressed in sheets and bathrobes to represent the twelve Apostles. They stare stupidly at each other as Father Lucas washes their feet according to the ancient rite of divine humility.

A yellow fog is coming in over the hills behind us. Overhead a jetliner is pushing up from Tijuana International, slowly turning left, south, toward Guadalajara and Mexico City. Some people in the crowd seem bored, grow restless; other faces are stern.

In the back of our pickup are cartons of day-old junk pastries from a San Diego bakery. My job is to distribute these to the children after mass. When I hear my cue from the altar—in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit—I climb over the tailgate and wait there with my arms folded, my legs apart, like a temple guardian. Parents are instructed to bring their *niños* to the truck for a special treat.

Five or six children come forward. All goes well for less than a minute. The crowd has slowly turned away from the altar; the crowd advances zombie-like against the truck. I fear

children will be crushed. Silent faces regard me with incomprehension. *Cuidado*, damn it! An old hag with chicken skin on her arms grabs for my legs—extravagant swipes, lobster-like, or as if she were plucking a harp—trying to reach the boxes behind me.

I throw the pastries over the outstretched hands to the edge of the crowd. I fling package after package until there are no more. The carriage crowd hesitates, draws back.

I sit in the truck for an hour waiting for Father Lucas to finish with them. Some bratty children hang around the truck, trying to get my attention. I watch instead some old men as they stretch their hands toward a bonfire.

Around seven o'clock, Father Lucas puts the unused consecrated wafers inside the glove compartment. The truck bounces on the dusty roads. There are few streetlights, no street names. After several dead ends, we are lost.

Down one road we come upon a pack of snarling dogs. Backing up, we come near to backing off a cliff. Once more we drive up the hill. Then Tom recognizes a house. A right turn, a left. The road takes on gravel. At the base of a canyon we see the highway leading to Ensenada. In the distance, to the right, I can see the lights of downtown Tijuana, and beyond, the glamorous lights that cradle San Diego Bay. It is a sight I never expected to see with Mexican eyes.

Good Friday. A gray afternoon in Chula Vista, a few miles north of the border. I make several notes. The U.S. Border Patrol station is Spanish colonial in style. The receptionist is Mexican-American. On the wall of the press office is a replica of an Aztec stone calendar. There is a press office.

I get introduced to Officer Robert Martinez, my guide to the night. He is about my age and of about my accent, about my build. We drive out. Almost immediately Martinez stops his truck on a cliff. He hands me his binoculars. In the foreground are the last two miles of the United States, scrub canyon; and beyond, Tijuana—the oldest neighborhood, Colonia Libertad; and beyond, the new commercial skyline; and beyond, the sovereign hills of Mexico, which are none of our business.

Somewhere up in those Mexican hills Father Lucas is leading a Good Friday service. The Crucifixion will be reenacted. There will be a procession. The man elected to play Christ will drag a pine cross up a gravel path. At the top of the hill the Christ-elect will be strapped to his cross, the cross will be hoisted. *Cristo* will stand on a pedestal on the upraised cross for about half an hour. He will hear only the wind in his ears as, below him, the crowd prays.

In the distance are the glamorous lights that cradle San Diego Bay. It is a sight I never expected to see with Mexican eyes

[illegible]

Officer
Martinez
and I stand
together on a
bluff, silent,
grave as
Roman
senators in a
Victor
Mature
movie

I have elected to spend the afternoon among the chariots and the charioteers. I raise the binoculars of Officer Martinez to my eyes. Throughout the canyon are people, men, in twos and threes. Down below, perhaps three miles away, is a level plain called the soccer field—because men who will cross the border often pass the time before dark playing soccer. A Brueghel-like wintry haze attends the setting of the sun. There are pale fires: women from Tijuana cooking chickens to sell. About ten yards below the Otay Mesa, where our truck is parked, a man, a boy, sits cross-legged by a fire, reading from a book. He looks up to us, but seems not to be aware of us. His lips move. He looks down to his book. He is memorizing. "It's almost always a learn-English book," says Martinez.

Around six o'clock the wind comes up, the sky begins to flap like a tent. I can see the lights of rush-hour traffic at the San Ysidro border crossing. By now we are cruising a ragged cyclone fence. Some Mexican kids peek through; they are smiling. "Sometimes people throw rocks," says Martinez.

Again we are on the mesa. It is dark. I hear hoofs of horses; American patrolmen, says Martinez. I can hear the voices of men speaking English. I hear helicopters.

The copters pour down blades of light that rake through the canyons, rendering crooked straight and the rough places plain. Officer Martinez confides he is using a code on his radio to alert his fellows that he carries press. Even as I quicken to the chase, I realize my tour will remain pretty much *son et lumière*. An officer we meet obliges me with his night-vision telescope, from which I am encouraged to take a random sample of the night.

The night is alive. The night is green as pond water, literally crawling with advancing lines of light.

A VIP shuttle van speeds down a hill state-side, comes to a stop twenty feet beyond our truck. A side door slides open; five men in suits emerge. We stand together on a bluff, silent, grave as Roman senators in a Victor Mature movie.

We drive away. Martinez has not turned on his headlamps in order that, at intervals, we may surprise with our flashlights: the post of a fence, a boulder, a tree . . . "Nothing."

Ten minutes later we are about a mile from the border at a Burger King, where Martinez says his job is more frustrating than dangerous. He wears a gun. The danger, he says, is for the people, the Mexicans, in the dark. People get killed running across freeways. And the dark becomes a gypsy pass; there are Mexican robbers who prey upon *pollos*—travelers, in Tijuana slang. Women have been raped. Throats slit. Peasants

have been robbed. Nearly 26 percent of all those arrested for burglary in San Diego, something like 12 percent of all those arrested on felony charges, are illegal aliens, probably the highwaymen among them.

Around eleven o'clock we see two teen-agers walking along the side of the highway. Their eyes slide into panic as they peer through a window I have rolled down. Martinez gets out of the truck. In Spanish they tell Officer Martinez that they are Americans on their way home from a high school dance. Flashlight. No identification. Chat. Yes, they live in Chula Vista. Just up there. Yes, they had a good time at the dance. Yes, many girls. But what did you say as the name of your high school? . . . ? Martinez has decided the game is over. "Get in," he shouts in Spanish.

Chula Vista. The streets are quiet. Officer Martinez has his eye on the taxi idling near the phone booth behind the 7-Eleven. ("They did for a taxi to take them into L.A. Anywhere from fifty bucks.") Ignition. Lights. As we hurt forward, the taxi tears away. In front of the phone booth a solitary Mexican man about fifty years old makes one complete turn in our spotlight. He wears a Dodgers cap to make himself invisible. His hands are extended toward us in a clownish gesture of resignation. He smiles as Officer Martinez gets out of the truck, then he bows his head and delivers over his spirit.

Most people arrested are docile. They know the rules favor them. They will be taken to a detention center, which is a room full of Mexicans watching Johnny Carson, where they will wait their right to a trial; in the cool of the morning, they will be driven back to the border.

Holy Saturday. "Show me Tijuana, what you think I should see." Four times during the week, with four different guides, I am giving more or less the identical tour. Downtown *me río rápido*. Then leisurely south to Rosarito Beach, where the gringos have built condos ("like legal aliens," according to native wit). The backtrack to Rodriguez Dam. The gray international airport, the smoked-glass twin towers of the Fiesta Americana Hotel, then a slow sweep around the Tijuana Country Club and golf course, climbing toward the grandest houses.

Architectural styles derive less from Spanish colonial memory, scarce in Tijuana, than from international eclecticism—Cinderella châteaux, California Bauhaus. One is not rebuffed by the tall gates characteristic of the colonial high style of Mexico; one is rewarded, rather, with picture windows. This is a section of Tijuana known as Chapultepec. The name pays homage to a famous part of Mexico City. But these houses are co-

ected to face the United States.

Shall we stop the car? Get out for a look?

The view from the hills of Tijuana must stand the modern vision of California. In an earlier generation, California was seen from the east. Think of the Joad family's first view of the paralytic Central Valley. Then think, many generations before the Joads, of Spanish galleons sailing up the Pacific coast. California was first seen by the Spanish—as through Asian eyes—from the sea, west to east.

Show me Tijuana. My final tour of the city is as an afterthought (because my host wants to buy some liquor for Easter) at the Río Plaza, an American-style shopping mall. Walking through the parking lot in front of Sears, I think I might be in Stockton. But once inside the mall, I realize I have stumbled upon the true *alo* of Tijuana. And it is pagan.

Overfragranced crowds of Mexican teen-agers are making their *paseo* between the record shop and the four-theater cine-complex. I pause to get bearings and to measure the proportions of this city within a city. I am reminded of the model of an Aztec metropolis in a Mexico City museum; fancy leads me further to seek the *tem-mayor*. I turn around, intending to amuse myself with a lame conceit, and there I see it, shining incense and idolatry, and pulling like a magnet, the great temple of middle-class desire, a supermarket called Comercial Mexicana. More than an American Safeway; Comercial is bigger, more crowded—happier—more prodigiously checked than any supermarket I have seen. The meat counter ranges from beef intestines to translucent, delicate, slimy fish. To snake. To pig. To snout. To hoof. Boxes of detergent and stacks of metallic-looking candies and packages of toilet paper come in gigantic Mexican “family” sizes never seen in America. There are luxuries, conveniences, necessities—everything. Everything! The only souvenir of the New World I decide to bring back with me are five bottles of

Liquid Paper correction fluid because I can't believe the price.

Easter Sunday. Father Lucas phones me before I check out of my hotel in San Diego. The chubby Mexican who played Jesus in the Good Friday passion refused, when the time came, to take off his shirt, so they had to hoist him up and make Christ the King in a gold sweat shirt. In the end he relented, the shirt came off. Somehow it worked and Tom wishes I had been there. I could have heard the sound the cross made as it is dragged across the gravel. I should have seen the devout old ladies, the awestruck children, the overexcited children. Jesus brought along some cronies to chat with him while he stood on the cross, “the way it must have been in

Jerusalem—a curious mixture of mood.”

Tom spent most of Saturday looking for a coffin for a baby. The parents were too poor to afford more than a shoe box. “Even the children here know about death. Brother lifts baby sister up so she can peek into the coffin.” For once, says Tom, for his own sake, he was glad of the book—the proscribed magisterium, the consolation of liturgy.

Tom says he is going back to the Colonia Flores Magon to celebrate Easter mass in the soccer field. Do I want to come along?

I do not. I have only a couple of hours left for one last visit to Tijuana. I do not tell him that I have made plans to meet friends in La Jolla for brunch. I put down the receiver and not for the first time I am glad of the complacencies of the Inter-Continental Hotel.

The theme of city life is the theme of difference. People living separately, simultaneously. In all the great cities of the world, as in all the great novels, one senses this. The village mourns in unison, rejoices as one. But in the city . . . in Athens once, I remember sitting in an outdoor café, amid sun and cheese and flies, when a hearse with a picture window slid by, caught in rush-hour traffic and separated from its recognizing mourners—an intersecting narrative line, which, nevertheless, did not make mourners of us, of the café.

Taken together as one, Tijuana and San Diego form perhaps the most fascinating new city in the world, a city of metropolitan disparity, worthy of world-class irony. Within thirty minutes from the lobby of the Inter-Continental, I am once more on Avenida Revolución, where the shopkeepers are sweeping sidewalks, awaiting the onslaught of *turistas*.

Inside Tijuana's aquamarine cathedral I sit behind a family of four—a father, a mother, a boy, a girl. They have thick hair. At the elevation of the host, each holds up a tiny homemade cross of stapled palm leaves.

Less than an hour later I am in La Jolla.

Where friends want to know what I think of Tijuana. I shrug. I imagine the dead baby packed away in orchids. It is there, I say.

But what I want to say is that Tijuana is here. It has arrived. Silent as a Trojan horse, larger than a flotilla of scabrous boat people, more confounding in its innocence, in its power of proclamation, than Spielberg's most pious vision of a flying saucer.

Later in the afternoon, in a cold wind, we walk around Louis Kahn's brilliant concrete Salk Institute, admiring the way California wanted to imagine its future. We walk on toward the beach. The sky has filled with hang gliders, drifting, silently drifting, like wondrous red- and blue-winged angels, over the sea. ■

Taken together as one, Tijuana and San Diego form perhaps the most fascinating new city in the world

MAKING BOOK

The big money in the

Everybody in publishing is speculating about what a book by Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North might be worth, and the answer to that is Plenty. But there's a catch. The book has to be a real book, one that tells the truth about the Reagan Administration's misadventures in the international arms trade. If it's a treatise on why it's O.K. to skirt around Congress and ignore our system's checks and balances, forget it. Nor can it be about North the Warrior; too many professional military men have led similar lives. What we want to know about—what will sell copies—is the story of North's role, and the role of major political figures, in the Iran-*contra* affair.

As indicated in this official bio, North was stationed in Okinawa while the Nixon Administration was falling apart. But I'd have to tell him what I told the member of Nixon's staff who called to ask what sort of advance Nixon could expect if he decided to write a book. I gave a simple answer: \$2 million if the book is revealing, \$1.50 if it's "you got the wrong guy." (The book was in-between, as was the advance.) To continue the Watergate comparison, North can't write *All the President's Men*, since he's not the stalker but the stalked. He wants to write a book like John Dean's, the *mea culpa*.

We know the colonel was a man of action, but how fast can he work? Timing is crucial. The problem with any book on a subject about which the public has been bombarded daily is that however important the subject, and however interesting the revelations, people are a little sick of the whole thing by the time the book comes out. And books ordinarily don't come out very quickly. We'd want to shoot for a four-month delivery date here, and three months would be even better. We'd probably go to one of the paperback houses that also publish hard-cover books. Bantam, for example, has startled the publishing world by getting paperback books printed and shipped in less than forty-eight hours. We wouldn't expect anything like that on a hard-cover book with a first printing of about 300,000 copies, but the publisher ought to be able to beat the usual publication period of eight to nine months.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL

Lieutenant Colonel Oliver Laurence North is a policy officer at Marine Corps Headquarters.

LtCol. North's medals and decorations include: with Combat "V"; Purple Heart Medal; Service Medal; Navy Commendation Medal; Achievement Medal; Combat Action Medal; Unit Commendation; National Defense Service Medal; Sea Service Deployment Ribbon; Republic of Vietnam Unit Cross; and the Republic of Vietnam Unit Cross Medal.

LtCol. North was born October 11, 1944, at Ockawamick Central School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Marine Corps Reserve on December 29, 1961, and attended the College, Brockport, N.Y., in June 1962. He was a lieutenant in the Marine Corps from June 1962 to June 1963, and a lieutenant in the United States Naval Academy.

After completing The Basic School, LtCol. North's assignment was with K Company, 1st Marine Division, the Republic of Vietnam as an advisor from August 21, 1969. He then served with the G-3 operations billet until November 5, 1969, and a captain in the 1st Marine Division.

From November 29, 1969, to February 1970, LtCol. North was at the School, Quantico, Va., where he was a commander. From February 1970 to May 1971, he was at the Warfare School, Quantico, Va., where he was an employment course at Quantico.

LtCol. North's next assignment was as a commander and officer-in-charge of the Northern Training Area, Vietnam, from November 10, 1974, to December 1974. He then served with the 1st Battalion, 4th Marine Division, assigned to Marine Corps Headquarters, as a manpower analyst until June 1975.

On June 3, 1978, he was transferred to the 1st Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, N.C., where he was appointed a major on June 1, 1978.

From August 8, 1980, to June 1981, LtCol. North was on the Staff course at the Naval War College.

Upon completion of study at the Naval War College, LtCol. North was assigned to Marine Corps Headquarters, National Security Council, as a staff officer on October 1, 1983.

OLIVER NORTH

es, by Scott Meredith

12/86

H. USMC

ed as a service plans and
D.C.

Medal, Bronze Star Medal
second award; Meritorious
a lieu of second award; Navy
commendation; Meritorious
nam Service Medal with five
f Gallantry with silver star;
ad the Vietnamese Campaign

and graduated from
He joined the Marine Corps
oma from State University
ommissioned a second
raduation from the United

ember 1968, his first
ines, 3rd Marine Division, in
ader from December 3, 1968, to
alion, 3rd Marine Division in a
ppointed a first lieutenant

th was assigned to The Basic
ector billets and as a company
attended the Amphibious
clear and Chemical Weapons
a September 13, 1973

where he served as camp
Division Schools Detachment at
to November 8, 1974. From
the company commander for A
ion, in Okinawa. He was then
D.C., where he served as a

n, 8th Marines, 2d Marine
S-3 officer until July 11, 1980. He

ended the Naval Command and

Col. North was assigned to
ty at the White House with the
promoted to lieutenant colonel on

There's nothing in North's background to indicate that he *can write* a book. That means a collaborator. So who would be interested and suitable? A military writer? A political expert? Perhaps the ideal collaborator would be a true-crime writer. At any rate, a ghostwriter is needed, since I don't believe the book-buying public will accept North as an author if his book is published under his name only. The collaborator should be the kind of writer who can submerge his own personality and write in the voice and style of the celebrity or public figure with whom he is working, the sort of writer whose name used to be preceded by "as told to" and now is more often preceded by "with." Someone like Bill Novak, who did the books with Lee Iacocca and Sydney Biddle Barrows, or Bill Rauch, who worked with Ed Koch on his books, or Herb Gluck, who has been the "with" with such diverse personalities as Jerry Lewis, Mickey Mantle, Alex Karras, and (his current project) Jack Kemp.

This date tells me that North has remained in rank, and presumably not gotten much of a raise in pay, for more than three years. Nothing about his career sounds like a doorway to riches, so unless some of the missing Iranscam money ended up in the pockets of his uniform, the dollars accruing from a book deal ought to satisfy him. I don't see the book as a record breaker, but I can see an American publisher paying an advance of between \$750,000 and a nice, round million. And since this is not just a domestic-audience book but a subject of worldwide interest, there's got to be an additional \$500,000 in foreign book advances. There is also a possibility of a motion picture or television sale. But remember: although there are occasional nonfiction movies like *The Killing Fields*, and although docudramas are a pretty regular item on the tube, these *are* dramas, action stories, stories with suspense and movement, which North's story isn't. Still, \$1.25 million, minimum, isn't bad. Who says that only the good people of the earth are rewarded?

Scott Meredith is the founder of the Scott Meredith Literary Agency.

HOW TO TALK TO TEENAGERS ABOUT DRINKING AND DRIVING.

KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Teenagers can get into a lot of trouble with alcohol. Even teenagers who don't drink. Often they aren't aware of the facts.

A new view of the statistics shows where part of the problem lies, and can lead to a better communication between adults and teenagers.

Teenagers are in the high-risk group. People between the ages of 16 and 24 represent only 20 percent of the licensed drivers of our country. But that same group is involved in 42 percent of all the alcohol-related fatal crashes. When you think about that, two tragic things are revealed:

First, not all teenagers killed in such accidents are themselves drunk at the time. Often they have had nothing to drink at all, but are passengers in cars driven by teenagers who have been drinking.

Second, teenagers are often on the roads late at night, especially on weekends, when most crashes involving alcohol occur. They are targets for cars driven by people who have had too much to drink.

Some facts about alcohol you might want to discuss with teenagers are often surprising to adults:

- A 12-ounce can of beer, a 4-ounce glass of wine, and a 1.2-ounce drink of 80-proof liquor are all equally intoxicating. The risk is the same regardless of what you've been drinking.

- The legal definition of intoxication is based on "Blood Alcohol Concentration" or "BAC." If you have a BAC of .10 percent, you are legally drunk in most states. But for drivers or drinkers who are less experienced, a BAC of .05 percent, or sometimes lower, can be dangerous.

- Even relatively low levels of alcohol can reduce your tolerance to injury, increasing the danger in an accident.

Arm your teenager with the facts and give them time to reflect on them.

If expected to show good judgment, teenagers are more likely to live up to it.

Please discuss the problem of drinking and driving with your teenagers now and if you think this advertisement will help, ask them to read it.

And keep in mind, that the best way to teach young people—as they may tell you—is by example.

The people of General Motors care, and urge teenagers, and their parents, to give serious thought to the dangers of drinking and driving. It's something we all can do.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.



Chevrolet • Pontiac
Oldsmobile • Buick
Cadillac • GMC Truck

THE EROTIC STRIPPED BARE

Romanians are prisoners of sexlessness

By Linda Mizejewski

Late one night, as I danced with a handsome young Romanian, he stopped and kissed me. We were standing on the balcony of an apartment in Iasi, a city twelve miles from the Soviet border. The blacked-out streetlights of the city below suggested something other than wartime desolation only because of the candlelight inside, the several glasses of wine we had drunk, and the Willie Nelson cassette playing softly in the background. Everyone else at the party had wandered away. Both of our cultures had taught us that this is the scenario for romance, the moment to stop during a slow dance for a soft kiss that might get deeper and deeper. But when it happened, I was as shocked as if he had suddenly picked my pocket. Then, beyond shock, pleasure. And then, beyond pleasure, I peeled away the wrappings of romance and thought: No, this is Romania, this man a Romanian, this moment imaginary.

The eight months I had spent in Romania had conditioned me to think of romance as a Western luxury, as unofficially disapproved as punk rock or Levi's. Sexuality is officially invisible in Romania, much as it was in the early years of American television on programs like *The Donna Reed Show*. Indeed, if there is an approved image of the individual on black and white Romanian television and in the black and white photographs in Romanian magazines, it is this chaste, happily married icon, dressed modestly and "becomingly," if I may use a word from my parochial school days. The lovely women

who sing folk songs on Sunday afternoon television in Romania are straight out of Lawrence Welk. Their hairstyles, gestures, and costumes suggest nothing so much as the virtuousness of young motherhood. These are serious madonnas in a country where madonnahood is a state obligation. Childless couples are punished with extra taxes. Birth control devices are banned; abortion is illegal except when the life of the mother is endangered. Even then, there must be a Communist Party official present during the procedure.

The birth control ban was imposed in the late 1960s in an effort to increase the rate of population growth. But living conditions in Romania are wretched and austere enough to discourage family expansion. In cities throughout the country, most families live in two-bedroom flats like the one assigned to me and my husband in Iasi. Ours was in a dirty concrete building where rats, dogs, children, and Gypsies played and grazed around the huge, open garbage pit near the entrance; where the state-controlled thermostat kept our living room temperature at a crisp fifty degrees during the coldest winter since World War II; and where the electricity and the plumbing were equally unreliable.

Feeding even a small family is time-consuming and frustrating, what with long lines for milk and butter that start to form at dawn, winter markets virtually without fresh vegetables or fruit, and ration tickets that will usually buy only the fattiest cuts of pork. And the mother of the "ideal," state-sanctioned, four-child Romanian family unit has likely risked her life four times in hospitals where there is no guarantee

Linda Mizejewski is a freelance writer living in Pittsburgh.

*My husband
and I walked
on thick pilings
of hidden
agendas*

that sheets will be changed, and where doctors and nurses often set priorities for care on the basis of bribes: a dressing changed, for instance, in return for an unopened pack of Kents, an underground currency unique to Romania.

There were many questions we were unable to ask even those Romanians we trusted. Where is the microphone in our apartment? Are our desks "checked" occasionally? Is mail sent to us through the university "safe"? The matter of birth control was another such question. All our friends had only one or two children. These couples were roughly our age, in their thirties or early forties. Were they able to obtain black-market devices, perhaps from Greek or Arabic students? Had they had abortions? (The state spot-checks working women for pregnancy in order to prevent them from having abortions.) Or did they simply resort to long stretches of celibacy? My friends told me that the rhythm method was widely known, but they didn't want to talk about what happens when it fails. In crossing the border into Romania, my husband and I also passed beyond a series of spiritual borders: borders of secrecy and distrust. And if a young Romanian's kissing me on a balcony seemed to open a gap in one of those borders, then it closed again as soon as we opened our eyes and remembered where we were.

I went to Romania in 1984 as a Fulbright lecturer in American literature. It was a problematic position, for while university people in Romania are eager to have American faculty, the government is not particularly happy to harbor Westerners, with their nylon parkas, rock music, magazines, and strong opinions. Since I was there with my husband, I was protected from one all too common version of Romanian sexual politics: constant courtship by men eager to marry a passport out of the country. Occasionally such marriages do take place, and the American Embassy tends to be cynical about them, often with good cause. And single men who go to Romania to teach are warned by the embassy that the birth control ban makes them potential victims of seduction and politically sensitive paternity claims.

All relationships between Romanians and *strainii*, the lovely word for foreigners, take place in the nervous ambiguity of an unsettling, badly remembered dream. My husband and I walked on thick pilings of hidden agendas. When we were there, Romanians were required by law to report any conversations they had with *strainii* to the secret police—Securitate—within twenty-four hours. (A more recent decree prohibits all conversations with foreigners without prior permission from the state.) Citizens score valuable

points for reporting the unreported conversations of other citizens. A tip about a foreigner might result in opportunities for travel out of the country or access to scarce goods. There are especially trusted university people who are permitted to befriend visiting lecturers, but there are others who took by no means negligible risks to keep company with us, and they asked that in our apartment we never mention their names.

While the birth control *diktat* implicitly securitized in every Romanian bedroom, an American diplomat warned us that they may be more literally present in ours. It seemed that any country that can't get its plumbing work couldn't possibly have a sophisticated surveillance system. Still, there were times when sex itself seemed as covert to my husband as me as our secret friendships, and we gradually came to see this as fundamental to any system that aims to generate such a permeating distrust—a distrust that would certainly prevent conspiracy, a distrust that begins with the senses, with the body, with intimacy. According to the embassy, one of every three Romanians is involved in Securitate, and though I doubted that this was true, we understood that it didn't need to be true. The rumor itself is powerful and valuable, certainly as powerful as our suspicion that we were constantly being overheard.

We will never know if there was in fact a microphone in our apartment. Some of our Romanian friends led us to believe that we were always being monitored, while others seemed certain that the only bug was in the phone. Still, I would go to sleep each night wondering if the words we'd spoken that day had been swept up and saved. Were they now being transcribed, made solid, black and white? Were they being translated into a history of which we could have no interpretation? We'll never know, just as we'll never know how carefully planned and contrived our lives were that year. Once, being far out over our balcony, where, presumably, the microphone could not pick up our voices, a Romanian friend whispered, "You Americans don't know half of what's happening around you. And it's better you don't know."

Because we knew so little of what was "really" happening around us, because we lived with the possibility that even our bedroom had invisible listeners, our sensibilities became tuned to the coarse materiality, an obsession with details of the physical world. We found this particularly strange, since so little of the urban physical world in Romania is pleasing. I remember my first impressions of Bucharest: the sour smell of market apples left too long in the sun; the grainy imitation coffee in smoky hotels. And then the drive to Iasi: entire villages the color of mud, cities the color of concrete. And then night

without streetlights, without shop lights, with only an occasional lit window.

What I am describing was not poverty. It was not bucolic, other-century quaintness, or Amish implicitness. It was a stripping down, an unnatural diminishment. We inevitably responded most strongly to what we perceived through our senses, and in so doing were plunged into an odd, deprived, deliberately starved material world. Eventually we realized the insidious nature of the oddness: this was a world constructed to be asexual, carefully designed to extinguish any hint of the human capacity for eroticism.

In the West, city scenes keep us in a state of sensory arousal that is implicitly sexual. The emphasis is on contrast, curiosity, surprise; the appeal is to the physical. The new supermarket in my Pittsburgh neighborhood has soft neon signs you would expect to find in a cozy bar. Pass-a-displays erupt in Rubenesque sumptuousness. The young women behind the deli counters resemble the doll-faced saleswomen posed behind cosmetic counters in department stores. There is a conspiracy to avoid the impression that one goes there to buy bread and milk. One goes, rather, to indulge, perhaps even to sin.

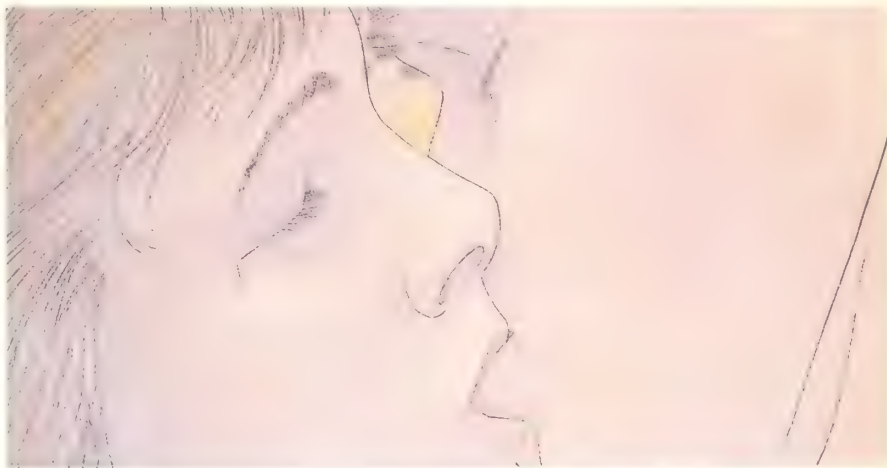
While this sexual appeal to buy groceries is obviously absurd, equally absurd is a world which deliberately suggests that we have no sexuality or sensuality at all. In Romania, the lack of attention to color, texture, and light is only part of a larger pattern of repressed sensuality, a conviction that the senses don't matter, that nothing needs to be beautiful, nothing needs to charm. And while charm and sensuality are often yoked unhealthily to consumerism in the West, their absence creates a great emptiness at the heart of things. At the heart? I am being euphemistic. The emptiness fosters an absence of sexual energy, an absence that was apparent in the pale, passive faces, as well as the florid alcoholic ones, I saw every day on the overcrowded trams.

Today, when I leaf through magazines at the supermarket checkout counter, I find an obsession with fitness and health that almost parodies itself: quizzes to determine if your workout is really working; elaborate charts mapping out the fiber, fat, and carbohydrate content of foods found at the dinner table; ads showing how we should look in aerobics class; interviews with famous fit people. It would seem that our souls and psyches do indeed have a shape: our physical shape. Imagine, then, an anti-world to this, a place where most families feel lucky to have a dinner of fatty sausage and potatoes; where a jogger would surely be mistaken for

someone running from the secret police; where one hesitates to work up an aerobic sweat because there is rarely any hot water for a shower afterward. When I realized I no longer cared that I wasn't exercising or eating well, I began to understand the dull indifference to the body that thrives in an environment where little is physically pleasing. I had for so long resisted the Western lie that only the physical matters, that I was unprepared for the dismantling of that lie and the substitution of another one.

Romanian authorities accuse the West of a decadent material "sexiness," a consumer product they don't want to import. But there is a deliberate misreading here, a confusion between Western definitions of "sexiness" and the energies of human sexuality. And in attempting to control or at least quiet the latter, the most heavy-handed kind of materialism is brought to bear. The Marxist truth was cruelly borne out to us that winter: the roots of the spiritual are to be found in the material. Because we were able to get some canned goods through the embassy, we spent less time in food lines than our friends. But we were constantly preoccupied with planning baths and meals, rationing precious onions, getting chores done before the power and water went off, keeping an eye out for lines that might mean eggs or potatoes. And after spending all day in a classroom where it was too cold

In Romania, the senses don't matter; nothing needs to be beautiful, nothing needs to charm



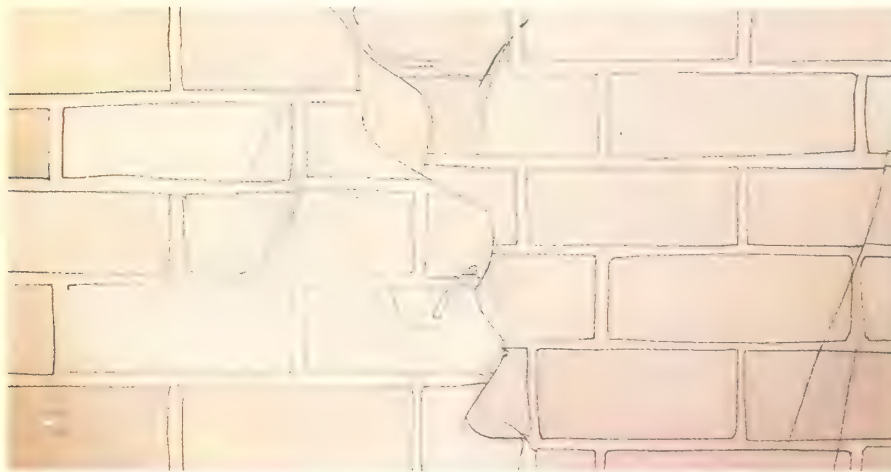
for students to take off their gloves, in a building where there was no clean public toilet, let alone one with a toilet seat and toilet paper; after the smelly crowd of the tram, or, on days when the tram had broken down, a forty-five-minute walk home in snow and ice through unshoveled streets—on those days I wanted nothing except to go to bed with a glass of wine and a not very taxing book.

And so, I was dancing on that balcony in Iasi after having lived through such a winter. It was spring, and there were lilacs, yet my husband and I were most excited to have hot water for a

The absence of
pornography in
Romania is no
feminist victory.
It is a sign of
control

few hours every day. Little wonder, then, that the moment with my friend astonished me—and admonished me, reminding me that under the muddy concrete and smoky gray, there was still human desire.

What happens to one's sensibilities in a world where there is a concerted effort to erase all hints of passion, sensuality, sexuality? The word "obscenity" spins out of control when the absence of pornography is part of a wholesale censorship of individualism, eroticism, dissonance. My husband and I were occasionally given American magazines by embassy families, and we came to realize that in Romania, *Made-moiselle* and *Seventeen* could be seen as girly magazines, what with underwear ads designed for an audience not desperate for a glimpse of such things. The absence of pornography there is no feminist victory. It is a sign of control, not respect. The same is true of prostitution, which exists solely in the hotels designated for foreigners. These services are part of the government's scheme to bring in Western currency, much like the German beers also available in the major Bucharest hotels for dollars only. Though officially illegal, prostitution is overlooked as long as it eases the troublesome national debt. Indeed, it might be a patriotic obligation, like motherhood.



We could only guess what goes on in the luxurious mountain villas built for members of the upper political echelons. Since everything from beef to color television is mysteriously available to a select few, it seemed likely to us that erotic materials might be available as well. But this is only speculation. The upper echelons are invisible in Romania. Only if you drive past those hidden Carpathian resorts (something most Romanians cannot do, since few have cars and gas is rationed) can you glimpse a hint that another kind of life is possible for some, a life that affords more exotic pleasures than scotch and Kents.

And what of the sexual attitudes of the visible majority? We witnessed a telling incident one evening in a movie theater in Iasi. Very few American films are permitted into Romania, although videotapes of some films do manage to enter the country from Greece. These, usually mindless adventure films, are shown at "videoteques," auditoriums where one or two VCRs and monitors have been set up and a Romanian translation is boomed over the sound track. As the name suggests, videoteques are frequented mostly by young people. They are, in fact, among the few places young people can frequent, since there are no discos, no other forms of "night life"—a term that does ironic somersaults in a country where most streetlights are never turned on.

One week a theater in downtown Iasi showed the Christopher Reeve film *Somewhere in Time*, doubtless permitted because it portrays so little of contemporary American life. Toward the end of the film there is a brief bedroom scene of the tactful PG variety. I was surprised that even so modest a scene had gotten past the censors. But the real surprise was the audience's response: an eruption of snickers, hoots, giggles, and catcalls, the likes of which I don't think I've heard since kiddy matinees when the cowboy kissed the girl instead of the horse.

To be fair, such a reaction might not have occurred with a more sophisticated audience in Bucharest. The Romanian friends who accompanied us were plainly embarrassed by it. Yet the outburst still suggests that when the entire spectrum of sexuality is hushed, hidden, and denied, sexuality itself becomes fetishistic, its definition narrowed to things and acts. Thus the Romanian fixation on American film stars and other symbols of sexuality on the other side of the border: sports cars, certain brands of scotch and cigarettes, dyed blond hair. The government's attempt to make sexuality unimaginable has popularized the most reductive, superficial sexual models of the West. It is a collision of the worst of both worlds.

One day our neighborhood Securitate contact, a young man with very uncertain English, appeared at our door to prove his good will by solemnly reciting everything he knew about the United States: Farrah Fawcett, Victoria Principal, Michael Jackson, *Dallas*, Ford Mustang, Ronald Reagan. Reagan's popularity in Romania is enormous, and our friends were always puzzled by our coolness toward the present administration. I realize now that Reagan's appeal arises not only from his stands against their great, feared neighbor to the north but also from

standing in the tinselly pantheon described our visitor. If the West is sexuality, how fitting that the American president be a ruggedly handsome movie star often photographed in boots and cowboy hat.

few foreigners in Romania live outside of Bucharest, although in university towns such as there are a number of students from Greece, Canada, and the Middle East willing to pay hard currency for a degree in engineering or medicine. Most of them are men, and their Mediterranean macho and easy access to birth control combine to violently disrupt the tense and narrow lives of Romanian women, who are suddenly confronted with sexual temptation—and a viable ticket out of the country.

At Romanian universities, men are usually directed into the physical sciences. The women I met, the English majors, were generally very intelligent, very serious, slightly older than most American undergraduates, and eager for English conversation and clues about American life. So eventually I befriended some of them in somewhat safer, outside-the-classroom settings. Their stories were uniformly depressing. The pressure to marry during their university years is intense. Unmarried, they would likely be assigned to teach in remote villages; only the top student would get an assignment in Iasi. "Shepherds and pig farmers will be my prospective husbands," one told me. As for the married students, their sex lives are acted out on the other side of a thin wall from one set of parents or the other, since young couples generally do not get their own apartments for years.

Once, during class, the word "menopause" came up in a story, and I stopped to make certain it was familiar. Oh, yes, my students said. Andropause? Yes—when a man can't do it anymore." I tried to explain that it was not as inevitable as menopause, but I was quick to provide me with a biology lesson: it happens at sixty-five, or at least a man must last that long if he "does it" twice a week. They were too polite to contradict my arguments, but they stared at me with alarm, not imagining that in my ignorance I might be giving my husband to an early andropause. It, too, shows the Romanian attitude toward sexuality, that it is not really a part of us, but something that can be used up and worn out.

The Romanian student-dating scene is limited to videotheques, parties, long walks in the park, and (if dorm roommates are cooperative) a few odd hours of privacy. Since the double standard still thrives in Romania, the birth control pill makes relations between men and women all the more strained. My women stu-

dents, terrified of pregnancy, talked about dating as a grim process of fending off advances. These same women told me breathlessly that when foreign students were first admitted a few years ago there was an "explosion" of sexuality. It wasn't hard for me to imagine the effect on my students of these sleek young men from the south, who congregated in the university halls, jeweled hands on hips, insolently smoking their Kents. They brought to Romania their good cigarettes, Western music, and decent cassette decks. They also brought powerful symbols of privacy: cars. In their imported Mercedes-Benzes, they would speed past the dumpy, four-cylinder Romanian Dacias, terrifying pedestrians and reinforcing the general feeling that masculinity—real masculinity—is big horsepower, reckless acceleration, fast wheels. No ordinary Romanian student can dream of owning a car, or of doing this kind of dating.

At the senior class graduation party, several Romanian women showed up with Middle Eastern boyfriends, and these couples socialized as a group, never mingling with the Romanian couples. Across the room, the latter talked about their Kent-smoking colleagues with a mixture of envy and contempt. It was suddenly junior high school in the sixties: the world was divided into Good Girls and Bad Girls, who glared at each other across the dance floor with equal pangs of resentment and loss.

As I watched this scene, I understood how sexual stereotyping meshes with the politics of oppression. In order to keep the oppressive machinery working and maintain an environment in which one student is willing to report on another student's comments in class, in which a neighbor is willing to report on a neighbor, a colleague on a colleague, the prevailing mentality must be one of alienation. And the most powerful way to foster this alienation is by subverting sexuality.

Securitate's regulations have the effect of alienating all foreigners from all Romanians, a situation that was exaggerated by our exotic status as Americans. When my husband and I strapped on our backpacks and went out in warm, quilted parkas to wait for a tram, we were a dangerous, fascinating, alien species, scrutinized by the locals like Technicolor inhabitants of Oz mistakenly landed back in Kansas. Whenever we went to the gas station, bypassing the miles-long line of Dacias to go to the single pump designated for *strainii*, our modest Renault would quickly be surrounded by young boys and grown men who stared at the dashboard, the tires, the side-view mirror.

As aliens contained within a special orbit, we literally had our own spaces: the hotels, restau-

The sex lives of married students are acted out on the other side of a thin wall from one set of parents or the other

We imagined
the Oven Police
checking up on
us to see if we
were baking
a cake

rants, and shops that are for foreigners only. Romanians are forbidden entrance to Dollar Shops, those tiny meccas where one can get scotch, cosmetics, cassette players, car accessories, and other select Western goods for convertible currency. Romanians would gather sometimes at the shop windows to stare at the forbidden names: RCA, Marlboro, Revlon.

I remember the patriotic chatter at the embassy about being proud to be an American, proud to be free. But most Romanians perceived our freedom in very particular ways. We were free to enter the sacred rooms containing Gilbey's gin and Shell motor oil; we were free to walk into the Intercontinental, the only hotel in Bucharest that could guarantee a heated room in January 1985, and pay a dollar for a German beer; we were free to order (and actually be served) a green salad in the hotel restaurant.

My husband and I had previously traveled to underdeveloped countries, had felt other lustful eyes on our backpacks and boots. What we had never before encountered was a scarcity and a backwardness that were manipulated, artificial, ideological. No one starves in Romania; no American charity teaches us how to feel about people who want not milk and grain, but an orange in winter, real coffee, real chocolate. Nor do we learn how to understand a cultural, historical tradition that has never resisted, never revolted. We were not prepared for the silent shrug, the lack of anger, the hopeless shaking of the head in the face of each absurd new shortage.

During the winter fuel emergency, when we had little heat and no hot water for months, an ordinance was issued prohibiting the use of kitchen ovens for heating. Our first impulse was to laugh; we imagined the Oven Police checking up on us to see if we were baking a cake or committing a crime. But the resignation of our Romanian friends turned our laughter into anger. Why such passivity? Why weren't they irate? Of course these are simplistic questions; any enlightened person knows that. And months later, privileged with historical and intellectual distance in a heated room of our own, we knew it too. But sitting in our kitchen with the door closed and the oven illegally blazing, we were not in a historical, theoretical mood. Cold and uncomfortable and without a bath or a shower, we were learning contempt.

One January day, on a trip to Bucharest, we sat at a window table at the restaurant in the Intercontinental enjoying a lunch of forbidden foods: roast beef sandwiches, fresh fruit, a green salad. We could see outside, just a few feet away, Romanians shuffling by in their bulky, mud-colored coats, carrying their plastic bags of dirty turnips and potatoes. We were separated by the

sheet of glass, by the accident of birth, and worse, by our impatience, our growing irritation. How can they take it, how can they put up with it? we were thinking. They know this hot land has beef, fresh vegetables, heat; they know certain people get meat and butter; they know the best products are exported. Damn it, what's the matter with them?

In his novel *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen*, Tadeusz Borowski describes the life of a prisoner-overseer at Auschwitz, the life of a privileged prisoner who begins to hate the less fortunate ones. Sitting at the window eating oranges and lettuce, I remembered Borowski's narrator sitting with his looted sausage and cheese as other prisoners are marched past. And then I remembered what was most striking in Borowski's book: the strange, distorted sexuality. Without flinching, the guards would lead a lovely young woman to the gas chamber or flaming pit, and their reward for good behavior might be a visit to the camp brothel for an hour with a woman who might resemble her. At the end of the marching prisoners, like the Romanians walking by the Intercontinental in their tight boots and tight head scarfs, seemed incapable of intimacy, incapable of any relationship that could link them to the oppressor. In fact, they seemed to have only themselves to blame.

Horried at the comparison, I quickly thought of our Romanian friends, people I loved. Some of them are my best friends. I thought, there are exceptions, there are exceptional people, they're not all alike—and realized I was using the language of bigotry. *But some of them are my best friends. Just another Romanian.*

The Romanian authorities would be happy to keep visiting foreigners forever behind the windows of the Intercontinental, making friendships with Romanians, thoughtful relationships impossible. My husband and I were dangerous because we did not stay behind those windows and barriers, but neither did we pretend that we were not there.

We returned to the United States the following summer, to Dr. Ruth, aerobics classes, and a restless sense of exile. Our Romanian friends were lost to us; there are only cautious letters in the language one uses when there are invisible dangers. I am still trying to name what authentic sexuality might be, and remain troubled by what I saw on the far side of the border—and by what I could not see, because of the authority of the secret police and the authority of the Western vision that I brought with me to Romania. There is no center to a world so estranged, and the kiss I imagine at its center is as imaginary as it became a moment after it happened. I have not lost my sense of being a privileged prisoner, very fortunate and still enchained.

MOLE

By Rick DeMarinis

We believe they are escalating their operations. You know who I mean. I cannot name names. They get at you. Therefore I carry the gun wherever I go. Orders. Regulations. Procedures. It isn't much of a weapon but it can do the job. It is better than nothing. A snub-nosed .32 lightweight. A belly-gun. You've seen them. It fits my hand so well only the short barrel can be seen. I've painted it flesh tone so that if I raise it in public they will think I am merely pointing. Look, I imagine them saying, the man with the swollen fist is pointing at something he finds interesting. He must be a tourist in our wonderful city. I assure you I am not now nor have I ever been a tourist in this or any other wonderful city.

It doesn't bother me. If they talk about me in this way. In fact, I feel successful when they do. Covered. His stupid coat is so bulky, I imagine them saying. That is the flak jacket under it. Which they do not see. I wear it at all times. In case of surprise attack. Orders. Regulations. Procedures. I can show you chapter and verse, paragraph and sentence. Et cetera. Gun, flak jacket, coding device. And of course the implanted communications center. Subdermal, gluteal, cranial. Which functions in the post-microwave range to avoid intercepts. "We must be prepared for the Reckoning" (Control).

You may think I am perfect. I'm sorry, you are wrong. I made a serious tactical mistake last evening. It happens. I hesitate to record it. Control is stern. Discipline day and night, and yet there are lapses. I went out to get Elaine's prescription filled. Her zombie pills. That's what I call them

privately. Foolishly, she had let herself run out of them. I rarely go out past ten but she bawled and yanked her hair. So I went.

The streets of this city are not safe at night. They are out there. You know who I mean. I had walked three blocks before I realized my error. I forgot my gun. Will you believe it? I forgot my gun. I reached under my coat to check my wallet and discovered the absent bulge. Instantly my knees unlocked. The streetlights danced. I went down. Bang against a mail drop, down on my side, over into the gutter. The breaker-breaker in my head did not rouse me. I dreamed briefly. Long, dead legs opening as we float on the leaves of a strange melody. The flak jacket protected my ribs. Perhaps it lasted only one second. Or two. The grouped Negroes looked at me. I looked back. We looked at each other. I will not be looked at with impunity. I got up and dusted myself. Slowly. Carefully. In no hurry to get down the street. Irregular beats gripped my heart. Yet I smiled.

I walked the remaining fourteen blocks to Walgreen's. The pharmacist said, "You all right, Jim?" My name is of course not Jim or anything like Jim. His false familiarity was meant to demean. And yet I didn't take offense. It compliments my cover if they think me the fool.

I handed him the prescription. "Nearly expired," he said.

"Get the pills," I said.

"Stay cool, James Bond," he said, then went to his back room.

His remark stopped me. Perhaps he was one of them. You know who I mean. Do not think that only intellectual white men are traitors.

It took him twenty minutes to make up the capsules. Ten minutes too long. I tasted bile.

Rick DeMarinis is the author most recently of The Burning Women of Far Cry, a novel, and Under the Wheat, a collection of stories.

The floor rose and fell. Rose and fell. Rose. Fell. I tried to remember: Where had I left my little pink gun? In my weaving mind I retraced my steps for the past several hours. I could not remember them all.

"Here you go, James," he said, sliding the bottle of pills toward me.

"I'm sick," I said.

"I'll get you something," he said.

I looked at him hard. What would he get me? Sodium pentothal? Cyanide? Microchip implant? "No," I said. "Nothing. I'm fine."

"You look green," he said. "You want Maalox."

"Dramamine," I said. "Some Dramamine."

He got them. I paid. He watched me as I took several tablets without water. "Learn to make do" (Control).

I walked home slowly. A casual saunter past the loitering races. "A fearless man with an easy mind," I imagined them saying, in their argot of choice. It wasn't easy. I felt naked without my gun. I wanted badly to trot. But Control says, A running agent stands out like a belly dancer in church. He violates the social tempo. When undercover, heed the social tempo. It wasn't easy. Every passing car had a possible hunter-hawk agent in it. His Uzi rising to the window, aimed at my knees. Passers-by disguised as dowager-humped Italian crones carried poison-tipped umbrellas ready to peck at my legs. They get at you. You know who I mean.

A skeleton in an iron-gray bathrobe popped out of a doorway directly in front of me. I fought successfully the impulse to drop to all fours and roll. The head gleamed. As if lacquered. The head had large, empty eye sockets. The vast grin exposing long brown teeth. The twin nose holes big as quarters. A skull. "Dominique!" it screamed into my face. I prayed for my heart. Do not my Lord let it stop. Save me. That the light of day will once again touch my face. Help. "Dominique!" he crowed. A thin cat ran between his legs. He nodded to me. An old man, fleshless. "My kitty," he said. "Dominique." He backed slowly into his apartment. Still smiling.

I looked around to see if anyone had witnessed the encounter. There was no one in the street. A condition not to be taken at face value. I stared at each closed door. Each blind window. The rooftops. I fought back a delayed gag reflex. The skeleton who had called his kitty reeked. The breath fecal. The wind of decayed meat blown in my face.

How long had I been out? One hour? Two? A wrongness in the air struck me as I entered my apartment. I leaned against the doorjamb, confused. The notion that I had been tricked out of the house occurred to me. I recalled the delay-

ing tactics of the pharmacist. His pointless conversation. My attack of dizziness. And Walgreen's? Why not the Rexall, eight blocks closer.

Everything seemed normal enough. But it was in the air. Subtle change. I listened. I expected a communication from Control. The airwaves were dead. I could hear the TV. I knew the program. Small-arms warfare in a Third World jungle. Then two throats cleared themselves and went in. Elaine was where I had left her. On the sofa. I rattled the bag from Walgreen's. A man in dungarees sat next to her. There was a drink in his hand. He had red hair and a fat red nose. His shoes were off. Though he had the appearance of a workman, he had the demeanor of a guest. I am trained to notice these subtle differences.

"Did you get them?" Elaine asked.

"Yes."

"What took you so long? Don't you realize I am ill? I woke up Mr. Lewis. I was frightened. There were snakes in the carpet. You know how I get."

"I went to Walgreen's."

"Why so far? Why not Rexall's?"

Mr. Lewis yawned but did not trouble to cover his large mouth, which I noticed was stained red.

"You said Walgreen's," I said.

"I said drugstore. Just drugstore. Give them my love."

I handed her the capsules. She went into the bathroom to take some. "She pounded the handle out of my door," Mr. Lewis said. "She looks terrible. So I came over to sit with her while you were out. Fella, you should never let Elaine out of those pills."

Elaine. I decided to test him, then and there. "Our fine vintage is best," I said, carefully. Code.

He held up his glass, looked at the liquid. "Not bad," he said, failing. I smiled inwardly. Then outwardly. If he was not one of ours, was he one of theirs? You know who I mean.

Elaine came in, also smiling. The zombie grin. Loose, the eyelids drooping. Her feet slapping the floor recklessly. "Quit fighting, you two," she said.

"I'd better shove off," Mr. Lewis said.

"I won't hear of it," Elaine said, taking his arm and dragging him down to the couch. I sat beside them. "The movie is only half over. You were enjoying it. Weren't we, Bill?" Zombie hostess. Zombie charm.

"These guys," said Mr. Lewis, "play hardball. They go after red spics."

"Do tell," I said, bored with Hollywood pabulum.

The couch sagged. Elaine and Mr. Lewis

y. I am not. My end was up, theirs was n. They leaned into each other as the couch ed more. Remembering the gun, I got up went to the bedroom. It was not on the er. Or in with my socks. I went into the room. There. On the toilet tank. The gun. ink skin was covered with fine beads of t. As though being left alone had made it with anxiety too. I towed it dry. I ed it against my chest. "This will not hap- again," I assured it. But it remained re- chfully cold in my hand.

breaker-breaker." I spun around, my heart ping. It was Control. I turned on all the wa- ps. I sat down on the toilet seat. Head be- n my knees. A darkness on the edge of gs betrayed my fear. I knew what was com- "You have been remiss, Sawtooth Tango." ormer code name; I cannot reveal my pres- designation. They get at you.)

breaker-breaker: But never again," I said. voice, transmitted through cranial, subder- gluteal circuitry, had a thin, watery sound

breaker-breaker: In deep cover, once is too h."

he voice of Control died into the miniatur- on of the bone implants. I turned off the wa- ps. I wiped my sweating neck on a towel. re was a scent on the towel I did not recog- . The cologne of Mr. Lewis?

went back to the living room. On TV a man ombat fatigues was standing over a lamina- of riddled bodies. "Take off your coat and awhile," Mr. Lewis said. "It's getting good." The coat stays on." In truth he annoyed me. d better go home now, Mr. Lewis, or tever your name is."

Bill Lewis, fella. Your neighbor. And I think ne here wants me to stay."

laine was slabbed meat. The zombie pills ing on strong. She seemed to be watching . But the black slits of her eyes were lightless. t up," I said to Mr. Lewis.

Get your finger out of my neck," he replied. It isn't my finger."

le tried to see what it was but couldn't. K., I know when I've overstayed a welcome,

"Good."

And not too bad a welcome it was," he d.

stabbed the belly-gun deeper into his jowl. gone," he said.

le left. "He's gone," I said to Elaine.

Who," she barely said.

Our neighbor. Your guest. Mr. Lewis."

Bill."

dropped it. "Bedtime, isn't it?" I suggested.

helped her into the bedroom. The pills

when they come on strong put her down for ten hours. I helped her undress. Helped her into her nightgown. She wheezed down onto the bed and began snoring. I yanked lightly on her hair. No, she was out. Asleep. I went out to the kitchen and removed the master plan from the deep freeze. They wouldn't look in there. Why would they? You know who. I thumbed it open to the R's. Under "Reckoning" I read, "Be prepared. Readiness is our name. They have sched- uled interferences to occur simultaneously. Communications lines will be useless. Use only



subdermal, cranial, gluteal post-microwave chip implants. Encode every word. Look again at those you trust most."

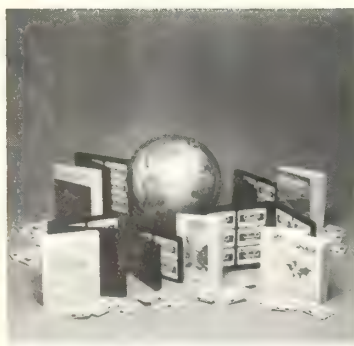
I went back into the bedroom and watched her sleep. But was it sleep? I yanked her hair again. But their discipline can be as good as ours. I imagine them saying everything I have been saying to you. With only minor differ- ences. That is why you must not relax.

You must stay awake. You must distrust the obvious. You must be ready for their first move. I am here to help you do this. ■

SPRING • 1987 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

This spring season, *Harper's Magazine* brings you a superb selection of mail-order catalogues, offering the finest in merchandise for your home, wardrobe, and personal pleasures.

When you've made your selections, fill out and return the order form to *Harper's Magazine*. The retailers listed below will send their catalogues directly to you.



AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Foreign Language, Self-Instructional Book/Cassette Courses

Choose from 130 courses in 47 languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also brief courses for travelers, and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! 32-page catalogue, \$1. Refundable with order.

A COMMON READER



Q: What do our readers have in common?

A: Too many books and a need for more: books of the hour and books of all time, books to be savored or read at whim, books that climb mountains or meet you for breakfast—even some books to rattle your bones. Our catalogue is a selection for readers with imagination.

Two dollars for two years.



BANANA REPUBLIC
TRAVEL & SAFARI
CLOTHING C²

The official gazette of our imaginary republic contains not only information on our functional, natural fabric, travel and safari clothing, but also travel tales and trivia, clothing reviews by distinguished critics, unique and soulful artwork. Our offerings include: bush jackets, safari bags, multipocketed vests, khaki trousers and shorts, bush dresses. \$1.

RAISE
\$4,000 **Eat 100%**
Profit

Honey Roasted PEANUTS

Jumbo peanuts from Georgia are processed through a 4-stage secret roasting process that adds natural honey and a light dusting of salt to make them naturally delicious.

ACE PECAN is also your direct source for a complete variety of nutmeats, Mixed Nuts, Cashews, Pecans, Pistachios, Almonds, Walnuts, Peanuts. There's nothing in your local grocery store that compares in size, quality and just-picked freshness!

☐ Yes, Please Send Me Your Sample Offer
☐ Please Send Me More Information

Your Cost
Sell for \$1.00
100% PROFIT

Write For Free Information
"How to Sell" Brochure, Wholesale Prices, and Sample Offer. Learn how organizations profit with our fundraising program!

ACE PECAN
COMPANY, INC.

P.O. Box 65, Dept. 7915 Ninth & Harris
Cordele, Georgia 31015

1-312-364-3277

BOOKS ON TAPE

New!

Books on Tape



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-H, Newport Beach, CA 92660

(800) 626-3333

BY POINTMENT ONLY

tops patronized by Britain's Royalty are the most celebrated. Quality, as one expects, is exceptional. Our unique catalogue affords a peek at this exclusive world. It and functional accents for fine homes in an array of aristocratic personal luxuries. Handmade crystal and glassware, magnificent silver, foodstuffs, exceptional toiletries, fragrances, and much more. A special price filled with the ultimate in quality. \$2.

CREATIVELY SPEAKING



Boutique in a book. This creative catalogue features handcrafted gifts and decorative items for every occasion. You'll find toys, dolls, woodcrafts, clothing, holiday ideas, and much more, all by talented artisans and craftsmen. Please send \$2, applicable toward your first purchase.



Deva is a network of friends and neighbors who fashion elegantly simple clothes for men and women. Everything we offer is crafted of pure cotton in luscious earth and sky colors. Our fabrics are pre-shrunk and thanks to their softly crinkled texture, they may be safely machine washed and will never need ironing. Comfort, durability, and gentle prices keynote our collection. Send \$1 for our catalogue and fabric samples.



Over the luxury of pure natural-fiber fabric in this beautiful catalogue. Elegant cotton, damask, and damask bedding and bath items, exquisite lingerie and nightwear, handsome linen and linen outerwear for men and women, and the finest selection of children's clothing anywhere. A world of pure comfort in luxurious basics is yours from Garnet Hill. Year catalogue subscription, \$1.



GUCCI

Gucci Catalogue subscription. You will receive, over the course of a year, four seasonal catalogues featuring highlights from our collection of classic fashion, leather goods, gifts, and accessories. One year, \$6.



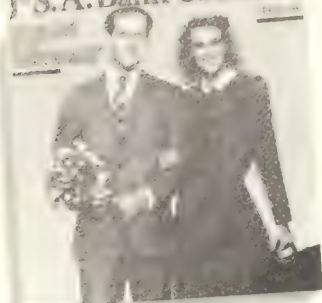
Hammacher Schlemmer

ESTABLISHED 1848



Hammacher Schlemmer has strived for over 139 years to offer the best, the only, and the unexpected. In our new catalogue you'll find the 55-inch Configuring Halogen Lamp, the Two-Hand Nail Polish Dryer, and still hundreds of other unusual things that can't be found elsewhere. \$2 for a year's subscription.

J.S.A. Bank Clothiers



More Classic Clothing Than You've Ever Seen In Your Size.

80-page color catalog of men's and women's clothing tailored in our own workrooms for quality and value. Plus coordinated furnishings, accessories and weekend wear. Superb service and unconditional guarantee. 1-year subscription (\$1) includes gift certificate worth up to \$10.

J.S.A. Bank Clothiers

Catalog Division, 109 Market Pl., Dept. BVQ, Baltimore, MD 21202

©1987 J.S.A. Bank Clothiers

LAURA ASHLEY



Laura Ashley, the foremost purveyor of fine English fashions for you and your home, with over 100 shops in the U.S. and Canada, invites you to become a subscriber. Subscribe and enjoy shopping conveniently at home with our seasonal fashion catalogues, the exciting 1987 Home Furnishings annual and our Christmas Gift catalogue. One year for **\$5.00**

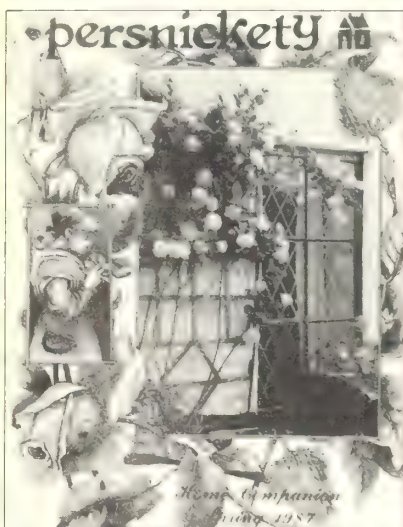


LOUIS VUITTON

MALLETIER A PARIS

In 1854, Louis Vuitton began making the trunks ever designed. Soon, his signature became the world's standard for excellence. Now, Vuitton introduces a special catalogue so you can choose from the most elegant and durable luggage, handbags, and accessories available at your convenience. \$6.

persnickety



The Persnickety catalogue shows you how to "Decorate-By-Mail" and make your dream rooms come true...with our magnificent window treatments, matching wallpapers, fabrics, borders, pillows, and a special line of crafted accessories that will add all the finishing touches. We are proud to offer many unique gift items, some of collectors' quality. Send \$2.

shopping
international



Shop in Athens on your lunch hour...or browse the bazaars of Morocco after dinner. Now, globe-trotting for the latest in unique fashions, jewelry, and handcrafts is as easy as opening the colorful pages of the *Shopping International* catalogue. And—we have your size: Misses, Petite (5'4" and under), Women's, or half sizes. Also stunning shoes in hard-to-find sizes. Only \$1 brings you the latest *Shopping International* plus \$2 bonus coupon good on first order.



The Hunter Collection

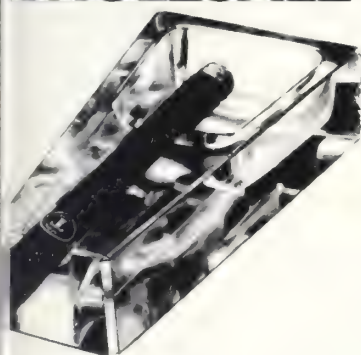
Featuring the National Trust's exclusive range of gifts and a unique selection of items from England, Scotland, and Wales. Calendars, books, stationery, Welsh slate, rugs and tapestry, toiletries, tableware, lead crystal, garden guides, children's books, and more. 1986 full-color catalogue, \$2 (refunded with order).

THE NATURE COMPANY



que assemblage of gifts and tools to en-
e your enjoyment of the world of nature.
Arts prints, sculpture, books, binoculars,
ing... games for kids and discovery tools
l ages. Two issues annually, representing
est of more than 6,000 items carried in our
stores. \$1.

CIGARS AT WHOLESALE



Better Cigars at Better Prices.

actory-fresh, by the box,
irect from Tampa, the fine
igar capital of the world.
more than 100 different
ustom-made and nationally
dvertised brands to choose
om. Full information in our
REE catalog.

**THOMPSON
CIGAR COMPANY**

HARPER'S

THE SPRING 1987 CATALOGUE SHOWCASE

To order, circle the numbers of the catalogues you wish to receive. Enclose a check or money order, payable to *Harper's Magazine*, for catalogues that require payment. Send order form and payment to *Harper's Magazine*, Spring Catalogue Showcase, P.O. Box 435, Dalton, MA 01227 9990

1. A Common Reader	\$2.00	11. Hammacher Schlemmer	\$2.00
2. Ace Pecans	Free	12. Jos. A. Bank Clothiers	\$1.00
3. Audio-Forum	\$1.00	13. Laura Ashley	\$5.00
4. Banana Republic	\$1.00	14. Louis Vuitton	\$6.00
5. Books on Tape	Free	15. Persnickety	\$2.00
6. By Appointment Only	\$2.00	16. Shopping International	\$2.00
7. Creatively Speaking	\$2.00	17. The Hunter Collection	\$2.00
8. Deva	\$1.00	18. The Nature Company	\$1.00
9. Garnet Hill	\$1.00	19. Thompson Cigar	Free
10. Gucci	\$6.00	TOTAL \$	

Mr./Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

these things. . . anyway, as described a
pressed in that marvelous poem, which I would
not be able to quote in its entirety, but whose
last line remains ineradicably engraved in my
memory as a constant moral imperative: "You
must change your life."

So, what about those books of which I could
say that reading them has changed my life?

To shed light on this issue, I approach my
bookshelf (this was just a few days ago) and let
my gaze wander along the spines of my books.
As always happens on such occasions—that is,
when too many members of a species are assem-
bled in one spot and the eye gets lost in the
mass—I first grow dizzy; to put a halt to this de-
velopment, I reach blindly into the mass, ran-
domly select a single small volume, move off
with it like a hunter with his prey, open it, leaf
around in it, read. I soon notice I've made a
lucky draw, a very fine one indeed. This is a text
of chiseled prose, with a most lucidly reasoned
exposition; it is larded with the most interesting
and unfamiliar information, full of the most
wonderful surprises.

Unfortunately, as I am writing this, I cannot
remember the author's name. Nor can I remem-
ber the title of the book or its contents. But as
will be seen momentarily, this is immaterial, or,
rather, it helps bring out more clearly the matter
at hand.

This book I am holding—we are back to a few

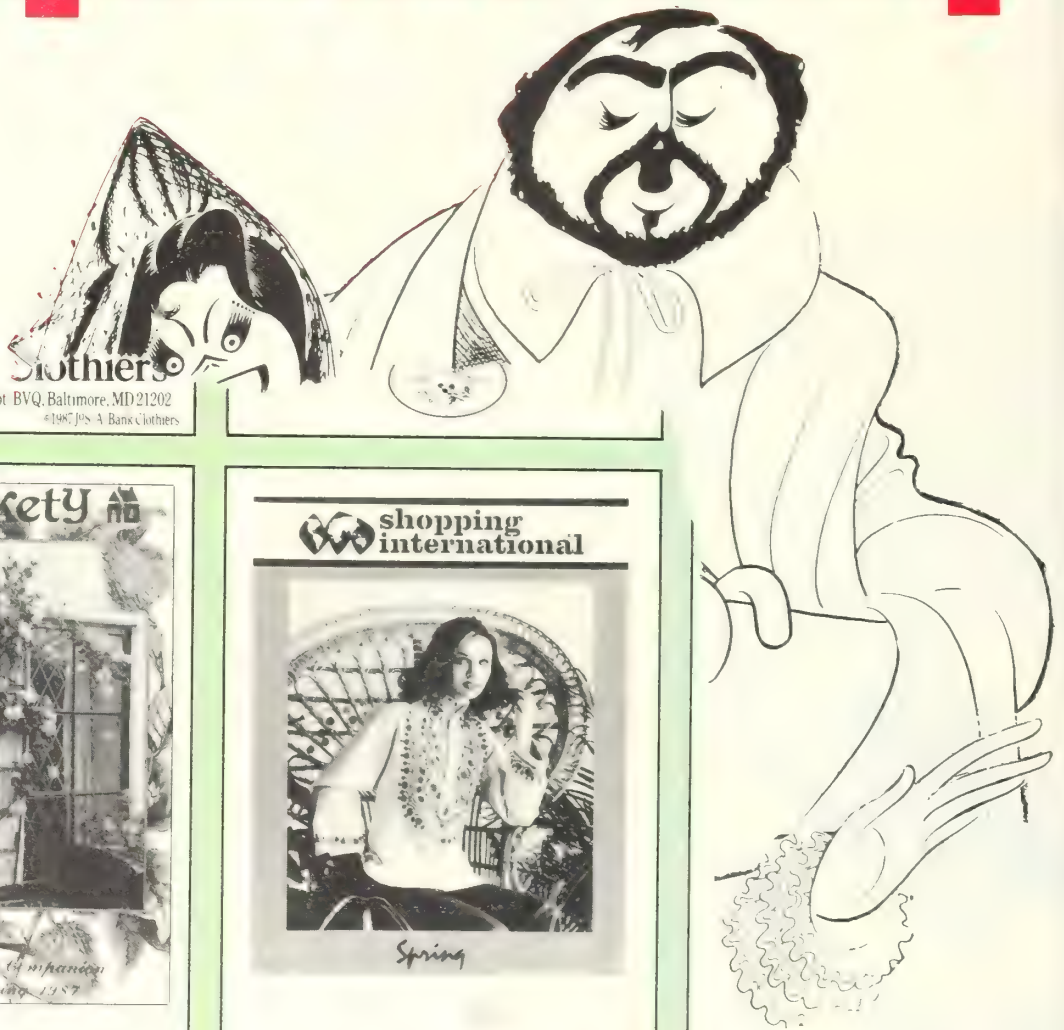
violent shock or
members only in
state, let alone in
licity, as was, I be-
out by an Austrian
scapes me at the mo-
table essay, the title
h any assurance, ex-
ished in a little vol-
e *You and I* or *We and*
like that, and was re-
mother of the major
s in a greenish white
conceivably greenish

on is not aimed at so-
traumatic reading ex-
s what is being sought
of art described in the
"... no, I don't think
t has a different title,
g *Torso*" or "*Ancient*
g like that—anyway,
s poem by... by... I
is name at the mo-
ry famous poet with
as mustache, and he
e rue de Varenne for
what's his name? But

; the novel *Perfume*.

The wonder of two incredible voices
in the splendor of three magnificent operas.

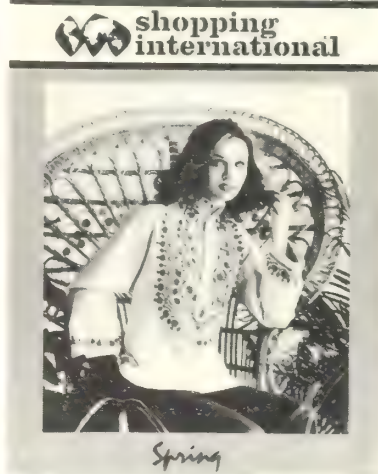
SUTHERLAND & PAVAROTTI



clothing
1000 Market St., Dept. BVQ, Baltimore, MD 21202
©1987 J's & A. Bane Clothing



The Persnickety catalogue shows you how to "Decorate-By-Mail" and make your dream rooms come true...with our magnificent window treatments, matching wallpapers, fabrics, borders, pillows, and a special line of crafted accessories that will add all the finishing touches. We are proud to offer many unique gift items, some of collectors' quality. Send \$2.



Shop in Athens on your lunch hour...or browse the bazaars of Morocco after dinner. Now, globe-trotting for the latest in unique fashions, jewelry, and handcrafts is as easy as opening the colorful pages of the *Shopping International* catalogue. And—we have your size: Misses, Petite (5'4" and under), Women's, or half sizes. Also stunning shoes in hard-to-find sizes. Only \$1 brings you the latest *Shopping International* plus \$2 bonus coupon good on first order.

anne Woodward hosts.
Telecast on PBS
Wednesday, March 4 at 8 pm.
Check local listings.)
This performance is
made possible by a grant
from
Merrill Lynch

AMNESIA IN LITTERIS

The books I have read (I think)

By Patrick Süskind

How does the question go? Oh, yes: Which book has most impressed, impacted upon, stamped, and dented me, or even “put me on track” or “thrown me off course”?

But this sounds rather like a violent shock or trauma of the kind one remembers only in nightmares, never in a waking state, let alone in writing or in the glare of publicity, as was, I believe, very correctly pointed out by an Austrian psychologist (whose name escapes me at the moment) in a highly commendable essay, the title of which I cannot recall with any assurance, except to say that it was published in a little volume under the omnibus title *You and I* or *We and It* or *Even I* or something like that, and was recently reissued by one or another of the major northern German publishers in a greenish white or yellowish pale blue or conceivably greenish gray-blue jacket.

Well, perhaps the question is not aimed at soliciting examples of psychotraumatic reading experiences, after all; perhaps what is being sought is that rousing experience of art described in the famous poem “Fair Apollo”. . . no, I don’t think it is called “Fair Apollo,” it has a different title, something archaic, “Young Torso” or “Ancient Fair Apollo” or something like that—anyway, as described in that famous poem by . . . by . . . I can’t seem to remember his name at the moment, but he is really a very famous poet with cow’s eyes and a pendulous mustache, and he found an apartment in the rue de Varenne for this fat French sculptor—what’s his name? But

Patrick Süskind is the author of the novel Perfume.

apartment is hardly the word; it’s more like a *palazzo*, with a park that takes more than ten minutes to cross! (Which raises the question, by the way: Where did people get the money to pay for these things?) Anyway, as described and expressed in that marvelous poem, which I would not be able to quote in its entirety, but whose last line remains ineradicably engraved in my memory as a constant moral imperative: “You must change your life.”

So, what about those books of which I could say that reading them has changed my life?

To shed light on this issue, I approach my bookshelf (this was just a few days ago) and let my gaze wander along the spines of my books. As always happens on such occasions—that is, when too many members of a species are assembled in one spot and the eye gets lost in the mass—I first grow dizzy; to put a halt to this development, I reach blindly into the mass, randomly select a single small volume, move off with it like a hunter with his prey, open it, leaf around in it, read. I soon notice I’ve made a lucky draw, a very fine one indeed. This is a text of chiseled prose, with a most lucidly reasoned exposition; it is larded with the most interesting and unfamiliar information, full of the most wonderful surprises.

Unfortunately, as I am writing this, I cannot remember the author’s name. Nor can I remember the title of the book or its contents. But as will be seen momentarily, this is immaterial, or, rather, it helps bring out more clearly the matter at hand.

This book I am holding—we are back to a few

Why read this book a second time, since I know that very soon not even a shadow of a recollection will remain of it?

days ago—is, as I have said, an outstanding book; every sentence holds a treasure. Stumbling as I read, I make my way to a chair, settle down, still reading, forget, as I read, why it is I'm reading in the first place, and am now nothing but pure, concentrated craving for all the wealth and novelty spread out before me, page after page. Here and there the text is underlined, or exclamation marks are penciled in the margins—traces of a previous reader, something I normally don't cherish. But in this case the markings don't bother me; the story is moving at such an exciting clip, the prose bubbling along so energetically, that I don't notice the pencil marks, and whenever I do notice them, it's with a sense of approbation, for it turns out that the previous reader—I haven't the faintest glimmer of a notion who it might be—it turns out, I say, that he has applied his underlinings and exclamation marks precisely at those places that arouse the strongest enthusiasm in me. And so, doubly animated by the outstanding quality of the text and the spiritual comradeship of my unknown predecessor, I read on, diving ever more deeply into this fabled world, following with ever greater astonishment the glorious paths along which the author leads me...

Until I come to a place that may well be the

Almost automatically my hand reaches for pencil; I think to myself: "You must understand that," and "You will write 'Very good' in the margin and place a fat exclamation mark next to it and record with a few key words the flood of ideas the passage released in you, as an aid to your memory and a testament to your veneration for this author who has had such a tremendously illuminating effect on you!"

But, alas! As I lower the pencil to scribble "Very good!" in the margin, I find a "Very good!" already written there, and likewise the key words I intended to jot down: my predecessor has already recorded them, and he has done so in a handwriting with which I am well acquainted, namely, my own. For the previous reader was none other than myself, who had already read this book long ago.

The old sickness has me in its grip again: *melancholia in litteris*, the total loss of literary memory, am overcome by a wave of resignation at the vanity of all striving for knowledge, all striving of any kind. Why read at all? Why read the book a second time, since I know that very soon not even a shadow of a recollection will remain of it? Why do anything at all, when all things fall apart? Why live, when one must die? And



climax of the story, and which elicits a loud "Ah!" from me, "Ah, how well conceived! How well said!" And I close my eyes for a moment to ponder the passage I have read, which has, so to speak, cut a straight path through the tangle and clutter of my consciousness, opening up utterly new perspectives, allowing new perceptions and associations to stream in—indeed, pricking me with that thorn, "You must change your life!"

I clap the lovely book shut, stand up, and slip back, vanquished, demolished, to place it again among the mass of anonymous and forgotten volumes lined up on the shelf.

What's that at the end of the shelf? Oh, yes, three biographies of Alexander the Great. I read them all, at some point. What do I know about Alexander the Great? Nothing. At the end of the next shelf I see several tomes about the Th

ars' War. Like a good little boy, I read them and all. What do I know about the Thirty Years' War? Nothing. The shelf below that is crowded with books about Ludwig II of Bavaria and his times. I not only read these; I slogged my way through them for more than a year and subsequently wrote three screenplays about Ludwig. I was practically an expert on him. What do I know about Ludwig II and his times? Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Well, all right, I think to myself, total amnesia regarding Ludwig II may not be the worst thing. But what about the books over there, on the desk, the literary ones? What has remained in my memory of the fifteen-volume collection of Alfred Andersch? Nothing. What about the Bölls, the Walsers? Nothing. The ten volumes of Handke? Less than nothing. What do I still know about *Tristram Shandy*, about Proust's *Confessions*? Nothing, nothing, nothing.

Wait a minute! Look! Shakespeare's comedies! I read them only a year ago. Something must have stuck, some indistinct notion, a title, a scene, the title of a single comedy by Shakespeare! Yes, yes. But for God's sake, Goethe, at least, up there in the top row, forty-five volumes of Goethe, this one here, for example, this little red volume, *Kindred by Choice*, I must have read it at least three times . . . not a glimmer is left. Vanished, gone. Jesus, is there not a single thing in the world that I can remember?

Those two red volumes, the thick ones with leather covers, I'm sure I know them, they're as familiar as old furniture, I've read them, I lived in them for weeks, and not very long ago; what are they, what is the title? *The Possessed*. I know. Interesting. And the author? F.M. Dostoevsky. Hm. Yes. I seem to have a vague recollection: the whole thing takes place in the nineteenth century, I believe, and in the second volume someone shoots himself with a pistol. That's all I can remember. More than that I couldn't say.

I sink back into the chair at my desk. This is a disaster. It's a scandal. I've been able to read for thirty years now, and I've read quite a bit, if not a lot, and all that's left is the very vague recollection that in the second volume of a thousand-page novel someone or other kills himself with a pistol. Thirty years of reading in vain! Thousands of hours of my childhood and my youth and my manhood spent reading, and nothing is retained except a great forgetting.

It isn't as if this malady were abating; on the contrary, it's getting worse. Today, when I read a book, I forget the beginning before I've reached the end. Sometimes my powers of recollection don't even extend from the top of a page to the bottom. And so I swing myself, hand over hand, from paragraph to paragraph and sentence

to sentence; and I can foresee the day when I can grasp only a few words at a time as they come floating in from the darkness of an always unknown text, briefly sparkling like shooting stars at the moment I read them, only to sink back into the Lethean river of total forgetfulness.

For some time now I've been unable to open my mouth at literary discussions without making a dreadful fool of myself by confusing Rilke with Hölderlin, Beckett with Joyce, Italo Calvino with Italo Svevo, Baudelaire with Chopin, George Sand with Madame de Staël, and so on. And I am unable to remember the quotes that hover elusively on the tip of my tongue. I spend days searching for quotes in reference books, for I've forgotten the names of the people who said them; I turn the pages of unknown texts by unknown authors until I forget what I was searching for in the first place.

But perhaps—I think, to console myself—perhaps reading (like life) is not a matter of being shunted onto some track or abruptly off of it. Maybe reading is an act by which consciousness is changed in such an imperceptible manner that the reader is not even aware of it. The reader suffering from *amnesia in litteris* is most definitely changed by his reading, but without noticing it, because as he reads, those critical faculties of his brain that could tell him that change is occurring are changing as well. And for one who is himself a writer, the sickness may conceivably be a blessing, indeed a necessary precondition, since it protects him against that crippling awe which every great work of literature creates, and because it allows him to sustain a wholly uncomplicated relationship to plagiarism, without which nothing original can be created.

I know this is an unworthy and rotten consolation, born of necessity, and I shall try to do without it. You must not give in to this terrible amnesia, I think to myself, you must push with all your strength against the current of Lethe, you mustn't ever again let yourself sink head over heels into a text, you must take a critical distance and stand above the book with a clear and critical consciousness, you must excerpt, memorize, train your memory. In short, you must—and here I quote from a famous poem whose author and title escape me at the moment, but whose last line remains ineradicably engraved in my memory as a constant moral imperative: "You must," it reads, "you must . . . you must . . ."

How stupid! Now I've forgotten the exact words. But it doesn't matter; I am still quite aware of the meaning. It is something like: "You must change your life!" ■

Thousands of hours of my childhood and my youth and my manhood spent reading, and nothing is retained except a great forgetting

Journey back to the eve of the Bolshevik Revolution...

TIME AFTER TIME

A L L E N
A P P E L



When history professor Alex Balfour inexplicably finds himself transported to Russia on the eve of the revolution just in time to witness the murder of Rasputin, he suddenly finds his life threatened by fierce tsarist interrogators. Then his journey becomes the pathway for an extraordinary adventure filled with stunning discoveries about what may really have happened on

that fateful day in 1918.

Hailed by *The New York Times Book Review* as "fine entertainment . . . intricate and surprising . . . unashamedly a ferociously paced adventure," *TIME AFTER TIME* is a rousing fantasy made utterly believable by sparkling prose and striking revelations of some of the most important events and characters of the century.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 51

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

CLUES

A. Type of waterproof cape

52 108 166 216 76
71

B. "The grim _____ iron-bound serving-man" (hyph.; Donne, "The Perfume")

128 17 33 169 142
54 178 184 75 89
153 66 1

C. Devotee of archery

14 110 210 59 77 87 31 100
194 139 5

D. Intensify; raise in importance

176 197 109 78 32 96 2

E. Large, smooth-coated German dog, used by drovers

105 158 146 191 11 45 135 205
20 175

F. Considers, argues about

182 201 162 91 213 150 27

G. Fire that rakes a line from end to end

15 127 72 95 200 26 8 217

H. *The Young _____*: Daisy Ashford's magnum opus

92 81 154 57 131 65 67 107

I. Callow recruits

195 208 37 122 196 4 187

J. 1916 D.W. Griffith film

161 3 145 98 113 181 30 165
121 36 90

K. Exhausted of vigor or energy

104 177 99 62 134 48

L. Flat-bottomed boat

212 35 24 21

M. Inn

111 23 138 124 56 55

N. Brain

69 215 61 170 157 64 174 125
130 39

O. Howl, screech

207 29 86 193 12 102 141 51
163

P. Coily playful

50 13 40 88 7 137 85 123
16

Q. Apex, summit

140 190 120 129 44 80 116

R. Mark of a star

203 119 152 112 47 155 18 25

S. Cotton, Increase, Richard, etc.

149 133 9 192 164 94 83

T. Pert lady's-maid in a play or opera

160 199 38 22 179 148 43 183
186

U. Crowded around noisily

156 173 46 73 144 167

V. Associated with something by chance; extrinsic

34 70 58 206 151 168 132 63
211 74 188 106

W. Cluster of ribbons used as an ornament or badge

60 10 115 97 198 171 68

X. Shady enclosure in a garden

204 41 172 114 79

Y. Idled

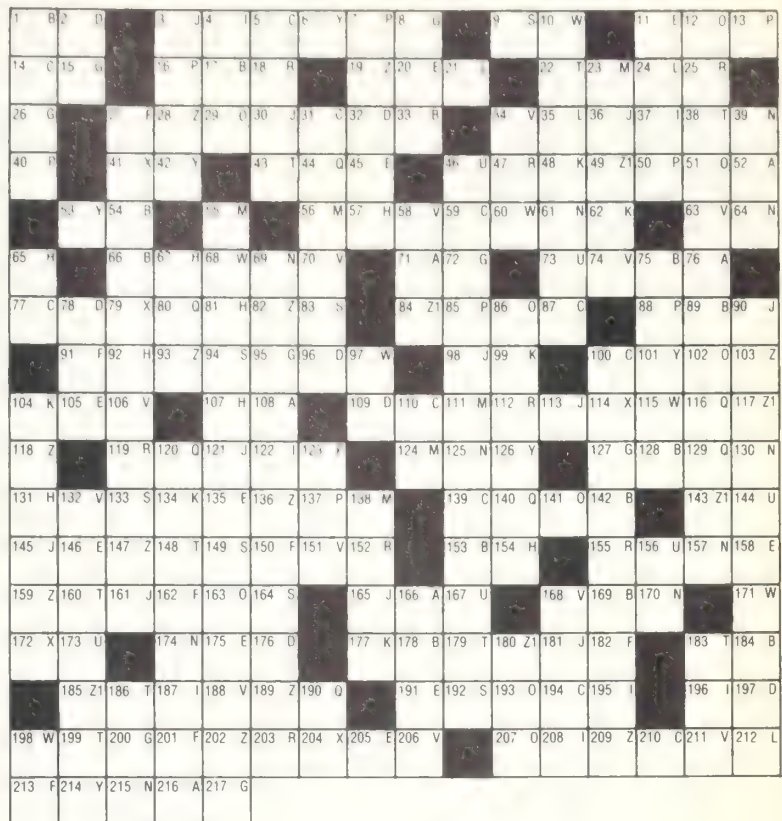
126 53 101 42 214 6

Z. Charitable

209 147 82 28 189 136 159 118
19 93 202 103

Z1. Bad writing

143 180 185 49 84 117



CLASSIFIED

ARTWORK

Original Kurz & Allison lithographs. Free catalogue. American Print Gallery, 43914 S.E. 139th St., North Bend, Wash. 98045. (206) 888-3464.

PERSONALS

L.A. gentleman, 55, educated, non-smoker, married and lonesome, desires to meet similarly situated lady. Box 507, 1047 East Broadway, Glendale, Calif. 91205.

Make new friends. Join one of America's largest correspondence clubs. Information: \$1. Friendships Unlimited, Box 350, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

Meet lovely Oriental ladies through our specialized correspondence service. Free brochure. Oriental Introductions, Box 1364-HA, Bowling Green, N.Y. 10274.

Asian singles wish correspondence for friendship, cultural exchange. Sunshine International, Dept. NA, Box 260, North Hollywood, Calif. 91603.

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Photos, details: GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Asian singles want correspondence, friendship. Photos, details: World Friends, Box 15010HA, Sacramento, Calif. 95851.

Friends nearby and ninety countries worldwide. For sports, hobbies, correspondence, vacations. Electronic Exchange, Box 68-H4, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Sincere, intelligent singles in the Philippines seek correspondence with cultured gentlemen. Free information. Filam, Box A3713-H, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

British ancestry traced in U.K. Explanatory guide by airmail, \$5. Anthony Fletcher, B.A.M. Sc., 26 A-H Muirkirk Rd., London SE6-1BE, England.

Polish-American Singles Club. Contacts through correspondence. Box 99021, Troy, Mich. 48099.

Unmarried Catholics. Nationwide. Huge, unlimited membership. Shrines of England tour, July. (Non-members welcome.) Sparks, Box 872, Troy, N.Y. 12181.

Art Lovers Exchange. Unattached fine-arts lovers get acquainted. Nationwide. Write: ALX, Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

Art Lovers' Network. Connects single, arts-loving gentlepersons nationally. A.L.N., Box 5106H, Westport, Conn. 06881.

HEALTH

Contact lens. Replace your soft lens with Bausch and Lomb extended wear and daily wear, \$25 per lens. Tinted in blue, aqua, green, brown: \$35 per lens. MD/OD consultants. Send eyeglass or contact lens prescription. Check, Visa, MC plus \$2 postage to: F & R Contact Lens, Box 188, Dutton, Ala. 35744.

LITERARY SERVICES

We'll publish your book. Our 45 years' experience will help you toward success. Send manuscript or outline for free information and evaluation. Rivercross Publishing, Dept. HM, 127 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Manuscripts/cassettes professionally edited, typed. Marye Myers, Box 1019, So. Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

Writers! Lawrence Block's books, tapes, seminars. Details free. WFYL, 3750-D Estero, Fort Myers Beach, Fla. 33931.

PUBLICATIONS

Jesus never existed. Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, gospels. \$4. Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Christ a hand-me-down? *Christianity Before Christ* examines the lives of the great messiahs and finds many parallels. 238 pp., \$9 ppd. American Atheist Press, Box 2117, Austin, Tex. 78768-2117.

Annotated list, 100 greatest history books. Greece to WW2. Unforgettable reading for \$2. Box 629, Ravenna, Ohio 44266.

Lexicon Misanthrope. Ambrose Bierce revisited. \$5. 24676 Mendocino, Laguna, Calif. 92653.

EMPLOYMENT

Work abroad. Newsletter listing openings: \$5. Directory of hiring agencies: \$5. Total job-search catalogue, domestic/foreign, free. Mr. Information, Sort 185, 2515 Rainier South, Seattle, Wash. 98144.

Teach abroad/here. Current openings list U.S.A., \$7; overseas, \$7. Specials: Japan, Australia, France, \$7 each. EISL, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162-0062.

Rocky Mountain Employment News. Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming. Rent openings, all occupations. Free catalogue. Intermountain-4R, 3021N Hancock, Colorado Springs, Colo. 80907. (303) 630-x418.

COLLECTIBLES

Doll of the Month Club. Ethnic dolls of country of origin, with descriptive w of country and costume. Box 1673, S "A," Kelowna, B.C., Canada V1Y 9

FILM/VIDEO

Foreign, classic films on video. Giant logue, \$2. Facets, 1517 W. Fullerton cago, Ill. 60614.

"Grand Canyon," 2-hour spectacular copter exploration video. Breathtaking sic. Critically acclaimed. Details Beerger Productions, 3217-A48 Arvil Vegas, Nev. 89102. (702) 876-2328.

GOURMET

Seconds, Please. 156 recipes, 12 cater Varied, easy. Will earn you many re for "Seconds, please." Excellent gift. ppd. Table of contents available, \$1. 9 Seconds, Please, Route 8, Longhill, chester, Va. 22601.

Chef's finest recipe. Chocolate t cheesecake, \$3. Sweet Surrender, Box Englewood, Colo. 80150.

Muffins. 88 delicious recipes, \$5. Qu gourmet. Box 2568, Eugene, Ore. 97

Mama's homemade vegetable soup. C.A.G. Enterprises, Box 5405, At Ga. 30307.

FURNITURE

Country Casual
DESIGNER and DIRECT IMPO
of fine English garden furnit

SOLID TEAKWOOD.
BENCHES • SWINGS • PLAN

16 page catalogue \$2.00

4' Chippendale II
a Country Casual
original design
in solid teakwood

Country Casual - RS
17317 Germantown Rd
Germantown, Md 20874-28
(301) 540-0040

MISCELLANEOUS

Assistance in obtaining titles of nob Please write: Captain Kerrigan Scot Windflower Ct., Hilton Head Plant S.C. 29928.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18C

Hemlock Society. POB 66218, Los An Calif. 90066. (213) 391-1871.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, \$1.85 per word; three times, \$1.75 per word; six times, \$1.65 per word; twelve times, \$1.50 per word. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, \$1 per column inch; three times, \$1.10 per column inch; six times, \$1.05 per column inch; twelve times, \$90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to Harper's Magazine and send to Harper's Classified, Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Elena Gustines, Classified Advertising Manager.

of America. The exclusive club for Over 12,000 members. Gift member- available. For information write: Box linneapolis, Minn. 55440.

EDUCATION

degrees. Somerset University offers programs to mature students by dis- earning. For a prospectus, send \$8 to et University, Ilminster, Somerset, BQ, England.

Speak French like a diplomat!

prehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette as used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed asy learning: 47 languages in all. Free g. Write:

Audio-Forum Dept 306 96 Broad St Guilford CT 06437

ne to the off-campus campus. Ver- college of Norwich University, a lead- independent study for adults, supports based college work leading to intellec- professional, and personal growth. e, challenging, accredited. Expe- l, caring faculty. Call or write us, ing B.A. or M.A. Vermont College of h University, Box 99, Montpelier, 502. (802) 229-0522.

n languages for children. "Spring- audio-cassette programs in Spanish, , German. \$21.95 each, ppd. (Conn. ts add sales tax.) Money-back guaran- udio-Forum, Dept. 302, Guilford, 06437. (203) 453-9794.

money for college? Custom, comput- search guarantees 5-25 sources of ships, grants, etc. for H.S. JRS/SRS, e freshmen, or money refunded. ntful gift. Details: American Scholar- atching, Box 5523-H, Portland, Ore.

TRAVEL

the World by Freightier." Facts, des- ons, recommendations on unusual ag. \$3. TravLTips, Box 188 B1A, ag, N.Y. 11358.

personal representative in Greece for el arrangements. Don Moogk, M.D., ardates, 35100 Lamia, Greece.

VACATIONS

uscany. Traditional country house, furnished; also efficiency apartment. nient. Florence, Siena, Assisi. Tan- P4, Cortona AR/52044, Italy. 575-

BOOKS

ng out-of-print books our specialty. ea Books, Box 74E, Main Station, Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

tock finds books. Free search. Box , S. Orleans, Mass. 02662.

ook search by specialist book finder. titles: Continental Book Search, Box -1, New York, N.Y. 10009.

Great savings for smart automobile buyers. Important free information now. Archer Press-O, 194-215 Meadowlook Way, Boul- der, Colo. 80302.

Free book search. Prompt reply. Webfoot Bookman, 334 SE 62nd, Portland, Ore. 97215.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Earn while you read. Maximum profit for minimum effort. Free details. Robross, Box 8768H, Boston, Mass. 02114.

\$500 weekly possible. Immediate home in- come. Guaranteed. Send stamp. Alco, B769-H, Socorro, N.M. 87801.

Riches in mail order. Details: 6823 Hill- mont, Dallas, Tex. 75217.

VACATION RESORT RENTALS

Kiawah Island resort villa rentals. Near his- toric Charleston. 10 miles of beach and much more! Free color brochure. Call Ra- venel Associates, toll-free: 1-800-845-3911, ext. 313.

HOTELS

One of New York City's best kept secrets... on West 57th across from Carnegie Hall

An elegant hotel for business or pleasure 320 beautiful rooms A/C, TV, serving pantry Terrace Cafe Meeting/banquet facilities (to 75) Reasonable rates

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th Street N.Y. N.Y. 10019
Toll-free (800) 223-0680 NYS (212) 246-1300

SAVING ISSUES OF HARPER'S?



Handsome, silver-embossed slipcases and binders hold a full year of issues.

Slipcases—per case, \$7.95; 3 for \$21.95; 6 for \$39.95. **Binders**—per binder, \$9.95; 3 for \$27.95; 6 for \$52.95. Add \$1 per case/binder for postage and handling; \$2.50 per case/ binder outside U.S. (U.S. funds only.)

Please mail your order (with pay- ment in full) to Jesse Jones Ind., Dept. HARP, 499 E. Erie Ave., Phila- delphia, PA 19134. Credit cards ac- cepted; call 1-800-972-5858 (\$15 min.).

Unconditionally guaranteed!

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery No P.O. Box numbers, please. PA residents add 6% sales tax.

SOLUTION TO THE FEBRUARY PUZZLE

P	L	E	A	S	A	N	T	E	L	O	P	E
G	A	S	U	N	D	E	R	W	H	E	L	M
N	O	U	N	S	H	O	R	N	P	I	P	E
I	N	S	T	I	L	L	A	N	O	L	I	N
G	U	E	S	T	E	A	S	E	M	E	N	T
A	S	S	E	R	T	A	B	R	I	D	G	E
T	R	U	C	E	S	O	B	E	R	O	N	
R	E	F	I	T	T	E	R	I	C	I	N	G
O	V	E	R	A	W	E	G	L	O	V	E	R
P	A	D	D	L	E	M	A	G	N	E	T	O
R	E	T	S	I	N	A	M	O	R	R	I	S
A	L	B	A	N	I	A	M	O	D	E	M	S
G	U	S	S	E	T	S	A	C	E	T	I	C

NOTES FOR "SQUARE-RIGGED"

ROWS: 1.a. P(LE)AS; b. ANTE-LOPE; 2.a. GAS, hidden & Lit; b. UNDERWH(EL)M, anagram; 3.a. N(O)UNS; b. HORNPIPE, anagram; 4.a. INSTIL, hidden; b. LANO(anagram)-LIN(reversal); 5.a. GUEST, "guessed"; b. EASEMENT, anagram; 6.a. ASSE(R)T; b. A-BRID(G...)E; 7.a. TRUCES, anagram; b. OBER- ON, anagram; 8.a. (pract)ICING; b. REF-(h)ITTER; 9.a. G-LOVER; b. O-VERAWE(anagram); 10.a. PA(D- D-)LE; b. MAGNETO, anagram; 11.a. SIR-ROM, reversed; b. RETSINA, anagram; 12.a. MODEMS, hidden in reverse; b. AL(BAN)IA; 13.a. ACE-TIC; b. G-US-SETS. SQUARE CIRCUITS: A.a. CITE, "sight"; b. RAG- US, reversed; c. CASTES, anagram; d. (t)EN GROSS; e. P(L)EASANT; f. PORT-AGING; g. ELOPEMENT, ana- gram; b.a. UNO, hidden; b. (cap)ABLE; c. AVERS(e); d. DO-MAIN; e. RED-N-USA, reversed; f. ONETIME, anagram; g. W-HELPING; C.a. (r/d)EFUSES; b. UNSHORN, anagram; c. RO(MAN-IS)T; d. PILED-RIVER; D.a. ME-L(or)D; b. TILL, two meanings; c. CON-G-A; d. R-ICES; e. A-NO-M-I-E; E.a. TEA SER(vice); b. BILGEWATER, anagram; F.a. TABORETS, anagram.

SOLUTION TO FEBRUARY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 50). (M.F.K.) FISHER: AS THE LINGO LAN- GUISHES. The recipe . . . included a large package of sweet chocolate bits, a box of "Butter Fudge" . . . cake mix, . . . instant vanilla pudding, and . . . imitation mayonnaise. It was to be served with synthetic whipped cream sprayed from an aerosol can. It was called Old-Fashion Fudge Torte.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 51, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by March 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the April issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 49 (January) are John Reed, Santa Rosa, California; Laurel Hirsch, New York, New York; and Martin Mattes, San Francisco, California.

PUZZLE

Plus Fours

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Twenty-six four-letter words are clued separately; their places in the diagram must be determined by the solver.

Clue answers include three proper names, a combining form, and an uncommon word at 8A.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

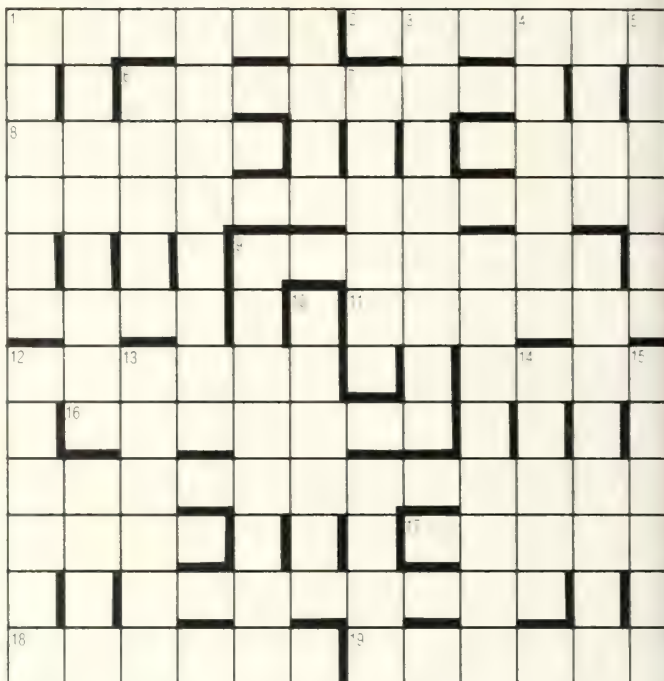
Four-letter words

- a. Startle endlessly with outstanding rock
- b. Guy with crack
- c. Has connections to New York paper without masthead?
- d. Russian port set up the end of vodka
- e. Tot with love for a form of wrestling
- f. Part of the face one lost in Asian country
- g. Depressed about noon . . . time running out?
- h. Hides, thanks to the Poles
- i. Stoker swallows puff of smoke
- j. Broke two eggs (in pair)
- k. Lady who sang songs *piano*? No, no, *forte*
- l. Miss soldier right and left
- m. Form of soil a grower half-used
- n. White and cool . . . that's a switch!
- o. Almost hot alcoholic drink returned
- p. Beautiful girl, according to me
- q. Evidence of muscular disorder? It is contracted around colon
- r. Waver as tropical disease returned
- s. Clerk in grocery stores promoted checker
- t. Shakespeare's passion
- u. Here the object is to be located in the extremes of complacency . . . New York, for instance
- v. Standard English crown
- w. Almost got married again back in jug
- x. Rested in the path, one hears
- y. Partly without you for a friend
- z. Covers return of nameless spaceman

Across

1. A bit of nosh in bags! (6)
2. Help out General Motors with fortitude (6)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Plus Fours," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the May issue. Winners of the January puzzle, "Letters Latent," are Mike Miller, New York, New York; Michael Merscher, Southfield, Michigan; and Robert Gensler, Cincinnati, Ohio.



8. Go back to Noah's son for old alphabet (5)
9. Clue is cryptic: lead from straight flushes (7)
11. Chinese archers concealing rifle (6)
12. Right here I forged . . . release? (6)
16. Not as off-key as some of Beethoven's opera (7)
17. Alarm clock initially set after I nap, unfortunately (5)
18. Floozy embraces Republican . . . that's a twist (6)
19. Heads off mess day's trials (6)

Down

1. Rain demonstrator? (6)
3. Runners cheer up riders without beginning to drive (8)
4. Sharper could be taken for ride, e.g. (6)
5. Being short, has weaver raised money (6)
6. Affair with German of little substance up on top (5)
7. Petty officer to employ after second mate (6)
9. Beginning of sermon I preach converts is concerned with the angels (8)
10. Keep Transit Authority in check (6)
12. Rabbi and I raised WASP . . . doesn't this go against the grain? No! (6)
13. Chorea distressed old poet (6)
14. I Ching half-missing the crowning touch, metaphorically (5)
15. The sign of Roman magistrates: loud cases thrown out (6)

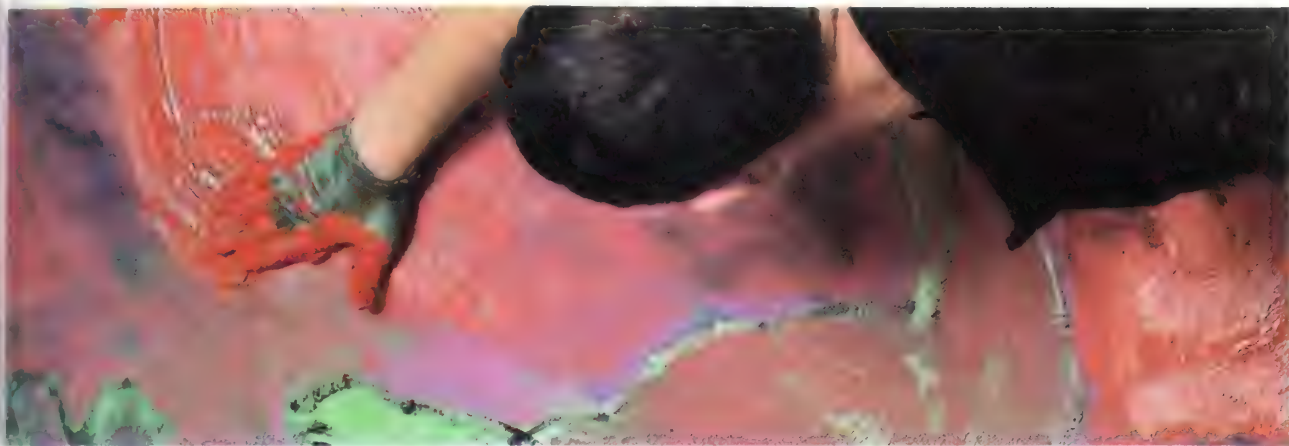
HARPER'S
April 1987

THE

APRIL 1987

TWO DOLLARS

HARPER'S



BURLINGAME

MAR 16 1987

GOODNESS KNOWS NOTHING OF BEAUTY

On the Distance Between Morality and Art

By William H. Gass

THROUGH THE GLASNOST, DARKLY

A Cool Reaction to Gorbachev's Thaw

By Vassily Aksyonov

DILEMMA IN SWADDLING CLOTHES

Surrogate Mothers, Natural Fathers, and Baby M

By Judith Levine

MIDSTREAM

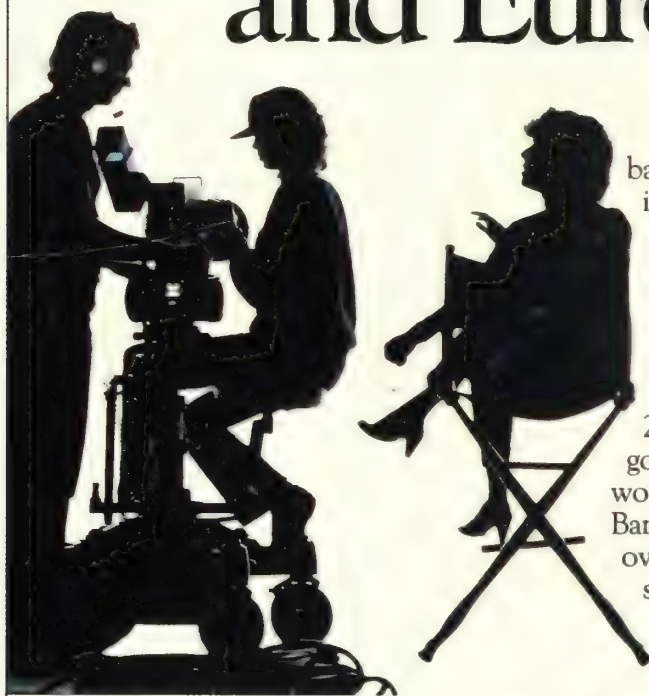
A Seasoned Angler Fishes a New River

A

5-DIGIT 94010
JUN 88 1 01
HP 3617014 00099
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME, CA 94010

*Vallance,
olitics*

It takes a special kind of bank to be a power in both corporate trust and Eurosecurities.



You might expect a bank with "Trust" in its name to be a powerful force in corporate trust and agency services. So it should come as no surprise that more than 2,000 corporate and governmental entities worldwide depend on Bankers Trust to service over \$150 billion in securities. (We

exercise fiduciary responsibility for over \$80

billion in debt securities alone.)

But for the same bank to be a major force in the Euromarkets—that might seem surprising. Yet last year, Bankers Trust lead-managed 20 Eurosecurity offerings totaling \$2.5 billion. And was one of the most active participants in the secondary market, where we are a market-maker in over 600 different Eurosecurities.

Such dual leadership is the result of Bankers Trust's remarkable brand of banking: merchant banking.

Merchant banking blends two distinct aspects of banking. One is the lending capabilities and breadth of non-credit services of a commercial bank. Among these are our trust and agency services.

The other half of merchant banking involves the intermediary skills and entrepreneurial spirit of an investment bank. From this half springs our strength in the Euromarkets.

It's this combination of investment and commercial banking services that has made Bankers Trust the choice of so many private and public sector entities. For more often than not these days, what once were purely commercial banking functions now require a considerable degree of investment banking know-how. And vice versa.

The combination has worked to give Bankers Trust leadership in many areas. Among them:

Trading. From our state-of-the-art trading room in New York,

Bankers Trust was selected as exchange agent for the \$2.6 billion acquisition of Storer Communications by its management and SCI Holdings, Inc.—a corporation organized by Kohlberg, Kravis, Roberts & Co. In 1986, our specialized reorganization processing team handled acquisitions totaling over \$20 billion, including three of the five largest.

It takes Bankers Trust.

execute over \$20 billion in money, securities and currency transactions daily. Bankers Trust is today one of the five largest primary dealers in United States government securities.

Loan syndication. We play a major role in the global indicated loan and Euronote market. We are sixth among the top 50 lead managers worldwide, and are ranked fifth by leading participants in the world's capital markets in terms of innovative instruments and pricing.

Swaps. Bankers Trust is a universally acknowledged market leader in the intricate world of currency and interest rate swaps. Our team of specialists in New York, London, Tokyo, Hong Kong and Toronto completes an average of five deals every day.

Securities services. Our securities services capabilities go far beyond our leadership in worldwide custody and clearance. We also offer programs like

Institutional Brokerage, Securities Lending and Dividend Plus to maximize the earning power of the securities we service.

In almost every area, Bankers Trust's merchant banking skills can serve you, and serve you well. Indeed, many clients now turn to us for virtually all of their banking needs.

Merchant banking. If you're not yet taking advantage of it, you should. With the special kind of bank that can best put it to work for you: Bankers Trust.

When Bankers Trust brought a \$350 million Eurobond issue to market for the European Economic Community, it was the largest bond and swap issue ever, and one of many arranged by Bankers Trust.



 **Bankers Trust Company**
Merchant banking, worldwide.



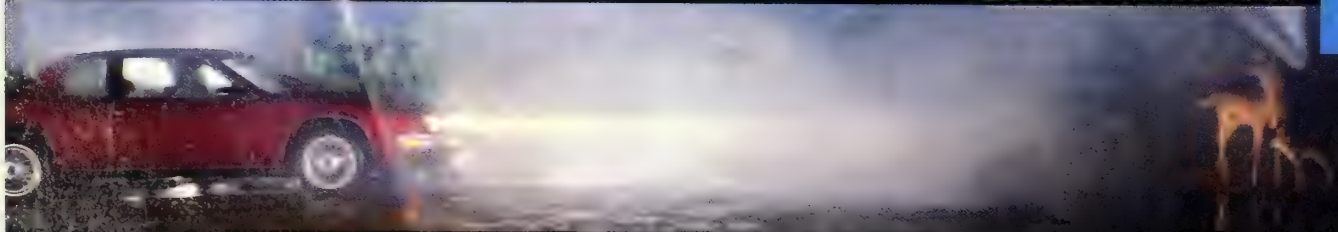
***SOMEDAY,
POOR VISIBILITY WILL BE SOMETHING
YOU JUST DON'T SEE ANYMORE.***

At GM, our concern for safety goes beyond safety belts and disc brakes. We're working on advancements in electronics to help you actually avoid accidents. Night vision is an infrared imaging system. It senses the difference in temperature between an object and its background, then displays an enhanced image of what's out there on a screen. GM is working on the technology now, and somewhere down the road, it could be in your car.

So in fog, rain, snow or darkness, you'll be better able to see what's on the road when you can hardly see the road.

***THE GM ODYSSEY:
SCIENCE NOT FICTION***

GM



HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 VOL. 274, NO. 1643
APRIL 1987

Letters	4	Christopher W. Crowley, H.L. Pirie
Notebook	8	
Beware the deadly endive		Lewis H. Lapham
Harper's Index	15	
Readings	17	
Fraternalist Manifesto		Christopher Lasch
Virginity Regained		Coleen Kelly Mast
A Death in Palestine		Akram Hanniya
Custer Dreams "The Tonight Show"		Bernard Pomerance
A Naturalist's Guide to Prime Time		David Rains Wallace
"City Sundays"		a story by Coleman Dowell
And...		William Logan, Tennessee Army National Guard, Illegal Tax Protester Information Book
Essay	37	
GOODNESS KNOWS NOTHING OF BEAUTY		William H. Gass
On the distance between morality and art		
Annotation	47	
DILEMMA IN SWADDLING CLOTHES		Judith Levine
Surrogate mothers, natural fathers, and Baby M		
Report	53	
A YIELD AGAINST THE ODDS		Richard Rhodes
Harvest time on a Missouri farm		
Memoir	60	
MIDSTREAM		Thomas McGuane
A seasoned angler fishes a new river		
Washington Letter	65	
THROUGH THE GLASNOST, DARKLY		Vassily Aksyonov
A cool reaction to Gorbachev's thaw		
Miscellany	68	
TIME LOVES A HAIRCUT		Bill Cardoso
Bernie Carbo, clutch hitter, rates a wave		
Acrostic	72	Thomas H. Middleton
Puzzle	75	E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Cover: Photograph by Gianfranco Gorgoni/Contact Press Images

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Leon Botstein, Chairman. Copyright©1987 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the United States. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, Ohio 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add \$2; other foreign, add \$3 per year. Please send orders to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Harper's Magazine does not publish unsolicited poetry.

HARPER'S

Lewis H. Lapham, *Editor*

Executive Editor

Michael Pollan

Managing Editor

Janet Gold

Senior Editors

Gerald Marzorati, Terry Teachout

Deborah Rust, *Art Director*

Eric Etheridge, *Associate Editor*

Assistant Editors

Pamela Abrams, Richard T. Marin

Ann K. Stern, *Assistant to the Editor*

Ilena Silverman, *Research*

Editorial Assistant

Charis W. Conn

Interns

Lynne Bertrand,

Lisa Levchuk, Anne Hardart

Contributing Editors

T.D. Allman, George Ball,

Leon Botstein, Mark D. Danner,

L. J. Davis, Timothy Dickinson,

Mark Edmundson, Samuel C. Florman,

Gregory A. Fossedal, Francisco Goldman,

Vicki Hearne, Walter Karp,

Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez,

Robert Karl Manoff, Peter Marin,

George Plimpton, Earl Shorris,

Jacqueline Simon, Henry Scott Stokes,

Frances Taliaferro, Tom Wolfe,

Sidney Zion

Washington Editor

Martin Morse Wooster

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager

Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Circulation

Elvira Lopez

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs

Randall V. Warner

Vice President, Advertising Director

Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives

Kathryn Crowley, Mary Anne Malley,

Karen A. Rydzewski

Elena Gustines, *Advertising Coordinator*

Max Lane, *Circulation Assistant*

Staff

Benjamin Glassberg, Joseph Malits

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES

666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012

(212) 614-6500

San Francisco

Colin Smith (415) 486-0454

Detroit

Norma Davis & Associates (313) 656-1887

Tokyo

Yoshino-Mitsui IMI Corporation

(03) 546-2231

LETTERS

Homelessness and the Limits of Understanding

In "Helping and Hating the Homeless" [*Harper's Magazine*, January], Peter Marin exhibits little more than a recreational familiarity with homelessness. Almost nobody chooses homelessness, though many refuse to leave the streets once they land there. It is valid enough to assert that social structures can contribute to the emotional and financial traumas that force people onto the streets. Unfortunately, Marin proceeds to interpret the resulting homelessness as a "mute, furious refusal" and a "rebellion against history," as if homelessness were some Walden Pond type of exercise geared at repudiating our social structures.

Marin summarizes most efforts aimed at helping the homeless as "simply an attempt to rearrange the world cosmetically. . . ." He goes on to say, "Compassion is little more than the passion for control." The typical Salvation Army shelter is strictly regimented. Most shelters are so overcrowded and understaffed that regimentation is necessary if they are to pass safety inspections. But by providing shelter, food, and access to social services, such missions reduce the distress of the homeless and may even ease their transition back to more satisfying lives. I'm afraid that Marin's

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

interest in the homeless has more to do with his contempt for bourgeois values than with his desire to help any of these people make that transition.

In light of the increase in involuntary homelessness, especially among women and children, is it really worthwhile to speculate about anybody's heartfelt feelings about homelessness? And let's skip calling homelessness "a whole cosmology." The message should be that the homeless are members of society who do not have homes and need some help.

Christopher W. Crowley
Montreal, Quebec

I feel compelled to reply to Peter Marin's essay, not because it was an eye-opener for me but because I, too, am homeless. I have been, off and on, for years. Frankly, I enjoyed my nomadic life in the beginning. However, since homelessness has become nationalized, rationalized, moralized, and categorized, I've been saddled with a bad reputation. This has become more of a burden to me than homelessness ever was.

I am currently homeless in San Barbara, California. I do not, however, hang out at the infamous fig tree line up for leftover sermons and leftover food at the Rescue Mission. I have tried them all once—once was enough! A necessary condition for well-being has always been to keep distance from things that repulse me. But this distance has become a distant luxury. When you are stigmatized, the world moves in on you. Life

is a closed court and Sartre's
ing becomes clear: "Hell is other
le."

m confused about where to place
lf in Marin's list of categories. I
not a war veteran, mentally ill,
ically disabled, chronically ill, el-
, a single parent, an alcoholic,
illicit drug user, or a runaway
. I am not an immigrant. I might
that in Santa Barbara, where
are large numbers of resident
aliens as well as illegal Latin
s, I am hard put to find many
are homeless or jobless. These
s seem to have better representa-
(by the church and activist and
rights organizations) than the di-
ts, indigent homeless.

am not a traditional tramp, hobo,
ansient. I've visited the Rescue
ion in Las Vegas mentioned in
in's article. I've traveled like a
spirit on the highways and foot-
s of America. But to travel about
y without an RV, a bank ac-
it, and a pension plan is to invite
ble. Check out the "undesirable
sient element" laws in Santa Cruz
nty!

don't mean to suggest that Marin's
ories aren't reasonable or logi-
I simply do not like being pigeon-
d.

never embraced homelessness. I
merely a man whom fate has en-
ed with a certain disposition, a
ain philosophical attitude. I'm
of allergic to much of life. Home-
ness has not been forced upon me
much as has its social stigma. It
ld be truer to say that the home-
themselves have been forced
n me. We are never as free as we
ld like to think we are.

horeau once remarked that a man
not a good man just because he
hes you if you are freezing, feeds
if you are starving, or pulls you out
ditch if you should happen to get
one. Philanthropy is not love of
n the broadest sense. For centu-
, bourgeois culture has not at-
pted to eradicate the poor so
ch as it has lived up to the Chris-
dictum "The poor shall always be
a us." We are incessantly remind-
of the beneficence of the rich. (Try
ind a bench in a public park with-
a personalized plaque attached to

*An almost unbelievable offer—
but there is a reason!*

The XL-29 Watch: Why would we "sell" it for only \$12.95?*

**But read the ad for an even more
astonishing deal!*

We are one of the largest national mail-order houses. You have seen our ads for quality watches, optics, lamps, and electronic equipment on TV and in this and most other national newspapers and magazines. In order to make our operation ever more efficient, we need to increase our customer file by at least 25,000 new names per month. The best way to do that is to make an almost irresistible offer of quality merchandise—or, as the Godfather put it, "an offer you can't refuse."

The XL-29 Watch

Because of our large buying power and agents all over the world, we have unlimited access to merchandise. And after scouring all sources we decided that the XL-29 Watch would be such an irresistible offer, especially if we could "sell" it at a give-away price. The XL-29 is a brand-new advanced model. It has never been featured before. But the predecessor model (XL-27, with lesser features) was listed in our last catalog at \$39.95. At our special-offer list-building price of \$12.95, the XL-29 must be considered a "steal".

The XL-29 is a watch that does everything.

- It has seven time/date functions: hours, minutes, seconds, month, date, day, year.
- Daily and weekly alarm (want to get waked up weekdays at 6:30, and not at all on weekends? The XL-29 does it.)
- Choose from seven different melodies to wake you!
- Hourly time signal that you can turn off, if you wish — a wonderful way to schedule your day.
- 12 or 24 hour modes, and a.m. or p.m. selection.
- Alarm test capability.
- Full chronograph with lap timer function and 1st and 2nd place winners.
- Full-function calculator performs all "standard" operations. But it also has 4-key memory, performs chain calculations and computations with constants and powers.

The watch, in its black composite case, is very sharp looking, featherlight, and ultra-thin.

The XL-29 is made to the highest quality standards and each watch is individually inspected for flawless performance in

*New advanced model,
with 7-melody alarm!*



• The XL-29, steered by a superb Japanese chip, is powered by a tiny mercury cell. It will last for at least 18 months; then you can replace it yourself. The XL-29 is the most comprehensive timepiece: it does "everything."

all functions. We warrant these watches for quality, material, and workmanship for one full year (battery is excepted — you can easily change it yourself, after 18 months or so).

Here is the deal. Take advantage of it!

The XL-29 Watch, made to sell for \$39.95, cannot be bought in stores. It's available only through us. And with this special offer, you may order this outstanding watch for just \$12.95.

Because this is a list-building promotion, we must limit this offer to a maximum of three (3) watches per household. You may, however, request up to six (6) watches maximum, if you mail your order within 30 days of the publication of this ad. (No exceptions, please!) If you do buy six (6) XL-29 watches, you only pay for five (5) — the sixth one is with our compliments, absolutely FREE! With this offer, only mail orders, accompanied by check or money order (no chargecards, no phone orders!) can be accepted.

Take advantage of this incredible buy—this totally unprecedented offer—while it is available. Write your name and address on a sheet of paper, and also write "Code B975. Tell us how many watches you want and include your check or money order. Add \$2.95 postage/insurance for the first watch and \$5.90 for two to six watches. Add sales tax for California delivery. Mail to:

since 1967
haverhills

List Building Division, Dept. XL-29
131 Townsend Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

The Paradise of Bombs

Scott Russell Sanders

Winner of the Associated Writing Programs Award for Creative Nonfiction

Scott Sanders writes in these essays of a world both beautiful and vulnerable, filled with the peace of glistening forests and the pleasures of daily living, yet draped in a meshwork of fear, caught in the cross hairs of potential devastation. \$14.95



The University of Georgia Press

Athens, Georgia 30602

Southern Folk, Plain and Fancy Native White Social Types

John Shelton Reed

Reed catalogs the social types—"lord of the lash" and cunning belle, redneck and "good old boy"—that have populated the region since antebellum times.

\$13.95

Illustrated

The University of Georgia Press
Athens, Georgia
30602



ARE YOU FROM DIXIE?

it.) In charity, one ego survives at the expense of another.

This is a rough era in our society even a quasi-marginal person like myself. It is the era of Yuppies, celebrity politicians, drug dealers, and fundamentalists. But it is just an era. Like a flux and flow. The Russians have a proverb, often quoted by prisoners in the Gulag: "Me today . . . you tomorrow!" Harsh measures against the homeless are likely to do irreparable harm to the most innocent. In the Gulag, the sensitive, the profound, and the creative perish first.

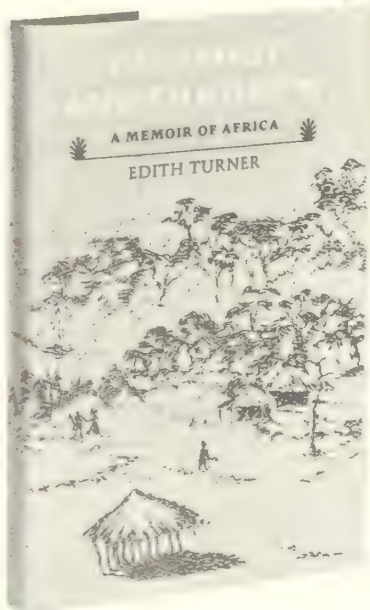
All in all, I think Marin's essay is quite good. But it failed at evoking much pity and compassion for the homeless, which I took to be its purpose. Frankly, Robert Frost's "Debut of the Hired Man" does the trick a whole lot better. The limits of our experience are always the limits of our understanding.

H.L. Pirie
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Several years ago I despaired that I was out of touch with our governmental policies. I was rescued by reading Lester Thurow's *Zero-Sum Society*. Its tenets paralleled my thinking and I no longer felt alone. As the 1980s have progressed, the middle class seems to be sliding into poverty, and I'm beginning to wonder again about this country's policies.

Peter Marin's essay showed that homelessness is a consequence of a forty-year retrogression in American domestic policy. In the Roosevelt era we had poverty, but we had leadership and hope for the future. Roosevelt had a reluctant and recalcitrant Congress, yet we managed to obtain a forty-hour work week, Social Security, and the minimum wage.

Those gains symbolized a government for the people, and I was naive enough to think that our nation would retain those ideals. My first shock came with the recession of the Eisenhower years. My second shock came with the loss of leadership and integrity during the Agnew and Nixon scandals. Now, during the Reagan era, we have the failure of the middle-class economy.



Drawing on fieldwork conducted among southern Africa's Ndembu, Edith Turner has written a highly personal memoir that gracefully captures the drama of raising a family in unfamiliar surroundings, the frank sexuality that animates Ndembu rites of passage, and her own attunement to the world of the Ndembu women and to the complex gender dynamics of that society.

"Combining the informed observations and theoretical awareness of the anthropologist with the sensibility and style of the gifted storyteller, Turner's account makes the reader acutely aware of the artificiality of our usual academic categories of 'knowledge' and reveals the insufficiency of some of our traditional Western ways of knowing." —Susan Hardy Aiken

The Spirit and the Drum

A Memoir of Africa, by Edith Turner

160 pages • \$18.95 • May

The University of Arizona Press

1615 E. Speedway, Tucson, AZ 85719

Perhaps our national leaders should contemplate the implications of the growing dichotomy between rich and poor. As the rich get richer and the poor get poorer we become more cynical about ideals and ethics. Our national hero is Ivan Boesky. Think of all the jobs he "created" in his financial wizardry!

Do we teach our children that the people who founded our nation were middle-class men and women aggrieved by governmental failure? Of course not! Do we teach them that managerial or industrial failure in America means that you're out!—out in the street? Of course not!

I like to read an article by Martin Luther King Jr. of us who are unemployed. There are a lot of people aged forty to sixty who are "failing." What happens to them if they've not been fortunate enough to secure their futures? What if they already have a master's or doctorate? Either jobs do not exist or these people are overqualified for the jobs that do.

I find myself in just such a situation. I have been an educator and a film ecologist (in reserve mining and in the nuclear power industry). I am sixty now—too young to retire, too old to hire, too old to "bow out." I was educated inappropriately for our currently amoral government. I am another middle-class citizen rejected by America.

Edward F. Miller
Winch, Minn.

More on Bullshit

Larry Frankfurt [Readings, "Reflections on Bullshit," *Harper's Magazine*, February] would discover much in discussing his theory of bullshit with his colleagues at our many law schools. He'd find that the consumer of the bullshit artist is the trial attorney, who functions in a universe where there is no absolute truth. "Truth," if it exists at all in the courtroom, is whatever the judge or jury says it is. Since there is no possibility of knowing "the truth" in advance of the verdict, the attorney is free to sincerely present his client's position whether he believes it or not) one

Continued on page 70

A uniquely gifted storyteller creates her most unforgettable heroine.

A HABIT OF THE BLOOD



A "sweeping, absorbing" novel set in Jamaica by the author of *War Brides* and *Southern Women*

LOIS BATTLE

Publishers Weekly

A Thomas Dunne Book **ST. MARTIN'S PRESS**

100% Cotton
BUSH vest \$39

Made of 100% pre washed cotton, our Bush Vest has pockets enough to accommodate even the best-equipped of travelers.



Please send Check, Visa, Amex, M/C, DC to 224 Grant Ave.
Dept. L08, P.O. Box 7347, San Francisco, CA 94120
Add CA, NY, TX, OK Sales Tax and \$2 for Shipping
Order Toll-Free 800-527-5200

The Untamed Garden and Other Personal Essays By David Rains Wallace

"These 26 essays by nature writer Wallace discuss such esoteric concerns as coyotes' performance of a gopher-catching dance, the nesting place of toads, or the dry season in California...Wallace's nature travels take him to such diverse places as Georgia's Okefenokee Swamp, Japan, Montana, Alaska, and Connecticut. Comparisons with John McPhee are inevitable here, but the author's distinctively personal love of nature shines through in these charming essays." —*Booklist*

"Wallace is, I think, in love with the planet we inhabit, and with those who share it with us..." —John Muste

294 pages. **\$15.95**

Also available from the Press

Idle Weeds

The Life of an Ohio Sandstone Ridge

By David Rains Wallace

180 pages. Paperback, **\$7.95**

Available from your local bookseller, or

Ohio State University Press

1050 Carmack Road

Columbus, Ohio 43210

614-292-6930



NOTEBOOK

Beware the deadly endive

By Lewis H. Lapham

A joke is an epitaph on an emotion.
—Friedrich Nietzsche

The Reagan Administration always has had a talent for staging masques and *tableaux vivants*, and from the beginning of its run in Washington it has more often resembled a theatrical company than a government. The performance opened with an inauguration conceived along the lines of an Academy Awards ceremony; it ends by transforming the geopolitical doctrines of the last forty years into postmodernist farce. Few governments in recent memory could have accomplished so stunning a *coup de théâtre*, but then few governments in recent memory have possessed the requisite degree of economic illiteracy or so sure an instinct for burlesque.

The joke, as well as the appreciation of its point, turns on the juxtaposition of the two principal stories that have been playing on the front pages of the news since last Christmas. The first story is the one about the near anarchy in the international currency markets and the imbalances in the scale of the world's trade. The other story is the one about the Iranian arms deal and the delusions of Napoleonic grandeur drifting through the asylum of the National Security Council. Understood as parallel subplots in the same comedy, the two stories wonderfully explicate the folly of the cold war. They suggest that geoeconomics has replaced geopolitics as the preliminary study of Armageddon, and they argue that, as indices of strategic power, the rates of bank interest and the throw-weights of foreign debt bear more directly and more ominously on the status quo than the velocities of cruise missiles or the number of air-

craft carriers in the eastern Mediterranean.

Anybody doubting the change of venue has only to consider the contrast between the gaudy summit conference staged last October in Iceland by President Reagan and Soviet Premier Mikhail Gorbachev and the January meeting in Washington at which the American and Japanese finance ministers discussed, very quietly, the strained diplomatic relations between the dollar and the yen. After talks described as cordial, James A. Baker, the American secretary of the treasury, and Kiichi Miyazawa, his Japanese peer, approved a joint communiqué so artfully contrived that it managed to say precisely nothing about their respective currencies and mutual suspicions. They smiled into the few cameras present and agreed that "developments in exchange markets warrant monitoring." The gentlemen clearly meant no harm, but within an hour of their bland announcement the dollar lost another fraction of its worth against both the yen and German *deutsche mark*.

The finance ministers spoke as enigmatically as oracles because everybody knew they were talking about the very real possibility of the very real devastation of very real targets. President Reagan and Premier Gorbachev struck histrionic poses because everybody knew they were speaking the language of military romance. Not that their weapons and their armies don't retain considerable symbolic value, but I doubt that many people in Moscow or Washington intend them for actual use. They're far too precious, too obviously meant as ornamental pieces in what has become an expensive but fanciful game of capture the flag. In both the United

States and the Soviet Union, of course, the arms trades continue to support the political and economic pretensions of the state. The weapons sustain the imagery of power, and the military employers provide mass work for large numbers of people who otherwise might be obliged to paint post office murals or play the zither.

The primacy of economic over military ways and means long ago became apparent to the proverbial man in the street. An opinion poll conducted last year among Americans unaffiliated with the State or Defense Departments showed that the respondents thought they had more to fear from a credit card than they did from nuclear energy. Interpreting the statistics to fit the bias of my own argument, I like to think that most people understand, quite properly, that the burdens of debt (their own and the federal government's) constitute a graver danger to their health, safety, and welfare than any or all of the Soviet armored divisions posted on the plains of northern Europe.

Throughout the winter and early spring reports from Brussels, New York, Washington, and Geneva confirmed a similar ordering of the hierarchy of the public alarm. The dollar fluctuated like a cork on the current rumors about imminent meetings of the Group of Five, and the heavy speculation in the New York stock markets brought to mind the feverish ravings of somebody about to die of a tropical disease. The sight of several prominent investment bankers being summarily arrested on charges of criminal fraud contributed to the feeling that something had gone pretty seriously wrong with the dream of avarice.

During a round of trade negotia-

in the last week of January the American envoys in Brussels threatened to impose punitive tariffs in the amount of \$400 million on the import of French cheese, British gin, and Belgian endive unless Spain and Portugal agreed to buy 2.8 million tons of American feed grains. The meeting ended on a Monday; by Tuesday economic ministers were talking of an Atlantic trade war, and by Wednesday it was clear that the NATO alliance had less reason to fear the Russian army than to beware the Belgian endive.

On February 2, in Washington, Volcker, the chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, informed a recession committee that any further decline in the value of the dollar would entail "high costs and risks." Mentioning the prospect of both inflation and a recession, he pointed out that if the dollar falls too far, the holders of foreign loans might take their money elsewhere, and so wreck the Potemkin village of this country's supposed prosperity. At the close of his remarks the prices of Treasury bonds and bonds fell by as much as one-eighths of a point.

Volcker's testimony contradicted the statements of Secretary Baker, speaking out of another side of government's mouth, has been going for the last eighteen months of the devaluation of the dollar is a hindrance for American business. Amazed by the grotesque size of the nation's trade imbalance, which amounted to \$170 billion in 1986, Volcker has held to the belief that as the dollar becomes cheaper so also will Americans find it easier to sell their products abroad. As yet the promised miracle has failed to take place, and available evidence suggests that it is unlikely to take place.

On Valentine's Day the International Trade Commission had agreed to consider placing restrictive tariffs on foreign flowers (particularly Colombian carnations), and the bookies were touting as the season's most perceptive economic analysis a book of fiction entitled *The Ropespinners' Conspiracy*, in which the author diagnoses the greed in Wall Street on the part of communist agents who infiltrate the Racquet Club and seek to put an

end to capitalism through the sale of junk bonds.

Newspaper columnists of all political castes and persuasions were remarking on the broad decline in the American standard of living, which, when plotted on a graph, compared unfavorably with the equivalent measurements in such supposedly bankrupt countries as Britain and Italy. More often than not, the observations were accompanied by the familiar series of unhappy questions that fall into the rhythms of liturgical chant. Why has the nation's productivity declined? Why is the debt so heavy (\$2 trillion and rising) and still so many people out of work? How does it come to pass that the American steel industry has lost \$7 billion since 1982? How is it possible that the United States has been reduced to offering as its principal exports the bulk cargoes of scrap iron and waste paper? Who made off with the spirit of American enterprise?

None of the questions invite practical, or even plausible, answers, which perhaps explains their function as ritual. Every few days President Reagan issues another fatuous proclamation in favor of "American competitiveness," and the more excitable members of Congress demand to know why nobody can devise the economic analogue of a raid on Libya. Their rhetorical initiatives lose most of their meaning and much of their force when subjected to a competition with the facts.

The truth of the matter is that the United States cannot compete in a free market because it has been accustomed for so many years to trading in the rigged markets provided by its own government and its larger corporations. Established on the premise of permanent war, the American economy renders roughly one-third of all its goods and services to a federal bureaucracy that seldom thinks to ask what anything costs. Just as the television networks enjoy the privileges of monopoly, so do the automobile companies, the banks, and any corporate entity rich enough to set prices and manage the demand for its merchandise.

Nor can the Congress take much comfort in the hope of protective tar-



Scientific Study Ranks NordicTrack #1

In tests of exercise efficiency at a major university, NordicTrack burned more calories and provided greater aerobic workouts.

Rank of Exercise Efficiency

1. NordicTrack X-C Ski Exerciser
2. An Exercise Bike
3. A Rowing Machine
4. A Shuffle-Type Ski Exerciser

NordicTrack's higher oxygen usage test scores show that more muscle mass is involved in the exercise and more calories are being burned.

It's Only Logical that NordicTrack Would Get the Highest Scores

- because NordicTrack is more complete than an Exercise Bike.

Adds important upper body exercise. Provides more uniform leg muscle usage.

- because NordicTrack is more thorough than a Rowing Machine.

NordicTrack's resistance is proportioned according to the individual muscle strength—no major muscles are over-stressed or under-worked.

- because NordicTrack has inertial resistance not available on a Shuffle-Type Ski Exerciser.

Other ski exercisers use less efficient frictional resistance with a resulting calisthenics-like feeling. NordicTrack's unique flywheel resistance for a life-like feeling of smoothness and continuity is matched only by real skiing.

Burns Up To 600 Calories per 20 Minute Workout

Free Brochure, and New Video!

800-328-5888

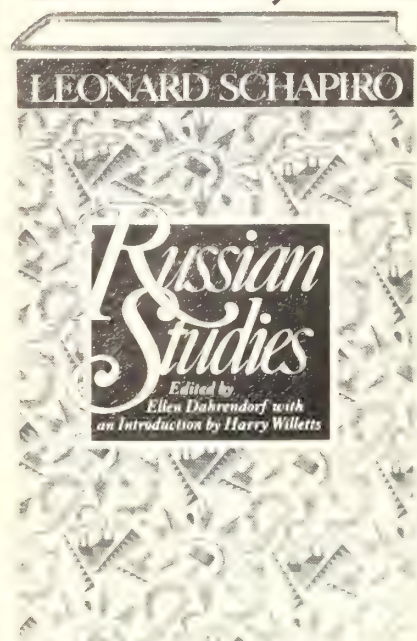
Minnesota 612 448 6987

NordicTrack
© PS 1986

141HA Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318

"Humane, human, and wise."

—Marc Raeff



"This is the book for which all students of Russian history and literature have been waiting."

—Simon Karlinsky

"A model of clarity, close reasoning, and scholarship."

—The New York Times

These essays, many of them previously unpublished, "give us an appreciation not only of neglected ideas but of the beguiling mind through which they were refracted."

—Daniel Bell

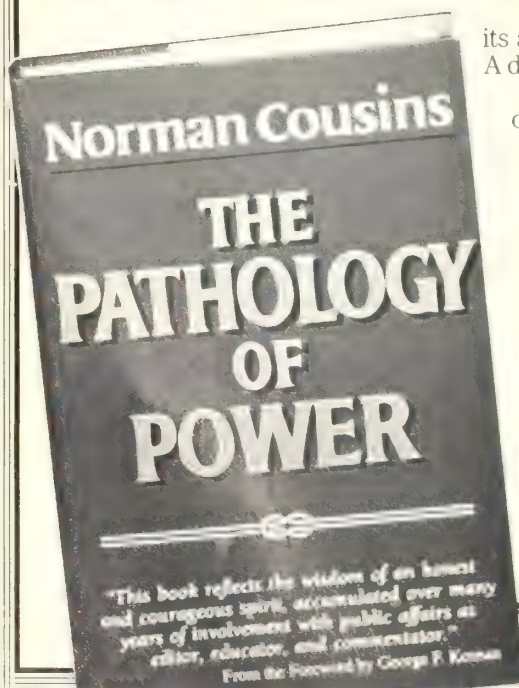
Also of interest:

RIVAL VIEWS OF A MARKET SOCIETY and Other Essays, by **Albert O. Hirschman**
Original, lucid, and brilliantly argued essays by a renowned scholar of economic and social science theory.

Elisabeth Sifton Books • VIKING



"A thoughtful and chilling look at Fortress America,"



its architects and its victims...

A disturbing look at the military state using evidence from committees of the Congress, whistle-blowers, and concerned citizens."

—Kirkus Reviews

Norman Cousins here presents irrefutable evidence that America's security has become a facade behind which the wealth of the American people is being drained off through massive misspending in the military program.

\$15.95, now at your bookstore

NORTON

W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10110

iffs. Too many votes already have been sold to foreign owners. Within the last decade foreign companies have invested roughly \$1 trillion in the United States—\$250 billion in assembly and manufacture, \$200 billion in Treasury bills, \$450 billion in bank assets, and \$100 billion in land and real estate. The majestic stillness of that kind of money tends to mute the objections of democratic science.

Without asking too much of analogy, I think it's probably fair to say that under the nostalgic and reactionary tutelage of the Reagan Administration the United States in 1987 has managed to achieve the economic condition of the antebellum South. In the years just prior to the Civil War the Southern gentry believed that they had all the time of the world and that they were favored by fortune. Not caring to dishonor themselves with the indignity of commerce, content to buy their luxuries and manufactured goods from Europe and the mercantile north (i.e., from the Taiwan of the day) and to leave the management of their affairs to their agents in the seaport towns (i.e., to men not dissimilar from those now being arrested in Wall Street), the Southern cavaliers retired to their plantations to read the romances of Sir Walter Scott and think that a duel wasn't much different than a duel.

President Reagan's friends presumably read the novels of Ian Fleming and the biographies of Teddy Roosevelt. Otherwise they might as well be mounted on cavalry horses under magnolia trees.

Within the larger and democratic context of a global economy quickly clearly beyond the comprehension of much less the control of its innumerable sorcerer's apprentices, the geopolitical adventures begin to look like nostalgic pageants paraded across the battlefield at Gettysburg. They constitute a kind of wishful thinking, expressive of the desire to restore the world to the simplicity of a child's game of toy soldiers. Whether it's the American counterrevolutionaries in Nicaragua or the Russian troops in Afghanistan, the military objective is the same—the defeat of the future and the defense of the past.

A BUCK FOR BACH

- 8-391482 Bach: **Jenburg Concertos**, etc. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 11 Bach: **Goldberg Variations** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 17 Bach: **Unaccompanied Cello Suites 1, 2** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 18-396572 Bach: **Sonatas** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

BRAHMS

- 18-395533 Bach: **Orchestral Suites** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 14-398008 Beethoven: **Sonatas—Moonlight, Sonata Op. 10, No. 3** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 4 Beethoven: **Symphony No. 9 (Choral)** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 57 Beethoven: **Concertos 3 & 4** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 43-399139 Beethoven: **Sonatas for Piano & Violin** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 15 Beethoven: **Sonatas Op. 10, No. 1, 2, 3** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 9 Beethoven and others: **Quintets for Piano & Winds** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 47 Berlioz: **Symphony Fantastique** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 93 Boling: **Suite for Piano & Jazz Piano** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 99-394494 Brahms: **Requiem** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 7 Brahms: **Double Concerto** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

- 328740 Mozart: **Piano Concerto 26, Rondos** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 344101 Mozart: **Symphonies Nos. 38 & 39** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 321224 Mozart: **Overtures** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 341297 Prokofiev: **Symphony No. 1 (Classical)** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 334540 Rachmaninoff: **Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 342822 Ravel: **Bolero** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 343350 Tchaikovsky: **Symphony No. 5** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

MOZART

- 340190 Reich: **The Desert Music** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 331322 Saint-Saens: **Carnival of the Animals** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 343095 Philip Glass: **Songs from Liquid Days** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 346015 Handel: **Royal Fireworks Music** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 321190 Liszt: **Hungarian Rhapsodies 1 & 4** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 332866 Mahler: **Symphony No. 4** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 329094-399097 Mahler: **Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 318824 Mendelssohn: **Symphony No. 4 (Italian)** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 330142 Mendelssohn: **Violin Concerto** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

- 343715 Vivaldi: **Four Seasons** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 310086 Wagner: **Overtures** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 338814 Webber: **Requiem** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 347070-397075 Isaac Stern: **Great Violin Concertos** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

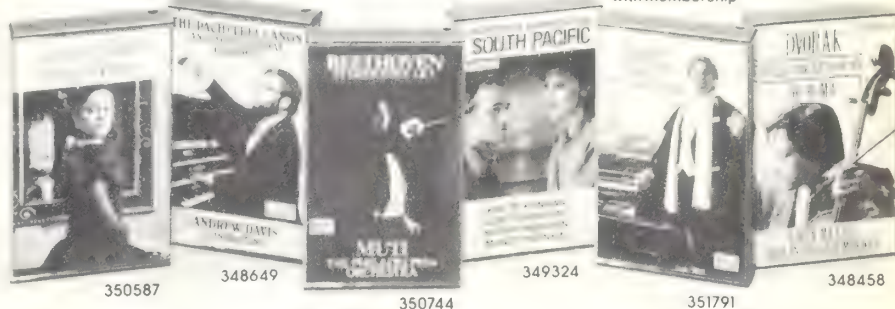
BEEETHOVEN

- 331942 The Academy: **By Request** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 343517 Kathleen Battle & Christopher Parkening: **Pleasures of Their Company** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 334276 Canadian Brass & Berlin Phil. Brass: **Brass in Berlin** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 345934 Jose Carreras: **Opera Arias** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 342639 Kiri Te Kanawa: **Verdi and Puccini Arias** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 346643 Andreas Vollenweider: **Down to the Moon** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 340562 Waverly Consort: **Renaissance Favorites** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)
 344085 John Williams: **Echoes of London** (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

ANY 12 RECORDS OR TAPES \$1.00

plus shipping handling

with membership



It's a wonderful opportunity to get a great classical collection of your own—all at once—all for only a dollar! As a new member of the Columbia Record & Tape Club, you get any 12 cassette or records for only \$1.00, plus shipping handling. In exchange, you agree to buy just 8 more selections in the next 3 years, at regular Club prices (which currently are \$7.98 to \$11.98, plus shipping and handling; some multi-unit sets and special recordings may be available higher). CDs will also be available, which you may order as a member purchase count toward fulfillment of your membership obligation.

The Club works: every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive our Music Magazine. It describes the "Classical Selection of the Month" plus scores of other releases, as well as selections from other fields of music. In addition, up to 4 times a year you may receive offers of Special Selections, usually at a discount off regular Club prices, for a total of up to 19 buying opportunities.

There is no obligation to accept the "Selection of the Month"—you order only recordings you want when you want them! A special response card will be sent with each Magazine—mail it by the date specified to order or reject selection. And if you want only the "Selection of the Month," do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. You'll have at least ten days in which to make a decision—if you ever have less time than that, just return the Selection at expense. And you may cancel membership anytime after buying 8 selections, or continue under our "buy one-get one free" bonus plan.

14-Day Risk-Free Trial: we'll send details of the Club's operation with your introductory shipment. If you are not satisfied for any reason, return everything in 14 days—your membership will be canceled and you will owe nothing.

Special Start-Your-Membership-Now Offer: you may also choose your first selection now—and we'll send it to you for at least 60% off regular Club prices (\$2.99). This discount purchase reduces your membership obligation immediately—you then need buy just 7 more (instead of 8) in 3 years. Just tick box in application and fill in the number of your first selection.

Selections with two numbers are 2-record sets or double-length tapes. Each of these "double selections" counts as 2—so write in both numbers. © 1987 Columbia House

Columbia Record & Tape Club, 1400 N. Fruitridge CLASSICAL DIVISION, Terre Haute, IN 47811

Please accept my membership application under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 12 classical selections listed here for only \$1.00, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy eight more selections (at regular Club prices) in the next 3 years. I may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

Send my selections in this type of recording (check one)
☐ TAPE CASSETTES ☐ STEREO RECORDS

☐ Mr ☐ Mrs ☐ Miss
 Address _____ Apt. _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Do you have a VCR? (check one) ☐ Yes ☐ No 244/87
 Do you have a credit card? (check one) ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ Also send my first selection for at least a 60% discount

I agree to buy only 7 more (instead of 8) at regular Club prices, in the coming 3 years.

We reserve the right to request additional information or reject any application.

SEND ME THESE 12 SELECTIONS

CLASSICAL

RT1/FA

RT2/FB

What are you



Looking at?

These are just 5 of 100 fascinating pieces of African art in an intriguing new exhibition entitled "Perspectives: Angles on African Art." It was organized by The Center for African Art, New York, and premieres at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond from February 21 through April 26, 1987.

The "perspectives" are those of the different experts who selected the objects—the man with the bicycle, for instance, was chosen by writer James Baldwin, the mother and child by artist Romare Bearden, and the young girl's head by collector David Rockefeller. The experts (10 in all) selected objects according to their individual tastes, backgrounds and interests. The result, as you can see even in this small sample, is a demonstration of the many-sidedness of African art, of its varied appeals and multiple meanings. It shows us that the answer to the question "What are you looking at?" sometimes depends as much on *who* we are as on *what* we see.

That's one reason we sponsored this exhibition and why we urge you to see it. In our business as in yours, we need to be reminded that other perspectives, other sensibilities, are as valid as our own, and can enrich us. The diverse peoples our international businesses deal with around the world are no stranger than we are, and in some measure, what we are truly looking at, in people and in art, is ourselves.



© Philip Morris Companies Inc. 1987

Philip Morris Companies Inc.

PHILIP MORRIS INCORPORATED
PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A. PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL
GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION
MILLER BREWING COMPANY
PHILIP MORRIS CREDIT CORPORATION
MISSION VIEJO REALTY GROUP

(top left) MALI, DOGON MOTHER AND CHILD, wood, height 18", Graham Collection New York
(center) ANGOLA, CHOKWE FIGURE OF WARRIOR HERO, wood, height 14 1/4", Private Collection
(top right) LIBERIA, GREBO MASK, wood, paint, height 21", Collection of Mr. & Mrs. Saul Stanoff
(right) NIGERIA, YORUBA CLOTH VENDOR FIGURE, wood, paint, height 35 3/4", Collection of The Newark Museum.
(bottom left) GABON, FANG RELIQUARY HEAD, wood, height 13 3/4", Private Collection

BREAKTHROUGH: BOUNCE ENGINE NOISE OFF A CUSHION OF AIR TO QUIET AIRLINE CABINS.

Aircraft are being developed with large jet-driven fans that would give airlines great fuel economy. However, sound from the engines and the swiftly turning blades must be controlled to keep the cabin pleasant for the passengers.

To help preserve both cabin comfort and fuel efficiency, McDonnell Douglas researchers are investigating a special surface for the plane. Barely visible "bumps" on the aft fuselage create a thin cushion of turbulence that deflects the annoying sound. The noise is carried away with the wind, so passengers hear only the comforting hum of powerful engines at work.

We're making breakthroughs that add value and quality for airlines and their passengers.

We're McDonnell Douglas.

For more information, write:
Noise Control, McDonnell Douglas,
Box 14526, St. Louis, MO 63178



MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

COMMERCIAL & MILITARY AIRCRAFT
© 1987 McDonnell Douglas Corporation

INFORMATION SYSTEMS

EQUIPMENT FINANCING

SPACECRAFT & MISSILES

HEALTH CARE

HELICOPTERS

HARPER'S INDEX

- Fine for burning a cross without a permit in Charlotte, North Carolina : \$50
- Bail set for the Chilean soldier accused of burning a demonstrator in Santiago last July : \$23
- Copies of Gabriel García Márquez's new book burned by the Chilean government last November : 15,000
- Amount Sotheby's estimates the Bible President Reagan sent to Iran would bring at auction : \$100,000
- Bottles of Windex required to clean 355 miles of bookshelves in the New York Public Library : 20,000
- Rank of *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, and *Vogue* among the best-selling magazines in college bookstores : 1, 2, 3
 - Percentage of Dartmouth seniors who know what SDI stands for : 58
 - Percentage who know what IUD stands for : 76
- Number of Americans 15 years of age or younger who were charged with rape in 1985 : 2,645
- Estimated number of referees at children's sporting events who are attacked each year by parents : 100
- Proceeds of the 175 circuses held by the Shriners for charity in 1984 : \$17,500,000
 - Amount the Shriners donated to charities in 1984 : \$182,000
- Value of the assets seized by the Drug Enforcement Administration in 1986 : \$378,814,291
 - Budget of the Drug Enforcement Administration in 1986 : \$377,775,000
- Percentage of annual income the average homeowner spent on mortgage payments in 1970 : 17
 - Percentage spent today : 24
- Number of times the South Korean government put opposition leader Kim Dae Jung under house arrest in 1986 : 39
 - Number of Soviet military advisers in Nicaragua : 40
 - In Peru : 150
- Number of Angolans who arrive in refugee camps in Zaire each month : 250
 - Miles of passable roads in Zaire in 1960 : 85,000
 - Today : 12,000
- Price of an hour of valet parking at the Beverly Hills post office : \$1.50
- Percentage of American car buyers who say they enjoy haggling with the dealer over price : 32
 - Percentage of imported manhole covers that are made in India : 53
 - Percentage of Italians who say "made in America" is a mark of quality : 34
 - Percentage of West Germans who say this : 6
- Number of manufacturing plants in Tennessee owned by Japanese companies : 45
- Number of information operators on duty weeknights at 2 A.M. in Mississippi : 2
 - In New York City : 14
- Funds the Justice Department antitrust unit seeks for "higher than anticipated" 1988 phone rates : \$528,000
 - Number of states that have declared English their official language : 8
- Percentage of Hispanics in California who voted to make English the state's official language : 44
- National Geographic* subscribers who have canceled their subscriptions to protest its use of metric measurements : 109
- Items added to the Smithsonian Institution's collection in 1986 : 942,000 (see page 28)
- Price of a 25-foot epoxy and fiberglass banyan tree for a zoo aviary : \$90,000
 - Number of indoor miniature golf courses built in 1986 : 35
 - Number of mazes built in Japan since 1985 : 14
- Number of Japanese who pay to find their way through one each week : 140,000
- Percentage of Iowans who say they would rather spend a weekend in Des Moines than in San Francisco : 31

Figures cited are the latest available as of February 1987. Sources are listed on page 71.

"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

The paradox of power

The Information Age, for all its potential, has brought with it a new kind of problem. Often, the machines that contribute so much to the flood of information do little to help most of us cope with it. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, almost arrogant in their inability to work with any but their own kind. They are the muscle-bound tools of specialists.

In our view, the problem is not that the machines are too powerful for the rest of us. They are not powerful enough.

This is the paradox of power: the more powerful the machine, the less power it exerts over the person using it. We define a more powerful machine as one that is more capable of bending to the will of humans, rather than having humans bend to its will. The definition is deeply ingrained in AT&T. The telephone is such a powerful device precisely because it demands so little of its user.

AT&T foresees the day when the Information Age will become universal. People everywhere will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity. They will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they now make a phone call.



That day is coming closer. One example: scientists at AT&T Bell Laboratories are developing "associative" memories for computers, further enabling the machines to work with incomplete, imprecise, or even contradictory information. That's perfectly natural for a human. What makes it a breakthrough is that these computers won't ask you to be anything else.

Telecommunity is our goal.
Technology is our means.

We are committed to leading the way.



READINGS

[Essay]

FRATERNALIST MANIFESTO

From a lecture delivered by Christopher Lasch at a conference on "The Search for Civic Community," which was held in San Francisco last November. The conference was sponsored by the University of San Francisco, Grace Cathedral, and Congregation Emanu-El.

The revival of Social Darwinism under Ronald Reagan, the decline in public spirit reflected in decreasing voter turnout, the growing influence of special-interest groups, and the general fragmentation of society all lend new urgency to old questions. How can there be a public philosophy in a society lacking any cultural consensus on common values? Does the persistence of social divisions, of opposing classes and interests, preclude any possibility of a common life? What place, if any, does morality have in politics?

The two leading visions of public life—the communitarian and the liberal—offer answers to these questions, but not appealing ones. The deadlock of modern social and political thought is suggested by the fact that the communitarian and liberal alternatives have come to seem equally unattractive.

Communitarians, who can be found on both the left and the right, romanticize a tightly knit little world in which everyone agrees on a com-

mon definition of the good life. They unite politics and morality by pretending that they are—or ought to be—one and the same. The guardians of political morality are thus authorized to stamp out all forms of heresy and to indulge on a grand scale their fanatical determination to mind their neighbors' business.

Liberals at least acknowledge the diversity of opinions and interests that precludes the creation of a republic of virtue. But since they are at a loss to conceive of a common morality that would encompass that diversity, they simply exclude morality from politics altogether. They see public life as an amoral struggle for profit and power and relegate morality to the shadowy realm of private choice and "life styles." But the privatization of morality deprives us of any common life at all, and makes politics a battleground on which issues can be resolved only by force.

In these competing visions, politics has either everything to do with morality or nothing to do with morality. We are confined to a choice between the constricted world of the small town or the loneliness of the modern megalopolis; between suffocating conformity (writ large in the modern totalitarian state, a terrifying hypertrophy of the village ideal) or the bureaucratic anonymity of a political order that defines politics as the pursuit of private gain.

The only way to escape this theoretical predicament is to insist on the tension between politics and morality, between moral man and

immoral society, in Reinhold Niebuhr's phrase. The political writings produced by the great Protestant theologian in midcareer have much to teach us today. So does the example of Martin Luther King, who with his followers in the civil rights movement succeeded in translating Niebuhr's theories into practice.

The heart of Niebuhr's political thought lies in a tightly constructed set of interlocking propositions.

If social cohesion is impossible without coercion, and coercion is impossible without the creation of social injustice, and the destruction of injustice is impossible without the use of further coercion, are we not in an endless cycle of social conflict?

Under these conditions, an "uneasy balance of power" appears to be the "highest goal to which society [can] aspire."

Niebuhr's refusal to stop there distinguishes him from the interest-group liberals and neo-conservatives who so often invoke his name. Their realism begins and ends with an acknowledgment of the inescapable role of force in politics. But Niebuhr refused to write off politics as a pure struggle for power, utterly unredeemed by considerations of justice and morality. He had no illusions about politics, but neither did he propose to abdicate it to those whose readiness to use force was unrestrained by scruples of any kind.

[Memorandum]

CALLING ALL SOLDIERS

From a memorandum that was issued last August by the office of Army Chief of Staff General John A. Wickham Jr.

FM: HQDA WASHDC
TO: ALARACT
SUBJECT: Addressing Soldiers

The Chief of Staff, Army, has directed that all military members of the U.S. Army be called soldiers. The term "soldier" has connotations of valor, duty, honor, sacrifice: noble values of a noble profession. The term "SM" (meaning Service Member) is a vapid construct which evokes sensings of computer-jargon ciphers, or worse: an 8-hour-per-day "employee" of the U.S. government.

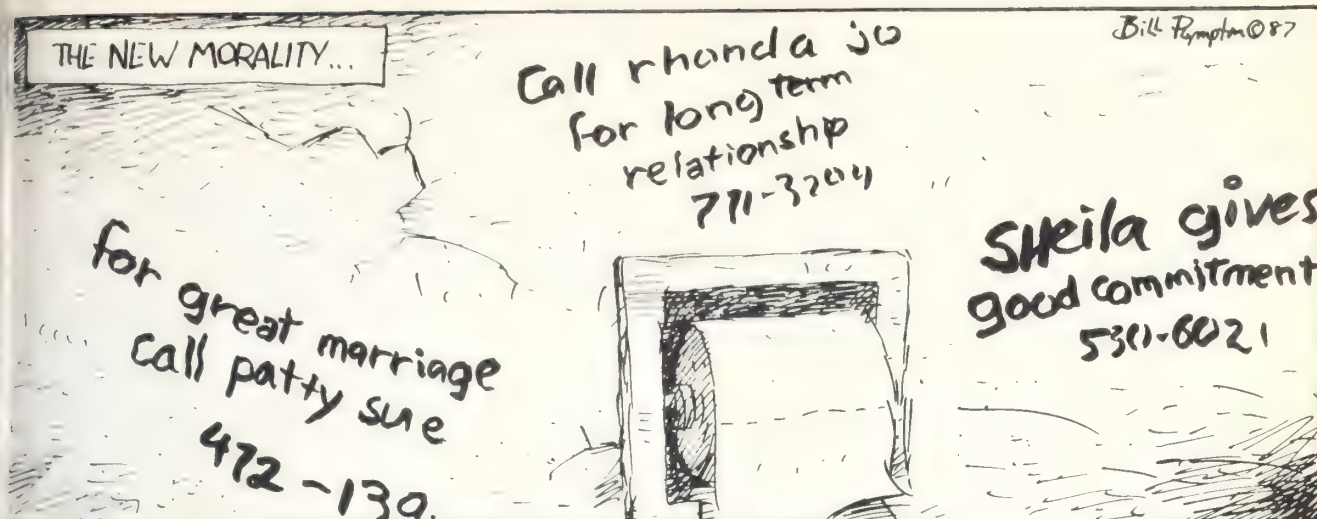
Niebuhr rejected all the standard positions. When he argued that "social cohesion is impossible without coercion," he parted company with many liberals, who tried to convince themselves that coercion would gradually give way to moral and political education. In the next clause in that series, however, he parted company with revolutionaries who accepted the need for coercion but could not bring themselves to admit that "coercion is impossible without the creation of social injustice."

In place of conventional politics, Niebuhr proposed a politics of nonviolent resistance. In its "spiritual discipline against resentment," its deflation of the "moral conceit" and self-righteousness of entrenched interests, its recognition of the adversary's humanity, and its appeal to "profound and ultimate unities," nonviolent coercion promised to break out of the endless cycle of social conflict. It was the only form of coercion, Niebuhr thought, that did not merely perpetuate the cycle of injustice.

Niebuhr predicted in 1932—with uncanny accuracy—that the "emancipation of the Negro race in America probably waits upon the adequate development of this kind of social and political strategy." In the 1950s and early 1960s the civil rights movement faced a racial division so deeply rooted in slavery and so powerfully reinforced by racist ideologies, by an elaborate structure of legal discrimination, and by popular prejudice that any peaceful solution appeared impossible, let alone a solution based on an appeal to morality. Yet it was precisely the movement's rejection of resentment that gave it a moral authority that proved irresistible.

The civil rights movement achieved this moral authority, moreover, without disowning the distinctive cultural heritage of American blacks or endorsing the fiction that Negroes are white men with black skin. The sense of themselves as a distinctive people had sustained American blacks against the demoralizing effects of slavery, segregation, and disenfranchisement; and the civil rights movement found a great deal of sustenance, much more than has usually been recognized, in this tradition of particularism and in the ideology of black nationalism. The movement's goal was justice, not cultural assimilation.

But the nationalist tradition did not prevent Martin Luther King from understanding that Southern blacks were not only uprooted Africans but Americans as well, and finally even Southerners, whose history was intertwined with that of their oppressors. Indeed, it was blacks' self-identification as Southerners that made it possible for King and his followers to contest the prevailing definition of Southern regional identity.



From City Paper, a Washington, D.C., weekly.

It would have been impossible for King to mount any moral attack on segregation if he had taken the position that black people, by virtue of their special history, had developed a special set of moral principles that whites could not appreciate; or that moral principles are a delusion, just another way of advancing group interests; or that morality is anything those in authority choose to call it—that morality issues from the barrel of a gun, in Chairman Mao's dubious aphorism.

A recognition of the cultural abyss that divided whites and blacks did not blind King to the common ground that alone made it possible to make a moral issue of segregation. To put it in Niebuhr's terms, King's rejection of resentment, his refusal to claim a privileged moral position for blacks as victims of injustice, was the only thing that enabled the civil rights movement to deflate the "moral conceit" of Southern segregationists.

King did not, of course, expect an appeal to moral principles to settle the issue. It was his understanding of the necessity of coercion that distinguished him from those who still hoped that a campaign of moral education would somehow persuade white Southerners to give up their racial privileges voluntarily. The genius of the civil rights movement lay in its insistence that a resort to coercion was by no means inconsistent with an appeal to moral principles that both sides in the conflict could be made to acknowledge.

This issue should not be conceived primarily in tactical or strategic terms. It was not the rejection of violence as such but the rejection of resentment, the refusal to claim exemption

from common moral standards on the grounds of victimization, that enabled the civil rights movement to speak from a position of overwhelming moral authority. On the other hand, it was the attempt to mobilize resentment in the name of black power that led to the rapid collapse of this authority in the late 1960s.

Where the civil rights movement condemned racism, black power condemned "white racism," thus implying either that only whites were guilty of racism or that black racism could be excused because black people had been subjected to "four centuries of oppression." Those who lived through the political excitements of the 1960s can easily remember how quickly the obligatory invocation of "four centuries of oppression" lost its capacity to provoke indignation, pity, or guilt. But it is perhaps more to the point to observe that emotions like indignation, pity, or white liberal guilt are unlikely to generate constructive political action in the first place.

Unfortunately, the moral collapse of the civil rights movement has not prevented others, notably the women's movement, from repeating its mistakes; that is, from claiming that a special history of victimization entitles them to reparations or justifies the very methods they condemn when their enemies use them. In the 1970s and 1980s, the art of political organization has more and more come to depend on the mobilization of resentment and the moral elevation of the victim. This is true not only of the left but also of the right, which encourages even "middle Americans" to consider themselves a victimized minority. The prevalence of this style goes a long way toward explaining the

steady deterioration of the political atmosphere in this country.

Clearly, we need a conception of politics that is neither communitarian nor individualistic, a conception best described as fraternal. Fraternity recognizes the boundary between the self and others. It does not try to annihilate the self in order to bring about a condition of universal brotherhood. But this doesn't rule out the hope of a common life. On the contrary, a politics based on fraternity is the only thing that makes a common life possible, because it creates the possibility of trust. The circumstances of our collective insecurity in the world make it necessary for us to trust those who cannot be subjected to our control, treated as instruments of our will, or brought into perfect agreement with our own views and purposes. If American politics today represents the mobilization of resentment, fraternity represents the mobilization of trust, conceived not as a favor we bestow on those whose purposes coincide with our own but as a necessity imposed on us by our common weakness.

[Workbook]

VIRGINITY REGAINED

From Sex Respect: The Option of True Sexual Freedom, by Coleen Kelly Mast, a "public health workbook" for junior and senior high-school students, published by Respect Inc., in Bradley, Illinois. The Department of Health and Human Services' Office of Adolescent Pregnancy Programs gave Mast a grant to implement her program in the schools. Sex Respect is designed to teach students that "true sexual freedom includes the freedom to say 'no' to sex outside of marriage."

FREE SEX: IS IT? OR ISN'T IT?

It's unhealthy to act on every sexual urge, but isn't it also unhealthy to ignore our sexual urges? Let's look at this question carefully. If by "ignore" we mean "pretend it isn't there," if we push sexual urges so far into our subconscious that the only way we can think about sex consciously is in a disguised and unrecognizable form, then we end up psychologically sick. (Psychologists call this sickness repression.) But if we recognize our sexual urges and then do something else with that energy, put it to good use ("sublimation"), what could be healthier?

Actually the desire for sex is often a disguised desire for acceptance, love, and security. When we feel these desires, we don't have to fulfill them in sexual intercourse. We can feel the same kind of love, acceptance, and security

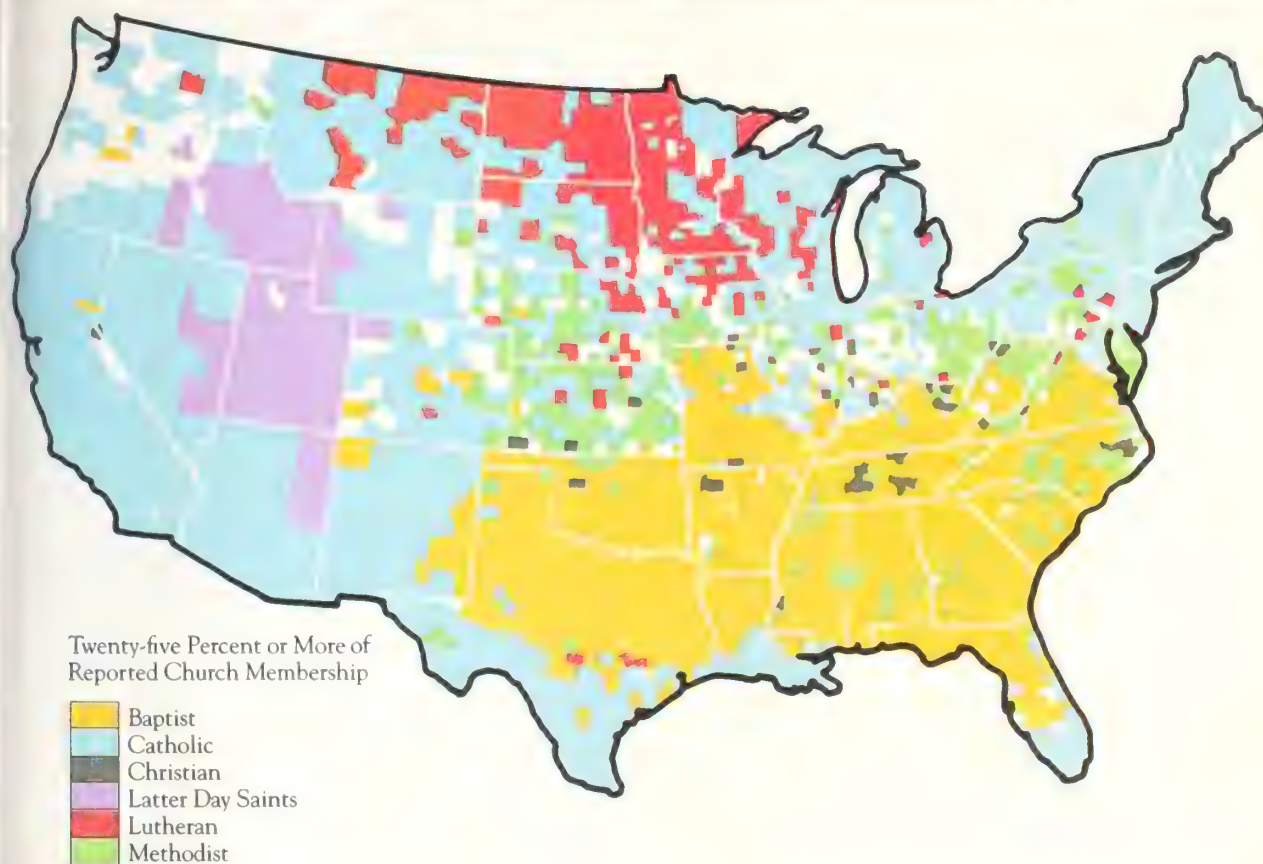
when we rechannel our energy to some other good purpose. We can ask our friend to play some tennis, to go for a walk downtown, or even to do some yard work for an elderly person in the neighborhood.

It takes practice to learn this kind of self-control, but we can. And the more self-control we have, the better we feel about ourselves. We won't be slaves to our feelings and impulses. We'll have more respect for ourselves and will probably earn more respect from others.

TEST TIME

1. Three of the following sometimes put pressure on teens to have sex. Which one does *not*?
 - a. desire for acceptance
 - b. balanced diet
 - c. curiosity
 - d. promiscuous role model
2. Petting is:
 - a. a safe alternative to "going all the way"
 - b. helpful in making good decisions about choosing a husband or wife
 - c. an activity that is acceptable for couples who have dated several times
 - d. a way to prepare the body for sexual intercourse
3. Which of these adjectives do *not* apply to sexual desire?
 - a. mysterious
 - b. powerful
 - c. uncontrollable
 - d. natural
4. Sexual desire is always much greater:
 - a. than the pleasure that comes from sex
 - b. when a person's diet contains rich foods
 - c. than sexual needs
 - d. when the weather is unusually warm
5. Which of the following would help teens resist pressure from the media to have sex?
 - a. doing your own homework
 - b. being more selective in the kinds of music you listen to
 - c. laughing loudly during the sexy parts of a movie
 - d. following the example of an attractive magazine model by wearing a revealing swimsuit
6. Taking drugs, drinking, and dating *don't* mix because:
 - a. it's too expensive to buy "thrills" for two
 - b. insurance companies won't insure teens who date

IBLE BELTS



This map, from *Churches and Church Membership in the United States*, published by the Glenmary Research Center in Atlanta, shows the predominant religious affiliation of Americans, by county. A denomination is considered predominant if its adherents outnumber all others and constitute at least one-quarter of all church members in a county. In 217 counties no one denomination accounts for more than a quarter of church membership. The "Christian" designation includes members of, among others, the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ) and Churches of Christ.

- c. drugs and alcohol hurt our ability to make good choices
- d. some teens don't know whether their dates will enjoy drugs or alcohol

STAYING COOL—IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

So far, there's been a lot of good news for virgins in this book. But some of you may be thinking that all this good news is *bad* news for you, because you've already been sexually involved with someone. What now? Everyone knows that you can't go back to holding hands once you've "gone all the way," right? But the fact is, you can still make choices about your sexual activity. You can choose to go on having sex before marriage, with all its risks, or you can choose to stop and gain sexual freedom. This

choice is called secondary virginity.

Secondary virginity is the decision to stop having sex until after marriage and the acting out of that decision. Any person who wants it can have it by:

- a. deciding to change
- b. detaching oneself from old habits and from people, places, and situations that weaken self-control
- c. developing new, nonphysical ways to share

So even though you may have lost your physical virginity, you can still return to the qualities of psychological virginity. Don't buy the myth that once you've "lost it" you can no longer control your sexual impulses. After all, if you gain ten pounds during Christmas break, it

SWORN ENEMIES OF THE IRS

From the Illegal Tax Protester Information Book, an internal study prepared in January 1980 by the IRS's Office of Intelligence. Below is a list of tax protest organizations "with a propensity toward violence."

American Heritage	Oklahoma
Aryan Nations	Utah, Idaho
Basic Bible Church	Wisconsin
Belanco Religious Order	Illinois, Wisconsin
Christian Liberty Academy	Wisconsin
Church of Jesus Christ Christian	Utah
Citizens for Constitutional Rights	Ohio
Citizens Tax Council	Idaho
Committee of Correspondence	Maryland
Constitutional Revival	Connecticut
Constitutional Rights Protection Association	Indiana
Farmers Liberation Army	Kansas
Freedom Church of Revelation	New Jersey
Freeman	Oregon
Freeman Township	North Dakota
Heritage Protection Association	Louisiana
Identity	Wisconsin
Identity Church	Texas
Identity Group	Oregon
Liberty Ministries & American Heritage Fellowship	Oklahoma
Liberty Township	Texas
Life Science Church	Wisconsin
Michigan Church of the Golden Rule	Michigan
Ministers of Death	Wisconsin
Minuteman	South Dakota
National Commodity & Barter Association	Michigan, Colorado
National Patriot Association	Arkansas
People's Defense Force	Oregon
Save America Gun Club	Illinois
Tax Protesters & Reform Movement	South Dakota
Tax Rebellion Committee of USA	California
The Committee of the States	California
The Covenant, the Sword, and the Arm of the Lord	Arkansas, Missouri
The Order	California
The Way International	Ohio
Township of Good Faith	Washington
United Patriots for Constitutional Action	Indiana
We the People	Michigan
Zarephath-Horeb	Missouri
Zion Township	Utah

doesn't mean you have to gain another ten during spring break. If you take money from someone else's locker, it doesn't mean you have to keep stealing money.

You can stop. It won't be easy, but neither is studying for a test instead of cheating, cooling off instead of punching someone, or telling the truth instead of lying when you're in a tight spot. It's not always easy to do the right thing; but it can make you feel a sense of self-confidence, self-worth, and self-control in a way nothing else can.

[Speech]

OPERATION SCARE- THE-PANTS-OFF-'EM

This speech was part of a program sponsored by the Tennessee Army National Guard to promote patriotism among high school students. The program consisted of an armed mock invasion of high schools throughout the state. While all the students in a school were assembled in an auditorium, a helicopter would land outside; soldiers dressed in battle fatigues would then enter the auditorium, firing blanks from their rifles. Once the "attack" was over, an officer would deliver this speech; afterward, guardsmen would pass out American flag decals and then chopper out. The Guard staged raids in eighteen schools before criticism forced the cancellation of the program.

This morning, shortly after dawn, as we lifted off from Eagle Support Base deep in our territory, we received orders directing us to this location. It seems that an airborne aggressor force had plans to attack this auditorium at 10:00 this morning. And I guess you heard what happened outside just a moment ago.

Guys and girls, this is just a scenario; it's not for real. The weapons are real, the uniforms are real, the helicopter is real, the soldiers are real; but the bullets are not real.

Had it not been for the sacrifices of your dads and granddads in years past, had they not been willing to lay down their plows and pick up their guns and go to war, America could be like many of our Third World nations today. Almost every continent has war. Almost every continent has anarchy. Almost every continent has people destroying governments. And when you destroy government, you're destroying people.

Thanks be to God for your dads and granddads! Today the ball is in your court. If you are not willing to lay down the plow, the shovel, the rake, and pick up the weapons of war and

defend these ideals . . . this American way of life . . . then in the future America may be like other nations in Central America, South America, the Orient, the Middle East, the Far East. We cannot let that happen in America!

But to prevent that from occurring, we need each one of you! We need the women as well as the men. They need to have this burning desire in their hearts to keep America free and brave, and keep it available for their children and their children's children. Without you, we are nothing. Without your sacrifices, without your planning, without your caring, America can and will fall. I'll guarantee it.

Nikita S. Khrushchev, the premier of Soviet Russia, said in 1965 while seated around a great conference table at the United Nations that Russia would bury America within ten years and never fire a shot. That we would bury ourselves from within. Yes, Nikita Khrushchev is dead now, and he was wrong! He was wrong because people like your dads and granddads cared. And because of people like you. You now care and you'll never let this happen.

No, communism will never take America. Never! The ball is in your court. You make the decision today. What you do today will last your lifetime. Please, make that decision. Carry that flag, carry that banner for America. Don't forget the blood that was shed, the stars and stripes of this great flag of ours today.

If you love America, if you truly love America and what you are doing in life today, when I say Hip, Hip, I want you to say Hooray! Let's hear three cheers for America! Hip, Hip, Hooray! Hip, Hip, Hooray! Hip, Hip, Hooray!

[Memorandum]

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN

From "Recruiting and Selection Standards," a memorandum distributed by the Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation to its divisional managers. The 1980 document, which includes sections on the interviewing, assessment, and hiring of women, has been introduced as an exhibit in a pending sex-discrimination suit filed by a Texas woman who was fired by the company after she became pregnant.

FEMALE APPLICANT PROFILE

The female sales rep we are looking for is not the stereotypical twenty-seven-year-old beautiful, blue-collar daughter of an electrician. She can be any age and from any background. We are only concerned that her *attitude* toward "work"—an attitude toward that combination of "job" and "career"—be such that she will be able and interested enough to function as an employee for approximately *five years*.

The hiring manager should not try to hire someone with the executive potential to become a president, a vice president, or a regional manager. In fact, a candidate who shows strong presidential potential at the entry level is not likely to last long enough to get the promotion.

Appearance: She's not "pretty," she's not sexy; she should be neat, clean, and without frills. She should have neither excessive jewelry nor long fingernails. Her clothes should be practi-

You're having a showdown with the Boss today. Be sure to include in your outfit:



matching tie and handkerchief.



deodorant shoeliners.



a second clip of ammunition.

From Processed World, a San Francisco quarterly of writing and art about the modern workplace.

cal, not high fashion. Her heels should be made for walking, not modeling. She should have the look of someone who might clean her bathroom or kitchen on her hands and knees. If you went to school together, she would be likable—a friend. She wouldn't look like someone who found new boyfriends in singles bars.

Education: She went to a state college, not a private university, and not recently. She probably had a part-time job. She probably didn't belong to a sorority. She was a C or a B student and had to work for it. Ideally, she prepared for a business career. If she had a car, it was practical; you could not even imagine her in a Corvette.

Personality: Conscientious, thorough, completes what she starts; persistent, down-to-earth, friendly, likable. She's also independent, competitive. Financial security would rank high on her value scale. She's not waiting to get married to solve her financial problems. Open and candid, often to her disadvantage. Strong sense of right and wrong.

Early work history: Her background before college should indicate a need to earn her own spending money: after-school jobs, summer jobs. Some of the jobs were probably boring, but they were the best she could get.

Family background: Blue-collar. Her father, and perhaps her mother, worked in and chose occupations that provided good, steady incomes.

Work history: No glamour jobs.

UNDERSTANDING WOMEN

1. God was a he. He created man (Adam) in his own image and likeness. He had only one child, a son, Jesus. No religion has a female leader or role model, except for saints; they all suffered greatly and died prematurely. It's the kind of thing that could give you an inferiority complex.

2. A married female has different and greater responsibilities than a married male. When a married male goes home after work, someone brings him things; a married female goes home and keeps working. In the traditional family, a married mother has greater home duties than a married father.

If a manager does not accommodate these differences, and if he demands extra effort and long hours from his sales reps, a married mother is statistically not likely to survive.

3. Females are statistically more honest and conscientious than males; if the workload is unrealistic, they are more inclined to quit rather than to cut corners or create phantom call reports. They don't like to b.s. or fake it. They're

more afraid of getting caught.

4. Women are more sensitive than men. They shame easier. They cry often.

5. Women don't trust "men."

6. Women are more loyal.

7. Women have more social problems that create business problems.

8. Women are more verbal and upfront.

9. Women are more passive, less assertive.

10. Women need praise; they respond to it.

11. Women are not as vulgar as men; they don't find vulgarity as amusing.

12. Women have a greater sense of what's "fair" and what's "not right."

13. Women are more afraid than men are: of fights, scenes, confrontations, physical danger, and men.

14. Women are more affectionate.

15. Women become humiliated and mortified. Men become pissed off.

16. Lack of rapport, disagreements with superiors, and dislike of direct superiors are less problematic to men than to women.

17. Women are more easily hurt by criticism.

18. Women are more interested in supporting and helping each other than men are.

[Baedeker]

CLUBS FED: A GUIDE

From "The Right Jails," a guide to the "most civilized" minimum-security federal prisons, in the February issue of *M: The Civilized Man*.

★★★★ALLENWOOD

Located on 4,000 scenic acres in the Appalachians of central Pennsylvania, Allenwood's red-brick colonial buildings and unfenced perimeter give it the look of a well-tended state, but not Ivy League, college campus.

Accommodations: Superior. Each inmate has a private cubicle in a dormitory, furnished with a single bed, a desk, and a chair. No carpeting, but the closets lock. One TV per dorm, no VCR, but there is a music listening room with a stereo and a music practice room.

Cuisine: "Excellent," according to Jim Youngman, Allenwood spokesman. Variety of choices at every meal, salad and fruit bar at lunch and dinner, kosher and vegetarian meals.

Recreation: Deluxe. The gym offers indoor soccer, racquetball, volleyball, and basketball. There are clay and asphalt tennis courts (unlit, though) as well as facilities for bocce ball, shuffleboard, and softball and a two-mile jogging trail. Also available regularly: first-run movies,

A POWER IN THE LAND.

By Bob Bergland

Light and power have brought a bright new hope to the land beyond the towns.

While farm life is even tougher than usual in some areas, much of the countryside is blooming with opportunity.

Some early on sensed the guiding spirit behind this progress. More than 30 years ago, when the rural electrification program was just 20 years old, The Very Reverend Francis Sayre, then Dean of The Washington Cathedral, said at a rural electric cooperative annual meeting in southeastern Virginia:

"Let there be light—not only in the houses where people live, but in their hearts as well." ■■■

With those elegant words, he captured for all time, for millions of people, the essence of the rural electrification program. For them, these 1,000 locally owned cooperatives and power districts are far more than just electric utilities. They are trusted, proud, member-controlled organizations spearheading the drive to modernize the rural economy.

This is not just talk. In hundreds of rural areas, the electric cooperative is the only very professional, high-tech entity with the dedication and resources to lead rural development.

They are indeed a power in the land—a genuine American success story. First, with the help of government loans, they accomplished the seemingly impossible job of electrifying the sparsely settled American countryside. Even now they serve an average of only five families per mile of line. Then, as power brought progress, they made enormous investments in generating plants and the heavier lines needed to meet fast growing power needs.

They invented new business structures and developed or attracted top-flight management and technical teams.

They joined together in state, regional and national associations to multiply their strength so that 25 million people could speak with one voice. They learned to make themselves heard. ■■■

People from all areas of the country, of all political persuasion, all colors, found themselves caught up in this concept of cooperation. It became a cause and a vehicle to the future.

Today, the rural electrics have adapted to changing times, needs and environments. They are playing key roles in shaping the future. They know that the rural America they serve, and the electric power

industry, have shifting bases.

People in rural America daily experience the uncertainties of being "at the end of the line." Their active participation in electric co-ops and power districts helps them assure that their interests, and the interests of rural economic development, are protected and advanced. And they have faith in the federal partnership which has made it all possible.

Today, the light of hope is there, in their hearts as well as their houses. For them, it's a hope that burns brightly.

BUILDING COOPERATION. A Power In The Land.



Bob Bergland,
former U.S.
Secretary of
Agriculture,
is Executive
Vice President
of the National
Rural Electric
Cooperative
Association

America's consumer-owned rural electric systems

For further information contact:

NRECA

1800 Massachusetts Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
Telephone (202) 857-9540

inmate theatricals, and concerts by touring musical groups, from classical to rock.

Work: Could be worse. Inmates do a standard forty-hour week in the furniture factory, which produces executive desks in black walnut and light oak. The desks are of such quality that only government officials of GS-15 rank or higher may have one.

[Court Transcript]

SUPREME COURT MATERIAL

From the December 1986 issue of the Champion, the journal of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers. Each month, the Champion publishes a column by Charles M. Sevilla, "Great Moments in Courtroom History," from which the following exchange between a judge and an arresting officer was excerpted. The judge is attempting to ascertain whether a statement made by the defendant was voluntary.

JUDGE: Mr. G. cooperated with you in every way?

OFFICER: Very cooperative.

JUDGE: And you had your gun out during this entire period?

OFFICER: That is correct, sir.

JUDGE: Where was the gun pointed, sir—at his stomach, midsection, head?

OFFICER: It was nestled right down the back of his neck.

JUDGE: Did you say anything to Mr. G., by the way, sir, concerning what would happen if he tried to move or get away?

OFFICER: I said I would blow his head off.

JUDGE: It was during this time, when Mr. G. had that .38 special cradled on the back of his neck, that you told him his rights under *Miranda*? Is that correct?

OFFICER: Yes, sir.

THE JUDGE'S RULING: I think it is a very unusual circumstance to have a gun pointed at the back of someone's head during the course of statement. No question . . . that it raises a substantial question as to whether any statement was voluntary; however . . . I think the officer acted reasonably under the circumstances. . . . The defendant could just as well have said, "I have nothing to say," and that would have been the end of it. . . . So I would not find the statement involuntary, even though a gun was pointed at the back of the defendant's head.

Ambience and amenities: Accommodates 900. Favored by political types (G. Gordon Liddy, ex-Senator Harrison Williams, ex-Representative Fred Richmond) as well as literati (Clifford Irving) and assorted businessmen. Allenwood has a 5,000-volume library and a full law library. The *Wall Street Journal*, *Business Week*, *U.S. News & World Report*, and many other publications are available. Inmates may also subscribe to any magazines they like. Eight computers are available. "I played tennis, worked out, lost twenty pounds . . . it was the best nine months of my life," says one former inmate.

★★★LEXINGTON

Set in 450 acres of rolling Kentucky bluegrass country, with horse farms round-about, Lexington is the largest of the Club Feds, accommodating 1,700 inmates, 35 percent of whom are women. Segregated living quarters, but everything else is coed.

Accommodations: Good. No bars, no cells. Two inmates in a room, some of which have private bathrooms.

Cuisine: Good. Special diets for those with health problems, as well as kosher and vegetarian meals.

Recreation: Superior. Lexington has a quarter-mile track, an eighteen-hole miniature golf course, two handball and racquetball courts, three tennis courts (two asphalt, one clay, no lighting), a softball field, and a football field. Indoors, there is a weight-lifting area, basketball courts, and a billiards room. There is also a 1,000-seat auditorium featuring first-run films, prison amateur nights, and local musicians.

Work: Average. The standard forty-hour week on assembly line jobs, such as making boxer shorts for the Army.

Ambience and amenities: Great health care, with a ninety-bed hospital specializing in chronic and geriatric care. Six full-time doctors, ten assistants, and twenty-six nurses. Computer access and library facilities more limited than Allenwood, and the sports facilities can get crowded. Also, most of the inmates are in for drug offenses.

★★EGLIN

A spartan place set on sixteen acres in north-central Florida, Eglin's reputation as a country club is almost entirely due to the area's fine weather. The average annual temperature is about sixty degrees.

Accommodations: Adequate. Cubicles in dormitories, but shared by two men.

Cuisine: First-rate. Home-baked pies, cakes, puddings, breads, and muffins. "Because the kitchen staff here is so talented, the meals are

TAKE ANY 3 FOR \$1.00 EACH

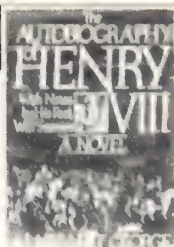
(with Trial Membership)

† price is publishers' list.

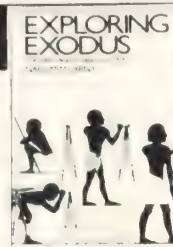
‡ price shows Members' Price.

EMPIRES AND THEIR LEGACIES

1. **The Riddle Of The Dinosaur**, by John N. Merriam. Rise and fall of the most extraordinary animals to walk the earth. \$22.95 **\$16.50**
2. **Our Tempestuous Day: A History of Twentieth Century England**, by Carolyn Erickson. Turbulent yet tragic age vividly portrayed. \$18.95 **\$15.50**
3. **The Washing of the Spears: The Rise and Fall of the Zulu Nation**, by Donald Morris. Tribal life in decline. \$21.95 **\$15.50**



3509. \$19.95 **\$15.95**



2246. \$17.95 **\$15.50**



A3475. \$49.95 **\$32.95**

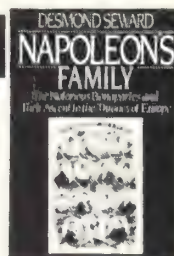
THE FATAL SHORE

ROBERT HUGHES

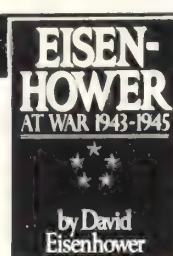
3178. \$24.95 **\$17.50**

TATESMEN, GENERALS & THE RULING CLASS

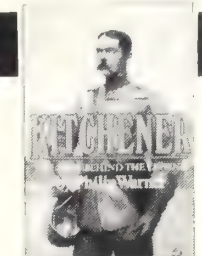
1. **Eleanor Of Aquitaine And The Four Kings**, by Mary Kelly. A ruler with great depth and strength of character. \$20.00 **\$14.50**
2. **William Marshal: The Flower of Chivalry**, by Thomas Hughes. The French master chronicles one of the Plantagenets. \$15.95 **\$12.95**
3. **The Affair: The Case of Alfred Dreyfus**, by Denis Bredin. A superb rendition of the notorious French trial. \$24.95 **\$17.95**
4. **The Discovery Of King Arthur**, by Geoffrey Ashe. Extracts fact from legend in search of the real and future king. \$18.95 **\$14.95**



1222. \$16.95 **\$13.95**



1917. \$29.95 **\$22.50**



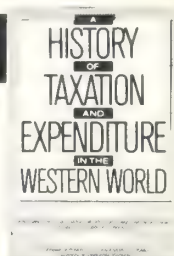
2089. \$15.95 **\$12.95**



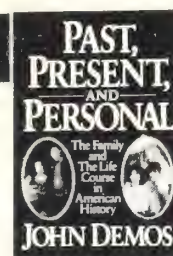
3244. \$29.95 **\$19.95**

TIMELESS ISSUES, ENDURING IDEAS

1. **The Bible As History, 2nd Revised Ed.**, by John H. Walton. Archaeology and science document biblical history. \$14.95 **\$10.95**
2. **The Perspective Of The World: 15th-18th Century (Civilization and Capitalism, Vol. III)**, by Fernand Braudel. \$35.00 **\$18.50**
3. **World Religions: From Ancient History To The Present**, ed. by Geoffrey Parrinder. Over 100 illustrations. \$29.95 **\$16.95**



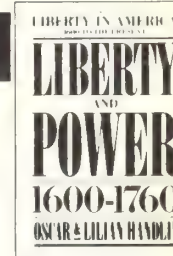
3129. \$24.95 **\$16.95**



3301. \$17.95 **\$14.95**



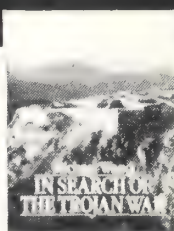
8540. \$19.95 **\$14.95**



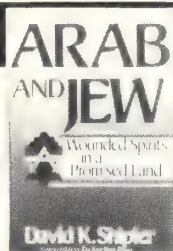
3285. \$16.95 **\$13.95**

THE WARRING WORLD

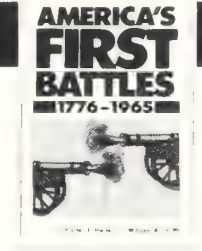
1. **The Zimmermann Telegram**, by Barbara H. Stein. The critically acclaimed tale of war, espionage and diplomacy. \$14.95 **\$12.95**
2. **The Holocaust: A History Of The Jews Of Europe During The Second World War**, by Yehuda Bauer. A powerful testimony. \$24.95 **\$17.50**
3. **Acts Of War: The Behavior Of Men In Battle**, by Richard Holmes. The emotional impact of soldiering on the firing line. \$19.95 **\$14.95**



4879. \$22.95 **\$16.95**



2402. \$22.50 **\$17.50**



3657. \$29.95 **\$19.95**



5181. \$29.95 **\$19.95**

Save on the best recent history titles. Including this Introductory Offer, you can save more than 30% during your initial Trial Membership, on some of the best history books being published today. Our list covers a wide variety of topics, such as American personalities, Civil War, European history, science and religious thought.

We don't sacrifice quality. The History Book Club always offers its members quality publishers' editions, never "economy" reprints. All our books are available to members at truly substantial savings.

Choose any 3 for \$1.00 each. Simply select any three books shown on this page - for just \$1.00 each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Every month you will be able to choose additional selections from the 150-200 books described in the Club's magazine. You need take only four more selections during the next two years, always at the low Members' Price. Once you have completed your initial membership, you can qualify for additional savings through Bonus Books that you can select from our entire list at an average savings of 60% off publishers' list prices.

How the Club works. Approximately every four weeks (14 times a year), you will receive our Review and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, nothing - the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.



THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB, DEPT. N,

40 Guernsey Street, Box 790, Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill those on the left at \$1.00 each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage and packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years, not including my choices above. I can cancel my membership anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments. HV0109SP

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada: Mail to U.S. Address

quite exceptional. I eat there every day," says warden Mike Cooksey.

Recreation: Poor. There is no gym, and the only outdoor facilities are four multi-purpose surfaces for basketball or tennis and an open field for scratch games of soccer, football, and softball. A skimpy library; only one computer with limited software.

Work: Depressing. Inmates work either at Eglin Air Force base or on maintenance in the prison grounds, at eleven to thirty-eight cents an hour. "Our grounds and building are kept immaculate," says Cooksey. "Everything at Eglin is cut, cleaned, and polished. There are severe

penalties for prisoners who are unsanitary."

Ambience and amenities: A bleak place as country club jails go, and the majority of inmates are drug offenders. "But our next big group is from banking establishments such as Merrill Lynch. After that, we have a great many attorneys," beams Cooksey. "Just the other day I was looking out my window and there was an ex-congressman mowing my lawn!"

★★FORT WORTH

Just eight miles from downtown, Fort Worth is set on 180 acres of unremarkable Texas grassland, surrounded by a fence. It gets hot down there.

Accommodations: Declining. The 880 inmates (400 of whom are women) are housed in five dormitory units, with single, lockable rooms. But many prisoners have to double up, and the bathroom situation is dreadful: two large communal bathrooms per dorm.

Cuisine: Standard institutional fare, none of that good Texas barbecue.

Recreation: Limited. A gym and two softball fields, one of which has night lighting. No tennis courts at all.

Work: Better paid than at most of the Club Feds—thirty-eight cents to \$1.10 an hour in the print shop or in data processing.

Ambience and amenities: There is a library and a law library, and inmates can take correspondence courses. Some training in computers is available, though software is very limited. Inmates can get business magazines. Each inmate gets six changes of clothing. But all in all, a pretty severe place. "We don't believe in a lot of amenities," snaps Fort Worth spokeswoman Charlotte Barron. "We believe inmates should come here, do their time, and leave."

★MAXWELL

This is as rough as it gets on the country club circuit, though the prison's three acres on Maxwell Air Force base in Alabama are certainly a lot better than San Quentin.

Accommodations: Cramped. Designed for 250 inmates, the Maxwell dorms hold 510, with two inmates sharing each eight-by-eight cubicle.

Cuisine: Basic, basic, basic. No special diets at all.

Recreation: Not bad, but too crowded. There are billiard tables and a weight-lifting area indoors. Outside, there's a softball field and an asphalt tennis court.

Work: Maintenance of the roads and grounds at the prison and the Air Force base. Wages are low: eleven to thirty-eight cents an hour.

Ambience and amenities: For a country club, Maxwell seems remarkably like *Cool Hand Luke*

[List]

THIS JUST IN

From "What the Smithsonian Museums Collected in 1986," a news release issued in January by the Smithsonian Institution. According to the release, the Smithsonian added approximately 942,000 items to the collections of its fourteen museums.

300 hand-held calculators
pieces of the Brooklyn Bridge
4,000 specimens of algae from Florida and the Bahamas
a full-length oil painting of President Carter
a MIG-25
Dizzy Gillespie's King Silver Flair Trumpet
10,000 Scandinavian moths and butterflies
two flight jackets owned by Chuck Yeager
a linen napkin, circa 1905
vaudeville costumes worn by Bessie Bonehill, a male impersonator, in the 1890s
the personal papers of Alberto Vargas, a *Playboy* illustrator
President Harding's top hat
door from The Famous Door, a New York City jazz club
a Kodak Brownie camera used to photograph survivors of the *Titanic*
a child's embroidered sailor suit, circa 1880
360 stereo phonograph records, circa 1960
the bubble-shaped isolation unit used by "David," a boy born with no immune system
a white and silver brocade gown worn by Kate Smith
archives of the Canal Zone Postal Administration

or any other Southern chain-gang movie you ever saw. The library is small, and you can borrow only two or three books at a time, which is too bad because there is no mandatory lights-out at night.

[Short Story]

A DEATH IN PALESTINE

From "The Day Ibrahim Al-Aqra Was Killed," by Akram Hanniya, in the October issue of Index on Censorship. Until recently, Hanniya lived in the West Bank and edited the East Jerusalem Arabic daily Asshaab. Last year Israel declared him a security threat because of his alleged ties to the PLO, and in December he was deported. This story, translated by Shirley Eber, is based on a real event. On May 2, 1983, Ibrahim Al-Aqra, a resident of Bidia, a village in the Nablus region of the West Bank, was shot and killed by Israeli soldiers when he tried to keep settlers' bulldozers off his land.

That day, I woke late. I drank a cup of coffee, listened to the news summary, and went down into the street. It was hot and the streets were somewhat crowded. I made my way to the taxis bound for Jerusalem.

That day, children in a kindergarten bus shouted "Palestine is Arab" and gave the "V" sign when passing near a border guard patrol. A woman carrying a basket of thyme and sage searched for a place at the Damascus Gate to display her wares, looking around in fear of the municipal inspectors. A prominent money changer in Nablus informed a number of money changers in towns in the West Bank of the rise in the price of the Jordanian dinar. A girl woke, looked around her, and inquired after her brother, who slept in the same room. Her mother said sadly: "They took him away."

I got out of the taxi in Al-Musrara, stopped in front of a newspaper seller, glanced at the headlines, exchanged a few words, and moved on. There were a number of tourists in the street taking photographs of the women selling vegetables and of shops and landmarks. I reached Salah Eddin Street. One of my colleagues met me. He immediately began: "Have you heard? Someone was killed in Bidia when they tried to confiscate his land." I stopped still.

That day, thousands of young people began a new journey in search of work. A taxi driver told his passengers that the fare had gone up due to the rise in the cost of fuel, and when a young man protested that the government had fixed

prices, the driver said: "Go and ride with the government!" A committee decided to form a cooperative to cultivate land on a barren mountain. Two young people gazed in pride at a wall on which they'd written at night "Down with the Occupation!"—looked around, fearful that the smiles of pride which they could not hide would give them away.

With the colleague who had told me the news, I went to a nearby café. We ordered two cups of coffee. My thoughts wandered to Bidia: Confiscation of land . . . did I know the man who had been killed that morning? I may have met him once in the office of a lawyer friend in Nablus. There was a group from one of the villages. The lawyer asked them: "Do you have land registration papers?" One of them answered: "We've been on the land since before land registration was invented." His words were as sharp as the lines on his face, which was en-

[Photograph]

HEADGEAR I



From The Japanese Tattoo, a collection of photographs by Sandi Fellman, published by Abbeville Press. This photo shows the skull of Horikin, one of Japan's best known practitioners of irezumi (tattooing). He is the second man in Japanese history to have his head tattooed. Fellman's photographs, which were made with a large-format Polaroid camera, were exhibited last winter at New York's Witkin Gallery.

graved with anger and agitation. He looked almost seventy years old and his eyes flashed enigmatically as he leaned on the stick he carried, holding in his other hand a cigarette, the smoke of which he exhaled in a thin line. Could it be him?

That morning, a new shop opened for selling and renting out videotapes, next door to the new money changer. A young man left prison after doing ten years and threw himself into the arms of his mother, waiting for him at the gates. A boy carried a collection of poetry and anxiously went to a publishing house. The members of a theater group began doing the rounds to sell tickets for a new play. An old woman went to a scribe's office to ask him to fill in an application form for a permit for her son and his family to visit the West Bank.

My lawyer friend must have spoken to me about him. The last time we met, he told me about the problem of landowners in a village near Nablus and of his amazement at an old man who came to his office almost daily to ask him what to do, to tell him of the activities of the Israeli companies that wanted to confiscate the land. He may have been the same person who had been killed that day in Bidia. I drank the rest of my coffee and headed for the newspaper office.

That morning, a woman listened to the ten o'clock news on Radio Amman to find out if one of her relatives in exile had died the previous day. A husband told his wife that it was time to have a second child and she blushed and began to prepare for the night. A garbage collector counted the number of beer cans in the rubbish bin of one family. A farmer went to work on his land and found that settlers had confiscated it. A young man decided that he had no future in this country and told the taxi driver on the way to Jerusalem: "Let me off at the American consulate."

In the office I followed up on the news. The man had been killed by bullets of the Israeli border guards as he tried to prevent the Israeli settlers' bulldozers from working on his land. The last scene of Yusef Shahin's film *The Land* immediately sprang into my mind, where mounted soldiers drag Mohamed Abou-Salim from his land as he clings to the cotton planted on his soil.

One of our correspondents called and told me that the name of the man was Ibrahim Al-Aqra. I asked him to get a picture of him from his family and some information about him. His age. His children. And details of the matter of his land. When I hung up, I felt depressed. Then I told myself that this profession deadens many feelings and started to think again about Ibrahim Al-Aqra. I wondered what he was feeling at

the very moment he set out to prevent the bulldozers, which the soldiers were protecting, from working on his land. He must have felt that the bulldozers, as he followed their monstrous dismemberment of the soil, were tearing him apart. An enormous well of memories and small, intimate details must have been destroyed. He must have felt that he was losing all justification for his existence. Perhaps he carried no stone or stick in his hand as he advanced toward the bulldozers and the soldiers, but went to stop them with his body alone.

That morning, a field in a village died of neglect. Patrol soldiers of the Israeli army stopped a boy in a street in a town and beat him brutally. An artist put the final touches to a painting and began searching for a name for it. A young man awoke in a room in a Jerusalem hotel and looked at the naked white body of the American tourist with whom he had spent the night, woke her up, and told her they had to leave quickly. A person told a friend of his that the dowry asked from him by the father of the girl he wanted to marry was very high and that it was better to cancel the engagement.

A long time passed before there was any new information about what had happened in Bidia. Israel Radio, in all its languages, gave no clear details. The correspondent for the Nablus area promised to send me a full report in the evening with the pictures I wanted and asked me to increase the number of the newspapers sent to him the next day. I took my pen and placed a sheet of paper in front of me in order to write an editorial on the killing of Ibrahim Al-Aqra.

On the paper I wrote the title: Martyr of the Land. Feeling that I was about to write a fervent emotional address, I tore up the paper and threw it in the wastepaper basket. On another sheet I wrote: Day of Killing in Bidia. I thought: the censor will strike that out. I decided to start writing the article first and then put a title to it. The face of Ibrahim Al-Aqra as I imagined him appeared before me. I felt as though the color of the ink in my pen had turned to red and that blood covered the paper. I tried time after time to write one complete sentence. But I failed. My pen betrayed me. I flung it away, apologized to my colleagues, and left the office.

That day, a child uttered his first word and his mother's face beamed. A woman in a village finished embroidering a new dress and showed it proudly to her neighbor. A young man revealed his love to a young girl and she blushed. A flower opened in a flowerpot in the house of a young married couple. A girl clutched to her chest a school bag containing a flag she'd spent the whole night sewing to hang in a show in her school. A woman told her husband, smiling, that she believed they would be blessed with a

child in a few months. A university student began his fieldwork in research into popular sayings in a village. A prisoner underwent torture and resolved to confess nothing. And Ibrahim Al-Aqra was killed. I failed to write an article. And a child threw a stone at an Israeli military patrol and turned and ran. And disappeared in the alleyways of the refugee camp.

[Narrative Poem]

CUSTER DREAMS 'THE TONIGHT SHOW'

From We Need to Dream All This Again, by Bernard Pomerance, to be published in May by Viking. Pomerance's book is an account in prose and verse of the government's war with the Indians for the Black Hills. Pomerance won a Tony award for his play The Elephant Man.

Eastward, dreaming,
Custer
not liking dance shows
in a foreign tongue
—Paba Sapa—cha cha cha—
irritable
flicks channels—cha—
hoping for some midnight porn.

Catches General Terry
his commander telling Johnny Carson:

"Johnny, treaties or no treaties
we just can't keep goldminers out.
It isn't fair. The Black Hills
are simply veined with it."

Johnny's sidekick Ed McMahon:

"Gold, General? My goodness. Really?"

"That's right, Ed, gold; and we
tried negotiations; we tried to buy
those hills. Well basically
the Sioux refused... now if we can't
establish forts nearby to protect
our miners—who are men like you and me —
the Indians are going to sit on all
that wealth and—who knows—pray to it."

Ed McMahon:

"Pray? My goodness, really? Do they...?"

Johnny:

"Of course—" quick, sly, "Ed would
know nothing about praying to gold."

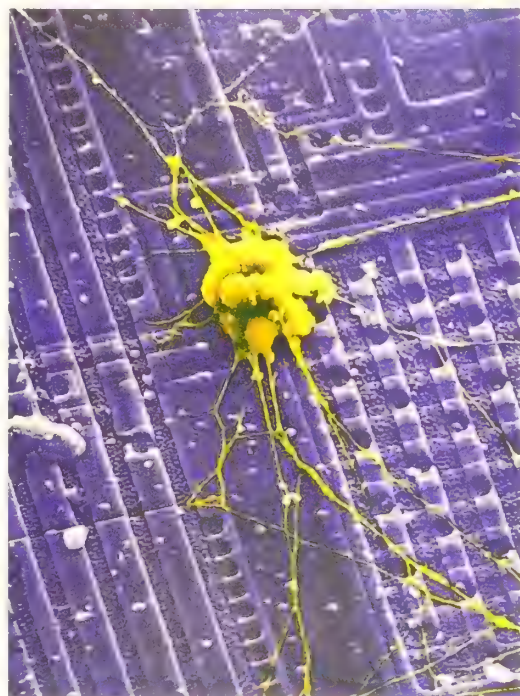
The audience roars, Ed applauds,
Johnny cocks head, grins,
breaks for a commercial.

Custer snorts: if they can't establish forts,
no kickbacks from the trading posts
to bring soldiers in on payday.
And a gentleman has expenses
after all. Ergo, civilization equals forts...

General Terry drones.
Manifest Destiny
worms out his throat
dances briefly for the folks
becomes a TV personality.
"Treaties or no treaties..."
and "must have the Black Hills..."
and "sacrifices to be made..."
Custer, bored
flicks channels, finds Dreams Express,
his porn. Now dreams all
action without meaning

[Photograph]

HEADGEAR II



From IEEE ElectroTechnology Review 1986, an annual published by the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers. This is an image, enlarged 500 times, of brain cells on a silicon chip. The cells were grown in a tissue culture on the chip and then photographed through a scanning electron microscope by Toronto Western Hospital researchers Judy Trogadis and John K. Stevens. The photograph has been colored to enhance contrast.

his steed plunging
on the Greasy Grass
he hurls rivals off his Rosebud
both Crazy Horse and Sitting B.,
and seizes
and squeezes with both hands
and fastens on with eager lips
great mountains like big tits
Grand Tetons!
and dreams, universally
he thinks—
of glory, gold and being adored
despite a certain lack of
morals.

Some dreams, so strong
you must die to wake
from them.

Just so, the homicidal Longhair's.

[Essay]

A NATURALIST'S GUIDE TO PRIME TIME

From The Untamed Garden and Other Personal Essays, by David Rains Wallace, published by Ohio State University Press. Wallace received the John Burroughs Medal for Nature Writing.

I can't get over a certain uneasiness at being bylined as "The Naturalist." There's something of the eighteenth century about "naturalist" that cuts it off from the nine-to-five world of jobs and professions. People tend to associate it with a romantic, preindustrial concept of Nature. Sometimes I feel embarrassed to be living in the twentieth century at all, as when friends or acquaintances are surprised or disappointed at finding me doing something "unnatural" like reading a murder mystery or living in Oakland.

All of this is by way of rationalization for writing about one of my favorite unnatural phenomena—television. As Chance the gardener says in *Being There*: "I like to watch." It's not that I'm a fiend. My case is fairly normal, even abstemious. My father insisted he was "waiting for color" until I was ten, so I arrived fairly late at close symbiosis with *Ozzie and Harriet*, *Wonderful World of Disney*, and *Father Knows Best*, and it was not too long before puberty drove me back into the real world. Since then, long periods of abstinence have alternated with mild addiction whenever there was a tube within reach.

One of the things that make television interesting to me from a natural-history viewpoint is the odd ecosystem that television as a whole has

created. It is a kind of "global village" ecosystem in which biogeographical variations of flora and fauna constantly are being scrambled and rearranged through the ignorance or indifference of technicians. When the medium is the message, the real communicators are not people like Perkins or Cousteau but the editors, scriptwriters, and producers who control the medium. This can result in ecological incongruities that do strange things to the plots of network programs.

To give one example, there was an episode of *The Waltons* wherein John Boy and his pa go to visit hillbilly relatives deep in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and find the hillbillies' mountain cabin in a typical California forest of ponderosa pine and manzanita. This environment certainly would have taken Appalachian hill people of the pre-television 1930s by surprise, and it made the relatives' fierce love of their native hills, around which the episode was built, seem even less convincing than most television clichés. In television's cosmopolitan ecosystem, though, a hill is a hill regardless of whether it grows California ponderosa pines or Appalachian tulip trees. Since California's hills are a convenient distance from the Hollywood studios, a kind of ecological imperialism has taken place, with southern California species marching out to conquer the entire televised world—even outer space.

The wren tit is one of the more flagrant ecological imperialists, although one would hardly suspect this from seeing it in the wild. It is a medium-sized grayish-brown songbird that hops about in coastal scrub or chaparral, often with its tail sticking straight up in the air, which is how it gets the "wren" part of its name. The "tit" part comes not from any improper innuendo but from its habit of hanging upside-down to forage for insects or fruits in the manner of bush tits, tiny grayish birds that also inhabit brushy places. The wren tit has a name stuck together from other birds' names because it is an anomalous species without close relatives in North America, and because it is so drab and inconspicuous in its native West Coast habitat that not enough people are familiar with it for a common name to have evolved. It seems an unlikely candidate for world conquest.

If one turns on a television set, however, one is likely to hear the wren tit's easily recognizable "Yip! Yip! Yip! Y-r-r-r-r!" call anywhere from the Rockies to the Himalayas; and I seem to remember birdcalls vaguely like the wren tit's in the hills of Mongo, Merciless Ming's predatory planet in the old Flash Gordon serials. The wren tit has attained this international and possibly interplanetary status simply by singing all year (unlike most birds, which sing mainly during mating season), so that whenever camera

[Radiograph]

BLOSSOM SHADOWS



From a portfolio of X-ray photographs taken by Albert G. Richards, in the October 1986 Smithsonian. At left is a cyclamen, and at right a fuchsia. Until his retirement, Richards taught radiography to dental students at the University of Michigan. He has made 2,000 X-rays of plants over the past twenty-five years.

crews shoot outdoors in the Hollywood hills, they accidentally pick up wren tit songs as background noise. The fact that such songs are ecologically inappropriate to the Khyber Pass, Scottish Highlands, or other exotic locales is not pertinent to a sound editor. In the global village, a birdcall is a birdcall.

Another incongruous birdcall is used quite deliberately, on the other hand: that of a peculiar Australian kingfisher called the kookaburra, or laughing jackass. The kookaburra is peculiar because it hunts on land instead of in rivers like most kingfishers, and because of its outlandish-sounding call. The kookaburra's call is so weird, in fact, that it has been dubbed into just about every jungle film ever made in Hollywood as an obligatory and by now traditional background noise to the sweaty mumblings of jungle explorers lying in their tents at night, apprehensive of restless natives. Anyone who has watched *Tarzan of the Apes*, *Sheena*, *Ramar of the Jungle*, or anybody else of the jungle will recognize the hoot and cackle of the kookaburra's call, which

sounds just like its name. Again, the fact that the kookaburra is a daytime bird not found in the jungles of Africa, Asia, or South America is irrelevant to the conventions of television ecology. And so the jungle becomes associated in the minds of millions with a bird that catches lizards and small marsupials in sunny eucalyptus woodlands.

Birds aren't the only wildlife of the global village, of course. The Pacific tree frog's shrill "creak-it, creak-it" call is perhaps just as far-flung in the televised universe as the wren tit's, although it's not used as background noise for such a wide range of locations. Television associates frog calls mostly with steamy summer swamps, although the Pacific tree frog does most of its calling in the winter rainy season. The "treet-treet-treet" call of the house cricket is a more appropriate background for summer nights, since it is not confined to the West Coast like the Pacific tree frog. It and its generic relatives are found just about worldwide, in fact, which makes them seem very contemporary

and media-oriented, although their worldwide distribution is actually an indication of great evolutionary antiquity, crickets having existed in much their present form before the continents drifted apart into their present scattered locations.

I could close this essay with some mournful words about television being prophetic of a new, ecologically impoverished world of modern technology—a world in which wildlife will be as scanty and random as it is on *Charlie's Angels*. The antiquity of the house cricket probably argues against such a conclusion, though. The cricket has sung cheerfully through the demise of dinosaurs and woolly mammoths, and I see no reason why it shouldn't continue when the last television aerial is buried under 500 feet of sedimentary rock. The world has been ecologically impoverished a number of times before, but not so much through the disappearance of small, lowly things such as crickets, frogs, and songbirds as through that of large, dominant things such as dinosaurs, mammoths, and media technicians. An ecosystem as simpli-

fied and random as what we see on the networks would easily be stressed to the breaking point. Moreover, it would in all likelihood not be an ecosystem capable of producing something so rich and intricate as a television set.

[Short Story]

CITY SUNDAYS

By Coleman Dowell. From *The Houses of Children*, a collection of his stories published last month by Weidenfeld & Nicolson. Dowell, who was born in Adairville, Kentucky, in 1925, died in New York City in 1985. "City Sundays" originally appeared in the quarterly *Conjunctions*.

Third Avenue looked clean as though somebody had washed all the storefronts and windows and scrubbed down the gutters in the night. Well, he said, this is preposterous, and examined the miracle and saw that the cleanliness came from the light, which told him that it had to be, definitely, a satisfactory day. He breathed with some lessening of caution. Generally, as any New Yorker could tell you, Sunday mornings tended anyhow to look cleaner than other days because of a dearth of traffic, vehicular and human, and as this was an early Sunday morning with decent air, the combination of light and space put the shabbiness into a lower-than-usual profile.

In part, his days were spent assessing such phenomena, and in New York there were a lot of them: abrupt light changes, atmospheric shifts, both physical and psychical, and sometimes tremendous emotional effluences that affected blocks of people at a time, causing them to walk faster so that they looked like characters in a speeded-up film. The sense of well-being that could cause people to stroll and look really casual seemed to be confined to warm afternoons of brilliant sun, and these were rare in eastern American cities he had visited.

He looked in windows at the junk: moldy furs, sagging rattan, tables and chairs that were as dejected, probably, as the people who had discarded them or had had to sell them for a few cents. An ornate birdcage in mint condition looked like a biological sport in a degenerate family, the bright one who was also compulsively clean.

Next door to the antique shop he saw a sign: Duck eggs, Irish bacon, and sausage. He passed the shop, then backed up. It seemed like a good place to begin. As usual, the impulse came as a surprise.

[Poem]

POLITICAL SONG

By William Logan, in the Winter 1987 issue of *Grand Street*. Logan's most recent volume of poetry is *Difficulty*, published by David R. Godine.

Ready as weeds, corruption conspires
to catch us halfway between hall and stair
where smug little promises follow like choirs
and odors of compromise perfume the air.

Already tomorrow arrives like a truck
whose tires are flat, whose fuel pump is shot.
We're calling pure women without any luck;
we're stuck with the stock fund we shouldn't
have bought.

October will blacken, November will crow,
leaving our mobsters murdered in bed
until the plea bargain descends as a low
pressure system addressed from the cops to
the Feds.

When fashion returns with the gnawing
of spring
and morals have changed to the whim
of designers,
we'll look in the closets and not find a thing,
resign our commissions, ship out on a liner.

The shop was cozy and dark with good smells. The proprietor, whom nobody would mistake for a mere clerk, was in his sixties, and when he came forward it was with a manner easily described as courtly. He spoke in a rich, rolling brogue. The customer, who had decided on the name Jamie O'Donnell, responded in kind, speaking of the bright weather, the cold that was not objectionable, interspersing the give-and-take with requests for double-yolk duck eggs, Irish sausage, Irish soda bread. He admitted that he would give a lot for a decent cup of Irish tea, though he knew that it was impossible to achieve with New York water. The proprietor told James that he had known, the minute he saw the lad walk in the door, that he was Irish through and through. And, he said emphatically, a gentleman to boot, rare enough in these upper reaches, though his customers, the Lord knew, were a good lot, by and large, for he had never been robbed and seldom insulted. The element, however, was moving down, and as though to bear him out one of the element came in and was asked to wait, if she didn't mind, while he finished conversing with a relative new to the country, this said with a disarming wink. But Jamie O'Donnell now felt some constraint and soon enough he bid the proprietor good morning, saying he was sure to return for he had found, so to speak, a home away from home.

He bought a paper, went home, and breakfasted well, sharing with his dog bits of soda bread dipped in sausage dripping. The duck eggs were rich and gamy, like the old man's brogue, so that talking to his dog he retained the lilt that had fallen so easily onto his tongue from the air of the dark, friendly little store.

He had meant to stay at home and work on his papers, but just after midmorning clouds rolled in from the west on a sharp wind and the tone of the day altered drastically, making him restless. He changed his tweed suit for something more amorphous, wound on a drab scarf, and took a hat from the closet shelf that contained, among other headgear, a tam-o'-shanter and a stocking cap and a ten-gallon Texas job that he had worn only once. He recalled with affection the dejected little chili joint where he had worn it. The hat he chose was dark felt with a versatile brim, which with no more than a flick of the finger could be made to reflect many an obscure longing.

Riding a bus, he did not know where he was headed other than downtown, until something informed him that he had arrived. He walked with a stiffer gait, setting his chin down among the folds of the scarf and squaring off the hat brim. Stopping to gaze abstractedly into a window, he was addressed through the cracked-

open door. He responded with no thought in the accents of the addressor and the two of them fell into a cautious and oblique exchange. Despite the indirection of the early colloquy there was emotion of a subtle nature, a bond of longing difficult to express. Chaim brought a younger viewpoint into the discussion, and with it, hope, which lightened the atmosphere and sent the price of an Israeli paperweight down by fifty cents. When he left, the pressure of their hands contained a secret that only flesh could share with flesh. Words were murmured in an old language. Chaim did not promise to return but his face glowed in a way that made it implicit. Still, when he turned outside the shop for a last look, something in the way his friend stood with hands clasping his belly brought tears that ran down Chaim's cheeks. Another time he would have pantomimed the needlelike wind as the cause of the tears, and laughing would have shown apologetic palms.

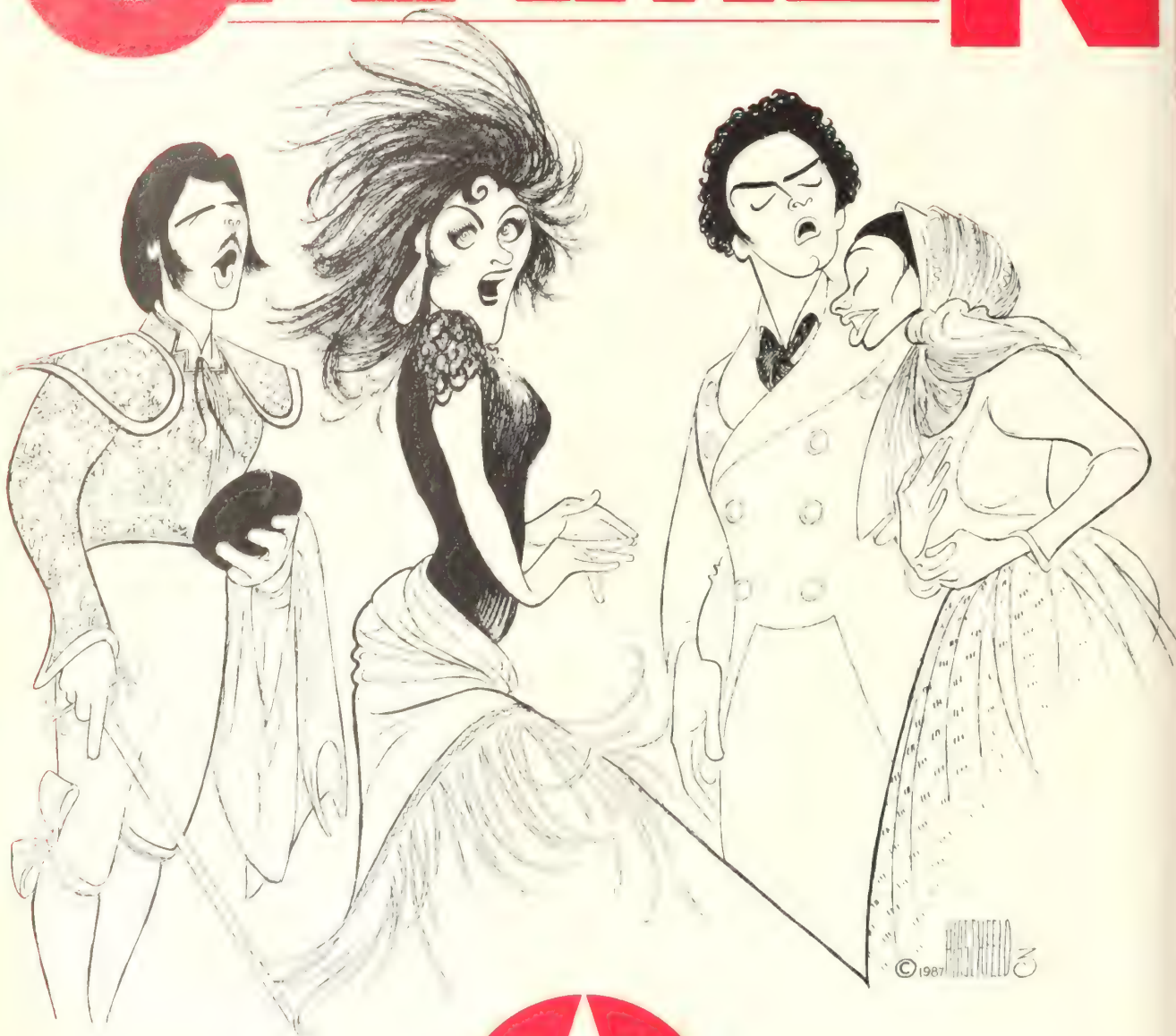
Walking on, he felt as though nothing could console him, but like the sun emerging and striking him an admonitory blow on the ears he heard a spate of raucous language, coarse and revitalizing, and his hands flew up and gave the scarf a toss, rearranged the hat brim, turning it up fore and aft, and did something to his coat to give it a swagger. He thought that he had never been so hungry in his life as he headed into a shop that reeked with cheeses and herbs, salamis and olives. Like a kid's his eyes grew round. "Ahhhhh. *Ve bene!*" Vincenzo ate, drank wine, boasted of his town, Melilli, and the women therein.

He went down into the subway with high spirits and a warmed belly. It was twilight and his fine, patient dog would be waiting for supper and a walk. Returning to his dog was always a pleasure keen enough to override most sudden depressions, which could strike him with great force when he was off guard, always at the close of such a day. And it had been an especially good day, one he would relive, he imagined, more often than others that gave him similar sustenance in the dark hours, augmenting the sane, warm presence of his dog by his side.

And yet, for a time, observing the riders whose lives he could never enter because of the accidents of fate that determined that some skins and hair should be beyond the competence of his mimicry, which was in truth assimilation, he felt lonely and deprived, though he tried to avoid the self-pity in that word and condition. Some would call what he felt "unaccountably sad." But those doubters were not city people, no matter where they lived, and knew nothing of a city's longings and possibilities, and the ineffability, for the believers, of its fulfillments. ■

A brazen gypsy. A triumphant toreador.
And a jealous corporal. All the makings of a tragic triangle.

CARMEN



"Live from The Met."
Watch Agnes Baltsa,
Leona Mitchell,
José Carreras and
Samuel Ramey
in Bizet's masterwork.
James Levine conducts
The Metropolitan Opera Orchestra,
Chorus and Ballet.



Brought to you
in part by the
Texaco Philanthropic
Foundation Inc.

Joanne Woodward hosts.
Telecast on PBS
Wednesday, April 1 at 8 pm.
(Check local listings.)

Raw passions clash and ignite a tragic chain of events that leads inexorably to death in Seville. Gypsies, smugglers, dragoons, bullfighters and fortune-tellers join to weave a grand drama that you won't want to miss.

GOODNESS KNOWS NOTHING OF BEAUTY

On the distance between morality and art

By William H. Gass

We are to imagine a terrible storm like that which opens Verdi's *Otello*. The pavement of the *piazzetta* is awash. St. Mark's pigeons are flying about looking for land. The Venetian sun has gone down like a gondola in the lagoon. As we wade along in the dying light, a baby in a basket passes. It is being swept out to sea with the rest of the city's garbage. So is a large painting, beautifully framed, which floats its grand nude by us as if she were swimming. Then the question comes, bobbing like a bit of flotsam itself: Which one should we save, the tiny tot or the Tintoretto? the kid in the crib or the Canaletto?

It may be that during two thousand or more years of monsoons, tidal waves, and high water, this choice has not once actually presented itself, yet, undismayed, it is in this form that philosophers frequently represent the conflict between art and morality—a conflict, of course, they made up in the first place. Baby or Botticelli. What'll you have?

Not only is the dilemma an unlikely one; the choice it offers is peculiar. We are being asked to decide not between two different actions but between two different objects. And how different indeed these floating objects are. The baby is a vessel of human consciousness, if its basket isn't. It is nearly pure potentiality. It must be any babe—no one babe but babe in general, babe in bulk—whose bunk is boating by. Never mind if it was born with the brain of an accountant, inflicted with a cleft palate, or given Mozartian talents: these are clearly irrelevant considerations, as are ones concerning the seaworthiness of the basket, or the prospect of more rain. One fist in this fight swings from the arm of an open future against the chest of a completed past...

... A completed past because we have to know the pedigree of the painting or it's no contest. If it is the rosy nude who used to recline behind the bar in Harry's, or just another mislaid entrant in the latest Biennale, then the conditions of the case are fatally altered and there is no real conflict of interest, though the blank space behind the bar at Harry's will surely fill us

*William H. Gass is David May Distinguished University Professor in the Humanities at Washington University in St. Louis. His most recent book, *Habitations of the Word*, won a National Book Critics Circle Award.*

*Throughout history,
goodness has done
more harm than
good, and over the
years moralists have
managed to
give morality a
thoroughly bad name*

with genuine sorrow each scotch-and-water hour. It is not between in fact and image, then, that we are being asked to choose, but between some full realized aesthetic quality and a vaguely generalized human nature, even though it is a specific baby who could drown.

It is the moralists, of course, who like to imagine these lunatic choices. It is the moralists who want to bully and beat up on the artists, not the other way around. The error of the artists is indifference. Not since Plato's day when the politicians in their grab for public power defeated the priests, the poets, and the philosophers, have artists, except for an occasional Bronzino, cheered, molested a moralist. Authors do not gather to burn good deeds in public squares; laws are not passed by poets to put lying priests behind bars; nor do they usually suggest that the pursuit of goodness will lead you away from both beauty and truth, that it is the uphill road to ruin. Musicians do not hang moralizing lackeys from lampposts as though they were stringing their fiddles; moralizing lackeys do that.

On the other hand . . . We know what the other hand is full of: slings and arrows, slanders and censorship, prisons, scaffolds, burnings and beatings. To what stake has Savonarola's piety been bound by the painters he disgraced? Throughout history, goodness has done more harm than good, and over the years moralists have managed to give morality a thoroughly bad name. Although lots of bad names have been loaned them by the poets,

the poets roast, they roast no one on the coals, while moralists, to their reward, have dispatched who knows how many thousands of souls.

The values which men prize have been variously classified. There may be said to be, crudely, five kinds. There are first of all those facts and theories we are inclined to call true, and which, we think, constitute our knowledge. Philosophy, history, science, presumably pursue them. Second, there are the values of duty and obligation—obedience and loyalty, righteousness and virtue—qualities which the state finds particularly desirable. Appreciative values of all kinds may be listed third, including the beauties of women, art, and nature, the various sublimes, and that pleasure which comes from the pure exercise of human faculties and skills. Fourth are the values of self-realization and its attendant pleasures—growth, well-being, and the like—frequently called happiness in deference to Aristotle. Finally, there are those which have to do with real or imagined redemption, with ultimate justice and immortality. Some would prefer to separate political values like justice or freedom from more narrowly moral ones; while others would do the same for social values like comfort, stability, security, conditions often labeled simply "peace." But a complete and accurate classification, assuming it could be accomplished, is not important here. Roughly, we might call our goals, as tradition has, Truth, Goodness, Beauty, Happiness, and Salvation. (We can reach port, sometimes, even with a bad map.)

If we allow our classificatory impulse to run on a little longer, it will encourage us to list at least four customary attitudes which can be taken toward the relationship of these value areas to one another. First, one can deny the legitimacy or reality of a particular value group. Reckless pragmatists and some sophists deny the objective existence of all values except utility, while positivists prefer to elevate empirical truth (which they don't capitalize, only underscore) to that eminence. It is, of course, truth thinned to the thickness of a wire, which is fine if you want to cut cheese. The values which remain are rejected as attitudes, moods, or emotions—subjective states of various sorts like wishing, hoping, willing, which suggest external objects without being able to establish them. I happen to regard salvation values as illusory or mythological, since I deny any significance to the assumptions on which they are grounded, but other people may pick out different victims.

Second, we might accept the values of a certain sphere as real enough



t argue that some or all of them are reducible to others, even eventually, one. Reductionism is characteristic of Plato's famous argument that virtue is knowledge; of Keats's fatuous little motto, *Beauty Is Truth*; of materialists and idealists equally. Rather than reduce moral values to those of happiness, Aristotle simply ignored them.

Third, we can try to make some values subordinate to others. This is not the same as reduction. One might argue that artistic and moral values are mutually exclusive, or unique, and yet support the superiority of one over the other. There are, however, two kinds of subordination. One asserts that X is more important than Y, so that when one has to choose between them (baby or Botticelli), one must always choose the baby. When designing buildings, for instance, beauty regularly runs afoul of function and economy. The other sort of subordination insists not only that X is more important, or "higher" in value, than Y, but that Y should serve or be a means to X: the baby is a model for the baby in the Botticelli. The slogan *Form Follows Function* is sometimes so understood. I take crude Marxism to require this kind of sacrifice from the artist.

Fourth, it is possible to argue, as I do, that these various value areas are significantly different. They are not only different; they are not reducible, they are independent of one another. Furthermore, no one value area is more important, abstractly considered, than any other. In short, these various values are different, independent, and equal.

This does not imply that in particular instances one would not choose one over the other and have good reasons for doing so; it is simply that what is chosen in any instance cannot be dictated in advance. Obviously, if one is starving, whether one's eventual food is served with grace and eaten with manners is less than essential. Should you skip dinner or lick the spilled beans from the floor? Should you choose to safeguard a painting or the well-being of its model? Should you bomb Monte Cassino?

That attachment to human life which demands that it be chosen over everything else is mostly humbug. It can be reasonably, if not decisively, argued that the world is already suffering from a surfeit of such animals; that most human beings rarely deserve the esteem some philosophers have for them; that historically humans have treated their pets better than they have treated one another; that no one is so essential he or she cannot be replaced a thousand times over; that death is inevitable anyhow; that it is our sense of community and our own identity which lead us to persist in our archaical overestimation; that it is rather a wish of philosophers than a fact that man be more important than anything else that's mortal, since nature

remains mum and scarcely supports the idea, nor do the actions of man himself. Man makes a worse God than God, and when God was alive, he knew it.

Baby or Botticelli is a clear enough if artificial choice, but it places the problem entirely in the moral sphere, where the differences involved can be conveniently overlooked. What differences?

The writing of a book (the painting of a painting, the creation of a score) is generally such an exacting and total process that it is not simply O.K. if it has as many motives, it is essential. The difference between one of Flaubert's broken amatory promises to Louise Colet and his writing of *Madame Bovary* (both considered immoral acts in some circles) is greater even than Lenin's willingness to board a train and his intended overthrow of the czar. Most promises are kept by actions each one of which fall into a simple series; that is, I meet you at the Golden Toad by getting up from my desk, putting on my coat, and getting into my car: a set of actions each one of which can be serially performed and readily seen as part of "going to lunch." I may have many reasons for keeping our date, but having promised becomes the moral one.

However, when I create a work of art, I have entered into no contract of any kind with the public, unless the work has been commissioned. In this

That attachment to human life which demands that it be chosen over everything else is mostly humbug

*There is so much
energy in the baser
motives, and so little
in the grander, that I
need hate's heat to
warm my art*

sense, most aesthetic acts are unbidden, uncalled-for, even unexpected. They are gratuitous. And unlike Lenin's intention to overthrow an empire (which can scarcely be an intention of the same kind as my meeting you for lunch, involving, as it does, several years, thousands of folks, and millions of dollars), my writing will, all along, be mine alone, and I will not normally parcel out the adjectives to subordinates and the sex scenes to specialists or contract the punctuation.

I have many reasons for going to the Golden Toad, then: I am hungry; you are pretty; we have business; I need a change from the atmosphere of the office; you are paying, and I am broke—oh yes . . . and I promised. All these interests are easily satisfied by our having lunch. There is no need to order them; they are not unruly or at odds.

So why am I writing this book? Why to make money, to become famous, to earn the love of many women, to alter the world's perception of itself, to put my rivals' noses out of joint, to satisfy my narcissism, to display my talents, to justify my existence to my deceased father, to avoid cleaning the house; but if I wish to make money I shall have to write trash, and if I wish to be famous, I had better hit home runs, and if I wish to earn the love of many women, I shall have more luck going to work in a bank. In short, these intentions do conflict; they must be ordered; none of them is particularly "good" in the goodie sense; and none is aesthetic in any way.

But there is so much energy in the baser motives, and so little in the grander, that I need hate's heat to warm my art, I must have my malice to keep me going. For I must go, and go on, regardless. For making a work of art (writing a book, being Botticelli) requires an extended kind of action, an ordered group of actions. Yet these actions are not the sort which result like a battle, in many effects, helter-skelter: in broken bodies, fugitive glories, lasting pains, conquered territories, power, ruins, ill will; rather, as a funnel forms the sand and sends it all in the same direction, the many acts of the artist aim at one end, one result.

We are fully aware, of course, that while I am meeting you for lunch, admiring your bodice, buying office equipment, I am not doing the laundry, keeping the books, dieting, or being faithful in my heart; and when I am painting, writing, singing scales, I am not cooking, cleaning house, or fixing flats. So the hours, the days, the years of commitment to my work must necessarily withdraw me from other things, from my duties as a husband, a soldier, a citizen.

So the actions of the artist include both what he does and, therefore, what he doesn't do; what he does directly and on purpose, and what he does incidentally and quite by the way. In addition, there are things done or not done, or done incidentally, which are quite essential to the completion and character of the work, but whose effects do not show themselves in the ultimate object or performance. As necessary as any other element, they disappear in the conclusion like a middle term in an argument. A deleted scene, for instance, may nevertheless lead to the final one. Every line is therefore many lines: words rubbed out, thoughts turned aside, concepts canceled. The eventual sentence seems to lie there quietly, "kill the king," with no one knowing that it once read, "kiss the king," and before that, "kiss the queen." For moralists, only too often, writing a book is little different than robbing a bank, but actions of the latter sort are not readily subject to revisions.

The writer forms words on a page. This defaces the page, of course, and in this sense it is like throwing a brick through a window; but it is not like throwing a brick through a window in any other way. And if writing is an immense ruckus made of many minor noises, some shutting down as soon as they are voiced, reading is similarly a series of acts, better ordered than many, to be sure, but just as privately performed, and also open to choice, which may have many motives too, the way the writing had. Paintings and performances (buildings even more so) are public in a fashion that reading and writing never are, although the moralist likes to make lump sums of

everything and look at each art as if it were nothing but a billboard or a mud truck in the street.

If we rather tepidly observe that a building stands on its street quite differently than a book in its rack, must we not also notice how infrequently architects are jailed for committing spatial hanky-panky or putting up obscene facades? Composers may have their compositions hooted from the air, an outraged patron may assault a nude, a church burned to get at the god believed to be inside, but more often than not it is the *littérateur* who is shot or sent to Siberia. Moralists are not especially sensitive to form. It is the message that turns their noses blue. It is the message they will murder you for. And messages which are passed as secretly as books pass, from privacy to privacy, make them intensely suspicious. Yet work which refuses such interpretations will not be pardoned either. Music which is twelve-toned,

paintings which are abstract, writing which seems indifferent to its referents in the world—these attacks on messages themselves—they really raise the watchdog's hackles.

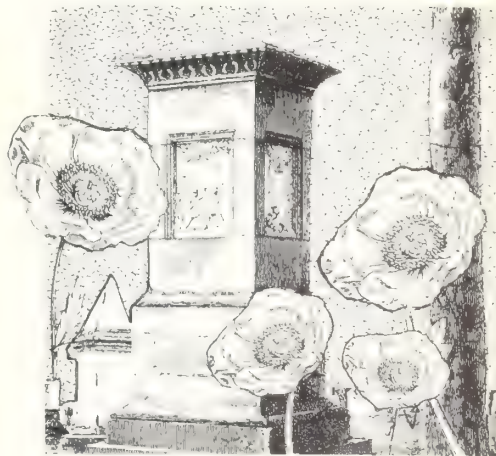
In life, values do not sit in separate tents like harem wives; they mix and mingle rather like sunlight in a room, or pollution in the air. A dinner party, for example, will affect the diners' waists, delight or dismay their plates, put a piece of change in the grocer's pocket, bring a gleam to the waiter's eye. The guests may be entertained or stupefied by gossip, chat, debate, wit. I may lose a chance to make out, or happily see my seduction advance past hunt and peck. The host may get a leg up in the firm whose boss he's entertaining, serious arguments may break out, new acquaintances may be warmly made. And if I, Rabbi Ben Ezra, find myself seated next to Hermann Goering, it may put me quite off the quail—quail which the *Reichsminister* shot by machine gun from a plane. We should all be able to understand that. It would be a serious misjudgment, however, if I imagined that the quail was badly cooked on account of who shot it, or to believe that the field marshal's presence had soured the wine, although it may have ruined the taste in my mouth. It might be appropriate to complain of one who enjoyed the meal and laughed at the fat boy's jokes. Nevertheless, the meal will be well prepared or not quite independently of the guests' delightful or obnoxious presence, and it would be simple-minded to imagine that because these values were realized in such close proximity they therefore should be judged on other than their own terms—the terms, perhaps, of their pushier neighbors.

The detachment it is sometimes necessary to exercise in order to disentangle aesthetic qualities from others is often resented. It is frequently considered a good thing if moral outrage makes imbeciles of us. The aesthete who sees only the poppies blowing in Flanders fields is a sad joke, to be sure, but the politicized mind is too dense and too dangerous to be funny.

I have been mentioning some differences between moral acts as they are normally understood (keeping promises, saving the baby) and what might be called artistic ones (dancing the fandango, painting the Botticelli), and have been drawing our attention to the public and private qualities of the several arts lest they be treated en bloc. Finally, I have suggested that values have to be judged by sharply different standards sometimes, though they come to the same table. However, my dinner party differs from Petronius' banquet in another essential: it is "thrown" only once. Even if the evening is repeated down to the last guest's happy gurgle, the initial party can be only vaguely imitated, since you can't swallow the same soup twice as a famous philosopher is supposed to have said). The events of my party are like pebbles tossed into a pond. The stones appear to shower the surface of the water with rings, which then augment or interfere with one another as they widen, although eventually they will enlarge into thin air, the pond will become calm, and the stones' effects negligible.

Art operates at another level altogether. Petronius' story does not fling itself like a handful of stones at the public and then retire to contemplate

*The aesthete who
sees only the poppies
blowing in Flanders
fields is a sad joke, to
be sure, but the
politicized mind is
too dense and too
dangerous to
be funny*



*Artistic quality
depends upon a
work's internal,
formal, organic
character, upon its
structure and its
style, and not upon
the morality it is
presumed to
recommend*

the recession of its consequences, but occurs continually as readers reenact it. Of course these readings will not be identical (because no reading is written or a part of the text), but the text, unless it has been mutilated or reedited, will remain the same. I shall recognize each line as the line knew, and each word as the word that was. The letter abides and is literal though the spirit moves and strays. In short, the mouth may have an altered taste, but not the soup.

For this reason the powers of events are known to be brief, even when loud and unsettling, and unless they can reach the higher levels of historical accounts—unless they can reach language—the events will be forgotten and their effects erased. Accounts, too, can be lost or neglected, so those texts which are truly strong are those whose qualities earn the love and loyalty of their readers, and enlist the support and stewardship of the organizations those readers are concerned with and control (schools, societies, academies, museums, archives), because the institutions encourage us to turn to these now canonical texts again and again, where their words will burn in each fresh consciousness as if they had just been lit.

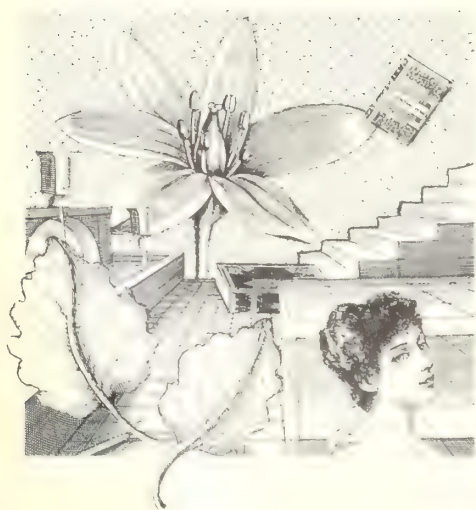
Moralists are right to worry about works of art, then, because they belong to a higher level of reality than most things. Texts can be repeated; texts can be multiplied; texts can be preserved; texts beget commentaries and their authors energize biographers; texts get quoted, praised, reviled, memorized; texts become sacred.

The effect of a text (as every failed commission on pornography has demonstrated) cannot be measured as you measure blows; the spread of a text cannot be followed like the course of an epidemic; there is no dye which can be spilled upon the ground to track the subtle seepages of its contamination. Texts are not acts of bodies but acts of minds; for the most part, then, they do not act on bodies as bodies act, but on minds as minds do.

So my position is not that literature has no relation to morality, or that reading and writing, or composing, or painting, aren't also moral, or possibly immoral, acts. Of course they can be. But they are economic acts as well. (They contribute to their author's health or illness, happiness or melancholy.) My position, however, is that the artistic value of a book is different from its economic value, and is differently determined, as is its weight in pounds, its utility as a doorstop, its elevating or edifying or life-enhancing properties, its gallery of truths: new truths, known truths, believed truths, important truths, alleged truths, trivial truths, absolute truths, coming truths, plain unvarnished truths. Artistic quality depends upon a work's internal, formal, organic character, upon its inner system of relations, upon its structure and its style, and not upon the morality it is presumed to recommend, or upon the benevolence of its author, or its emblematic character, when it is seen as especially representative of some situation or society.

As I have already suggested, values may reinforce one another, or interfere with their realization in some thing or person. The proximity of Hitler or Goering may put me off my feed. Perhaps I ought to be put off. Perhaps the chef should have poisoned the quail. Perhaps all of the guests should have left in a huff. And the housemaid and the butler grin as they quaff champagne in the kitchen, grin so little bones appear between their open teeth. How's the pâté no one would eat? Deelish.

Wagner's works are not wicked simply because he was; nor does even the inherent vulgarity deep within the music quite destroy it. Frost's poetry seems written by a better man than we've been told he was. In fact, we are frequently surprised when an author of genius (like Chekhov) appears to be a person of some decency of spirit. The moral points of view in works of art differ as enormously as Dante's do from Sophocles', or Shakespeare's from Milton's. Simply consider what we should have to say if the merit of these writers depended at all upon their being correct, even about anything. In



y case, Balzac sees the world quite differently than Butor does; Goethe and Milton cannot both be right; so if being right mattered, we should be a mess indeed, and most of our classics headed for the midden.

If author and art ought not to be confused, neither should art and audience. If we were to say, as I should prefer, that it is the moral world of the work which ought to matter to the moralist, not the genes of the author's grandfather, or the Jean who was a longtime lover, or a lean of the penholder toward the political right or left, we ought also to insist that the actions of readers aren't adequate evidence either. If Wagner's anti-Semitism doesn't fatally bleed into his operas, and, like a bruise, discolor them, and if Balzac's insufferable bourgeois dreams don't irreparably damage his fictions, then why should we suppose the work itself, in so much less command of its readers than its author is of it, will communicate its immoral implications like a virus to the innocents who open its covers?

To be sure, authors often like to think of their works as explosive, as erupting, as evil. It is such fun to play the small boy. Lautréamont asks heaven to "grant the reader the boldness to become ferocious, momentarily, like what he is reading, to find, without being disoriented, his abrupt and savage path through the desolate swamps of these somber and poisoned pages." Yet this is an operative attitude; reading is never more than finding, and requires a wakeful understanding—that is all. Certainly we

should like to think that we had written some "poison-filled" pages, but no luck. Even chewing them won't make you sick, not even queasy.

If the relation of morality to art were based simply on the demand that it be concerned with values, then almost every author should satisfy it even if they wrote with their pricks in their sleep. (Puritans will object to the language in that sentence, and feminists to the organ, and neither will mire or even notice how it was phrased.) Henry Miller's work has been condemned, but Henry Miller is obsessed with ethical issues, and his work has a very pronounced moral point of view. *Madame Bovary* was attacked; *Ulysses* was forbidden entry into the United States; *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is brought to court, where they worried about signs of sodomy in it; *Lolita*, of course, was condemned; and, as someone has said, who also has suffered much censorship, so it goes. How long the list would be, how tiresome and smaying and absurd its recital, if we were to cite every work that has been banned, burned, or brought into the dock.

It is simply not possible to avoid ethical concerns; they are everywhere; we are scarcely able to move without violating someone's moral law. Nor are artists free of the desire to improve and instruct and chastise and berate their fellow creatures, whether they call themselves Dickens, D. H. Lawrence, or Hector Berlioz. Céline is so intensely a moral writer that it trips his work. That is the worry. "There are still a few hatreds I'm missing," he wrote. "I am sure they exist." Hate, we mustn't forget, is a thoroughly moralized feeling.

It is the management of all these impulses, attitudes, ideas, and emotions (which the artist has as much as anyone) that is the real problem, for each of us is asked by our aims, as well as by our opportunities, to overcome our past, our personal aches and pains, our beloved prejudices, and to enlist them in the service of our skills, the art we say we're loyal to and live for. If a writer is in a rage, the rage must be made to energize the form, and if the writer is extended on the rack of love, let pain give the work purpose and appointment its burnished point. So the artistic temperament is called mild because its grief becomes song instead of wailing. To be a preacher is to bring your sense of sin to the front of the church, but to be an artist is to give to every mean and ardent, petty and profound, feature of the soul a glorious godlike shape.

It is actually not the absence of the ethical that is complained of, when complaints are made, for the ethical is never absent. It is the absence of the

*To be an artist is to
give to every mean
and ardent, petty
and profound,
feature of the soul
a glorious godlike
shape*

*Good books have
been written by bad
people, by people
who served immoral
systems, who went
to bed with snakes,
by schemers and
panderers*

right belief, the right act, which riles. Our pets have not been fed; repulsive enthusiasms have been encouraged; false gods pursued; obnoxious notions noised about; so damn these blank and wavy paintings and these hostile drums, these sentences which sound like one long scratch of chalk.

Goodness knows nothing of Beauty. They are quite disconnected. If I say *shit* in a sentence, it is irrelevant what else I say, whether it helps my sentence sing or not. What is relevant is the power of certain principles of decorum, how free to be offensive we are going to be allowed to be. When the Empress Dowager of China, Ci Xi, diverted funds intended for the navy to construct a large and beautiful marble boat, which thousands now view at the Summer Palace in Beijing, she was guilty of expropriation. If her choice had been a free one, she would seem to have chosen to spend her money on a thing of peace rather than on things of war (a choice we might applaud); in fact, we know she simply spent the money on herself. She cannot have chosen the beauty she received because beauty is beyond choice. The elegant workmanship which went into the boat, the pleasure it has given to many, its rich and marvelous material, are serendipitous and do not affect the morality of the case.

When a government bans nonobjective art, it is the threat of the veer it has, its veer from the upright, its deviationism, that is feared—daub is just as dangerous. Finally, when the Soviet authorities decide to loosen their restrictions on the publication of books and the holding of performances, this is not suddenly a choice of art over politics on the part; it is politics, and has to do with issues such as the freedom of information, the quashing of the Stalin cults, not with art. They know what the novels in the drawers are about.

I do happen to feel, with Theodor Adorno, that writing a book is a very important moral act indeed, consuming so much of one's life, and that, in these disgusting times, a writer who does not pursue an alienating formalism, but rather tries to buck us up and tell us not to spit in the face of the present, this to serve a corrupt and debauched society in any way, is, if not a pawn of the system (a lackey, we used to say), then probably a liar and hypocrite. It is a moral obligation to live in one's time, and to have a just and appropriate attitude toward it, not to live in the nineteenth century or to be heartless toward the less fortunate or to deny liberty and opportunity to others or to fall victim to nostalgia.

But good books have been written by bad people, by people who serve immoral systems, who went to bed with snakes, by people who were fraudulent in various ways, by schemers and panderers. And beautiful books have been written by the fat and old and ugly, the lonely, the misbegotten (it is the same in all the arts), and some of these beautiful books are like Juan Goytisolo's, ferociously angry, and some of them are even somewhat sinister like Baudelaire's, and some are shakingly sensuous like those of Colette, and still others are dismayingly wise, or deal with terror tenderly, or are full of lamentable poppycock. (I am thinking most immediately of Pope's *Essay on Man*.)

I think it is one of the artist's obligations to create as perfectly as he or she can, not regardless of all other consequences, but in full awareness nevertheless, that in pursuing other values—in championing Israel or fighting for women or defending the faith or exposing capitalism or speaking for your race—you may simply be putting a saving scientific, religious, political false face on your failure as an artist. Neither the world's truth nor a god's goodness will win you that race.

Finally, in a world which does not provide beauty for its own sake, but where the loveliness of flowers, landscapes, faces, trees, and sky are adventitious and accidental, it is the artist's task to add to the world objects and ideas—delineations, symphonies—which ought to be there, and whose end is contemplation and appreciation; things which deserve to become the focus of a truly disinterested affection.

There is perhaps a moral in that.

HARPER'S **ACCESS**®



*A vacation should be a dream come true. Christopher Columbus, Captain James Cook and Neil Armstrong all set out on their dreams of discovery, searching for everything from spices and gold to knowledge and adventure. We are all explorers at heart, and spring and summer seem to be the time when we feel that adventurous spirit the most. My best vacations are those where I use my passions, not the crowds, as my compass. I have paged through my various **ACCESS**® guides and notes on future books and put together a collection of my favorite discoveries from some of the richest environments in the world.*

Richard Saul Wurman

Richard Saul Wurman
Creative Director, **ACCESS** PRESS

EACH SUNDAY AFTERNOON
IN LONDON'S HYDE PARK, THE ORDER
OF THE WORLD IS RESTORED



EXPLORE A LAND OF ENDLESS TRADITION WITH PAN AM HOLIDAYS

At Speaker's Corner in Hyde Park no subject is too trivial, no topic taboo. For centuries speaking your mind has been one of London's most honored traditions.

Of course, in this city of pomp and circumstance it's no wonder that even the soapbox could be elevated to this level. After all, at 11:30 every morning from April through August (every other morning the rest of the year) the Changing of the Guard takes place at Buckingham Palace. And every summer the colour of one of the Foot Guards' Regiments is paraded before the Queen at the Trooping of the Colour.

But don't, for a moment, think that tradition exists only in London. In Wales you can attend an authentic medieval banquet. And Scotland boasts the traditional Highland Games.

In Britain traditions are everywhere. And no matter where you go you'll find that everyone speaks your language. You'll also find the people to be warm and friendly.

That too is a tradition.

PAN AM HOLIDAYS 4 DAYS AS LITTLE AS \$168

Pan Am offers lots of ways to see Britain for a pittance. Take, for example, Pan Am's "London City Stay." 4 days are just \$168 to \$389. That includes hotel with private bath, half-day guided sightseeing tour and discounts at some of

London's finest restaurants. It also includes tax and service charges.

Here's your chance to see London on your own. Do some shopping at Harrods. Take in a show. Or meet some of Britain's most famous personalities at Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum. Sorry, no autographs.

If you want to see more of Britain, there are 18 other Pan Am Holidays to choose from. There are escorted tours (both budget and deluxe) and independent tours—which let you go at your own speed.

Pan Am's "Regal Britain," for example, is a 12-day escorted tour for only \$595 to \$695. Besides spending a few days in London you'll see some of Britain's best known sights: the beautiful Lake District, Shakespeare's Stratford-upon-Avon, medieval York, plus Edinburgh in Scotland and the countryside of Wales.

Your Pan Am Holiday comes with hotels with private bath, daily Continental breakfast and dinner in 4 cities.

All tour prices are per person, based on double occupancy, and do not include airfare.

FLY PAN AM DIRECT TO LONDON

Getting to London is easy on Pan Am. There are direct connections throughout the U.S. to Pan Am's 6 gateway cities. And from these cities you'll be flying nonstop to London with the world's most experienced airline.

So send for your free "Pan Am Holidays" and "Britain Speaks Your Language" brochures. Then call your travel agent or Pan Am.

You'll find that visiting Britain may be the start of a new tradition. Coming back.

B R I T A I N

Please send me your free brochures: *Britain Speaks Your Language* and *Pan Am Holidays*
British Tourist Authority, P.O. Box #7714, Woodside, NY 11377 or P.O. Box #7055, No. Hollywood, CA 91609

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



Pan Am Holidays to Britain 1987

PH4-87

W E S P E A K Y O U R L A N G U A G E



From the Turgot Map of Paris, completed in 1739

At the heart of Paris are two islands: Île de la Cité, sloop-shaped and cradling Notre Dame in its stern, and towing Île St. Louis in its wake. The islands possess two gems of Gothic architecture, Notre Dame and Sainte-Chapelle, but they are also dotted with smaller treasures—marvelous shops, squares and restaurants—and a day spent unburying them is immensely satisfying. The smaller shops are likely to be closed on Mondays and in August.

Square du Vert-Galant. Borrowing Henry IV's nickname (Merry Monarch or Gay Old Dog), this cobblestoned spit of land, lush with chestnut trees, can be reached by way of steps behind the King's statue. The Square is a haunt of anglers by day and lovers on warm summer nights and affords one of the best fish-eye views of Paris. One hour boat tours of the Seine depart from here every 30 minutes. (*Les Vedettes du Pont-Neuf.* Tours leave daily from 10AM-12PM, 1:30-5PM. Between 1 May and 15 October, one hour evening *Lights of Paris* boat tours begin departing at 9PM.) Île de la Cité. Metro: Pont-Neuf. 4-633-98-38/4-329-86-19

Fanny Tea. ★★\$ On a misty afternoon, this is the coziest of niches in which to scribble in a journal or peruse the volume of French poetry which is left on each table. Fanny offers scented teas served in Victorian pewter pots and a symphony of delicious tarts ranging from salmon to apple, with outdoor service in the summer-time. Open Tu-Su 1-7:30PM. Closed M. 20 place Dauphine. Île de la Cité. Metro: Pont-Neuf. 4-325-83-67

Cité Metro. (1900) One of the original 141 Art Nouveau dragonfly metro station entrances designed by Hector Guimard. Place Louis Lepine. Île de la Cité.

Place Louis Lepine. Named after a short Belle Epoque police chief who is mainly remembered for having armed Parisian gendarmes with whistles and truncheons, this Square is a charming urban Eden surrounded by the grim walls of Hotel Dieu Hospital, the Prefecture de Police and the Commercial Tribunal. One of Paris's largest flower markets blooms here year-round, with everything from chrysanthemums to lemon trees. On Sundays, the flower market is transformed into a bird market selling fresh seed and berries, bells, cages and a veritable palette of colorful canaries, finches and parrots. Île de la Cité.

Au Pain de Sucre. Indulge your sweet tooth in this tiny chocolate factory that offers tray upon tray of mouthwatering florentines (chocolate-coated grilled almonds) and bittersweet truffles. Other *spécialités de la maison* are pain d'épices and homemade rhubarb and apricot preserves. Given a weeks notice, the shop will even monogram the sugar cubes for your next dinner party. Open Tu-Sa 10AM-6PM. Closed Su, M, August. 12 rue Jean-du-Bellay. Île St. Louis. Metro: Pont-Marie. 4-633-26-07.

A l'Olivier. Founded in 1860, this shop still sells every oil imaginable, including hazelnut oil for vinaigrettes, almond-honey oil shampoo and apricot nut oil for massages, as well as tapenadas, tarragon mustard and dried figs. The classic bottles alone are worth taking home, and the giant pottery casks for olive oil are not to be missed. If the shop is closed, press your nose to the glass and look in. Open Tu-Sa 10AM-7PM. Closed Su, M. 77 rue St. Louis-en-l'Île. Île St. Louis. Metro: Pont-Marie. 4-329-58-32.

Blanchisserie Parraud. One of Paris's last old French laundries, whose rosy-cheeked proprietress has lived on the island since 1913 and still presses sheets and linens with heavy flatirons fired on a potbelly coal stove. Renée Parraud is a busy woman who doesn't care for small talk, so unless you can afford \$3.50 to have a shirt cleaned and pressed, just peek in the window and dream of whiter whites. Open Tu-Sa 9AM-2:30PM, 4:30-7:30PM. Closed Su, M, August. 21 rue Le Regrattier. Île St. Louis. Metro: Pont-Marie. 4-633-33-29.

Les Fous de l'Île. ★★\$\$\$\$ Recommended. Fresh cut flowers and brass candlesticks on old wooden bistro tables, coupled with comfortable sofas, books to read, a wood-burning stove, wacky monthly art exhibitions, surreal postcards and music from Telemann to the Talking Heads make this converted épicerie the island's most relaxing and hip restaurant/café. At lunch, famished drama students arrive for the *Chevegnol aux fruits* (goat cheese and fruit salad), smoked trout with raspberry sauce and all-American brownies and carrot cake made by the owner, Francoise Bednarek. Pancakes and eggs Benedict for Sunday brunch. Open W-Sa 12-2PM, 7-10:30PM. 33 rue des Deux Ponts. Île St. Louis. Metro: Pont-Marie. 4-325-76-67.

Berthillon. ★★\$ The best ice cream and sorbet in Paris. This Île St. Louis landmark is so popular that at Christmas time the police show up to direct the flow of Parisians queuing around the block. Berthillon enjoys the luxury (or chutzpah) of closing two days a week and going on vacation at the height of the ice-cream eating season. Surly women in pink aprons scoop up more than 50 flavors made without an ounce of artificial ingredients. Sample the exotic fruit flavors in season. My favorites are rhubarb, black currant, fig, kumquat and fresh melon. Open W-Su 10AM-8PM. Closed August and all school holidays. 31 rue St. Louis-en-l'Île. Île St. Louis. Metro: Pont-Marie. 4-354-31-61.

Madame Pierre Fain. A toy and school supply store so loved by Île Saint Louis's grade schoolers that over the decades its walls have been papered with their crayon drawings of cheery Madame Fain and her nine stray cats. Among the Barbie dolls, racing cars and purring Persians is a slick postcard series made from photographs the cat lady snapped herself on the island. 34 rue St. Louis-en-l'Île. Île St. Louis. Metro: Pont-Marie. 4-326-44-72.

La Charlotte de l'Île. ★★\$ The chocolate haunted houses, *gâteau du diable*, half moon cookies and wickedly delicious witches brooms (chocolate-dipped orange rinds) all sound diabolical. Charlotte, the hospitable kimono-clad owner of this little-known tea salon, appears strangely obsessed with Halloween, but swears she has yet to turn a customer into a toad. In the back room near the kitchen (my laboratory, as she calls it), you can sip freshly brewed Chinese tea at one of three tiny tables nestled among the clutter of puppets, dried flower bouquets and the old stereo playing Poulenc. Open W-Su 2-8PM. Closed M, Tu. 24 rue St. Louis-en-l'Île. Île St. Louis. Metro: Pont-Marie. 4-354-25-83.


Librairie Libella. This dissident Polish bookstore and small press smuggled out priest Jerzy Popieluszko's sermons in 1984 and published them shortly before his murder. Libella stocks everything from Polish fairy tales to Solidarity literature in French and English. The Lambert Gallery next door exhibits the works of contemporary Polish and Eastern European painters such as Jozef Czapski and Jan Lebenstein; the owner boasts that Levenstein nosed out Mark Rothko for top honors at Paris's first Biennale. Bookstore open Tu-Sa 9AM-12PM, 2:30-7PM. Gallery open Tu-Sa 2:30-7PM. Closed Su, M. 12 rue St. Louis-en-l'Île. Île St. Louis. Metro: Pont-Marie/Sully-Morland.

Restaurants red
Shops/Galleries purple
Hotels blue
Outdoor spaces green
Museums/Architecture/Narrative black



**Hertz
in Europe.
For 25
driving tours.**

**And
unlimited
detours.**

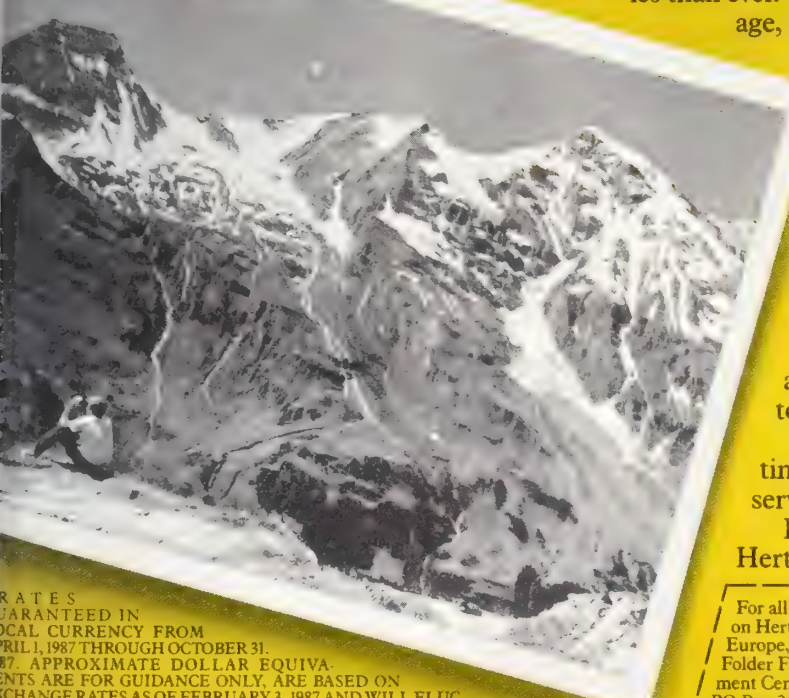


Experience one of the most pleasurable ways to see Europe this summer. Hertz's Affordable Europe program.

Rates begin as low as \$115 a week. And Hertz has more car choices—more automatics than ever. With unlimited mileage, and guaranteed drop-off charges.

Weekly Rate For A Manual Shift, Economy-Size Car On a 7 Day Minimum Rental

Country	U.S. Dollar Equivalents*
Portugal	\$115 a week
Belgium	\$128 a week
Spain	\$141 a week



But Affordable Europe only begins with cars. Get special hotel rates. Even free accommodations—with Trusthouse Forte Hotels in Britain, and Crest Hotels on the continent. Stay five consecutive nights at any participating hotel, and the sixth night is free.

Plan with Hertz European Driving Tours, a free booklet featuring 25 of Europe's best itineraries. Or go your own route.

With free Computerized Driving Directions available in 30 cities, you can plot out all the local tours and detours you like.

Even the most independent wanderers sometimes need attention. So Hertz emergency road service is there—speaking English, day and night.

For a reservation, call your travel agent, or call Hertz at 1-800-654-3001.

RATES
GUARANTEED IN
LOCAL CURRENCY FROM
APRIL 1, 1987 THROUGH OCTOBER 31,
1987. APPROXIMATE DOLLAR EQUIVA-
LENTS ARE FOR GUIDANCE ONLY. ARE BASED ON
EXCHANGE RATES AS OF FEBRUARY 3, 1987 AND WILL FLUC-
TUATE WITH EXCHANGE RATES. Some restrictions apply. Car must be
served in the U.S. at least two days in advance or a higher weekly or daily rate will apply.
Fueling service, taxes, optional CDW, PAI and drop-off charges where applicable not included.
Hertz standard age, credit and driver qualifications apply. Reservations of first night's lodging must
be made in the U.S. Quality of service and facilities of participating hotels are not the responsibility
of Hertz. Holiday or seasonal surcharges may apply. Rates are non-discountable.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © HERTZ SYSTEM INC. 1987

For all the details
on Hertz Affordable
Europe, send to:
Folder Fulfill-
ment Center,
PO Box 2695,
Smithtown, NY
11787. (HTZ100)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____

**You don't just rent a car.
You rent a company.**

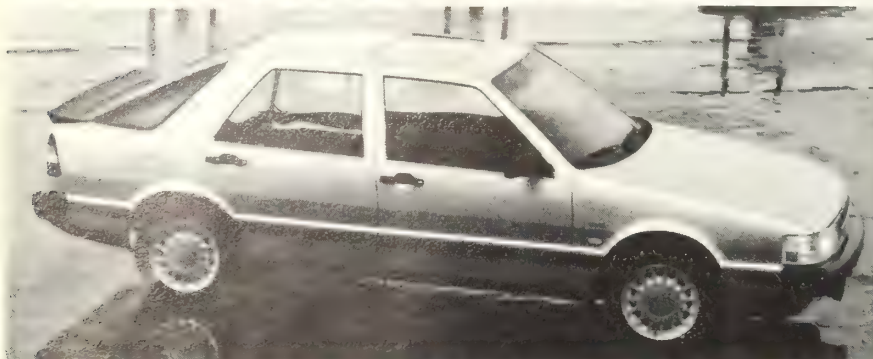
Hertz rents Fords and other fine cars



Affordable Europe

**IF YOU PICK UP YOUR NEW SAAB
IN EUROPE, PEOPLE WILL THINK YOU'RE
VERY ADVENTUROUS.**

**AND IT WON'T COST YOU A THING
TO LET THEM THINK THAT.**



In fact, it will save you a lot of money. Depending on the Saab you choose, you could get a new Saab and a European vacation for the price of the car alone.

As a U.S. resident, you're exempt from paying European taxes. Saab pays for ocean freight, maritime insurance, and U.S. import duty. And you won't have to rent a car in Europe.

Contact your local Saab dealer or IDS, Saab-Scania, Saab Drive, Orange, CT 06477. Or call (203) 795-5671. Just say you want to take delivery in Europe. He'll handle the paperwork, and you can get your Saab delivered in your choice of 11 cities from Gothenburg to Zurich.

Radio not included in European deliveries.

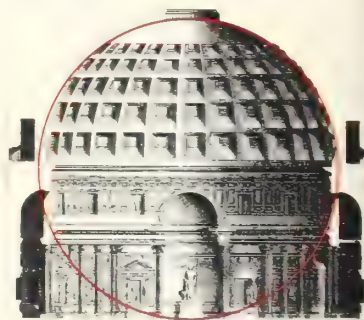
SAAB

The most intelligent cars ever built.

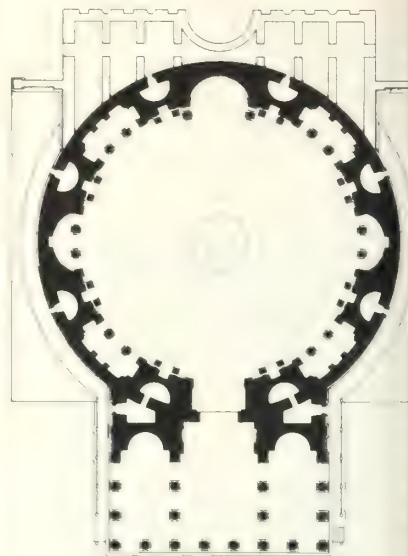


ROME

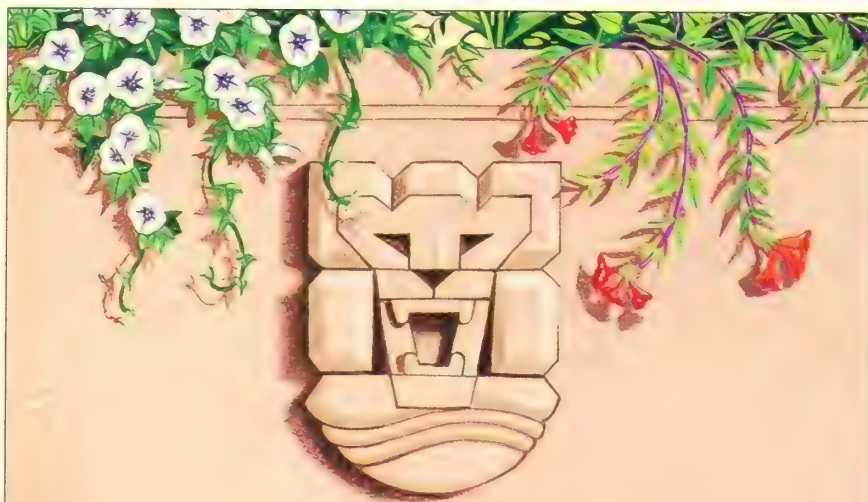
The secret to success in Rome is to relax and smile; Italians respond to friendliness with more of the same. They greet each other with *Buon giorno* in the morning and *Buona sera* in the afternoon, never leaving without an *Arrivederla* or *Arrivederci*. On this friendly note, I have included my old favorite, the Pantheon, and a selection of nearby Roman restaurants.



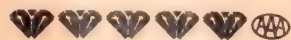
Red circle indicates perfect symmetry of the dome.



Pantheon. (125 AD, Hadrian) The only perfectly preserved ancient building in Rome and perhaps the single most perfect building in the world. The Emperor Hadrian built the harmonious temple of today, incorporating into the pillared front porch an existing smaller square temple built by Consul Marcus Vipsanio Agrippa in 27 BC. The simplicity of the design is impressive; it consists of one round and one quadrangular element, their dimensions in perfect harmony and their junction uncluttered by decorative elements. One of the marvels of the building is that it remains virtually as Hadrian built it, unlike other Roman buildings in the area which did not escape despoliation. In 608, the Emperor



The only hotel in New Orleans ever to receive the American Automobile Association's Five Diamond Award.



WINDSOR COURT HOTEL®
NEW ORLEANS

300 Gravier Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70140-1035
(504) 523-6000/Toll Free (800) 262-2662/Telex 784060

The Leading Hotels of the World®

hocas gave the temple to Pope Boniface I, who consecrated it as the Roman Catholic Church of Santa Maria ad Marres, thus making it a mortal sin to remove as much as a single stone. Nevertheless, when Constantius II visited Rome in 655, he took the gilded bronze roof tiles for his own capital of Constantinople. But in a twist of fate, the tiles were hijacked by Arabs and ended up in Alexandria, Egypt. In 735, Pope Gregory II sheathed the tileless dome with lead sheets. The great bronze doors are original, as are 13 of the 16 immense granite columns that hold up the front porch. The beams under the porch roof are originally wrapped in bronze, but the bronze was taken by Pope Urban VII for the construction of the Baldacchino in St. Peter's, hence the rise of the accusation /that the Barbarians didn't do, the Barberini family did! One of Hadrian's most innovative fetes is the enormous dome, which measures 143 feet in diameter (wider than St. Peter's) and is held up without any sustaining columns or flying buttresses. The rotunda rests on a 20 foot thick brick-faced concrete drum, and the dome itself grows increasingly thinner, diminishing to 4.5 feet at the top. It also becomes lighter, with travertine mixed in the concrete at the base, then lighter tuffa stone and finally feather-light pumice at the summit. The semi-circular brick arches on the outside of the dome look like original penings, but they are actually relieving or discharge arches that help overcome the immense problem of retaining the thrusts of the dome. During construction, huge cracks started to appear as the building started to sink into the swamp on which it stood. Workers hurriedly added to the foundation and reinforced the back and sides by encasing the round drum on three sides in a box-like base which somewhat marred the purity of Hadrian's design. One of the results is that you feel the sense of roundness much more strongly inside than outside. Inside, the dome is perfectly proportioned; its diameter is identical with its height so that in theory, a giant orb would fit snugly inside the rotunda. The beautiful coffering or lacunars, indented inside the dome, were made by pouring the concrete dome over molds. The lower niches in the wall of alternating sizes and shapes are all Hadrian's original designs and have inspired hundreds of generations of architects. My favorite time to visit the Pantheon is during a rain storm, when sheets of water are splattering on the colorful marble floor, or better still, during a violent thunderstorm, when the effect of the lightning zig-zagging through the open roof is so awe-inspiring that it makes you understand why the ancients worshipped the violent gods of the elements. *Piazza della Rotonda. Open Tu-Su 9AM-1PM, 2PM to one hour before sunset, 4PM in winter. Closed Su morning, M, Aug 15, and Dec 24 and 26.*

Restaurants red
Museums/Architecture/Narrative black

Carmelo alla Ropsetta ★★☆☆ The fish is expensive here, as it is in most Roman restaurants, but many consider Carmelo's the mecca for seafood—and worth any price. Everything is fresh, including the sardines in the pasta. Seafood is delivered daily by local fishermen, and the menu changes according to the type of fish that have taken the bait. (Most restaurants in Rome only have fresh fish on Tuesdays and Fridays.) The fish soup is purer than bouillabaise and just as generous. Wash everything down with a very dry Gavi di Gavi. Attractive, fishy locale. Reservations required. No credit cards or travelers checks. *Closed Su, M and Aug. via della Rosetta 9. 6561002.*

Constanza. ★★★★★ Aptly located in Paradise Piazza, with superb meat and fish dishes done to a turn on the grill and worth a pilgrimage. The Jewish artichokes, *spaghetti alle vongole veraci*, skewers of either prawns or meat with rosemary and basil and the green *risotto* are the best in the city. You can trust your waiter's suggestions on food and house wine. The main dining room is an entrance passage of the 2000 year old Theatre of Pompey. *Closed Su. Piazza del Paradiso 63. 6561717/6541002.*

LONDON

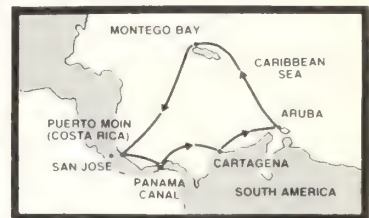
All of the other places I have selected in this piece are easily accessible, but in London, I have arranged a vicarious visit to a fascinating English invention that few people can get into—gentleman's clubs. It all begins at lunchtime, when taxis and modest chauffeur-driven Rovers drive up in front of the palazzi of Pall Mall and the 18th century houses on St. James's Street. Men wearing pin striped suits emerge and enter buildings with no names that are distinguished only by large first floor windows that look onto the street below. This is the land of that unchallenged English tradition—the gentleman's club, where like minds and like interests can meet, or not meet, as the clubs are as much for the reclusive as the gregarious. They began in the 18th century as coffee houses and chocolate houses, then became exclusive casinos, where whole estates were often gambled away in a night. After WWII, the clubs went into a serious decline and seemed on the verge of collapse. But in the new Conservative climate, they are thriving again, with waiting lists of 8 to 10 years for the most popular ones. Women are now allowed in as guests in certain dining rooms, although diehard misogynists say this is the beginning of the end of a club's reputation. Whether or not major policy decisions are still made over the port and Stilton is hard to say, but when the pin stripes emerge an hour and a half later, it certainly looks as if an important vote has been taken. Here is a look at what goes on behind the imposing facades.



DISCOVER A NEW STAR IN THE CARIBBEAN

Unique one-week Regent Star Panama Canal Cruises

Here's a new 7-day itinerary that can only be imitated by longer, more expensive cruises. You'll visit the Southern Caribbean and South America plus experience a dramatic journey through the Gatun Locks of the historic Panama Canal. And, for the first time, visit beautiful Costa Rica, known as the "Switzerland of the Americas".



European Service & Cuisine

Cruise on the newest addition to our fleet, the gracious M/V REGENT STAR, a 24,500-ton cruise ship. Enjoy fine continental cuisine and the attentive service of our European-trained staff.

Fly Free

We offer convenient Sunday departures from Montego Bay with free air from 12 U.S. gateway cities and low cost air add-ons from 58 others. Prices begin at \$985 per person, double occupancy, and depend on date of departure. Ship's Registry: Bahamas. For reservations and more information, see your travel agent or contact Regency Cruises, 260 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10016; 212-972-4774.

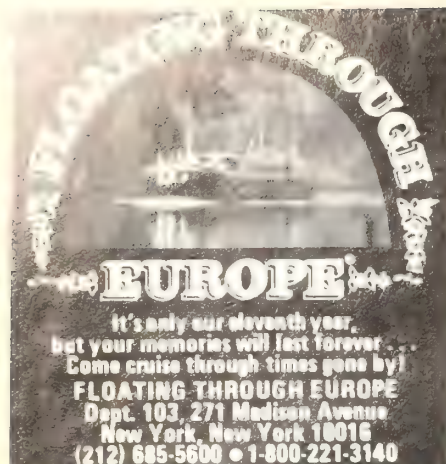
Please send me a free 20 page color brochure on the Regent Star's unique one week Panama Canal/Caribbean cruises.

Name _____

Address _____

 **REGENCY
CRUISES**

great places. great ships. great company.



ORIENT CULTURAL TOURS

Travel from Kathmandu or Inner Mongolia to Lhasa, visit the Valley of Tibetan Kings; view China's imperial cities, cruise through towering gorges on the Yangtse River, or on China's Seas. Small groups accompanied by expert tour director. For information, please call or write to:

TILLER INTERNATIONAL
209 Post Street, Suite 1015
San Francisco, CA 94108
(415) 397-1966
800-992-1299

PLANTAGENET TOURS

THE INTERESTING TOURS FOR THE HAPPY FEW

Troubadour Tour to Medieval Aquitaine
28 March - 12 April Price \$2950

Eleanor Tour to Medieval France 18 April - 26 April
3 October - 11 October Price \$1095

Plantagenet Tour to Medieval England and France
2 May - 17 May
5 September - 20 September Price \$2700

Viking Tour to Medieval Denmark, England, and Normandy 5 June - 23 June. Price \$3240

Literary London Tour 27 June - 5 July
28 November - 5 December Price \$1095

Polyalbion Tour to Literary England
4 July - 26 July Price: \$3295

Barbarossa Tour to Medieval Germany and Italy
8 August - 23 August. Price \$2700

If you are interested in history or literature Plantagenet Tours have room for a Few Interested Travelers

If you want to be One of the Happy Few Call Professor Peter Gravgaard in England Tollfree, International 1-800-521-4556

85 The Grove, Moordown
Bournemouth BH9 2TY
England

As Richard Lionheart might have said, THE LION'S MOUTH



Athenaeum Club. (1830, Decimus Burton) This is the most august of the gentleman's clubs and it is located in one of the most distinguished buildings in London, designed by the man who gave the city the Screen at the entrance to Hyde Park and Constitution Arch. The gilded figure of Pallas Athena, goddess of wisdom, practical skills and prudent warfare, graces the porch and accurately sets the requirements for those who enter: bishops, scientists and the top brains of the Civil Service and Foreign Office. Inside, the atmosphere is one of intimidating wisdom, with Darwin brooding over the living eminent and distinguished. If you meet an Englishman who is a member, you can be suitably impressed. 107 Waterloo Pl., SW1.

Institute of Directors. (1828, John Nash) For 150 years, the building was the home of the United Service Club, known as the Senior, founded in 1815 for the triumphant officers of the Napoleonic wars. The club was originally built by John Nash, but what you notice most are the alterations by Decimus Burton: the Doric columns and the Corinthian portico. The granite mounting block outside on Waterloo Place was put there by the Duke of Wellington to help short men get on their horses. Lifestyles, incomes and Labor governments do not lend themselves to a world of expensive exclusiveness, and in 1974, when most clubs were enjoying a comeback, the Senior collapsed. Now it is a business center for the Institute of Directors. By appointment, you can go inside and see the original 19th century furniture, including the 15 foot chandelier presented by George IV to commemorate the Battle of Waterloo and the inimitable masculine tonality of mahogany and leather that is a gentleman's club. 116-119 Pall Mall, SW1. 839-1233.

Traveller's Club. (1832, Charles Barry) The Traveller's was founded in 1819 by the Duke of Wellington, whose portraits loom large throughout the club. One of the requirements for membership is to have traveled at least 500 miles from London, and the candidate's book shows that the present membership has gone somewhat further afield. The special handrail on the staircase was put there to assist Napoleon's Foreign Minister, the lame Talleyrande, up the stairs. The neo-classical, plain stuccoed facade shows the architect Charles Barry (Trafalgar Square and the Houses of Parliament) doing what he loved best. 106 Pall Mall, SW1.

Reform Club. (1839, Charles Barry) Potential members must subscribe to the Reform Bill of 1832 in order to be accepted into this absolutely stunning club. It looks like a film set, and apparently a few films have been made here, but so great is the discretion or indifference that no one who belongs knows which films. The design is classicism without bounds. There is a huge indoor courtyard with marble pillars and balconies, a vast library with leather chairs and library tables and real fires in the enormous

fireplaces. The kitchen is the size of a ballroom and has a good reputation. This is the club of economists, members of the Treasury and, increasingly, writers and television executives. Reform does not seem to be a major concern. 104 Pall Mall, SW

Royal Automobile Club. (1911, Mew and Davis with E. Keynes) This club takes members more readily than most. The opulent Edwardian building, with rooms in grand Louis XVI style, was designed by the Frenchman whose earlier contribution to London was the Ritz. The club has the most beautiful swimming pool in London, with Doric columns covered in fish-scale mosaics. George Bernard Shaw used to swim here and J.P. Donleavy does today after games of *de Alfonse*. There are also squash courts, Turkish baths and solariums. Unlike other clubs, no one seems to know anyone else. Many of the 12,000 members live abroad and use this as their London address. **There are three dining rooms and modest bedrooms that are comfortable and considerably cheaper than those in hotels.** In spite of the democratic outlook, the only women you see are the wives and daughters of members. 89 Pall Mall, SW1

White's. (1788, James Wyatt) No. 37 St James's Street is home to London's oldest most famous and still most fashionable club. Popular consensus maintains that the Carlton Club *thinks* it runs the country; Boodle's runs the country and White's owns the country. This is where Evelyn Waugh sought refuge from the hounds of *modernity* and where Prince Charles had his stag party the night before he married Princess Diana. If you are sufficiently well connected to be proposed and accepted for membership, there is a waiting list of 8 years. 37 St. James's St., SW1.

Boodle's. (1775, John Crunden) Members of this club are ferried back and forth from their offices at lunch in two Rolls-Royces, a recent development which some believe bodes badly for the future. Until recently, Boodle's was the club for fashionable men about town and the kitchen was reputedly the best in clubland. 28 St. James's St., SW1.

Brook's. (1778, Henry Holland) The inveterate gambler Charles James Fox was a famous member of this club, founded in 1762, and Beau Brummel won £20,000 in one night when it was a great gambling club for Whig aristocrats. Now its members are far less reckless country gentlemen who wouldn't consider gambling away their land. 61 St. James's St., SW1.

St. James's Club. This is unlike any other club in the neighborhood. You can stay here once during the off season before applying for membership (August and November through April). When Hollywood comes to London—Steven Spielberg, Cher, Nastassja Kinski, Angelica Huston, Chevy Chase, Liza Minelli and Dudley Moore—it stays here. The club has tented ceilings,

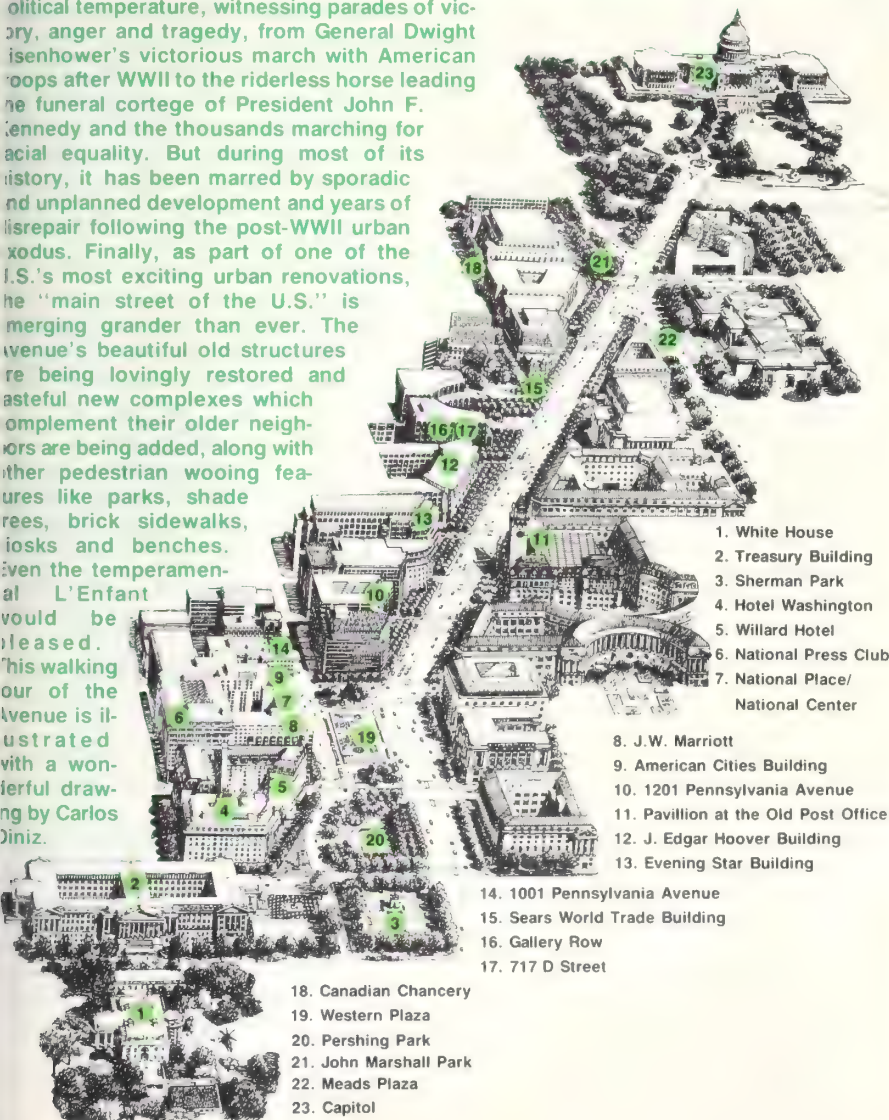
acuzzis, lots of mirrored walls to augment the rather small rooms, Art Deco furnishings, towels as thick as sable pelts and piano bar that feels straight out of asablanca. If luxury without the language barrier has a certain appeal, St. James's is the club for you. 7 Park Pl., SW1. 29-7688.

the Carlton. This club of Conservative politicians is for men only, but of course Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher is allowed in, and a larger-than-life portrait of her hangs at the top of the double staircase. The large drawing room overlooking St. James's Street is filled with ambitious young men dressed like Sir Anthony Denen. 69 St. James's St., SW1.

Oxford and Cambridge Club. This is the last club in Pall Mall and more democratic and less misogynistic than the others, although women aren't entirely equal: out of a total membership of 4,000, there are only 500 women. They are called *women associate members* and can't have lunch in the coffee room or read in the upstairs library or morning room bar. It is as though the club hasn't been in touch with the goings on at Oxford and Cambridge, where distinctions of this kind have long been obliterated. Still, there is a lot to be said for the club. *It offers reciprocal membership with numerous clubs in America, including the University Club, and members can stay here at a fraction of the price of a hotel.* 71 Pall Mall, SW1.

WASHINGTON D.C.

When French-born engineer Pierre L'Enfant set out to design the new capital in 1791, his goal was to create a city "magnificent enough to grace a great nation," and the centerpiece of his plan was a grand 1.3 mile boulevard leading from the Capitol to the White House. It was named Pennsylvania Avenue in deference to the state housing the temporary capital. The Avenue has long been a thermometer of the country's political temperature, witnessing parades of victory, anger and tragedy, from General Dwight Eisenhower's victorious march with American troops after WWII to the riderless horse leading the funeral cortege of President John F. Kennedy and the thousands marching for racial equality. But during most of its history, it has been marred by sporadic and unplanned development and years of disrepair following the post-WWII urban exodus. Finally, as part of one of the U.S.'s most exciting urban renovations, the "main street of the U.S." is emerging grander than ever. The avenue's beautiful old structures are being lovingly restored and tasteful new complexes which complement their older neighbors are being added, along with other pedestrian wooing features like parks, shade trees, brick sidewalks, kiosks and benches. Even the temperamental L'Enfant would be pleased. This walking tour of the Avenue is illustrated with a wonderful drawing by Carlos Diniz.



iSpeak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do — with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Courses. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far the *most effective* way to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace — testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

- ☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, \$135.
- ☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, \$120.

(CT residents add sales tax)

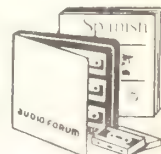
TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL
TOLL-FREE NUMBER: 1-800-243-1234

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order — or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is **unconditionally guaranteed**. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

130 courses in 46 other languages also available. Write for free catalog. Our 15th year.

Audio-Forum
Room K417
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



AUDIO-FORUM®

NEW YORK

"One story is good only till another is told," wrote Henry James about New York in *The American Scene*. Indeed, no where does the new so quickly erase the old as in this most exciting and volatile of world cities. Buildings, even entire districts, seem to rise and fall and rise again with the blink of an eye. From Orchard Street to Roosevelt Island, I thought I would celebrate change with a look at what has been lost and found. The following list was put together by eminent landscape architect Paul Friedberg.



- 1 **Orchard Street.** *Lost:* The beautiful orchards from which it derives the name. *Found:* A vestige of the old Lower East Side—a bargain hunter's clothing paradise.
- 2 **Canal Street.** *Lost:* A real 40 foot wide canal, flanked by trees and a promenade. Even then environmentalists opposed the canal because it bred mosquitoes and ruined a good fishing and ice skating rink. *Found:* NYC's biggest floating flea market. Every square foot of the sidewalk is a counter and everything is for sale.
- 3 **Washington Square.** *Lost:* Layered under the current design are Colonist's favorite duck hunting grounds, later inhabited by Angolan blacks, a paupers' graveyard and even militia parades. The Square's darker days included the *Hanging Elm*, said to be

the oldest tree in the city, which was used for executions. The arch, originally wooden, was designed by Stanford White to commemorate the centennial of George Washington's (ergo its name) inauguration as President. It was so successful that it was re-created in marble. *Found:* The living room of Greenwich Village, with joggers, children, grande dames and, yes, drug dealers providing the local color. Flea markets and fairs occupy the grounds on the weekends.

- 4 **Wall Street.** *Lost:* The wall was intended to defend the city from the marauding Indians and the Englishmen. But the protection was only symbolic since the settlers regularly dismantled the wall to heat or shore up their homes. *Found:* The Grand Canyon of high finance where sunlight rarely reaches the sidewalk.
- 5 **Paley Park.** *Lost:* An old stockbroker's club and not much else. *Found:* An oasis. This exquisite little park, with a cascading water wall to drown out the city sounds, is the father of the vest pocket park—the most elegant spot to have a hot dog and relax. The park was donated by CBS's founder, William S. Paley, and named after his father, Samuel Paley.
- 6 **Jeannette Park.** (alias Vietnam War Memorial) *Lost:* The plaza was first named Jeannette Park after a ship which carried an ill-fated expedition to the North Pole, where all hands went down. Also lost—the famous L-train. *Found:* The lunch room of Wall Street and the home of the NYC Vietnam War Memorial.
- 7 **Bryant Park/NYC Public Library.** *Lost:* The Croton Reservoir, NYC's first great reservoir, and the glorious Crystal Palace. *Found:* A bit of classical Europe in Manhattan and, around the corner on Fifth Avenue, NYC's Spanish Steps. This is where you go to watch the world parade by.
- 8 **Rockefeller Center.** *Lost:* NYC's first botanical garden, later rented to farmers, and a plethora of speakeasies. *Found:* The heart of NYC, a city within the city—one of the most important and successful urban spaces of the century. Leading to the plaza from Fifth Avenue are the Channel Gardens: one side represents France, the other England, ergo its name. The Gardens are a wonderful place to sit and wait for a friend. The famous ice skating rink is next to the golden statue of Prometheus, who oversees the ice skaters and diners al fresco, and this is where NYC puts out its Christmas tree.
- 9 **Bowling Green.** (Where Peter Minuit supposedly bought Manhattan for \$24) *Lost:* A field where Colonial gentlemen played bowles and which was leased to citizens for the annual fee of one peppercorn. Rebellious New Yorkers tore down the original statue of George III, dragged it through the streets and melted it into bullets. *Found:* A period piece restoration of the city's oldest public park and a foreground for the Custom House.

10 **City Hall Park and Square.** *Lost:* This park has seen many faces. It served as an Old Negro Burial Ground, a parade ground, tanning yard, a poorhouse, a prison and even as the site of public executions—the apple trees were converted to gallow. Later, it was the site of the Croton Fountain and a post office. *Found:* A delightful green retreat with the Delacorte Fountain (actually the second fountain the site has known) that serves as an important ceremonial space for the city.

11 **Battery Park.** *Lost:* A Civil War prison camp, the Castle Clinton as a fortification and later an aquarium. *Found:* One of the greatest promenades on the NYC waterfront; ferry rides to the Statue of Liberty; Castle Clinton Fort with its fascinating exhibits; and one of the city's hottest new residential and office areas—the \$4 billion planned community will eventually have 14,000 apartments.

12 **Roosevelt Island.** *Lost:* Called Hog Island, it served as a convenient spot to lodge the sick, insane and criminal elements of society. Later known as Blackwell's Island, the site housed the prison where the legendary Mae West demanded silk undies from her jailers and got them. Later it became a poolhouse and a laboratory for medical research. The name was later changed to Welfare Island. *Found:* A dynamic place where you can take soaring aerial rides high above towering skyscrapers; visit a unique experiment in community-oriented urban design that embodies new housing concepts for the future (only a three and a half minute tram ride from midtown).

SAN FRANCISCO



Dungeness crab is the great seafood specialty of San Francisco

Maybe it is the 750,000 discriminating palates, or perhaps the international flavor, or even the California wine that washes it all down, but San Francisco is the most cuisine-conscious city in the country. The restaurant count tops 2,500—the highest per capita in the U.S.—all chasing the two out of every five food dollars spent on dining out. In order to help you sift the gold from the pebbles, I have enlisted the aid of several chefs who have taken the Bay Area by culinary storm.

'He seems to be saying,
Maybe two days, maybe
two weeks...'



Wouldn't you rather choose your own layovers?

Getting stuck in even the most charming little places in Europe is not too charming. But you never have to worry about that with Eurailpass. You always know where you're going and exactly when you're going to get there. No hassles, no tie-ups, no breakdowns, no sweat. Just lean back and look at Europe in 1st class luxury for as little as \$9 a day.

EURAILPASS

The carefree, car free way to see Europe.

Please rush me a *free* Eurailpass color brochure.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail today to Eurailpass, P.O. Box 10383
Stamford, CT 06904.

HA 0487



Unlabeled Cuisine

Chef

San Place Restaurant

recommends:

Star's. A fun place to be, with innovative cuisine for the adventurous palate. An exceptional variety of tastes. 150 Redwood. 861-7827

Masa's. Classically French, with superb sauces and very professional service. 648 Bush St. 989-7154.

Hayes's Street Grill. Large selection, with the freshest seafood available, all grilled correctly. 320 Hayes St. 863-5545.

Pat O'Shea's Mad Hatter. My only hesitation to mention this place is that it will become more popular than it already is, making it impossible to get in. The menu changes daily, with excellently prepared items and reasonable prices. Third and Geary. 752-3148.

Square One. Great crusty Italian bread. Chef Joyce Goldstein has her own style. She offers a wide variety of tastes and creatively assembled dishes. 190 Pacific. 988-1110.

Fog City Diner. Upscale diner with great appetizers and a wide range of selections. 1300 Battery. 982-2000.

Fleur de Lys. Modern French cuisine with wonderful, full-bodied sauces and an emphasis on ingredients and lightness. 777 Sutter St. 673-7779.

Casa Madrona. French California cuisine in a beautiful location. Chef Steve Simmons is my former sous chef. He is busy developing his own style, using the freshest ingredients in imaginative ways. 801 Bridgeway, Sausalito. 331-5888.

Butler's. Beautiful open restaurant serving California cuisine, with a constantly changing menu and great combinations of ingredients. 625 Redwood Hwy., Mill Valley. 383-1344.

Chez Panisse. The freshest and most unusual ingredients available prepared perfectly. 1517 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley. 548-5049.

Bridge Creek. A favorite breakfast place. The atmosphere is informal and pleasant and the food is unpretentious and down to earth. Great ingredients prepared simply and with great care. 1549 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley. 458-1774.

Monterey Market. Fresh produce and unusual ingredients. They consistently offer the very best of what's available. 1582 Hopkins, Berkeley. 525-5600

Curds and Whey. Excellent California olive oil from Santa Barbara. 6311 College Ave., Oakland. 652-6311.

Real Foods. Small but high quality selection, from excellent smoked sturgeon to yogurts. Also a wide variety of beans, grains and vinegars. 1023 Stanyon St. 564-2800

Petrini's. Grocery stores located throughout the Bay Area. Great meats and fresh seafood. A large selection in every department.

Bruno Tison

Chef

Ernie's

recommends:

Kabuto. The warmest Japanese welcome in town. The sushi is the freshest and is artistically executed by owner/sushi master Sachio-san. A terrific spot for a late-night sushi run. 5116 Geary Blvd. 752-5652.

Tommy Toy's. One of the most tastefully decorated dining rooms in San Francisco—a piece of art. The food is authentic Chinese served with the refinement and style of France. My favorite dish is the beef and scallop soup with bamboo shoots served in a coconut shell *encroute* with French puff pastry. The lobster served with rice vermicelli and ginger is another favorite. 655 Montgomery. 397-4888.

Donatello. The most refined Italian nouvelle cuisine served in an elegant setting. Giancarlo, the manager, will most certainly take care of you in style. 501 Post St. 441-7182.

Le Central. The closest thing to a French brasserie/bistro serving tasty but hearty regional country cooking. Have their cassoulet on a cold winter day. 453 Bush St. 391-2233.

Yuet Lee. The decor and ambience have much to be desired, but the food is worth the visit. Try the fresh clams, prawns or any of the seafood. They don't serve alcohol but will allow you to bring in something from their liquor store next door. 1300 Stockton. 982-6020.

Max's Diner. Fun food in a fun atmosphere. The nostalgic decor captures the all American spirit of good old-fashioned home cooking. Third at Folsom. 546-6297.

Golden Turtle. An unusual facade on Van Ness Avenue, but once you enter, there is warmth and charm. The food is excellent and typically Vietnamese—refreshing and light—and served by a very pleasant staff. My compliments to the owner, who put his heart into his restaurant. The exotic wall murals were also sculpted by the owner. 2211 Van Ness. 441-4419.

Masa's. The entrance and dining room are unpretentious, but this is one of the finest French restaurants, where the basics of traditional French cuisine are perfectly respected and honored daily. 648 Bush St. 989-7154.

Mustard's Grill. A bit out of the way of San Francisco, but my favorite California cuisine is at Mustard's in Napa. The California ingredients and French techniques are at their best. Congratulations to a traditional chef for his beautiful and moderate creations. 7399 St. Helena Hwy., Napa. 709-944-2424.

Yoshida-Ya. The only *taki tori* bar in San Francisco. The food is grilled on hibachi and served in an authentic setting with fine art and classic Japanese antiques. Dine at the *yaki tori* bar is a pleasant change of pace from the trendy sushi bar craze. 290 Webster St. 346-3431.

Jeremiah Tower

Owner/chef

Stars and Santa Fe Bar and Grill

recommends:

Scandalous lunches in the main dining room of the **Clift Hotel**, because everyone except the staff is shocked. Geary at Taylor. 775-4700.

Saturday lunches at the **Cafe at Chez Panisse**, when Pritz Streiff is maitr'd. 1517 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley. 548-5555.

Steak with white truffles at **Jack's** (Fillmore (seasonal)). 1601 Fillmore. 931-8454.

Black Oak Books in Berkeley for their combination of old and new books. 1491 Black Oak Ave. 486-0698.

View from the lookout high above the **Golden Gate Bridge** at the Main side especially during an October sunset or winter storm, sipping negronis.

Sunday brunch on the deck of someone's house in Belvedere on the water in May.

The **Auberge du Soleil** large suite, Piccadilly, a summer evening slowly slipping into fog, with caviar, the champagne cooling and a playmate nearby. Rutherford Hill Rd. Rutherford. 707-963-1211.

The little **Crystal Palace** in Golden Gate Park when orchids are in bloom.

Macy's Easter show when the gigantic azaleas fill up the first level of the store.

An invitation to the director's box at the opera, courtesy of Terry McEwen.

Vincent Fria's parties.

Acme Bread Company. 1601 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley. 524-1327.

LOS ANGELES

In this city of nearly 700 miles of well designed freeways, the auto reigns supreme. It is an indicator of wealth, class, political beliefs, taste and personal habits, but most importantly, it is a geographic necessity. The car is so deeply ingrained in the psyche of Angelenos that distances are measured in time rather than miles, and the password of the true Angeleno is the reply "thirty minutes" to the question "how far is it to the airport?" But L.A. still can—and should—be enjoyed on foot, and one of the best places to take a leisurely stroll is Melrose Avenue, that sometimes trendy, sometimes sleazy, sometimes glitzy vein of the city.

Design Factory Int. Design 6627
Welcome Home Gifts 6903
Chic A Boom Memorabilia 6905
Intermezzo Italian 6919
Cosmopolitan Books 7007

6602 **Emillo's Italian**
 6712 **Acme Functional Art**
 6810 **Fellini's Italian**

Le Brea

Via Fettuccini Italian 7111
La Brea Cafe French 7119

7150 **Baskin Robbins Ice Cream**

Cotura Boutique 7215
Talisman Jewelry 7217
Gasoline Alley Restaurant 7219
Hankiyu Oriental Arts 7223

MELROSE

7200 **Euro Coffee**
 7200 **Dmitri Clothes**
 7204 **SNT Clothes**
 7206 **Texture Clothes**
 7206 **Kids in Costume Clothes**
 7208 **Buddy's California Pottery**
 7210 **Hasti Clothes**
 7212 **Pasteria French**
 7216 **Ciao Shoes**
 7216½ **La Mere Costume Jewelry**
 7218 **Unique Clothes**
 7220 **Wild Blue Crafts Gallery**
 7224 **G.Ray Hawkins Photo Gallery**

Just Like Mom's 7757
Children's Boutique
I Love Juicy Vegetarian 7261
Mano's Furniture 7263
Nucleus Nuance 7267

7262 **LA Hotlites**
 7264 **Repeat Performance Boutique**
 7266 **Chako Boutique**
 7274 **Angeli Italian**
 7280 **Rock Star Boutique**
 7280 **Melrose Connection Gifts**

A Star Is Worn Clothes 7303
Vinyl Fetish Records 7305
Groundlings Theater 7307
Faux Body Ornament 7309
Betsy Johnson Clothes 7311
Painters Painted T-Shirts 7313
Cafe Melrose Press Club 7315
Off the Wall Antiques 7325

7300 **Art Deco LA Antiques**
 7302 **One Gay Bar**
 7306 **Il Piatto Italian**
 7308 **Mad Man Clothes**
 7308½ **Let It Rock Clothes**
 7310 **All Around the Clock Boutique**
 7320 **Peace and Plenty Folk Art**
 7322 **O.S. Chocolate**
 7324 **Stephanie Clothes**
 7326 **Madonna Boutique**

Privilege Shoes 7361
Harvey's Tropical Sun Rattan 7365
Tiziana Boutique 7369
Arabesque Boutique 7373
L'Art Tech Furnishings 7375
Expo Boutique 7379
Cucina Italian 7383
Chianti Italian 7383

MELROSE

7356 **Neo 80 Boutique**
 7366 **Koala Blue Australian**
 7368 **Bags Plus**
 7370 **Firenze Collection**
 7372 **Vacationville T-Shirts**
 7374 **The Last Wound Up Toys**
 7374 **Mrs. Field's Cookies**
 7376 **Double Rainbow Ice Cream**
 7378 **Tiger Rose Boutique**
 7380 **Karat Carats Jewelry**
 7382 **St. Tropez Shoes**
 7384 **Comme Les Garcon Boutique**

LA Eyeworks 7407
Border Grill Mexican 7407

7400 **Soap Plant Gifts**
 7402 **Wacko Gifts**

Clothes for the Modern World 7415

7406 **Hans Antiques**
 7408 **Fantasies Come True**
Disneyana
 7412 **Slightly Crazy Pottery**
 7422 **Characters Chinese**

Bangkok River Thai 7455
Warbables Boutique 7457
Hama Boutique 7459
Iliff Nut Shop 7461
Tommy Tang's Thai/Sushi 7473

7408½ **Renaissance Clothes**
 7410 **Wanna Buy a Watch**
 7418 **Upstage Clothes**
 7420 **Bonnie and Clyde's Cafe**
 7422 **Rocket Video**
 7428 **Ecru Clothes**
 7458 **Zephyr Theater**
 7472 **Antonios Mexican**

Starlight Cafe American 7505
Hoboken Boutique 7509½
Leather and Treasures 7511
Daniel 7513
Retail Slut Clothes 7517
Boutique (no name) 7519
Creative Cosmetics 7523

MELROSE

7518 **Slique Boutique**
 7520 **Grau Boutique**
 7522 **Skul Hot Shop Skateboards**
 7526 **Bruce Halperin Boutique**

Kanji Boutique 7547
Scooter Boutique 7549
Hollywood Neon 7553
Custom Neon
Z Galleries 7555
Hobson's Ice Cream 7555
Queen Cafe Thai 7561
Billie Jean Boutique 7563
Twist Boutique 7565
The Aardvark's Odd Ark 7579
Clothes

7550 **Rush Hour Boutique**
 7556 **Brian Jeffrey's Design Greenhouse**
Zoe Boutique
 7564 **Roppongi Clothes**
 7566 **Drakes Exotic Videos**
 7576 **Rocs Cards**
 7578 **Zodiac Shoes**
 7580 **Pop 84 Boutique**

Sleep Shop 7569
Bill Miller Photographer 7611
Gambis Boutique 7615
Tip Top of Brazil Shoes 7617
Q Boutique 7623

7600 **Blow Out Boutique**
 7600 **ABC Boutique**
 7612 **Rock Hanoi Cafe**
 7614 **Maya Jewelry**
 7614½ **Vision 1 Boutique**
 7618 **Noble Photo Studio**

Gelati per Tutti Ice Cream 7653
Leather Force Boutique 7655
Matrix Theater 7657
Cafe Melrose 7661
Bleeker Bobs Records 7663
Simon the Best Jeans 7667

7660 **Body Express**
Exercise Studio
 7662 **Zero Gravity Boutique**
 7664 **Lazy Lady Clothes**

Rene's All Ears Records 7701
Aron's Records 7725

MELROSE

7700 **Visag Used Records**
 7702 **Pastel Clothes**
 7708 **Joys and Toys**
 7710 **Jet Rag Boutique**
 7712 **Vous Boutique**
 7714 **Indiana Jones Clothes**
 7716 **Fat Chance Antiques**

O Kay Screen Printing and Embroidery 7751
Raphael Studios Inc. Props 7763
Deli Market 7777
Times Square Pizza 7779

HALF MOON

TEL. COTTAGES AND VILLAS



The Half Moon Club, one of the Elegant Resorts of Jamaica, has long been the Caribbean's most exclusive complete resort. An unspoiled landmark of high standards and gracious living, Half Moon will never go out of style.

Because only Half Moon gives you everything; a choice of superbly decorated hotel suites, cottages and villas; 400 acres of magnificent grounds; a mile of private white sand beach; a Robert Trent Jones 18 hole golf course; 19 fresh water pools; 13 tennis courts — 4 lit; 4 squash courts; snorkeling, fishing, sailing, scuba diving, wind surfing; sauna, massage and nautilus gym; shopping arcade, nightly entertainment and a choice of two world class restaurants. The enjoyments are endless — see for yourself. And discover why Half Moon has no equal.

For reservations, brochure and further information on our Platinum and Half Moon Plans, see your Travel Agent or call ERJ 800-237-3237 or RR 800-223-6510

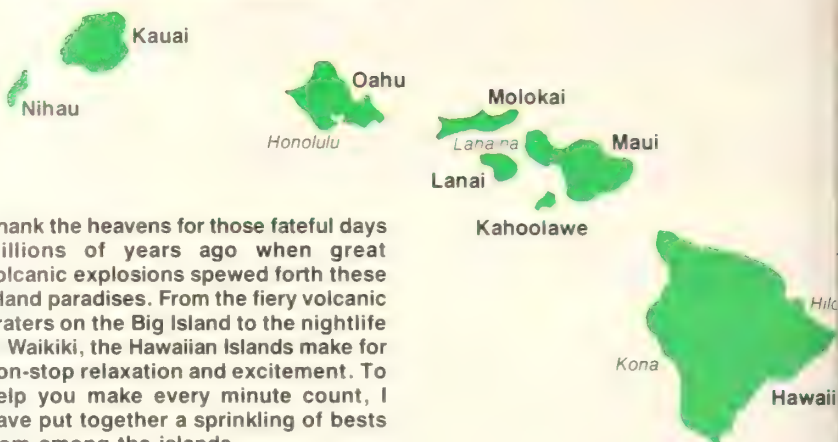
**“HALF
MOON
...THERE IS
ONLY ONE
LIKE IT”**

René Lecler, renowned author of
The 300 Best Hotels in the World

THE HALF MOON CLUB
Heinz E. W. Simonitsch
Managing Director
Montego Bay, Jamaica W.I.
Tel: 809-953-2211 Telex: 5320

ADVERTISING SUPPLEMENT

HAWAII



Thank the heavens for those fateful days millions of years ago when great volcanic explosions spewed forth these island paradises. From the fiery volcanic craters on the Big Island to the nightlife in Waikiki, the Hawaiian Islands make for non-stop relaxation and excitement. To help you make every minute count, I have put together a sprinkling of bests from among the islands.

KAUAI

Helicopter tours of the Na Pali Coast, Waimea Canyon and Mt. Waialeale; Papillon (826-6591) or Jack Harter Helicopters (245-2278) are the best.

Zodiac boat rides on the Na Pali Coast with Captain Zodiac. 826-9371.

Snorkeling or scuba-diving with Sea Sage or Fathom Five.

Drive from Hanalei to Haena.

Sunday Brunch at the Waiohai Hotel, which is the island's very best hotel. *Poipu Beach*. 945-6121, 800-277-4700. For reservations, write P.O. Box 8519, Honolulu, HI. 96815.

A cold beer on the porch at Tahiti Nui's in Hanalei. Hwy. 56, Hanalei. 826-6277.

A giant taco or burrito from the Tropical Taco van parked on the banks of the Hanalei River in Hanalei, next to Hanalei Trader.

Wailua Public Golf Course.

Body surfing at Brenneke Beach in Poipu.

The hike into Kalalau Valley.

The tour of Grove Farm, a 120 year old sugar plantation in Old Koloa Town. On Nawiliwili Rd. in Lihue. 245-3202.

The tour of the Pacific Tropical Botanical Garden and the Allerton Estate. From Hwy. 50, take the Lawai turnoff to Lawai Valley. 332-8131.

Waimea Canyon, a jagged, 10-mile slash in the terrain. From Hwy. 50, take Waimea Canyon Drive to the Canyon lookout.

OAHU

Polynesian Cultural Center. Kamehameha Hwy., Laie, an hour from Waikiki.

Iolani Palace Tours. King and Richard's St. 536-6158.

Jameson's Irish Coffee House at cocktail hour in downtown Honolulu. 16 Merchant St. 531-4666

Shave Ice with ice cream and sweet Azu beans on the bottom at St. Matsumoto Store in Haleiwa

Halekulani Hotel, the best on this island with the famous picture-bottomed swimming pool. 2199 Kalia Rd., Honolulu, HI. 96815. 923-2311.

Lehua Tuesday and Poi Thursday luncheons at the Willows. For perhaps the best food and service in Oahu, go upstairs to owner Randy Lee's Kamaaina Suite for a memorable culinary evening. 90, Hausten St., between S. King and Date St. 949-4808.

Snorkeling at Hanauma Bay.

Jogging or walking through Ala Moana Beach Park on weekends when the air is full of the smell of ethnic barbecue cooking.

Banyan Tree Bar at the Moana Hotel. 236 Kalakaua Ave. 922-3111.

A party at Nuuanu Onsen Tea House. 8 Laimi Rd. 538-9184.

The Visitor Center and tours of the U.S.S. Arizona Memorial. Entrance from Hwy. 90 half a mile east of Aloha Stadium. 422-0561

Packing a picnic for Sunday polo at Mokuleia Beach. (April to July).

Watching the surfers at the north coast beaches of Sunset and Waimea.

Breakfast or brunch at the Hala Terrace at the Kahala Hilton Hotel. 5000 Kahala Ave., Honolulu, HI. 96816. 734-2211.

Fresh Kahuku Oysters.

Lunch at Chez Michel. Eaton Square, 44-Hobron Lane, Waikiki. 955-7866.

The Bishop Museum, the Smithsonian of the Pacific, in Kalihi. 1355 Kalihi St., Kalihi 847-3511.

Bodysurfing at Sandy Beach (experts only). Off Kalaniana'ole Hwy., near Hawaii Kai

Charles K.L. Davis singing at Kemoc Farm. 1718 Wilikina Dr., directly across from Schofield Barracks. 621-8481.

ermaine's Luau, located on a secluded beach near Barber's Point, a 20-minute drive from Waikiki. 949-6626.

ported beer list at Dickens Pub. 1221 Kapiolani Blvd. 531-2727.

ider planes at Dillingham Field.

the amazing Tamashiro Fish Market on North King Street in Honolulu, underneath the landmark sign of the gargantuan bright orange crab.

MAUI

atching the sunrise at Haleakala Crater hiking down to the crater floor.

iving the crooked road to Hana with a stay at the Hana-Maui Hotel awaiting the fish. The newly remodeled hotel on the east coast of the island is on a beach that James Michener calls the most beautiful in the Pacific. *Hana, Maui, HI. 96713. 8-8211.*

aking a picnic lunch on a leisurely driving tour of UpCountry Maui.

ewey Kobayashi's Original Kitch'n Cook'd Potato Chips. (This is the real stuff, the one that spawned all the imitators, and it's what it says Kitch'n Cook'd on the bag, it's at the Maui potato chip at its legendary restaurant.)

the world-class Kapalua Bay Hotel, which is also the sight of several beautifully organized festivals and tournaments. *1 Bay View, Kapalua, Maui, HI. 96716. 669-5656. 800-367-8000.*

resh Maui catfish.

ailing to Molokai or Lanai from Lahaina.

the swimming pool and the Chocoholic bar at the Lahaina Provision Company at the Hyatt Regency Maui. *Kaanapali Beach. 87-7474. 800-228-9000. For reservations, write P.O. Box 47750, Honolulu, HI. 96847.*

ny bar in Lahaina with an open view of Lanai and Molokai at sunset.

member of the Lahaina Yacht Club who can bring you along as a guest.

barrel sample of Emil Tedeschi's Maui wine (the real stuff, not the pineapple wine), the Tedeschi Winery. 878-6058.

tour of Hasegawa General Store in Hana. 48-8231.

picnic at or near Seven Pools on the Hana Coast.

quiring the all-over tan at Makena Beach.

the Wine List at the Island Fish House in Kihei (the fish too). *1945 S. Kihei Rd. 79-7771.*

esserts at Longhi's in Lahaina. *888 Front St. 667-2288.*

unch or dinner on the deck at Kimo's in Lahaina. *845 Front St. 661-4811.*

a Bretagne, the best French restaurant in Maui. *562-C Front St. 661-8900.*

08 area code on all the Islands.

China

Four great ways to see the China of your choice.

Top-of-the-line to more affordably priced, our four great programs with nearly 50 itineraries and over 1,000 departures let you see the best of China at the pace and price you want. Tour China, Hong Kong, Japan, Tibet, Southeast Asia, even cruise the Yangtze River on our fully escorted programs, all featuring the must-see Golden Route cities. Choose China Experience® with the newest, luxury hotels, value-priced China Focus®, an all-China Escapade®, or new deluxe China Vistas®. As #1 to China and the Orient, Pacific Delight delivers the most quality, value and variety. Send for our color brochures. Then see your Travel Agent.

GO WITH THE REAL EXPERTS

Pacific Delight Tours, Inc., 132 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016
(212) 684-7707 (NY) or toll-free: (800) 221-7179 (U.S. & Canada)

Please rush me your 1987 China Vacations brochures.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My Travel Agent is _____



PACIFIC DELIGHT TOURS, INC.

H4

SHORTCUT TO GETTING AROUND BRITAIN.

Cut out this coupon and find out how to get from London to Oxford in under an hour. Or to the capital of Scotland (400 miles) in approximately 4½ hours. The secret, of course, is BritRail, with 15,000 trains daily to over 2,000 destinations. And BritRail offers lots of travel options. The BritRail Pass gives you unlimited travel all over Britain. A 15-day pass is just \$15 a day. But you have to buy it before you leave. So plan ahead. Send for your new 1987 brochure—free. Then see your travel agent.

One shortcut leads to another.



BritRail Travel International

Dept. HQ, 630 Third Avenue,
New York, NY 10017

Please send me your
brochure, *Go BritRail*.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

()
Telephone _____

BritRail Travel

H4-87

"Best Nest in the Big Apple"

Enjoy a European-style oasis at the
GRAMERCY PARK HOTEL.
Courteous Multi-lingual staff.
500 newly Decorated Rooms and Suites.
Minutes to Business Center. Sightseeing.
Fine Dining, Entertainment. Superb Room Service.
Singles \$95-105 Doubles \$100-110 Suites \$135-235

Group/Monthly Rates

All Major Credit Cards Accepted.
Contact Mr. Tom O'Brien, Gen. Mgr.
Telephone (212) 475-4320
Telex 668-755 Cable GRAMPARK
Out of town call 1-800-221-4083



GRAMERCY PARK HOTEL

21st Street and Lexington Avenue
New York, NY 10010 USA

Represented Worldwide by Utell International

Rates effective 5/87

BIG ISLAND

Touring Volcanoes National Park.

Driving Chain of Craters Road.

Suisan Fish Auction at Hilo.

Hamakua Coast Drive from Hilo to Waimea.

Kona Village Resort; its luau and lunch buffet are the best on the Big Island. This is my particular favorite hotel, with the Mauna Kea and Mauna Lani close behind. P.O. Box 1299, Kaupulehu-Kona, HI. 96741. 325-5555, 800-367-5290.

Mauna Kea Beach Resort and its priceless 1,000 piece art collection from ancient Pacific cultures. P.O. Box 218, Kamuela, HI. 96743. 882-7222, 800-228-3000.

The Mauna Lani Bay Hotel, with its atmosphere and spirit and extraordinary staff. The 18-hole Francis H. Brown II golf course is thought by many to equal the best. P.O. Box 4000, Kawaihae, HI. 96743. 885-6622, 800-367-2323.

A picnic under Monkey Pod Tree in North Kohala District.

Pu'uhonua o Honaunau (formerly known as City of Refuge) the National Historical Park. Hwy. 60, about 40 minutes from Kailua-Kona. 328-2336.

Marlin fishing off the Kona Coast.

The salt water swimming pool overlooking the ocean at the Kona Surf Hotel. Interisland Resorts, 2225 Kuhio Ave., Honolulu, HI. 96815. 322-3411, 800-367-5360.

A misty day in Waimea.

Skiing or playing in the snow on top of Mauna Kea.

Snorkeling or scuba diving at Kealahou Bay.

Breakfast at Ken's House in Hilo. 173 Kamehameha Ave. 935-8711.

Cocktails in Uncle George's Lounge in the Volcano House on the rim of a live volcano. Volcanoes National Park. 967-7321.

TOKYO

Tokyo is the world's largest department store. Its aisles are filled with twice as many people and taxis as New York City's and an abundance of wonderful shops, restaurants and architecture. My particular favorites include Tsukiji Market, perhaps the greatest fish market on earth; Kappabashi Street, where you can buy plastic food and kitchen supplies; Isamu Noguchi's stunning but often unseen office lobby in the Sogetsu Art Center; Kyukyodo, a 300 year old paper shop; and the library at Magazine House, where a few hours of browsing through the thousands of periodicals from around the world is a Magellan-like experience.

BRANDYWINE VALLEY SUPER SAMPLER WEEKENDS

Come sample some of the nation's finest natural, artistic and historical treasures. Plus a generous helping of Brandywine hospitality.

Stay overnight at participating Brandywine Valley lodgings, and we'll give you a Brandywine Sampler coupon book. It's good for reduced admissions to 12 popular museums and attractions, plus **FREE** admission to the Hagley Museum, Brandywine River Museum and Longwood Gardens.



For more information: Brandywine Sampler
117 W. Gay Street, Dept. HM
West Chester, PA 19380 • (215) 431-6365

You've got a friend
in Pennsylvania.



Tsukiji Market. In this city of more than 10 million people, Tsukiji is the grocery store, the what may be the greatest fish market on earth. Nearly 2,000 vendors are lined up outside and inside selling anything and everything related to cooking, including fabulous fresh and dried fish, seaweed, tea, dry goods and knives. Professional chefs, no one should know quality when they see it, come here to buy their supplies. If you want to be in on the action and get a real taste of the Orient, come between 5 and 8AM when the bidding is taking place. Wear tall boots and jeans, and try to eat at one of the market's restaurants. 5 Tsukiji, Chuo-ku.



Kappabashi Street. If you want to buy some of those true-to-life wax food replicas at restaurants and coffee shops display their windows, plastic vegetable dolls or accidental kitchen items, you will find them in abundance along Kappabashi Street. The wholesale selection of cooking utensils and staff uniforms and the specialty shops selling *happi* coats and *noren* curtains have made this area popular among travelers. Cooking enthusiasts can buy in small quantities. Ueno/Downtown. Look up the giant chef on top of the building on the corner of the street.

Kyoto Kyukyodo. The best paper store in Kyoto. First established in 1663 in Kyoto as a chemist's shop, Kyukyodo has been in Ginza for more than 100 years. The bewildering variety of items includes 1,000 types of Japanese paper, 300 kinds of ink, 500 different calligraphy brushes, pens, stationery, fountain pens and fans. Ask for the gold leaf paper samples. Open Monday 10AM-8PM, Sunday and holidays 11AM-7PM. 7-4 Ginza, Chuo-ku. 571-4429.

PARIS BY MOONLIGHT

whenever you like ...



talkingMAP™
the power of video ... the portability of print

DESTINATIONS VIDEO & ACCESSPRESS, Ltd. announce the **talkingMAP**
A one hour videocassette together with a special **ACCESS** Guidebook ... both working with you to explore the possibilities of far away places ...

- Zoom into city streets with animated video maps ... learn local landmarks and how to use them ...
- Listen as residents tell tales of their town ... history, lore, and legends— where to go and what to see ...
- Solve the mysteries of foreign travel— telephones, train stations—step off the plane at home in an unfamiliar world

You'll arrive prepared— ready to work or play. Your **ACCESS** Guide gives essential detail, your personal notes recall a wealth of impressions. Return to a lifetime of memories—a video keepsake of stunning visuals, natural sounds and evocative music you'll enjoy with family and friends, whenever you like.

The **DESTINATIONS talkingMAP™**
a dramatic travel tool for the professional or recreational traveller



DESTINATIONS VIDEO INFORMATION
1230 18th St. • San Francisco CA 94107

For your free catalog, call 415 • 864-3200

TO ENJOY SIGNIFICANT SAVINGS ON THIS HIGH-PERFORMANCE IMPORT. EXPORT YOURSELF.



Let BMW underwrite your next trip to Europe.

You'll save up to 11% by acquiring your BMW in Europe. Which may pay for the entire trip itself.

And you'll be taking in Europe's scenery while you're traveling in accommodations immeasurably more pleasurable, yet vastly less expensive than the average rent-a-car.

And since your local BMW dealer will take care of virtually all the paperwork, your mind doesn't have to labor while all the

rest of you is on vacation.

For information, call 1-(800) 634-1000 (weekdays, from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. EST), for the names of your nearest BMW dealers. Or send this coupon to BMW Information Center, E.D. Dept., 114 Mayfield Avenue, Edison, New Jersey 08837.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____
ZIP _____



THE ULTIMATE DRIVING MACHINE.

ACCESSGUIDES

In a radical approach to the guidebook genre, **ACCESSPRESS** has reinvented the wheel with a series of compact volumes that open up cities through striking graphics, terse copy and a tight format. *Time Magazine*

Guidebooks from a genius: you'll be happy to learn that the finest guides written, drawn and typeset in the last - well - half century are coming from architect-cartographer Richard Saul Wurman and **ACCESSPRESS**. Beautiful to behold, yet practical as a hammer and screwdriver. *Travel & Leisure Magazine*

... tourists do—block by block—series for the
USA Today

For either the traveler or the armchair explorer who loves accurate detail and affectionate description, the **ACCESSGUIDES** prove wonderful companions. *James Michener, Author*

PARISACCESS and **ROMEACCESS** are better than any guidebook ever published. However, **LONDONACCESS** is going to be the next chapter in guidebooks. I simply fell in love with the illustrations, ideas, and the extraordinarily high level of writing. *George Lang, Restaurateur*



ACCESSGUIDES	1copy	2copies	10copies	
LONDONACCESS	\$10.95	\$20	\$95	To order ACCESSGUIDES : Circle the price and the shipping & handling charge; then add the circled prices: order \$ _____ (New York Residents add appropriate sales tax) shipping and handling \$ _____ total \$ _____
PARISACCESS	\$10.95	\$20	\$95	
ROMEACCESS	\$10.95	\$20	\$95	
NYCACCESS	\$11.95	\$20	\$95	
SAN FRANCISCOACCESS*	\$9.95	\$18	\$85	
LAACCESS	\$9.95	\$18	\$85	
HAWAIIACCESS	\$9.95	\$18	\$85	
DCACCESS	\$9.95	\$18	\$85	
TOKYOACCESS	\$11.95	\$20	\$95	
LAS VEGASACCESS	\$7.95	\$14	\$70	
shipping & handling	\$1.50	\$3	\$6	

*New edition Spring, 1987

Provide us with your name and mailing address, and send a check or money order with this coupon to:

ACCESSPRESS Ltd.
59 Wooster Street
New York, New York
10012-4349

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery. To order by phone call 1-800-ACCESS-4 from outside the State of New York, or (212) 219-8993 from within New York.

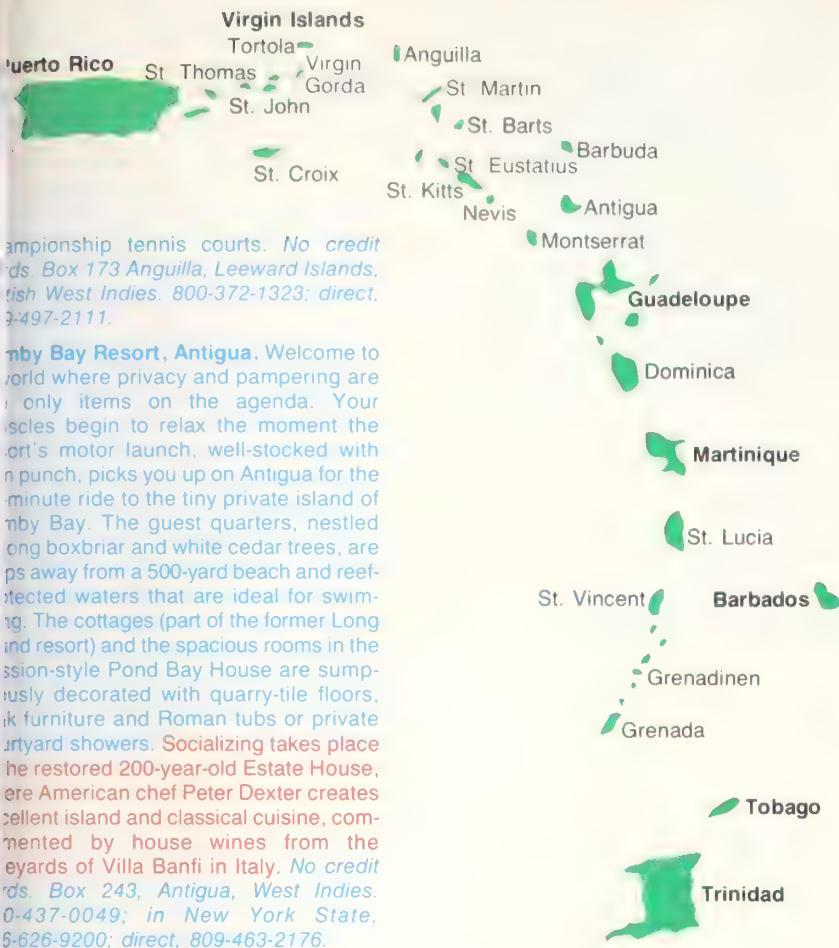
4 **Sogetsu Art Center.** (1977, Kenzo Tange) This is the second building Tange has designed for the Art Center on this site, and he now has his offices here. But the main attraction is the extraordinary lobby, with stones that were individually sculpted by Isamu Noguchi. The floor below the ground level contains a small hall with a stage and seating arranged by the current head of the school, Hiroshi Teshigahara, perhaps best known as the director of the film *Woman of the Dunes*. 7-2-21 Akasaka, Minato-ku

5 **Magazine House.** (1983, Teiichi Takahashi) With its stripes of countless glimmering pink and silver tiles, Magazine House presents quite a colorful picture. It is the headquarters for a Tokyo publishing house that produces youth culture magazines such as *Brutus*, *Popeye* and *Olive* figures namesakes of two other House publications, grace the entrance. The ceiling in the lobby is lined with rows of frosted bulbs encased in old-fashioned frilled glass shades which make everything glitter, including the walls. The elevated glass roof and metal pipe-shaped balcony in the video room, to the left of the lobby, have a high-tech effect. But the major attraction is the **World Magazine Library** at the head of the main stairway, which contains an extraordinary array of magazines—an ideal place to browse for a few hours. 3-13-10 Ginza, Chuo-ku.

CARIBBEAN

Gone are the days when the only qualifications for a Caribbean vacation were a nice room and a sunny, palm-fringed beach. These days, Caribbean travelers expect something beyond the beach, whether it be scuba diving, tennis or hikes along forest trails—and more and more resorts are listening, as I discovered in my survey of exclusive hideaways—some new, some old, some reborn.

Malliouhana Hotel, Anguilla. When this cool oasis of luxury perched on a clifftop above a sweep of white sand opened two years ago, *The New York Times* predicted it would become one of the world's most exclusive resorts—an expectation I think it is easily living up to. The Malliouhana, which means *Anguilla* in Carib Indian—looks and feels like a grand Caribbean chateau set on 30 palm and flower-covered acres. Owners Leon and Annette Roydon have created 34 sensuous guest rooms and 7 suites, all decorated with mirrors, marble and touches of handcrafted Brazilian furniture, bamboo, wicker and Haitian fabrics. If you are going for the ultimate in luxury I recommend the three-bedroom beach front villas, complete with pantries and terraces, where breakfast is served by not one but two maids. Jo Rustang, of La Bonne Auberge in Antibes, has given the kitchen the finest reputation on the island. Three fresh water swimming pools and three



championship tennis courts. *No credit cards.* Box 173 Anguilla, Leeward Islands, British West Indies. 800-372-1323; direct, 949-2111.

Pond Bay Resort, Antigua. Welcome to a world where privacy and pampering are only items on the agenda. Your scales begin to relax the moment the port's motor launch, well-stocked with a punch, picks you up on Antigua for the minute ride to the tiny private island of Pond Bay. The guest quarters, nestled among boxbrier and white cedar trees, are just away from a 500-yard beach and reef-protected waters that are ideal for swimming. The cottages (part of the former Long Pond resort) and the spacious rooms in the mission-style Pond Bay House are sumptuously decorated with quarry-tile floors, dark furniture and Roman tubs or private courtyard showers. Socializing takes place in the restored 200-year-old Estate House, where American chef Peter Dexter creates excellent island and classical cuisine, complemented by house wines from the vineyards of Villa Banfi in Italy. *No credit cards.* Box 243, Antigua, West Indies. 00-437-0049; in New York State, 516-626-9200; direct, 809-463-2176.

Pond Bay Beach Club, Barbados. Dramatically situated on low, rocky cliffs that extend into the Atlantic, this small luxury resort consists of 16 coral-pink villas overlooking the gleamy white sand of Pigeon Beach and its reef-protected waters. The one-room suites are country-house comfortable, with custom-made furniture carved from native mahogany, large bedrooms, kitchens, living rooms and private verandas. The courtyard is dominated by a free-form swimming pool and a charming, thatched roof restaurant, where a young Bajan chef prepares local food specialties fresh from the reef right on the beach. *St. Phillip, Barbados, West Indies.* 800-223-5581; New York, 212-535-9530; or direct, 809-423-5810.

Hotel Manapany Cottages, St. Barthélemy. Tiny St. Bart's has always been an escape for celebrities, and this two-year-old resort is continuing the tradition. Mick Jagger, Peter Allen and Yannick Noah have already signed up for Manapany's secluded location, perched on a hillside overlooking the Anne des Cayes, glamorous sunrise and gentle, reef-protected beach. The cottage accommodations range from comfortable one bedrooms to luxurious suites with bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 20-foot living rooms, kitchenettes and terraces overlooking the sea. *Meals are prepared by a talented young chef who studied with some*

of Frances' best-known culiniers and cooked for a president of France. B.P. 114, 97133, St. Barthélemy, French West Indies; 800-847-4249; New York, 212-757-0225, or direct 596-276655.

Carambola Beach Resort and Golf Club, St. Croix. Born four months ago with a silver spoon in its mouth, just the family tree alone practically guarantees its success. Carambola is Rockresorts newest Caribbean hideaway—they own the elegant Caneel Bay on St. John and Little Dix on Virgin Gorda. The 156 villa-like rooms have magnificent views of Davis Bay, as well as cathedral ceilings, private porches, parlors and separate sleeping areas. Some of the rooms are set into the ruins of a sugar mill, a remnant from St. Croix's sugar boom days. The centerpiece of the resort is a complex incorporating **two restaurants**, a freshwater pool and four tennis courts. An 18-hole championship golf course designed by Robert Trent Jones is a shuttle ride away. *Box AO, Kingshill, St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands 00850; 800-223-7637; 800-442-8198 (in New York).*

Restaurants red
Shops/Galleries purple
Hotels blue
Outdoor spaces green
Museums/Architecture/Narrative black

FREE KIAWAH ISLAND VACATION GUIDE 1-800-845-3911

This all new guide to Kiawah is essential to vacation planning. Discover 10 miles of beach, 3 golf courses, 2 tennis clubs, parks, pools, bike trails, boating, shopping, dining plus nearby Historic Charleston. Also sports, family and honeymoon packages available. Call Today.

Name _____
Address _____
City/State/Zip _____
RAVENEL ASSOCIATES
2 Beachwalker Drive, G-2, Kiawah Island, SC 29455
803-768-2300

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 44 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.

FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606hp Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920



*The Salisbury Hotel
at West 57th,
across from Carnegie Hall*

**WEEKEND
SPECIAL** **\$69** per night
(Fri., Sat. & Sun. or 2 persons)

or 1 bedrm suite \$119
(advance reservations only)

Gracious hotel located in hub of NY's attractions. Rooms beautifully decorated, refrigerator, pantry, color TV. Regular rates: singles \$84-94; doubles \$94-104; 1-2 BR suites \$159-275.

For reservations/brochure see travel agent or call:

• (212) 246-1300 (NYS)
• toll-free 800-223-0680 (USA)

Salisbury
HOTEL

123 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

Saltwhistle Bay Club

A last frontier...
in a tropical island paradise.

For a truly invigorating
relaxing holiday...



Mayreau.

St. Vincent Grenadines

West Indies

1-800-387-1752



POWERED BY THE DALLAS SYMPHONY

When American Airlines offered to help the Dallas Symphony, it helped their Texas ticket sales take off. To learn just how your business can form a successful partnership with the arts, contact:

BUSINESS COMMITTEE FOR THE ARTS
SUITE 510 • 1775 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019 • (212) 664-0600

THE CHALLENGE OF A LIFETIME

If you're looking for something different,
something fun, and an experience that will
build character for the years ahead, then try
Outward Bound.

Choose mountaineering, backpacking,
canoeing, sailing, skiing or whitewater rafting
for the challenge of a lifetime.

For a free catalog listing over 600 adventure
trips, write:

Outward Bound USA, 384 Field Point Road
Greenwich, CT. 06803.

Or call: 800-243-8520 (in CT., 203-661-0797).

OUTWARD BOUND®

25 years of excellence in education

Saltwhistle Bay Club, Mayreau. Located on a tiny islet in the unspoiled Grenadines, this year-old hotel is for Robinson Crusoe with-class types. Owners Tom and Undine Potter opened a restaurant here a decade ago to cater to the passing yachts, and then added the hotel last year, which I highly recommend. It is set on 22 glorious acres of coconut palms bordering a curve of white sand. The hammocks strung among the trees tell the rest of the story. Saltwhistle Bay is a place to take off your shoes, kick back and catch up on your reading. The native-stone cottages are simply decorated with handcrafted furniture, ceiling fans and solar-heated showers. Evenings are spent in the bar and restaurant dining on local specialties like conch, turtle steak and lobster fresh from the reefs surrounding the coastline. Mayreau, St. Vincent Grenadine West Indies; 800-387-1752.

Golden Lemon, St. Kitts. When Columbus sailed by St. Kitts in 1493, he liked it enough to leave his name behind, calling it St. Christopher. Five centuries later, Arthur Leaman, former decorating editor of *House and Garden* magazine, did much the same thing, when he discovered a rundown sugar storehouse and turned it into the Golden Lemon, the tiny oasis of sophistication and charm that you see today. Using his decorator's eye, he gave the outside of the house a coat of lemon yellow paint, and inside created 17 distinct and colorful guest rooms, each like a page from *House and Garden*, with antique chests and armoire, four-poster beds, one-of-a-kind wicker furniture and ceiling fans to augment the island breezes. All the rooms have open galleries that look out over a walled garden (at its most spectacular from May through September) and onto a black volcanic sand beach. Leaman has recently added two private suites with fresh-water swimming pools. But a major reason I'm recommending the Golden Lemon is for the exceptional food, which has made the resort restaurant a favorite mealtime port of call. Their Caribbean specialties may alone be worth a trip to St. Kitt's. Dieppe Bay, St. Kitts, West Indies. 808-465-7260.

1987 by ACCESSPRESS Ltd.

The excerpts in this article were gathered from **ACCESS** guidebooks and edited and designed by Jean Linsteadt and Lisa Victor. The cover photography was done by Reven T.C. Wurman.

Produced by David J. Lange

Published by HARPER'S MAGAZINE
666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012
(212)614-6500

The publishers assume no legal responsibility for the completeness or accuracy of the contents of this article or any legal responsibility for the appreciation or depreciation in the value of any premises, commercial or otherwise, by reason of their inclusion in or exclusion from this article. All contents are based on information available at time of publication.

East of the sun. West of the moon. Windjammer.



A place to live your fantasies.
A place to free your soul.

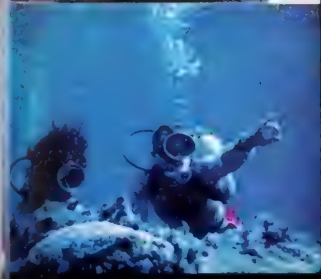
To cozy up to the Caribbean sun.
To dance among a thousand stars
to the rhythms of steel drums.
To play on sparkling white and
pink sand beaches.
To discover the underwater
paradise of the reefs.
To find a new friend and share the
intimacies of a sensuous night.
To come alive and live.
To remember for a lifetime.

6 days and 6 nights. From \$625.

1-800-327-2600
In Florida 800-432-3364

**Windjammer
Barefoot Cruises**

Post Office Box 120.
Miami Beach, Florida 33119.



Captain Mike rush me my free full color 'Great Adventure' booklet and show
me the way to Paradise for 6 days and 6 nights from \$625.
Windjammer Barefoot Cruises.
P.O. Box 120, Dept. SH Miami Beach, Fla. 33119.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State Zip _____

A woman with dark hair, seen from the back and side, is wearing a bright red long-sleeved shirt. She is looking at a bouquet of flowers, which includes white and yellow roses. The background is dark and out of focus.

Tues.

Thurs.

The week we lived a life with cancer.

You know someone who's had cancer. An aunt, a cousin, a father or a close friend. Or maybe a wife and mother who "wanted to go to sleep and wake up and pretend it was just a dream."

But it wasn't a dream for Helen Bartlett. A person Newsweek walked beside dur-

ing her harrowing medical and psychological odyssey. A person who shared her innermost thoughts and feelings with us.

And, because you experienced Helen's experiences as they happened, you found out what it means to be a cancer victim and live with the imminent threat of dying.

Fri.

Helen Bartlett didn't make it. But in her 18-month battle, this courageous woman showed all of us what it means to live with cancer.

Finding out what it means that's what Newsweek is all about and what our in-depth stories have always been about.

In our story on Hiroshima



Wed.

Sat.

e told you what it means, after
rty years, to live with the
omb still echoing in your mind.

In our special story on
omosexuality, we showed you
hat a desperately lonely and
rtured experience it still is to
ow up gay in America.

And, in our National Maga-
ne Award-winning report on

Vietnam, we told you what it
meant for 65 boys, in a company
called Charlie, to come home to
a silent, indifferent America.

Newsweek constantly lives
with people whose lives have

meaning to you. Reporting one-
on-one about real human beings

It's one of the reasons we've
won more awards for excellence
than any other newsweekly.

We speak in a human voice.

Newsweek.
Why it happened. What it means.

DILEMMA IN SW

Surrogate mothers, natural

This is page one of a six-page contract that this winter became one of the most controversial of any in the country—the contract that led to the birth of Baby M and the battle for her custody. Over the past ten years, a few surrogate mothers have refused to give up their babies (so far, more than 500 babies have been born to surrogate mothers); but no father until William Stern has fought for custody—and in so doing, remanded to the courts a matter of profound legal, emotional, and moral complexity. No matter who ultimately wins custody of Baby M—the case could be in the courts for some time—a morass of issues remains untouched.

Couples turn to a surrogate mother when the woman is infertile or pregnancy poses a threat to her health—Elizabeth Stern has a mild case of multiple sclerosis—and yet the couple wants a child who is biologically related to at least one parent, the father. But “fatherhood” is legally ambiguous; until recently, paternity could not even be proven medically. And court records reflect a history of paternal denial: fathers happy to grant custody of their children to the wives they are divorcing; fathers leaving a state to avoid child-support payments. Moreover, of the twenty-nine states with laws governing artificial insemination—a process in which the natural father, in effect, is the surrogate—twelve bar the sperm-donor from any paternal claim. Should the rules be different when the donor-father arranges to make a baby?

We regard a woman's relationship with her baby as commencing with conception. And until very recently the courts have presumed that mothers are best suited to raise small children. But is this “nature's” way? What of mothers who put their children up for adoption? Where do infanticide and abortion fit into this? And what about the hundreds of surrogate mothers who have had little problem with the arrangement? Further complicating the situation are the possible ramifications should the courts decide that women have a “special” right to babies they give birth to. Would it perpetuate women's traditional responsibility to bring up babies and forgo careers?

Judith Levine writes frequently for the Village Voice.

SURROGATE

THIS AGREEMENT is made this 6th MARY BETH WHITEHEAD, a married woman (hereinafter referred to as “Surrogate”) her husband (herein referred to as “Natural Father”).

THIS AGREEMENT is made with re

(1) WILLIAM STERN; Natural Father years who is desirous of entering into

(2) The sole purpose of this Agreement is for the Surrogate, an infertile wife to have a child which is

(3) MARY BETH WHITEHEAD, Surrogate, the age of eighteen (18) years and desirous of the following:

NOW THEREFORE, in consideration of the intentions of being legally bound here

1. MARY BETH WHITEHEAD, Surrogate, agrees that she will not form or attempt to form a child with any other person; she may conceive, carry to term and give birth to a child in accordance with this Agreement, and shall freely surrender custody of the child; and terminate this Agreement.

2. MARY BETH WHITEHEAD, Surrogate, married since 12/2/73, and RICHARD WHITEHEAD, Natural Father, agree that the provisions of this Agreement and acknowledgment shall be artificially inseminated with the sperm of RICHARD WHITEHEAD. WHITEHEAD agrees that in the best interest of the child, she will surrender immediate custody of the child to RICHARD WHITEHEAD upon birth of the child; and shall rebut the presumption of paternity of the child by an affidavit of the aforementioned agreement as provided herein.

3. WILLIAM STERN, Natural Father, agrees that he will cooperate with MARY BETH WHITEHEAD, Surrogate, in the artificial insemination of the Surrogate, upon becoming pregnant with the embryo/fetus(s) until delivery. RICHARD WHITEHEAD, Surrogate, agree that they will cooperate

LING CLOTHES

Baby M, by Judith Levine

1985, by and between
(gate), RICHARD WHITEHEAD,
(herein referred to as

facts:

over the age of eighteen (18)

WILLIAM STERN and his
WILLIAM STERN.

WHITEHEAD, her husband, are over
his Agreement in consideration

is contained herein and the
follows:

she is capable of conceiving
the best interest of the child,
with any child or children
the provisions of this
4, Natural Father, immediately
said child pursuant to this

WHITEHEAD, her husband, have been
with the purposes, intents and
MARY BETH WHITEHEAD, Surrogate,
of this Agreement. RICHARD
will not form or attempt to form
BETH WHITEHEAD, Surrogate, may
d agrees to freely and readily
Natural Father; and terminate his
will do all acts necessary to
ed and born pursuant to
d testing and/or HLA testing.

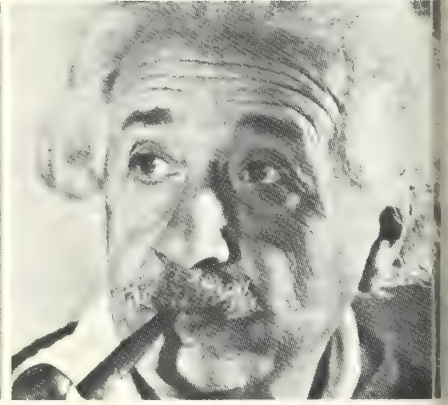
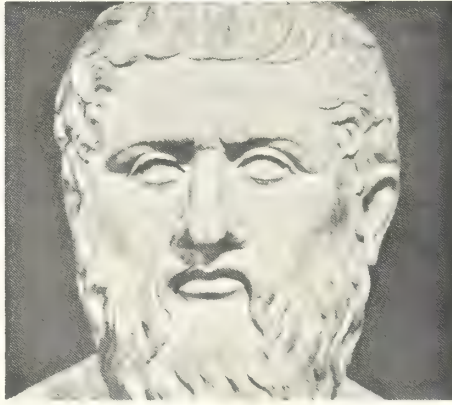
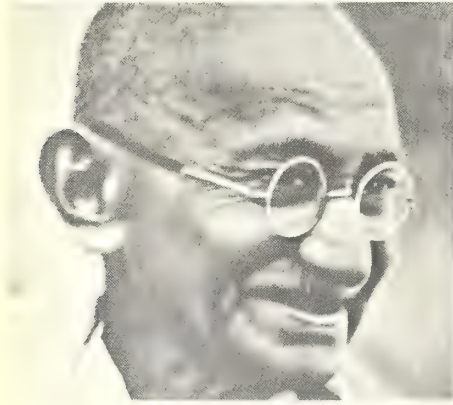
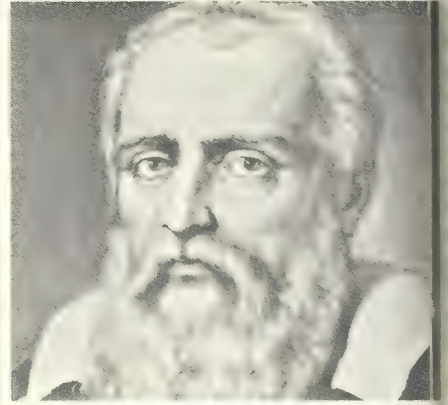
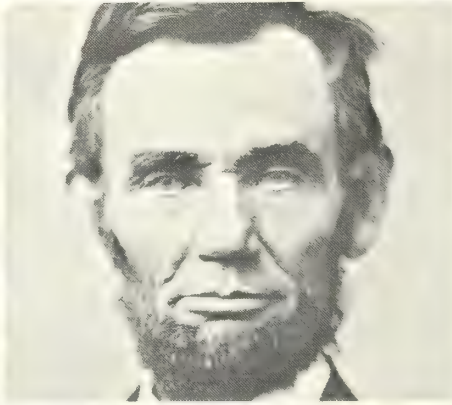
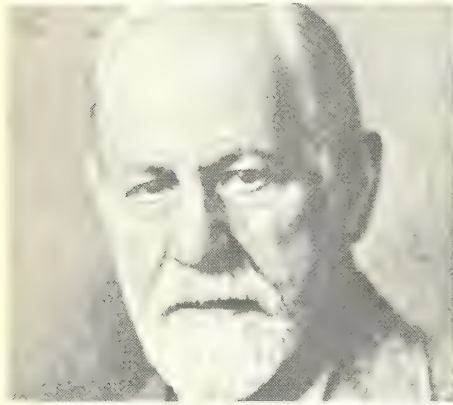
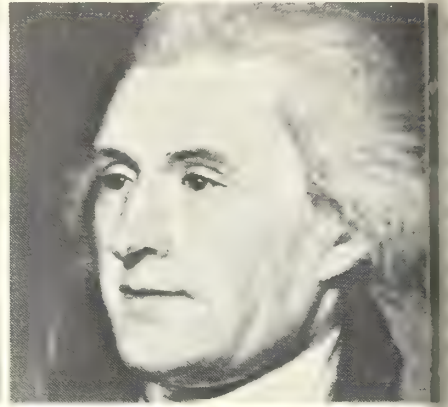
enter into this written contractual
BETH WHITEHEAD shall be
y a physician. MARY BETH
that she will carry said
rogate, and RICHARD WHITEHEAD, her
nd investigation into the

The agreement lies in a vague territory between contract law and family law—and neither seems sufficient to regulate it. Assume surrogate-parenting contracts are declared enforceable: how would the courts remedy a breach? If the mother backs out, will she be made to deliver the goods? If the father reneges and decides he doesn't want the child, should a judge force him to take the baby? In all this, the baby seems reduced to a commodity. What of his or her rights?

Richard Whitehead, a sanitation worker, makes \$28,000. That's the family income; his wife, Mary Beth—the surrogate mother—is a homemaker. The Sterns, a biochemist and a pediatrician, have a joint income of more than \$90,000. The class overtones of surrogate motherhood are creepy. Contracts are mainly between upper-middle-class couples and working-class (or lower-middle-class) women. There is the potential for exploitation: poor pay and awful working conditions for surrogate mothers. The contract called for Mary Beth Whitehead to make \$10,000—about \$1.50 an hour for 6,480 hours. And a father might try to control a surrogate mother's behavior: prohibit her from smoking, drinking, or having an abortion; or, in a difficult delivery, force her to undergo a Caesarean section. And what if a surrogate is sought for reasons other than the wife's inability to conceive? Couples could well turn to surrogates for eugenic purposes, with tall blond marathon runners and brilliant mathematicians demanding high prices.

The complications of surrogate motherhood have prompted twenty-seven state legislatures to propose laws regulating surrogacy, and several state courts have entered the fray. But in no state has a law been enacted. There have been other rulings: Catholic and Orthodox Jewish leaders have forbidden married couples to enter into surrogate arrangements, calling them adultery and a threat to the bonds of matrimony. Surrogate mothering, like pornography, is situated in that volatile zone where law and ethics, commerce and the body, intersect and widely divergent moralities collide. Lawmakers and judges cannot possibly foresee every problem. Yet they must begin to make some binding decisions. Families—especially children—can no longer afford to wait.

At Adelphi, You'll Meet Influential People Who Can Help You Throughout Your Life



There's a tendency these days for certain colleges to sound more like vocational schools.

We don't believe that's wise. Or that confining higher education to short-term career needs is practical or prudent anymore.

Consider this:

The U.S. Department of Labor estimates that people of college age today may switch careers three or more times in the years ahead.

Consider, too, that rapid changes in technology and in the practice of every profession make future job requirements in many fields hard to foresee.

Besides, at Adelphi we don't want to prepare you just for your first, entry-level job. We want to educate you for leadership, and for life.

That's why we've taken an imaginative new approach to the whole idea of higher learning. Learning that's rooted in 2500 years of academic tradition. Learning that draws on the creative powers of today's faculty.

As an Adelphian, you'll pursue a well-integrated course of study that combines programs in the liberal arts and sciences with forward-looking education for the professions.

Instead of a narrow curriculum embracing little beyond a preparatory major field, you'll grapple with the fundamental elements of thought and knowledge.

In the process, you'll discover the qualities of character and intellect that distinguish enlightened

leaders.

You'll awaken to the potential of your own mind and learn to cultivate its powers of reasoning, analysis and creativity. That's what we mean by a commitment to the intellect. It's what makes this university distinctive and distinctively different.

Join us. Because it may take the wisdom of the past 25 centuries just to survive in the next one.

Adelphi
UNIVERSITY Garden City, L.I., NY 11530
516-663-1120

A Commitment to Intellect.

HARPER'S EDUCATION ALMANAC

THE ACADEMIC YEAR

September. Juniors (and highly competitive sophomores) register for PSAT/MSQT (Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Test/National Merit Scholarship Qualifying Test) given in October.

October. Seniors set up personal interviews at college campuses.

November/December. Juniors register for SAT (Scholastic Aptitude Test) given in late spring.

January. File FAF (Financial Aid Form) or FAFSA (Family Financial Statement).

February. Seniors send first semester grades to chosen colleges.

March. Apply for on-campus summer college programs for high school students.

April. Juniors register for ACT (American College Entrance Test) given late in junior year or early in senior year. Seniors reply promptly to college admissions offices.

May. Deadlines for summer graduate programs, study abroad, creative writing programs, et al.

June/July. Third week of every month (year round) take CLEP (College Level Examination Program) test.

August. Seniors submit Early Decision applications.

THE BEST SOURCES

General. *The College Guide for Parents*, by Charles J. Shields, Surrey Books, Chicago, Ill., 1986.

Guide to Independent Secondary Schools, 86-87, Peterson's Guides, Christopher W. Kelly and John Wells, editors. Princeton, N.J., 1986.

The Official Guide to U.S. Law Schools, 86-87 *Prelaw Handbook*, by Law School Admission Council/Law School Admission Services, Newtown, Pa. 18940.

Counseling. Independent Educational Consultants Association, 128 Great Road, Bedford, Mass. 01730.

National Association of College Admissions Counselors, 9933 Lawler Ave., Suite 200, Skokie, Ill. 60077.

Testing. *The Princeton Review Cracking the System: the SAT*, by Adam Robinson and John Katzman, Villard Books, New York, N.Y., 1986.

How to Prepare for College Entrance Examinations, by Samuel C. Brownstein and Mitchell Weiner. Barron's Educational Services, Woodbury, N.Y. Updated annually. *General Information Booklet* to prepare for the LSAT (Law School Admission Test),

BENNINGTON WRITING WORKSHOPS

June 28 — July 25, 1987
Fiction • Poetry • Nonfiction

Faculty & Visitors Include:

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE • CHARLES BAXTER • ROY BLOUNT • BLANCHE BOYD • ALAN CHEUSE • NICHOLAS DELBANCO • MICHAEL DORRIS • ANDRE DUBUS • STEPHEN DUNN • EMILY ELLISON • RICHARD ELMAN • LOUISE ERDRICH • RICHARD FORD • LAURA FURMAN • GEORGE GARRETT • CURTIS HARNACK • GALWAY KINNELL • JAMES HOWARD KUNSTLER • DAVID LEAVITT • JAY MCINERNEY • MICHAEL MEWSHAW • CAROLE OLES • MICHAEL PETTIT • ROBERT PINSKY • C. E. POVERMAN • JAMES ROBISON • MARY ROBISON • THEODORE ROSENGARTEN • STEPHEN SANDY • LORE SEGAL • BOB SHACOCIS • SUSAN SHREVE • MONA SIMPSON • DAVE SMITH • LEE SMITH • HENRY TAYLOR • ELLEN BRYANT VOIGT • JON MANCHIP WHITE • JOHN EDGAR WIDEMAN • ALLEN WIER • DARA WIER • RICHARD WILBUR • TOBIAS WOLFF • HILMA WOLITZER • MEG WOLITZER • AL YOUNG • AND OTHERS

For further information, write
Alan Cheuse, Acting Director
Bennington Writing Workshops
Box 1, Bennington College
Bennington, VT 05201
802-442-5401

A NEW AND DIFFERENT GRADUATE PROGRAM

*The Master of Arts
in Liberal Studies*

If you have an undergraduate degree and feel some need to resume your education for your personal enrichment, consider a course-based Master's drawn from history, literature, the arts, politics, philosophy, and other fields. The program will be offered for the first time beginning in September, 1987 in American Studies, East Asian Culture Studies, Medieval Studies, and Islamic Culture Studies.

For further information, write Box H, Admissions Office, M.A.L.S. Programs, 303 Lewisohn Hall, Columbia University, New York, N.Y. 10027, or phone (212) 280-2752.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

*Columbia University
is an affirmative action/equal
opportunity institution.*

WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY

School of Law

Leadership in Legal Education

- A faculty that blends academic excellence with law practice experience
- A curriculum with focus on corporate and business instruction
- Small first year classes of approximately forty students
- The best in computer technology for teaching and research
- Comprehensive litigation instruction and a rich clinical program that qualifies graduates to practice law
- An aggressive placement program that assists graduates in reaching their full professional potential and
- A program of continuing education that meets the needs of the profession

**Our goal is to graduate students
who are not only eligible to practice law
but qualified as well.**

For more information contact:

Linda J. Michalski
(919) 761-5719

Box 7206, Reynolda Station
Winston-Salem, NC 27109

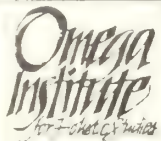
Summer '87

Take your mind on vacation

Join leaders in creative arts, psychology, spirituality, and health in an atmosphere of relaxation, inquiry, and celebration at our peaceful lakeside campus.

Upcoming faculty include: Ashley Montagu, Geneen Roth, Phil Jackson, Ann Waldman, Bobby McFerrin, Eiko and Koma, and Ram Dass.

For a free catalog:
Omega Institute
RD2, Box 377 H
Rhinebeck, NY 12572
914 338-6030



Founded 1746



LINDEN HALL

AMERICA'S OLDEST
BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

212 East Main St., Lititz, PA 17543

(717) 626-8512

Patricia R. Sullivan, Director of Admissions

N.Y. STATE SUMMER WRITERS INSTITUTE

at Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 12866

The inaugural four-week session, from July 13th through August 7, 1987, will offer workshops for undergraduate and graduate credit under the joint auspices of SUNY-Albany and Skidmore College. Standard class meetings five days each week will be supplemented by public readings, panel discussions and a 3-day international writers conference.

Course offerings in Intermediate & Advanced Fiction Writing, Intermediate & Advanced Poetry Writing, Playwriting, & Magazine & Book Editing.

Regular Teaching Staff:

Fiction

RUSSELL BANKS

AMY HEMPEL

Poetry

ROBERT HASS

MARY KINZIE

Drama

WILLIAM ALFRED

Magazine & Book Editing

DORIS GRUMBACH

Visiting Faculty

E.L. DOCTOROW
KATHA POLLITT
ANTHONY LUKAS

WILLIAM KENNEDY
ROBERT TOWERS
ROBERT BOYERS

& others

For brochure and application procedures send
inquiry with name & address to:

Robert Boyers, Director
N.Y. State Summer Writers Institute
Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 12866

c/o Law School Admission Council/L
School Admission Services, Box 20,
Newtown, Pa. 18940.

Choosing. *The College Handbook*, The College Board, New York, N.Y., 1985.

Lovejoy's College Guide, Simon and Schuster, New York, N.Y., 1985.

Guide to Four-Year Colleges 1986, Peterson's Guides, Andrea E. Lehman and E. A. Suber, editors. Princeton, N.J., 1986.

The Public Ivys: A Guide to America's Best Public Colleges and Universities, by Richard Moll, Viking, New York, N.Y., 1985.

Selected Guide to Colleges, by Edward Fiske, Times Books, New York, N.Y., 1986.

Accredited Institutions of Post-secondary Education (Middle States Association, Colleges and Schools, Philadelphia, Pa.

Colleges with Programs for Learning Disabled Students, Peterson's Guides, Charles T. Mangrum II and Stephen S. Strichartz, editors. Princeton, N.J., 1986.

National Commission for Cooperative Education, Northeastern University, Boston, Mass. 02115.

The Macmillan Guide to Correspondence Study, by Modoc Press, Inc., Macmillan, New York, N.Y., 1983.

College Videos. *College USA*, INFO-DISK Corporation, P.O. Box 830, Gaithersburg, Md. 20877.

Financial Aid. *Early Planning for College Costs*, by American Association of State Colleges and Universities, and Cooper and Lybrand, P.O. Box 467, Rockville, Md. 20850 (\$2 prepaid).

The College Cost Book, College Board Publications, P.O. Box 886, New York, N.Y. 10101. Annual, \$10.95.

Financial Aids for Higher Education: Catalog for Undergraduates, by Oreon Keefer, Wm. C. Brown Co., Dubuque, Iowa, 1985.

The Student Consumer's Guide: Six Federal Financial Aid Programs, Basic Grant, P.O. Box 84, Washington, D.C. 20043.

Meeting College Costs, The College Scholarship Service, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10106.

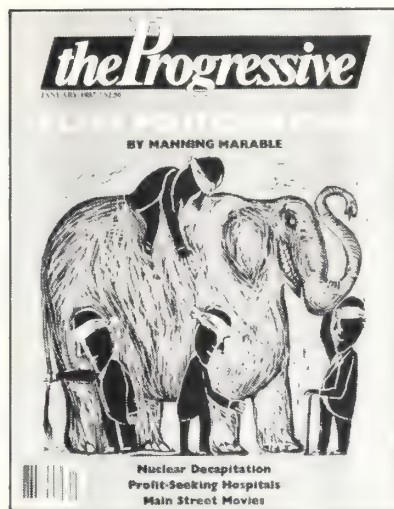
Applying for Financial Aid, ACT Publications, P.O. Box 168, Iowa City, Iowa, 52243.

The Scholarship Book: A Comprehensive Guide to Private Sector Scholarships, Grants and Loans for Undergraduates, by Daniel Cassidy and Michael J. Alves, Prentice Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1984.

Law School Assured Access Program LSAC/LSAS, Box 2500, Newtown, Pa. 18940.

Harper's Magazine wishes to express special thanks to Surrey Books for aid in the preparation of this information.

Take a **FREE**
look at an issue
of The Progressive.
Then, you
decide if
you'd like
to **SUBSCRIBE.**



☐ **YES,** let me decide—Send me my FREE issue and reserve a one-year subscription for only \$16.97.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

GUARANTEE: If The Progressive isn't for you, return the subscription bill marked "cancel" within two weeks and that's that. You've spent nothing. You owe nothing. And the sample issue is yours to keep, FREE.

THE PROGRESSIVE P.O. Box 54615, Boulder, CO 80321-4615 57026

A YIELD AGAINST THE ODDS

Harvest time on a Missouri farm

By Richard Rhodes

A combine is a farm machine, a mobile factory that separates grain and seed from husk and stalk and pod. Think of it as a tunnel that connects the natural to the human world, a cornucopia; these days it comes sized proportionately. The big red Case International combine that Tom Bauer wheeled from the darkness of its storage shed one morning late last August, engine growling and seven picker-head snouts thrust forward, looked as commanding as the front end of a Boeing 747.

A forty-seven-year-old farmer who works the deep, rolling farmland of central Missouri, Tom Bauer was beginning his twenty-fifth harvest since he had started farming on his own. Before that, back to childhood seasons hardly now recalled, he had helped his father harvest rented farmland. Despite the rural depression of the Reagan years, Tom was doing well enough. Autumn was his favorite time of year: it was the season of gathering, when he saw the results of his spring and summer labors, when the cornucopia flowed.

Tom is a tall man, long-jawed and rawboned. He used to travel around the Midwest leading a country band. Then he was drafted. One day toward the end of his Army stint at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, his dad turned up and asked him if he wanted to farm. The proposed arrangement wasn't the best: William Bauer was speaking on behalf of an elderly farmer so impossible to work for that he'd driven his own sons out of farming. But Tom said yes, he

Richard Rhodes is the author of The Making of the Atomic Bomb. He is at work on a book about farm life in the Midwest. All of the names in this article have been changed.

thought he wanted to farm. He married in 1964; he and his wife, Sally, bought their first forty acres in 1967. Now Tom and Sally own 300 acres. Tom also farms another 750 acres on three different landlords, sharing the crops fifty-fifty. He raises cattle and hogs and grows wheat, corn, and soybeans. Sally keeps the books and spells her husband on the combine. Their three children pitch in when they can.

Tom's combine was dusty with soybean chaff. He had been exhausted when he put it away at the season on New Year's Eve, 1985, and hadn't given it his usual post-harvest cleanup. Tom and two other men had helped a neighbor finish a soybean harvest made late by wet fields and combine troubles, running their four machines all night for four nights in a row to find traction on frozen ground, quitting in midmorning when the ground thawed to impassable mud. Confident of his skills as a mechanic, Tom rarely buys new machinery, preferring to let someone else take the large initial depreciation that distinguishes new equipment from used. His model 1460 rotary combine sold new in 1979 for \$80,000. He bought it in 1983 for \$18,000, for which he still owes half. It is his pride and joy and without question the most important piece of mobile machinery on his farm.

A combine comes in two parts: a snout-like picker head for corn and the machine body itself, two stories high and self-propelled. The working surface of Tom's rotary combine is a steel tube the size of a torpedo (called a rotor) that runs the length of the machine's interior on a thirteen-degree incline. Turned by a 18-horsepower diesel engine through pulleys attached to its upper end, the rotary spins at high

ed inside a rifled steel cylinder, transporting k through the machine the dry stalks and zes of the grain being harvested.

sixteen hardened-steel rasp bars, grooved gargantuan files, are bolted to the rotary r its front end. They crush stalks and ears of n down against concave steel gratings fixed ow, breaking everything up. Grain falls ough the spaces in the "concaves," as the ings are called, while crushed stalks and s are barber-poled onward and upward to be ped onto "sieves," toothed screens in the of the machine that knock loose any fugi-grain that still clings. Augers lift the clean n up to the top of the combine, where it s into a 185-bushel holding bin. A litter of ks, cobs, rocks, and clumps of mud dis-rges out the rear end, later to be disked back o the soil.

Tom removed two panels from the left side of combine, down under and behind the cab, then the three awkward, heavy steel cones. With penetrating oil and main force he olted the old rasp bars and replaced them y one. They were original parts, worn nded by seven years of harvests. He worked dily all day, cramped between the side of the bine and one of the six-foot-high tires, ping for occasional drafts of water from the l tap at the side of the workshop and for his ntime meal, homemade bean soup with ham n his own hogs.

he cab of Tom's combine is enclosed and conditioned, and a serviceman arrived the owing morning to top off the Freon in the conditioning system. Tom and his wife id spend more than two hundred hours dur- the next three months driving the combine and night through boiling clouds of chaff, d, insects, and dust, in humid ninety-degree t and in cutting twenty-degree cold. Noth-pains him more than hearing poorly in-nd city types echo David Stockman's astic dismissal of farmers and their "air-con-nded tractors." "That's just ignorant," he s. "I used to come in at night with the dust lls. Lie there shivering and cough and cough il the middle of the night, trying to get that dust up out of my lungs. Farmer's lung used e near as bad as the black lung miners get. ust like in a factory. Controlling the cab en-ment saves lives, that's all."

The combine's radiators needed hosing off, ch Tom accomplished with a Handy power her hooked up to his well line. He went on last dried and hardened mud off the come housing, where the big tires had flung it ining through his neighbor's muddy, half-en field. He changed oil filters, removed two eader fans at the back that he didn't need for

corn, drained the hydraulic system, and refilled it with the contents of two five-gallon plastic cans of oil. The machine's big aluminum air cleaner turned out to be damaged. (A replacement would cost him \$48 and a trip to town.) To rake free the trash from the two sieves behind the rotor, Tom crawled up into the discharge until only his legs were showing, grooming the monster from inside its maw, and emerged albino with soybean dust. He filled the big front tires with twenty pounds of air and let a little air out of the smaller rear tires. Molly, the Bauers' small black dog, worked the combine margins, hunting down grasshoppers.

The machine needed more servicing: greasing wear points, tightening chain drives, vacuuming the cab, washing windows. Tom kept at it off and on through another week, adding in the work of servicing the two big diesel trucks, two grain wagons, and three tractors he would use in the harvest. The work was necessary, but Tom was also filling time, doing what good farmers learn to do patiently: waiting for the right weather, waiting for the corn to dry down sufficiently to pick.

Massive grain surpluses have been the achievement and the bane of American farming in recent years. Last year was no different. Four billion bushels of corn remained in storage from 1985, and it looked as if the 1986 harvest would break records. The manager of the elevator where Tom would sell some of his grain told him that there appeared to be insufficient storage space for the new crop. Commercial elevators were setting their quality standards higher than usual and giving first call on storage space to customers who bought fertilizer from them. This year Tom's elevator wouldn't accept corn with more than 20 percent moisture and would pay less for anything with above 15 percent. From day to day Tom drove to one or another of his fields, where he would pick an ear of corn and shell it into a small canister he carried that contained a battery-powered moisture-testing unit. He wouldn't start combining until the moisture in the corn in his most mature field was below 22 percent.

The day finally came: September 8, a Monday. Tom spent the early afternoon helping his neighbor Clarence Galen handle nineteen calves that needed worming and castrating. Finally, at two in the afternoon, he drove his combine to a landlord's field two miles from his house, lowered the picker head at the beginning of the sparse outside rows of buff, rustling corn, and announced formally to the grasshoppers and squirrels: "So the 1986 harvest begins."

He'd been noticeably tense all day, a tremor of excitement in his hands. He had wanted to

*Tom was
doing what
good farmers
learn to do
patiently:
filling time*

*The combine
looks like a
monster bug,
the steel
equivalent of
a biblical
horde of
locusts*

begin picking corn earlier, but the vet was nearly an hour late arriving at Clarence's. He left the Galen place in uncharacteristic haste as soon as the last calf had been run through the vet's squeeze chute. His sixteen-year-old son, Brett, would be playing junior varsity football in town at five o'clock, and he wanted to make the game. But now he'd begun, and the ears were thick and full in the planting beyond the edge rows where the deer fed. Tom picked two grain wagons full of corn that afternoon, 600 bushels, 34,000 pounds, the first corn of the harvest, and missed only the opening quarter of the game. Brett made a crucial tackle and the home team won.

The next morning dawned cool and moist, a change from the crisp, dry weather of the day before, the sky nearly overcast and a chance of rain. Tom was raring to go. Before the rain came he hoped to finish picking the fifteen-acre bottomland field he'd started yesterday; mud would make it impassable for weeks. Tom picked corn before soybeans, bottomland fields before hillsides, and his landlords' fields before his own.

Sally arrived in the better GMC pickup at 8:45 to take over running the combine while Tom unloaded grain. "I make Tom ride the first

round with me every year," she says, "to make sure I remember all the switches and gears." Sally was a small-town girl, and Tom's sisters weren't sure she would take to farming, but she worked at Tom's side off and on for more than twenty years and she handles the combine like a pro. She used to drive the big diesel trucks back and forth to the storage bins or the elevator to dump the grain. Two years ago she asked Tom to let her combine instead.

To an observer at the edge of the field, the combine working through the corn, picking up rows at a time, sounds like a big commercial combine roaring in the distance. With its angular, multi-windowed head, its snouts mowing down the rows, its rear end steering crablike, it looks like a monster bug, the steel equivalent of a biblical horde of locusts. From inside the cab the picking process is slapstick comedy. Passing between the picker-head snouts, the tall stalks of corn shudder and begin flailing and then suddenly wobble, their legs giving way. The snapping rollers between the snouts seem to jerk them straight down into perdition. Actually, they're chopped into pieces, their heavy, solid ears feed corn knocked loose and shucked just like that, nothing left but buff-colored chop and yellow ears tumbling along the big traverse feed



toward the mouth of the picker throat, which gulps them up. The ears of corn thump against the snouts as they're torn loose, one and sometimes two to a stalk. The bounty is audible from the cab: the crop's knocking on the door, it feels good. After years of combining, a farmer can almost estimate his yield per acre from the vigor of that knocking.

While Sally picked corn, Tom dumped it, filling the two grain wagons he'd loaded the day before, then a shuttle of wagons and trucks. He had three corrugated-steel storage bins available on the farm of another of his landlords a mile up the road. The bin he would use for this field's harvest, the middle one, held 6,300 bushels. He had already set his big fifty-two-foot grain auger in place in preparation for the harvest. Its feed chute rested in a catch pit he had dug and lined with a piece of canvas from an old Army tent; it extended up three stories into the air, ending in a platform lowered over the uncapped hatch of the grain bin. The auger is a galvanized steel Archimedes screw supported on a two-wheeled cart and turned by the power takeoff of a 1953 John Deere tractor. That tractor used to be the biggest model International Harvester made. To Tom, his other machines dwarf it. He keeps it around for just such modest duties.

With one of his big White tractors, which has Caterpillar diesel engines, Tom moved a grain wagon into position with its spout directly over the auger catch pit. Starting up the Farmall, he engaged the power takeoff, lowered the chute, and cranked open the spout door. The rain began to flow out, pouring like water into the auger. It was warm from its night in the wagon, its warmth the heat of fermentation. At 18 percent moisture, it needed to be dried.

The auger, beating rhythmically as its screw rotated, carried the corn up to the top of the bin. Tom walked to an outlet box on a nearby post, plugged in a long yellow extension cord. It was connected to an electric motor inside the storage bin, up under the roof, that ran a rotating horizontal paddle, a spreader, which interrupted the falling fall of the corn and flung it against the sides of the bin to spread it evenly and prevent it from coning up and blocking the hatch. Next, Tom started up the blower fan, housed in a tunnel-like a stubby jet engine, which he would run day and night whenever the humidity was below 60 percent to dry the corn. Truck engines, tractor engines, the beat of the big auger, the racket of the spreader, the banshee wail of the blower: the harvest at its storage end was anything but quiet.

Tom's friend Clarence Galen, a World War II veteran with a weathered face, trim and vigorous sixty-three, arrived from the field with a load ofauer corn on his truck. Embarrassed that

he'd delayed Tom with the work on his calves the day before, he'd driven over to help out. Tom moved the emptied grain wagon out of the way. Clarence backed the truck to the catch pit and raised its bed with a built-in hydraulic hoist to dump the corn.

A few days later, Clarence turned up and announced that he'd picked six acres of his own corn and estimated 182 bushels to the acre, an exceptional yield in commercial farming. Tom averages 130. "Them ears just crowded in that auger," Clarence said happily. "Just flowed in."

"You sure know how to hurt a fellow," Tom said. "Ruin his day. I'll have to do you better, Clarence. You shouldn't tell the other guy first."

The two men get together whenever the weather is bad or the ground is too wet to work. It was gray and foggy that day, chilly, the humidity 92 percent, the wind picking up out of the east, big brown sycamore leaves rolling like tumbleweeds across the farm. The day before had been sticky with heat; now it was autumn. Tom had parked two tractors and two grain wagons west of the old silo behind the workshop on his farm. Whenever Molly noticed them she barked, thinking them intruders.

Then the rains began. "Mother Nature," Clarence said, "has a way of taking care of surpluses." What had looked to be an easy harvest became a mire. Tom measured fifteen inches of rain at his farm in September, almost half the rainfall central Missouri usually gets in an entire year. He couldn't pick corn. When he could pick corn, he couldn't dry it because the humidity was too high. In the meantime, his soybeans sprouted in their pods and mildewed.

The rains stopped long enough one weekend to pick a choice bottomland field. On that level, straight-rowed surface Brett drove the combine for the first time, work that moved Tom to quiet tears. "It brought back a lot of memories. I remember my dad sitting on the tractor watching me run the corn picker. I had real strong feelings about it." Tom was happy to see signs that his son was becoming interested in farming, but he wasn't sure he should encourage him.

Clarence stopped by Tom's workshop one rainy day with a joke. "You heard about the new John Deere tractor they're making?" he asked. "It's got no seat or steering wheel. It's for guys who've lost their ass and don't know where to turn." The men laughed, sheltered from the cold drizzle inside the workshop. The laughter sounded rueful. Sixty thousand American farmers went out of business in 1986.

By the end of September, despite the rain, Tom had finished picking all of his corn. He had worked on weekends, trucked grain (on

'Mother Nature,' Clarence said, 'has a way of taking care of surpluses'

The United
States
government
will end
up owning
Tom's corn

which he knew he'd be docked for excess moisture) to the elevator, and filled his storage bin with corn he'd have to dry to save from rot. The humidity stayed high. Tom decided that he'd have to add heat to his drying system. The blower on the corn bin had a built-in propane burner, but Tom hadn't used it since he bought the blower new in 1973. Propane had been more expensive in previous years, and the weather had never been so wet.

Monday morning, September 29, Tom drove to the factory where the bin was made, sixty miles away in a central Missouri market town. He bought a \$60 transformer, heavy and black as a car battery, to replace the transformer on the blower that charged the spark plug that ignited the propane ring. Later that day Tom met Joe, his propane man, and they drove to the bin. Joe charged a penny or two more per gallon for his propane, but he knew propane equipment well enough to be called in as a consultant by factories as far away as Kansas City, and he repaired his customers' broken equipment for free. Joe kept a plug of snuff tucked under the right side of his lower lip. On his way out of town he had picked up a special solenoid valve for Tom, saving him a trip.

The two men removed the old transformer and solenoid and installed the replacements. Orange-and-black caterpillars crawled on the bin and underfoot. Foxtail and wild marijuana grew thickly behind the storage bins. Neither man knew the particular unit they were repairing, nor did they have an operating manual or a wiring diagram to go by. Joe started to remove the front panel, obviously intending to rewire it, replacing wires that had lost their insulation and might short out.

"You that brave?" Tom asked.

"I just don't want to get bit," Joe explained.

"That electricity bite you?"

"Did yesterday."

"The housing?"

"Bare wire."

Joe plugged in the big 220-volt plug and tried the push button that was supposed to light the burner. Nothing happened. He unplugged and reopened the front panel and switched a wire. Tom unscrewed a plate from the blower housing so that they could see inside. Joe pushed the starter button again. The spark plug clicked and fired.

"I see it," Tom said. Joe switched on the blower, and the fan started its banshee wail. Then he eased on the propane. A blast of heat came out of the hole Tom had opened, followed by the sweetish smell of burning propane. "Great," Tom said. "She's working." With \$97 worth of propane, Tom saved his corn. He still had soybeans to harvest. That work would con-

tinue through a wet fall into early January, the latest he'd finished a harvest in twenty-five years.

Tom Bauer grew a total of 155 acres of corn for himself last year, yielding about 20,000 bushels. He fed half of that corn to his hogs and cattle over the winter. ("My dad," he explains, "used to say it's better to let your corn walk off the farm.") Tom did better financially in 1987 than he had in any of the previous five years, primarily because hog prices have been high—above \$50 a hundredweight when his breeder even costs run about \$44. The other half of his corn crop remained in storage, held against a possible improvement in the market price.

Tom is an efficient farmer. By buying used equipment, limiting borrowing, taking cash discounts, and watching for bargains, he holds his costs down. To produce 10,000 bushels of corn in 1986, he spent \$1,200 on hybrid seed, \$1,000 on herbicides, \$540 on insecticides, \$2,150 on nitrogen fertilizer, and \$500 on tractor fuel. Depreciation on his equipment—tractors, chisel plow, disk, field cultivator, planter, combine—came to \$2,300. There were other expenses: repairs, lime, hired labor, drying, storage. Not counting Tom's labor or the land of his family, it all added up to a cost of production per bushel of about \$1.60. The market price of corn at the end of January 1987 was \$1.45. As a result, the United States government will end up owning Tom's corn. Having complied with the legal restraints on how many acres he could plant, Tom qualifies for a government loan of \$1.88 per bushel at 8.75 percent interest. If the market price doesn't beat the loan price within nine months (not a likeliest prospect, given the glut), the government will foreclose the loan, forgo interest, and take the corn, effectively buying it for \$1.88 per bushel. Tom will clear about 28 cents per bushel, or \$2,800.

"We joke and laugh," Tom said one day, "but in the back of our minds we've got it that the hard times down the road. The fat's been rendered out. All those bad managers and plungers you used to hear about are gone. I don't know where it's going. Six years ago we had a crop worth of \$450,000. That's been just about cut in half. You ask our city cousins and bankers if they could take a 50 to 60 percent cut in pay and still meet their commitments. That's it in a nutshell." By tightening his belt, repairing what he has rather than replacing it, forgoing vacations and luxuries, Tom Bauer has succeeded—so far—in weathering a pervasive rural depression. Looking to the beginning of a new crop year in the spring of 1987, taking stock, he asked himself more than once how much longer he could continue to beat the odds.

Magazines that matter

ordinating Council of Liter-
magazines is a unifying organ-
to these and over 350
literary publications.



Boston Review "puts to-
the various bits and pieces
life of our concern—poli-
rt, literature, history—in-
of keeping them separate
ding to the conventions of
specialized magazines,"—
d Nemerov. Sven Birkerts,
lampitt, Alfred Kazin, Jack-
ears, Helen Vendler. \$12/yr.
\$15/yr. inst.; \$18/yr. forgn.

strength of **Heresies** is...
lity to incorporate a diversity
as, styles and approaches
a single issue,"—*Utne*
er. A feminist publication of
d politics, each issue is the-
and edited by a different
of women. Winner of 1986
ward for Younger Writers.
issues.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

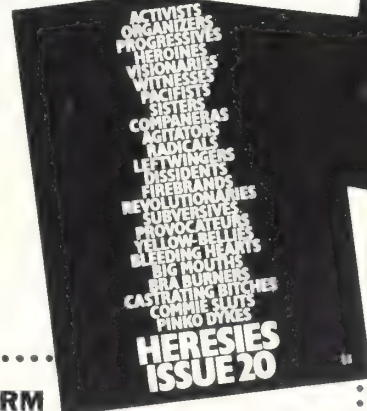
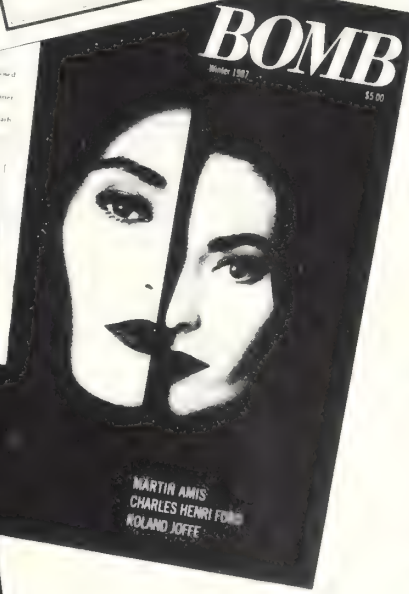
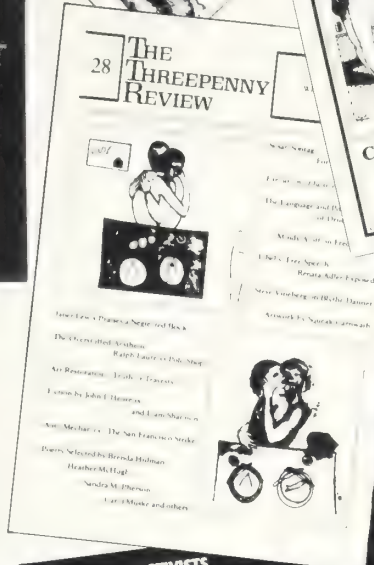
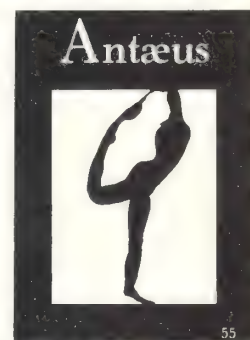
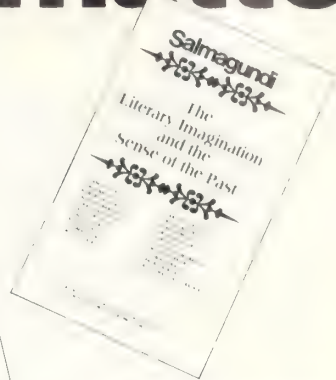
Please indicate publications desired.

Heresies \$15/4 issues.
Review \$12/yr.
Bomb \$18/yr.
Antaeus \$10/yr.
The Boston Review \$12/yr.
Salmagundi \$20/10 issues.

- ☐ The 1987 Directory of Literary Magazines. Guidebook to 350 literary magazines. \$6.95
☐ The Threepenny Review \$10/yr.
☐ The New England Review/Bread Loaf Quarterly \$12/yr.

OTAL _____
ame _____
dress _____
ty _____
ate _____ Zip _____

he check payable to CCLM and return with order form to CCLM, 666 Broadway, New York
10012 International money orders must be in U.S. currency



The New England Review/ Bread Loaf Quarterly: a lively mix of contemporary poetry, fiction and essays. Ann Beattie, Wendell Berry, Edward Kamau Brathwaite, Louise Erdrich, John Irving, and others. "One of the best and most essential of the literary quarterlies,"—Raymond Carver. \$12/yr.

Salmagundi "has been the liveli-
est, most original, and most ad-
venturous critical quarterly in this
country for many years,"—Joseph
Frank. 1987 issues with Benjamin
Barber, Seamus Heaney, Irving
Howe, Conor Cruise O'Brien, Su-
san Sontag, George Steiner, and
others. \$20/10 issues.

The Threepenny Review is "se-
rious, decidedly literary, and im-
mensely readable,"—*Publishers
Weekly*. John Berger, Paul Bowles,
Thom Gunn, Elizabeth Hardwick,
Robert Hass, Diane Johnson,
Salman Rushdie, Susan Sontag
and others on books, theater, film,
plus new poetry and fiction. \$10/
yr.; \$18/yr. forgn.

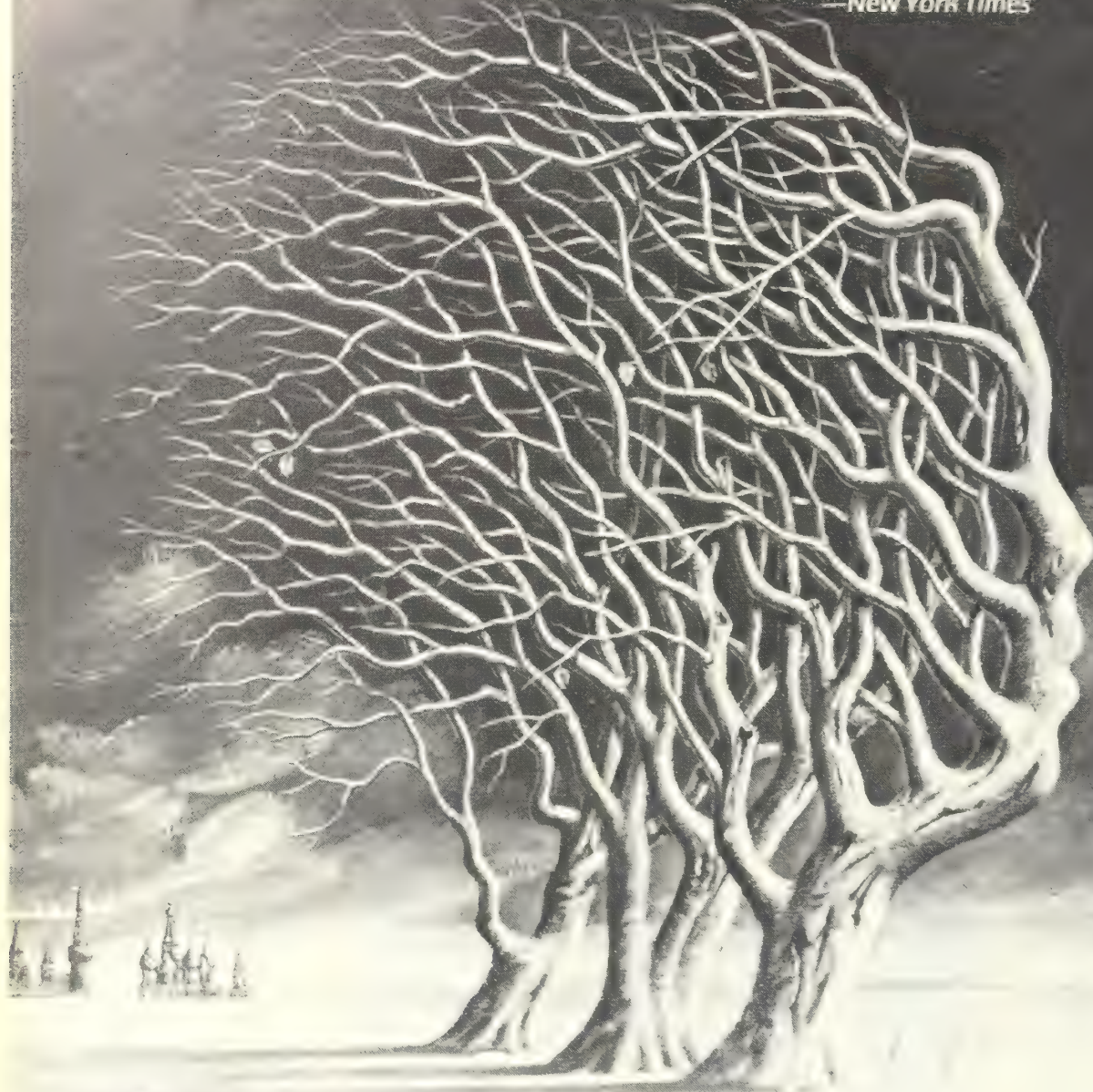
"Do yourself a favor: read **Antaeus**,"—Tobias Wolff. Madison
Bell, Guy Davenport, Annie Dil-
lard, John Fowles, Jorie Graham,
Linda Gregg, Donald Hall, Jim
Harrison, Wolfgang Hildesheimer,
Barry Lopez, Mary Oliver, Charles
Simic, Leslie Marmon Silko, Su-
san Sontag, William Trevor. \$20/yr.

"There is no better way to keep up
with the arts in Latin America... A
must for any library,"—*Library
Journal*. **Review** contains work in
translation by and about Gabriel
Garcia Marquez, Carlos Fuentes,
Isabel Allende, and others. June
1987 issue on Caribbean cultural
trends. \$12/yr. ind.; \$20/yr. inst.;
\$24/yr. forgn.

"Exuberant illustration, aggres-
sive design, idiosyncratic size
You don't look at the pictures and
throw away the magazine; you
read the articles. The writing is
sassy, the articles timely...
Bomb takes itself more seriously
than most and deserves to be read
rather than flipped through,"—*Vo-
gue*. \$18/yr.

"Tantalizing enough for several books...a virtuoso performance."

—New York Times



SPHINX

A NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF *THE WHITE HOTEL*

D.M. THOMAS

"Thomas has found a way to blend the large and terrible events of the contemporary world into the emotions and fantasies of his characters.... A remarkable achievement."

—Richard Eder, *Los Angeles Times Book Review*

This haunting story of the cold war between truth and lies joins *Ararat* and *Swallow* in D.M. Thomas' internationally acclaimed sequence of improvisational novels. Set principally at a poetry competition in Leningrad—with side trips to London, Rome, Stalin's Moscow, and the St. Petersburg of the Czars—SPHINX blends history and hallucination, playwrighting, prose and poetry.

"Bravura art... it will lift your spirits, but not by denying what weighs them down."

—George Stade,

The New York Times Book Review

At bookstores now

VIKING



MIDSTREAM

A seasoned angler fishes a new river

By Thomas McGuane

In October, I looked off the wooden bridge into the small river I had come to like so well. It was nearly covered with yellow cottonwood leaves that diagrammed its currents as they swept toward one another around the framework of the old boxcar that the bridge was made out of. A cold wind eddied down the river into my face and I was ready to decide that to everything there is a season and trout season was over. Fall gives us a vague feeling that the end of everything is at hand; in this case, snow would cover the ground and when it melted in the spring, my wonderful little river would be gone. Why? I don't know. I give lip service to the idea that it can't happen.

I can't say if it was literally the first time I saw that river but it was the first time I remember seeing it: I came down the side of the basin riding a young mare and following my six-year-old daughter, Anne, on her sorrel gelding, her head bobbing along inside the green children's polo helmet. I could see first the trees of the small river, then, here and there, flashes of its runs and pools as it made its way through the pastureland of its own small valley. There were a few bright and geometric lines where irrigation ditches made diagonals from the river's more eloquent meanders and a few small flooded areas where the water had stopped to reflect the

clouds and the sky. It was a river with an indifferent fishing reputation.

Younger anglers love new rivers the way they love the rest of their lives. Time doesn't seem to be of the essence and somewhere in the system is what they are looking for. Older anglers set foot in streams, the location of whose pools is as yet unknown, with a trace of inertia. Like sentimental drunks, their interest is in what they already know. Yet soon enough, any river reminds us of others, and the logic of a new one is a revelation. It's the pools and runs we have already seen that help us uncode the holding water: the shallow riffle is a buildup for the cobbled channel where the thick trout nymph with mirror flashes; the slack back channel with the leafy bottom is not just frog water but a faithful reservoir for the joyous brook beyond. An undisturbed river is as perfect a thing as we will ever know, every refractive slide of cold water a glimpse of eternity.

The first spring evening I fished the river, I walked through a meadow that lay at the bottom of a curved red cliff, a swerving curve with a close-grained mantle of sage and prairie grass. It could be that the river cut that curve, then wandered a quarter mile south; but there you have it, the narrow shining band, the red curve, and the prairie. I sauntered along with my fly rod and hope began to build in the perceived glamour of my condition: a deep breath.

"Ah."

There was a stand of mature aspens with hard

Thomas McGuane's most recent book is To Skin a Cat, a collection of stories published by E.P. Dutton/Seymour Lawrence.

*Current is a
mysterious
thing, as
curious and
thrilling as a
distant train
at night*

white trunks that stood on the edge of meadow, next to the water. The grass was knee-deep. White summer clouds towered without motion. As I crossed to that spot, I could make out the progress of small animals in the grass, fanning away from my approach. I hurried forward in an attempt to see what it was, and a young raccoon shot up one of the slick aspens, then, losing traction, made a slow, baffled descent into the grass. By shuffling around in the grass, I managed to have four of them either going up or sliding down at once. They were about a foot tall and something about their being matched in size and displaying identical bandit masks, coupled with their misjudgment of aspens as escape routes, touched a sense of real glee at the originality of things. The new river gurgled in the bank.

I walked in and felt its pull against my legs. Current is a mysterious thing. It is the motion of a river leaving us and it is as curious and thrilling a thing as a distant train at night. The waters of this new river, pouring from high in a Montana wilderness, were bound for the Gulf of Mexico. The idea that so much as a single molecule of the rushing chute before me was headed for Tampico was as eerie as the moon's throwing a salty flood over the tidelands and then retrieving it. Things that pass us, go somewhere else, and then don't come back seem to communicate directly with the soul. That the fisherman plies his craft on the surface of such a thing possibly accounts for his contemplative nature.

I once thought that this was somehow not true of aircraft, that they were too new and lacked mystery. But I lived for a time in the mountainous path of B-52 nighttime traffic. The faraway thunder that arose and fell to the west had the same quality of distance and departure that trains and rivers have. One pale summer night, I made out the darkened shape of one of these death ships against the stars and shivered to think of the brightness and freshness of the high prairie where I was living beneath that great bird and its eggs of destruction.

The only bird today was a little water dipper, one of those ouzel-like nervous wrecks that seem not to differentiate between air and water, and stroll through both mediums with aplomb. I associate them with some half-serious elfin twilight, a thing which, like the raccoons, suggests that there is a playful element in creation. I began to feel the animal-focus a river brings on as you unravel the current in search of holding water.

The learning of this river corresponded with the waning of runoff. My casting arm was still cold from winter and I waded like a spavined

donkey. I am always careful to go as light as possible early on, knowing that any little thing will throw me off; and the matter of getting over round, slick rocks, judging the depth and speed of current, all these start out tough. One feels timid. Later in the year, you make the long downstream-angled pirouettes in deep, fast water that you'd never chance when you're rusty.

But it is a matter of ceremony to get rid of stuff. The winter has usually made me yield to some dubious gadgets and one is at war with such things if the main idea of fishing is to be preserved. The net can go. It snags in brush and catches fly line. If it is properly out of the way you can't get at it when you need it. Landing fish without a net adds to the trick and makes the whole thing better. Make it one box of flies. I tried to stick to this and ended up buying the king of Wheatlies, a double-sided brute that allows me to cheat on the single-box system. No monofilament clippers. Teeth work great. Trifles like leader sink, fly line cleaner, and gawes that help you tie knots must go. One may bring the hemostat because to pinch down barb and make quick, clean releases of the fabled trout helps everything else make sense. Bring normal rod (#5 or #6 line), because in early season the handle you have on hatches is not yet sufficient and you must be prepared to range through maybe eight fly sizes. Weird rod weights (#2) reflect armchair fantasies and often produce chagrin on the actual water.

I began to have a look at the river. It went through hard ground but cut deep. The river was like a scribe line at the base of sine and cosine curves of bank banded at their tops with thin layer of topsoil. The river bottom was entirely rocks, small rounded ones, and on either side were plateaus of similar stones, representing the water levels of thousands of previous years. A few mayflies drifted past in insignificant numbers; I understand that they bear a rather antique genetic code themselves, expressed in size and color, and my hope was that if things picked up, I would have the right mimicry in my box.

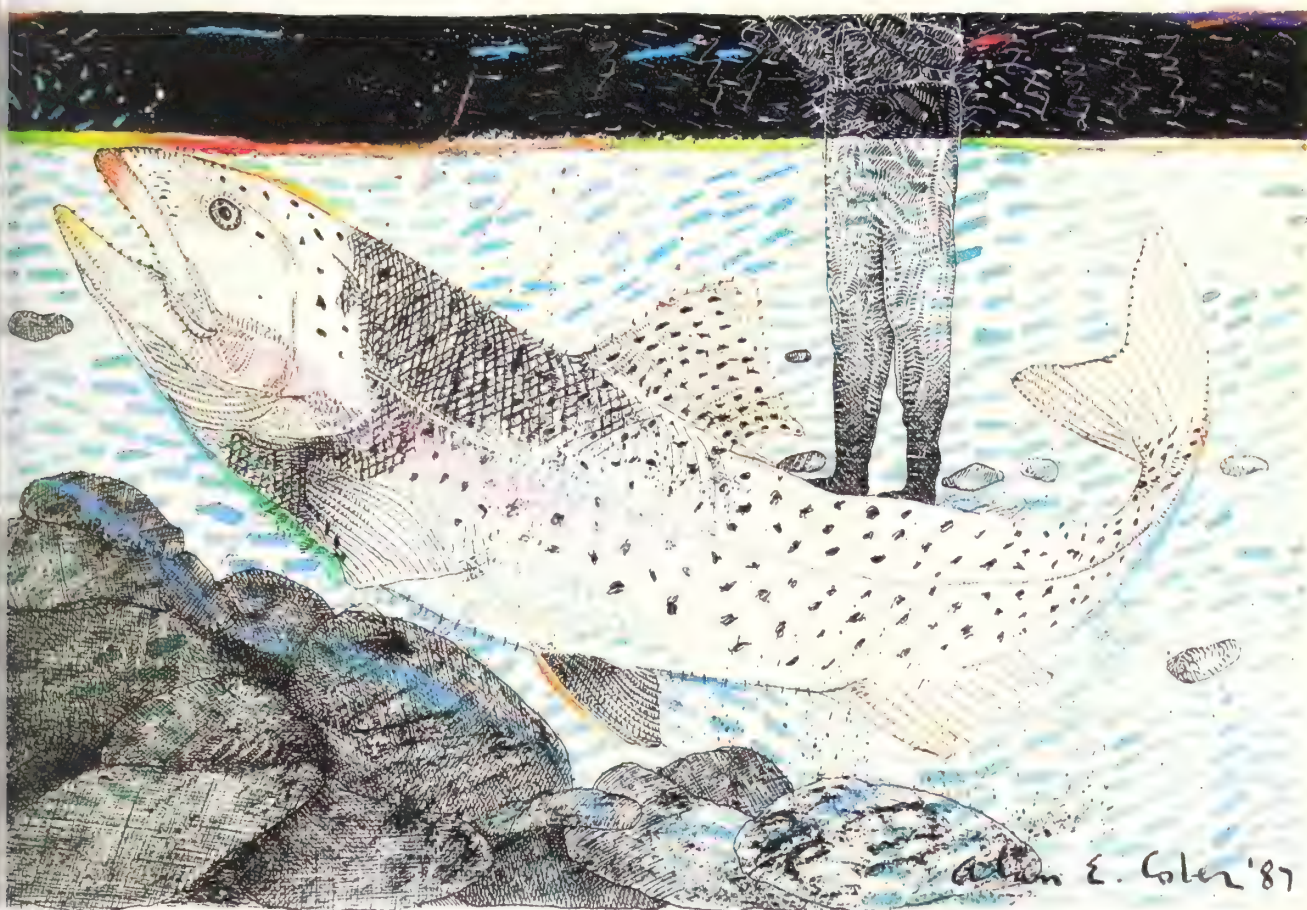
As I face new water, I always ask myself if I am going to fish with a nymph or not. Presumably, one does not walk straight into rising trout. Camus said that the only serious question is whether or not to commit suicide. This is rather like the nymph question. It takes weight, a weighted fly, split shot. Casting becomes a matter of spitting this mess out and being orderly about it. To be fair, it requires a higher order of streamcraft than any other kind of fishing because it truly calls upon the angler to see the river in all its dimensions. Gone are the joys of casting, the steady meter and adjustment of loop that compare to walking or rowing. The joys of casting are gone because this is

ble outfit has ruined the action of your rod. Still, one must show purpose. American fame at leisure has produced the latest nonsense stance in sport, the "streamside entomologist" and the "headhunter" being the most palling instances that come readily to mind. No longer sufficiently human to contemplate the relationship of life to eternity, the glandular modern sport worries whether or not he is wasting time. Every small town used to have a mock-toracious character who didn't feel this way, the mythical individual who hung the "Gone with the Wind" sign in the window of his establishment. He often made him a barber or someone remote from life-and-death matters. Sometimes we let him be a country doctor, and it was very rakish drift grubs in a farm pond against the possible background of breach birth or peritonitis. Finally, we took it as very American to stand up and be superfluous in the glaring light of Manifest Destiny and the Rise of Capitalism.

bank with a nymph, the bank that is shaded by a hedge of wild junipers; or would it be better to imitate the few pale morning duns that are drifting around but not yet inspiring any surface feeding? In the latter case, that glassy run below the pool is the spot. For a moment, I avoid the conundrum by turning into another river-object, a manlike thing with an unmoving fly rod. Because time has stopped, and I am alone, I really don't concern myself with an eager companion who has already put three on the beach.

Mortality being what it is, any new river could be your last. This charmless notion runs very deep in us and does produce, besides the tightening around the mouth, a sweet and consoling inventory of all the previous rivers in one's life. Finally, the fit is so perfect that the illusion is that there is but one river, a Platonic gem. There are more variations within any good river than there are between good rivers, anyway. I have been fortunate in that my life-river

*Mortality
being what it
is, any new
river could
be your last*



In the shock and delight of new water, my thoughts were entirely ineffective. What is the relationship of the bottom to the water to the landscape through which it flows to the life of the air around it all and the vegetation that alters the wind and interferes with the light? In other words, should one fish that deep outer

has a few steelhead in the lower reaches as well as Oregon harvest trout and the sea-run browns of Ireland; there are Michigan brook trout in the deep bends; braided channels in hundred-mile sections from the Missouri headwaters trout theme park; and here and there are the see-through pools of New Zealand. Fire and water

Angling
doesn't
turn on
stunts

unlock the mind to an alpha-wave state like that which precedes sleep, a kind of mental zero gravity in which resemblances drift toward one another. The trout fisherman finishes his life with but one river.

All this is getting fairly far-fetched, but still, like the trout, we must find a way of moving through water with the least amount of displacement. The more we fish, the more weightlessly and quietly we move through a river and among its fish, and the more we resemble our own minds in the bliss of angling.

I came to a pool where a tree with numerous branches had fallen. Its leaves were long gone and the branches tugged lightly in the slight current that went through the pool. A remarkable thing was happening: a good-sized brown

was jumping among the lowest branches, clear knocking insects loose to eat. Every three or four minutes, he vaulted into the brush over his window and fell back into the water. I knew it could get any kind of float I would have a solution. I looked at all the angles and the only idea I could come up with was that it was a good time to light a cigar. In a moment, the excellent smoke of Honduras rose through the cottonwood. I waited for an idea to form, a solution, but it never happened. In the end, I rared back and fired a #14 Henryville caddis into the brush. It wound around a twig and hung in mid-air. The trout didn't jump at it suicidally. I didn't get the fly back.

Angling doesn't turn on stunts. The steady movements of the habituated gatherer produce the harvest. This of course must be in the service of some real stream knowledge. But some fishing, especially for sea-run fish, rewards a robotic capacity for replicating casts, piling up the repetitions until the strike is induced. The biggest things a steelheader or Atlantic salmon fisherman can have—not counting waders and a stipend—are a big arm and a room-temperature IQ.

The river made an angular move to the south into the faraway smoky hills. In the bend, there was some workmanlike drywall ripping that must have reflected the Scandinavian local heritage. The usual Western approach would be to roll an old car into the river at the point of erosion. Instead of that, I found neatly laid cobblestones that gave the impression that the river was slowly revealing an archaeological enigma of the foundation of a church. But for the next forty yards, the clear water trembled deep and steady over a mottled bottom, and I took three hearty browns that flung themselves upon the bright surface of the run. When I was young and in the thrall of religion, I used to imagine various bands of angels that were differentiated principally by size. The smallest ones were under a foot in height, silvery and rapid, and able to move in any plane at will. The three trout that run reminded me of those imaginary beings.

The river lay down at the bottom of a pencil-thin valley, and though I could see the wind on the tops of the trees, I could barely feel it when I fished. The casts stretched out and probed without unwarranted shepherd's crooks, blowbacks, or tippet puddles. I came to a favorite kind of stretch: twenty or thirty yards of very shallow riffle with a deep green slot on the outside curve. In this kind of conformation, you wade in thin, fast water easily and feel a bit of elevation to your quarry. The slot seems to draw a large oxygenated area and it's the only good holding water around. Where had I seen



ch of this? The Trinity? The Little Des-
ites? It had slipped in the telescoping of
ers.

couldn't float the entire slot without spook-
fish. So I covered the bottom on my first
is, doping out the drift as I did, and preparing
the long float in the heart of the spot, one I
sure would raise a fish. The slot was on the
-hand side of the river and contoured the
k, but the riffle drained at an angle to it. I
that a long, straight cast would drag the fly
hurry. When the first casts to the lower end
ed to produce, I tried a reach cast to the
it, got a much better drift, then covered the
le slot with a longer throw. How had I man-
d to fish almost thirty years before learning
each cast?

The fly floated about five feet when a good
wn appeared below it like a beam of butter-
red light. He tipped back and we were tight.
e fish held in the current even though my rod
bent into the cork, then shot out into
shallows for a wild, aerial fight. I got him
se three times but he managed to churn off
ough the shallow water. Finally, I had him
I turned his cold form upside down in my
id, checked his length against my rod—
teen inches—and removed the hook. I de-
ed that these were the yellowest, prettiest
am-bred browns I had ever seen. I turned
over and lowered him into the current.
en they realize they are free, there seems to
an amazed pause. Then they shoot out of
your hand as though you could easily
change your mind.

The afternoon wore on without specific
nt. The middle of a bright day can be as
idless as it is timeless. Visibility is so perfect
forgets it is seldom exactly a confidence
der for trout. The little imperfections of the
der, the adamant crinkles standing up from
surface, are clear to both parties.

No sale.
But the shadows of afternoon seem to give
aning to the angler's day on about the same
le that fall gives meaning to his year. As al-
s, I could feel in the first hints of darkness a
tual alertness between me and the trout.
is vague shadow the trout and I cross pro-
sses from equinox to equinox. Our mutuality
ws. There is suspense.

A ring opened on the surface. The first rise I
l seen. The fish refused my all-purpose Ad-
s, and I moved on. I reached an even-depth,
n-speed stretch of slick water that deepened
ng the right-hand bank for no reason: there
no curve to it. The deep side was in shadow,
reat profound, detail-filled shadow that stood
ng the thin edge of brightness, the starry sur-

face of moving water in late sun. At the head of
this run, a plunge pool made a vertical curtain
of bubbles in the right-hand corner. At that
point, the turbulence narrowed away to a thread
of current that could be seen for maybe twenty
yards on the smooth run. Trout were working.

I cast to the lowest fish from my angle below
and to the left. The evenness of the current
gave me an ideal float free of drag. I hubristical-
ly threw the Adams, covered the fish nicely for
about five minutes while he fed above and be-
low it. I worked my way to the head of the pool,
covering six other fish. Briefly, I tied on a Royal
Wulff, hoping to shock them into submission.
No dice. Not a single grab. The fish I covered
retired until I went on, then resumed feeding. I
was losing my light and had been casting in the
middle of rising fish for the better part of an
hour: head and tail rises with a slight slurp.
There were no spinners in the air and the thread
of the current took whatever it was they were
feeding on down through the center of the deep
water beyond my vision. This was the first time
today the river had asked me to actually figure
something out; and it was becoming clear that I
was not going to catch a fish in this run unless I
changed my ways.

I was dealing with the selective trout, that
uncompromising creature in whose spirit the
angler attempts to read his own fortune.

I tucked my shirt deep inside the top of my
waders and pulled the drawstring tight. I
hooked my last unsuccessful fly in the keeper
and reeled the line up. Then I waded into the
cold, deep run, below the feeding fish. I felt my
weight decreasing against the bottom as I
inched toward the thread of current that carried
whatever the fish were feeding on. By the time I
reached it, I was within inches of taking on the
river and barely weighed enough to keep myself
from joining the other flotsam in the Missouri
headwaters. But—and as my mother used to
say, "it's a big but"—I could see coming toward
me, some like tiny sloops, some like minute life
rafts, unfurling, baetis duns, olive bodies, gray-
winged and about a tidy size #14.

I have such a thing, I thought, in my fly box.

By the time I had moon-walked back to a
depth where my weight meant something, I had
just enough time to test my failing eyes against
the little olive-emergers and a very light tippet
viewed straight over my head in the final light.
Finally, the thing was done and I was ready to
cast. The fly seemed to float straight downward
in the air and down the sucking hole the trout
made. It was another short, thick, buttery
brown and it was the one that kept me from
flunking my first day on that river. It's hard to
know ahead of time which fish is giving the
test. ■

*This was the
first time
today the
river had
asked me to
actually
figure
something
out*

THROUGH THE GLASNOST, DARKLY

A cool reaction to Gorbachev's thaw

By Vassily Aksyonov

Moscow. Night. The Kremlin gate. A man approaches. A guard steps up.

GUARD: Password, Citizen.

MAN: Glasnost! [Openness]

GUARD (*opening the gate*): You're welcome, Comrade.

So goes the joke. It's from the Soviet Union, from the latest harvest. As the glasnost story unfolds, with all its "openness," "acceleration," "restructuring," and "democratization," the jokes grow like mushrooms in warm weather. With glasnost, some of them reach our shores.

What other reverberations from the ex-motherland have reached we Soviet Ovids in our Moldavias; specifically, what has reached your faithful servant in the District of Columbia, he who some six years ago was expelled from the Land of All Hopes?

□ A couple of phone calls from Moscow, voices gasping with excitement. Everything changes. . . . News every day. . . . For a one-minute overseas telephone call a Muscovite is charged six rubles (cost of KGB monitoring included). In a half-hour call, explaining all the new changes and such, you could squander 180 rubles—the average Soviet's monthly income! Glasnost hardly looks affordable internationally.

□ A gentleman walking his borzoi along the new Washington Harbor embankment suddenly

Vassily Aksyonov is the author of In Search of Melancholy Baby, a chronicle of life in the United States, to be published in hard by Random House. He was forced to leave the Soviet Union in 1980 following publication in the West of his novel The Burn.

tips his chapeau, gives you a sympathetic "bonjour." Who is this remarkably polite monsieur? None other than an attaché from the Soviet Embassy.

□ Rumor has it that your former colleagues, certain Soviet writers who took pains to chase you out of both unions—of writers and of Soviets—and denounced you as a CIA agent, now claim to be friends with you, such a wonderful writer and by no means a CIA agent.

□ A couple of years back, an old friend passing through Washington fails to see you, due to a sudden sore throat. Last fall he simply takes a cab from the airport to your place on MacArthur Boulevard. "Well," explains he, "at the time I was instructed not to see you under any circumstances. They said, 'See whoever you want but Aksyonov.'" Now something happens to my throat: the question of whether he has recently been instructed otherwise gets stuck beside it. Would it mean they are becoming a bit more civilized? "Very much so," explains my friend. He adds, lowering his voice, "Rumor has it they are going to become civilized completely."

□ Rumors, rumors. . . . Baryshnikov drinks champagne with Shevardnadze. Makarova drinks tea with Raisa Gorbachev. Slava plays cello with the Soviet Army chorus. Lyubimov packs his bags Taganka-bound. Makarova dances the tango with Raisa Gorbachev. Neizvestny is already in Moscow building a monument to the Soviet cosmonauts. . . .

By the way, Vasya, is it true that you are coming back? Is it true that all those deprived of Soviet citizenship will be forgiven?

Forgiven? Who may forgive whom? Those insulted and injured, booted out of their homes

off from their beloved ones, will be forgiven? What is this theater of the absurd all about? Shecharansky says that all this is simply a Gorbachev public-relations campaign: he wants a better image. I think "image" is just one of the problems Gorbachev has. Another problem, a bigger one, is the era in which he has come to power, the information age.

That sociopolitical structure, which until recently pretended to be the most advanced in the history of civilization, all of a sudden has found itself among the fatigued and backward. The order of the Soviet state, Vladimir Lenin, said: "Socialism without postal service, without telegraph, and without machines is an empty phrase." His successors took him at his word; they built a socialism complete with machines, telegraph, and (for embellishment only) mailboxes. Unfortunately, Comrade Lenin did not mention personal computers or photocopiers or videocassettes or satellite dishes.

How can Soviet socialism face up to the challenges? It has only two options: It can ignore the information age and form an unprecedented totalitarian system (this is an equally feasible and astrophysical solution); or it can make an attempt at alteration and modernization. Gorbachev is testing the second option. Thus glasnost has become an issue not because of his concern about moral and ethical considerations (although one can't rule out the possibility that the Communist Party people are sick of lying). Glasnost is an issue because there is panic about lagging behind.

The joke about Jews and bicyclists is a hundred years old. Problems and bad times are blamed on "Jews and bicyclists." Why bicyclists, an inquisitive Russian gentleman asks. Well, for heaven's sake, why bicyclists? It's better they blame the absence of glasnost than the machinations of those subversive "Jews and bicyclists."

I went to the Woodrow Wilson Center's library to pick up some glasnost-era Soviet publications. I got a stack of *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, *Izvestia*, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, *Ogonek* and delved into them.

What's new? Can I distinguish today's Soviet papers from those of yesteryear, which made me instantly nauseous? Yes, there are things that are new: the mention of some previously taboo problems, a certain critical intonation borrowed from dissident groups of the sixties, some steamy rebukes to the "bureaucracy." But . . . should I state it openly?—the papers still make me nauseous. The foundations of Soviet journalism remain unshakable: not "all the news that's fit to print" but "our interpretation of some news that we print." How could it be otherwise if the

press is still "the sharpest weapon of the party"? "Glasnost": The root of the word, "glas," means "voice," that is, it has a lot to do with the nation's vocal cords and ability to articulate. Seven decades of vicious deviation of minds cannot help but affect the gift of speech.

For seventy years the Soviet Union has been a land of harmony and serenity where natural disasters have taken place only as an excuse to show off "the heroic deeds of Soviet man." Transportation accidents virtually don't happen, unless foreigners have the misfortune to be among the passengers. The location of a "cosmodrome" (spacecraft launching ground) as well as the name of the constructor-general have remained state secrets.

A most discouraging outcome of this obsession with secrecy is that the people got used to it, even supported it. In the fall of 1971, I happened to be deep in a rural area in central Russia. Sitting in a village tearoom, I listened to the peasants talk about Khrushchev's death. Someone had heard of it on a foreign radio station's Russian broadcast. Although three days had passed, the Soviet papers remained silent. "They did it right," said one peasant. "Why should we disclose such an important event?" The others nodded in full agreement.

And the problem is not the peasants alone. During seven decades of "party-minded journalism," a stuttering, lisping, weird locution—itself symptomatic of a whole way of thinking—has developed in all strata of Soviet society. How can it be overcome by a sudden campaign for glasnost?

The First Thaw, back in the sixties, produced a group of people with a penchant for winking. Those who went beyond winking and dared to call a spade a spade were brutally kicked out of the country. Apparently those winking liberals are going to be in fashion again, with all their paraphernalia of euphemisms, hints, vague allusions, and ideological duplicity.

An example of hypocritical euphemism: *Literaturnaya Gazeta* prints a piece by Zoya Bogaslavskaya on the famed French novelist Nathalie Sarraute. In describing Sarraute's Russian background, Bogaslavskaya mentions Sarraute's father, who had to leave the country in order to marry because his wife was Christian and he "belonged to another religion."

Why did Bogaslavskaya fail to write simply that Sarraute's father was a Jew? I assume she did in her original text but then was pressured by her editor and gave in, replacing "Judaism" with "another religion." The mention of Judaism in a positive mode is considered inappropriate.

Another example: Sixty-five years after his execution by the Chekists' firing squad, Nikolai

Apparently those winking liberals are going to be in fashion again, with all their euphemisms

If those in
power are
serious about
glasnost,
they must not
ascribe to
novels the
petty matters
of Sovietism
and anti-
Sovietism

Gumilyov, an outstanding poet and father of Russian "acmeism," has had his work reinstated in the canon of officially recognized poetry. The road to his generous rehabilitation, considered by some a pivotal point of glasnost, was paved by liberals like the poet Andrei Voznesensky and the academician Dmitri Likhachev. The liberals' defense of Gumilyov hinged on what they saw as the absence of "anti-Soviet" poems in his corpus. Could there be a more hypocritical vindication for a poet executed for his role in an anti-Soviet conspiracy? And what does "anti-Soviet poetry" mean? Can genuine poetry really be anti-Soviet any more than pro-Soviet?

An equally vulgar approach is used to justify the publication (finally) in the Soviet Union of Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*. This novel has been a bugaboo ever since the proponents of glasnost went out of their way to prove the lack of "anti-Sovietism" in it. How much glasnost will be necessary before there is acceptance of the idea that a novel exists outside these preposterous dimensions? A true novel cannot be either anti- or pro-Soviet. It has nothing to do with left or right. The problems of Soviet power are none of its business. It might challenge some established morals and mores, but only in passing, in the process of building its city of words. In this process, the novel might even say a few encouraging sentences to the Establishment, if this would help pave its avenues or curve its cornices (although this is hardly imaginable). The novel selects its building material not from what those in power like or dislike but from what its building needs demand.

There are only two ways to make a correlation between the novel and power: the latter can either apprehend the former or let it go public. When the public reads a novel, it functions not as so many Soviet subjects but rather as visitors to the city of words. If those in power are serious about taking steps toward glasnost, they must not ascribe to the novel the petty matters of Sovietism and anti-Sovietism.

One can argue: What do you want them to do, after seventy years of "glasnostlessness"? They can't change everything overnight. Look, they have already made some major steps toward civilization. Gumilyov and Pasternak appear in Soviet print. Isn't that a dramatic departure from the bloodthirsty slogan of the early days, "Those who are not with us are against us"?

True. In the aftermath of 1917 no one in Russia can long for any kind of overnight revolution. Even in the nineteenth century, Pushkin described a Russian revolt as "senseless and merciless." (The twentieth century proved him

right too perfectly.) So let us pray for the evolution of the slogan "Those who are not with us are against us." First, "Those who are not with us are not necessarily against us." Then, "Those who are against us are not necessarily our enemies." And so on, until slogans aren't necessary.

A sense of trust will not spring into existence overnight. It cannot. The Communists have taught the people a lesson in unbounded pettiness. And even if Mike Gorby & Co. are sincere in their attempts to deter Russia from a catastrophic course, they don't yet appear to be completely on top of the current situation.

Some serious and truly significant steps toward relaxation have been taken with the release of prominent human-rights fighters like Sakharov, Bonner, and Ratushinskaya. They surely have benefited from humane actions, whatever inspired them. All things considered, the "human" factor might be viewed as the key to the success or failure of glasnost. So far, feedback from those outside artistic and intellectual circles is discouragingly sluggish. What else can one expect from a people whose natural individualist ambitions have been suppressed for so long? What kind of glasnost can one expect from a people indoctrinated from kindergarten with "Lenin's wisdom"?

Not long ago I saw on TV here a remarkable event. An international children's barbecue party was being held somewhere in Maryland. A reporter approached a ten-year-old Soviet girl and asked her how she liked American food. The lovely child responded without a hitch that in the Soviet Union the food is better because it's natural; in the United States, she said, there are chemicals in the food.

I couldn't help but recall the Soviet sausage that turns blue five minutes after being cut, and an inscrutable lardlike substance called "com-fat" that is used for cooking.

Did those agitprop hacks who instructed that charming little creature before her trip to the Citadel of World Capitalism ever think of what to expect from this kind of person in the system of glasnost?

Nevertheless... would you ever consider the possibility of coming back, Vasya?

Well, as an incorrigible optimist and dreamer I do consider the prospect of returning to the southern peninsula of the Crimea. I hope to become rich enough to buy a scrap of land on the slope of the Crimean ridge. By the time of my arrival glasnost will be blossoming. No one will ever ask me whether I'll be returning to my home in the United States, because it will be common knowledge that I can make that trip whenever I want.

... Woops, I almost forgot to relay this "Soviet news": my Crimea is an island.

TIME LOVES A HAIRCUT

Bernie Carbo, clutch hitter, rates a wave

By Bill Cardoso

"All right, buddy, sit down and I'll see what I can do," said the old outfielder, now thirty-nine and twenty pounds heavier at 201 than he was when he left the game in 1981, playing for Vera Cruz in the Mexican League.

Bernie Carbo, the Cincinnati Reds' No. 1 draft choice in 1965, chosen ahead of Johnny Bench. Bernie Carbo, clutch hitter, home run hitter. Bernie Carbo, who kept the many visages of Buddha in his locker. Bernie Carbo, who, it is said, never knew what day it was, let alone where he was.

Well, we're in Wyandotte, Michigan, downriver from Detroit. Bernie's neck of the woods these days. We are in a brown two-story building where Bernie Carbo's We Are Family Hair Stylists shares space with Nunzio's Construction Services Inc. The salon had been a real estate office until Bernie moved in with his clippers and his "family," Sonia and Dorothy, colleagues in the world of lock and tress.

"That tail, yeah," Bernie was saying of the single lock of hair starting to trail down the nape of my neck. "Extension, you call 'em? I like that. Ride 'em, cowboy. You see mine? I got a tail. I had mine new when I went to Saudi Arabia in, what? Three years ago. I went to Saudi Arabia to do a baseball clinic. I couldn't believe it. All these kids were running around, big gold necklaces and Mercedes-Benzes and everything like that. And they all had tails. Every one of them had a tail. And that's when I came back and said, those tails are pretty neat. And I started growing a tail.

"So, I've had it for a few years. And then I bleached it. Put some bleach in it. Back then I had my hair a little bit longer. Then I went shorter. I like it shorter, like yours. I'm gonna

blow it a little bit." The blow-dryer purred.

"It looks all right. You're getting the works. I'm gonna give you what we used to call—remember the ducktail? The duck ass? Heh-heh. The DA? The *lively* DA! DA with a tail! The tail is really not off-center. But it's the way your hair grows. Oh, that tail looks good. You look like a movie star. Hah hah hah." Bernie was clipping away.

"Yeah, man, you know what? My first full year, in 1970. Sparky Anderson was my manager? I said, I'm going to get me a perm. I'll be the first white ballplayer to have an Afro. In 1970, in San Diego. Paid forty-five dollars. That was a lot of money then." Indeed.

"Went back to the ballpark. Sparky took one look at me and said, 'You ain't playing today. You ain't playing tomorrow. You ain't playing until you get that hair cut!'"

Now Sonia, who had been Bernie's instructor at Virginia Farrell's hair school before she joined the family, spoke. "Hey, look, Bernie, Bill ain't got no stockings on!"

I'm stuck in the Hamptons, Sonia. Socks ain't legal there.

"Hey, you know what?" said Bernie. "You laugh about the no stockings. Sonia laughs. Listen to this. When I was in St. Louis, this lawyer came in to read a letter from Mr. Busch. Mr. Busch was going to give us a pep talk: 'Hey, you guys, you gotta go out there and win. You know, you don't win a championship playing like this.' And the lawyer that was reading it didn't have any socks on. I walked up to him and said, 'Hey, you don't got any socks on. Do you mind if I read that letter?' He says, 'Yeah, you can read it.' And the next day I got released. I got released for asking him about his no socks."

My word! How's my extension?

"Good. Don't touch it! I'll tell you what, though. Your hair is not the easiest to cut. Swirls all over the place. It's cra-zy! Strong

Bill Cardoso is the author of The Maltese Sangweech and Other Heroes.

Bernie was
tending bar
at the Bump
Shop in
Detroit when
a customer
talked him
into going to
hair school

hair. Your hair sticks out on the sides there. The tail is—see how that is right now? That's in the middle of your hair. But watch how your hair grows. See? Look at that. That's something, isn't it? It grows right into a circle."

"I'll have to *mousse* it?"

"Not *mousse* it! I'll *grease* that son of a gun. We'll grease it. Get it all nice and greased. But look how nice the neck is. I'll comb it to grow toward the middle, into that DA. And worn a little close to the neck like this. And let that tail grow down like this. And when it gets long enough, we can braid it. Let that tail start growing out.

"See, mine's a little bit longer than that. Mine was long, but Sonia cut it. When yours gets a little bit longer, braid it. Do you trim your mustache? Do you like it off your lip?"

I like it bandito-style. Zapata.

"Oh, wild and crazy, eh?"

Yup.

"I'll just trim it a little bit here. Relax. Close your lips." Bernie snipped away. "Looking good! Yeah, when I went to that fantasy camp the Red Sox have in Winter Haven I took my clippers with me. It was the worst thing I did the whole damn week. I was giving the whole fantasy camp haircuts. Shaving their beards. Bill Lee had a beard. And his wife wanted me to shave it off. Bill's over in Rome now, doing a clinic. So, I shaved it off. The whole thing. Gave him a haircut."

Clip clip. "I thought the '75 Boston Red Sox was the best team I ever played on. That's including the Big Red Machine in '70. We played the World Series in '75 without Jimmy Rice. He had a broken wrist. Who's to say, if he played, I probably wouldn't have hit my two pinch-hit home runs. Do you want this above the ears, or do you like it on the ears?"

A little over the top of the ears.

"Just a little bit over the top? That's the style, to show your ears a little bit. You like it to cover the ears a little?"

No. The new style, Bernie. I want to be with it, now that I'm finally in the eighties.

"I tell you, Bill, the extension doesn't look that bad. Yeah, I did the Red Sox fantasy camp with Dom DiMaggio. I did the Cincinnati Reds, too. There ain't too many I can't do. I played on enough teams. I'll tell you that.

"The most fun team, though, was the Boston Red Sox. See, I don't actually say I was a Cincinnati Reds man. Although I'd like to see Rose and those guys win. But I'm a Boston Red Sock. The only reason was Mr. Yawkey. He's the one who made my day. He was in the clubhouse one day. I walked in and said, 'What'd we do? Hire another old man?' He had a pair of brown pants on. Old shoes. A work shirt. And he comes my

way and says, 'Bernardo! How're you doing? I'm Mr. Yawkey.'

"And I went, 'Mr. Yawkey!' Wasn't he great? He really cared for his players, I'll tell you that. Too bad he had to go and pass away. Well, I'm almost done. You look like a movie star! At right now, I'll just clean you up a little bit. Well, what do you think? The tail's looking good! I wish it was longer. Then I could braid it."

"Too bad the old man didn't live, eh? He's probably still be playing for the Boston Red Sox if he was still living. You know what happened? In '75 I hit those two pinch-hit home runs. And that was the year my contract was up. And I had to sign, right? So, I got a 20 percent cut in pay after that World Series. That damn Haywood Sullivan and Buddy LeRoux took over the club in '77, and they gave me a 20 percent cut. And then they traded me to Milwau—who'd they trade me to, Cleveland? They traded me to Cleveland, didn't they? No, that was in 1977. No, they traded me to Milwaukee. I went to Milwaukee. That's when my wife was nine months pregnant and stuff like that. Took a 30 percent cut in pay. Couldn't believe they treated me like that. Mr. Yawkey probably would've given me a nice contract. Just like he did prior to that.

"But I think your tail really turned out nice. I don't know if these tails are gonna be in style that long, or what. What do you think? Three years? Three years. You know who started the tail? The Japanese. The Japanese!"

"Yeah. Bill, you need to let this grow just a little bit longer. There you go, looking like a movie star! I told my father I was gonna be a haircutter when I grew up, and he said, 'No, you're not. You're gonna be a ballplayer.' See, one side of the family had too many boys and no girls, and the other side—my father's—was all girls. So, I'd get together with the girls and try to straighten my hair, or I'd do their hair."

And then one day, his career at an end, it came true. Bernie was tending bar at the Bump Shop in Lincoln Park, in the downriver area of Detroit, when a customer, Allison McKa, talked him into going to hair school with her.

"You know, Bill, the most fun I used to have even when I was having trouble playing ball at the time, you know what I'd do? I'd stop at the side of a ballpark, where there were kids playing, you know, throwing the ball all over the field and everything. And I'd stop and watch them because of all the fun they were having. And I just tried to realize, hey, I had a lot of fun when I played when I was a kid, too. If I could just get that frame of mind. You know what I mean?"

Absolutely.

"But how do you like the haircut, Bill?"

Why, it's beautiful, Bernardo.

LETTERS

continued from page 7

and to present the opposite position if called on the next day. Such sincerity, when let loose outside the bounds of the courtroom, becomes an absolute menace. "Why is there so much bullshit?" Cause there are so damned many of them.

Steven G. Weiss
Hartford, Conn.

Bullshitting is not knowing, but making definitively just the same. It is intellectualism fused with bravado. It is the handmaiden of superiority. It is less abstract and more dynamic than Harry Frankfurt suggests in his pioneering essay. And we would be grateful to him for raising an issue that really matters.

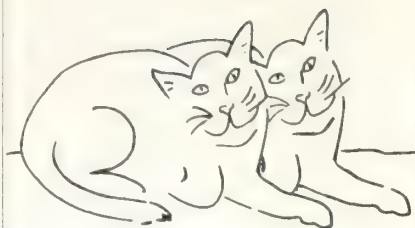
It's a biker's opera, this bullshit. Its motto, as Frankfurt observes, is based on the absolute of subjectivity, the vacuum of objectivity. Human nature creates this vacuum. Bullshitting has nothing to do with truth, or lies, or accuracy, or fairness: it is a matter of superiority and style. It is a matter of sounding the part, free of restraints of substance.

From presidential politics and art criticism to TV-news commentary and coffee-break bluster, it's the tune, not the lyrics that matters. Bullshitting is a musically modulated thing, a body of aggressive blarney, which moves its way through self-assurance. It is a cuddling rapture, the opiate of self-confidence. And calling out "bullshit" only leads to tanglings of substantive intercourse. We don't call "bullshit" because it would only delay our turn to talk.

Does Frankfurt propose that there is a universally perceivable reality—truth—beyond bullshit? What an interesting thought.

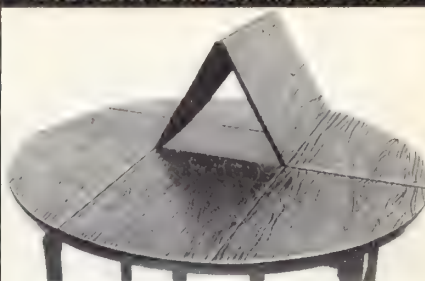
Michael O'Connor
Chicago, Ill.

Harry Frankfurt's "Reflections on Bullshit" are substantially just that. In an epistemological tour de force, Frankfurt endeavors to distinguish be-



Paul and Jane, the friendly, literate, and worldly office cats at *Harper's Magazine*, are looking for a new home. Gray and white, one-year-old, neutered. Call (212) 614-6500.

FACTORY DIRECT TABLE PADS



Order with confidence from America's oldest and largest custom table pad manufacturer.

Phone 1-800/328-7237 Ext. 257

108 Briarcliff, Thomasville, NC 27360
612/646-6778—Ext. 257

© SENTRY 1986

Sentry TABLE PAD CO.
SINCE 1911

Free Facts That Can Cut Your Exercise Time In Half

Find out how you can exercise your entire cardiorespiratory system with the **GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS — A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout** from Lifecycle.* This booklet is yours absolutely FREE when you mail in the coupon below.

A Challenging Workout in Only 12 Minutes

You can get an extensive cardiorespiratory workout for a longer, healthier life just by doing a special 12 minute routine a few days a week. This 16 page, fully-illustrated booklet tells about an easy, proven method that can help you:

- Improve your cardiorespiratory system without causing severe stress or strain to your heart
- Burn off calories in a minimum amount of time
- Decrease your permanent body fat
- Develop a trim, fit body from the privacy and convenience of your own home.

You'll Look and Feel Better

Studies show aerobic fitness helps alleviate everyday stress. It also helps you look and feel really good. Now, through this special booklet you'll learn all about a workout program that will significantly improve your cardiorespiratory system and cut your exercise time in half! And it's so easy, your whole family can do it.

Send for the Free Facts Today

To get your Free Booklet, return this coupon below to Lifecycle, 9601 Jeronimo Road, Irvine, California 92718 or call toll-free 1-800-LIF-CYCL, Dept. 7D064

Send For Your FREE Booklet Today!

Lifecycle
Please continue only FREE copy of the **GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS — A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout** by Lifecycle.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____ Telephone (____) _____ Zip _____

7D064

WIGS OF France

BY ANY D'AVRAY



The French flair for hair comes naturally. Enjoy lustrous, high quality, natural looking wigs in au courant styles. Expensive? Yes, but aren't you worth it?

- ☐ Send me your FREE catalog
☐ Also send me an 8 oz. bottle of the NEW Deep Cleansing Wig Shampoo. My \$5.00 is enclosed.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____
 PHONE _____

WIGS OF FRANCE, A Division of International Hairgoods, Inc., DEPT. Q, P.O. Box 6575, Minneapolis, MN 55406

In Canada call collect: 1-(403)-453-5877

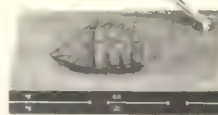
LASER engraved

Desk Thermometer and Pen Set

- Beautiful Laser Engraved Clippership on Solid Walnut Base.

- Three Position Swivel Pen Holder (Pen included).

- Fahrenheit and Celcius Room Thermometer



The perfect compliment to any desk!

Only \$29.95

(Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery)

Check or Money Order to:

D & L Enterprises

P.O. Box 72,

Two Rivers, WI 54241

(414) 794-1020

Please send _____ Laser Engraved Desk Thermometer and Pen set(s) at \$29.95 each to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Amount enclosed _____

(Add \$3.00 Shipping & Handling. Wisconsin residents add 5% tax.)

H287

Satisfaction Guaranteed: If not fully delighted, return purchase within 30 days for a full refund

tween such mental processes as bluffing and lying, falsity and faking. However, the nuances between bluffing and lying are slight. Similarly, there is no dichotomy between falsity and faking.

Moreover, there are lots of congenital liars around, people whose sense of reality is entirely subjective. To them, truth is what is in the heads.

Recognizing intent as "the crux" of the distinction between the bullshitter and the liar" degrades the putative legitimacy of this exercise in sophistry. Is a "white lie" a lie, or something else?

Ah, for the good old days, when we used less indelicate epithets like "bullshitter" and discussed such matters under titles like Lionel Trilling's *Sincerity and Authenticity*.

Richard G. Augenblick
 Arlington, Va.

SOLUTION TO THE MARCH PUZZLE

S	N	A	C	K	S	P	H	L	E	G	M
H	I	T	H	O	U	S	A	N	D	I	O
O	G	H	A	M	M	P	R	A	G	R	O
W	H	I	P	P	O	O	R	W	I	L	L
E	T	N	L	S	L	U	I	C	E	S	A
R	I	G	A	E	R	S	E	A	R	C	H
R	E	H	I	R	E	E	R	P	I	A	F
I	S	O	N	A	T	A	S	S	O	R	A
P	E	R	I	P	A	T	E	T	I	C	S
S	W	A	Y	H	I	O	P	A	N	I	C
A	E	C	H	I	N	K	I	N	G	T	E
W	R	E	N	C	H	E	S	S	A	Y	S

NOTES FOR "PLUS FOURS"

FOUR-LETTER WORDS: a. SCAR(e); b. CHAF, two meanings; c. TI(M...)ES; d. RIG-(vodk)A; e. SUM-O; f. CHIN(a); g. SA(N)D; h. TA-N-S; i. (S)TOKE(r); j. P(O)R; k. PIA(no)-F; l. GI-R-L; m. A-GRO(wer); n. WHIP; o. H-GIN, reversed; p. PER-I; q. TI(C)S; r. SWAY, reversal; s. KING, hidden; t. WILL, two meanings; u. C...(IT)...Y; v. PAT-E; w. REWE(d), reversed; x. LAIN, "lane"; y. (wi)THOU(t); z. (name)CAPS, reversal. ACROSS: 1. S(N...)ACKS & Lit; 2. PHLE(anagram)-GM; 3. OG(reversal)-HAM; 4. SLUCE(anagram)-S(traight); 5. SEARCH, hidden; 6. REHIRE(anagram); 7. SONAT(anagram)-AS; 8. PANI(anagram)-C(lock); 9. W(R)ENCH; 10. (m)ESS-(d)AYS. DOWN: 1. SHOWER, two meanings; 2. HAR(reversal)-RI(d)ERS; 3. EIGIER, anagram; 4. HA(s)-LOOM, reversed; 5. THIN-G; 6. S-PO-USE; 7. S(ermon)-ERAPHIC(anagram); 8. RE(TA)IN; 9. R-I-PSAW(reversal); 10. HORACE, anagram; 11. I C(h)ING; 12. F-ASCES(anagram).

SOLUTION TO MARCH DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 51). PETER DEVRIES PECKHAM'S MARBLES. He needed . . . to write his new book . . . a searing account of the breakup of a divorce. The greed of both parties, . . . with the avare of . . . lawyers, so hopelessly sinks all negotiations that settlement is impossible and the two . . . are forced to resume their intolerable coexistence.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 52, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by April 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the May issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 50 (February) are Martha Coutant, Sierra Madre, California; Phillip Holm, Salt Lake City, Utah; and Steve Jones, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

April Index Sources

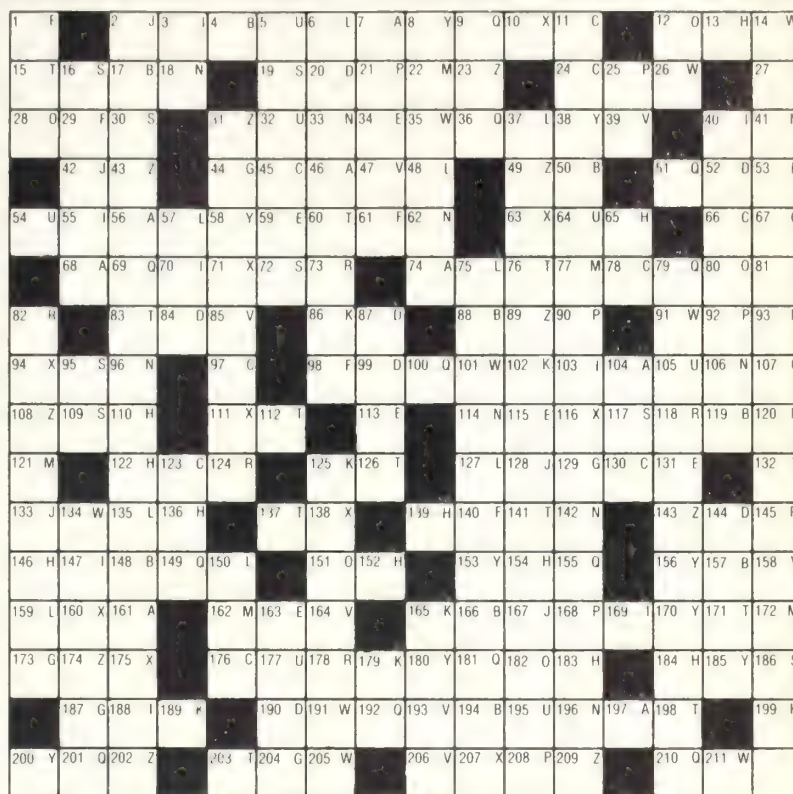
1 Charlotte Observer; 2 Rodrigo Roa Fund (Washington, D.C.); 3 Ariel Dorfman, Department of International Studies, Duke University (Durham, N.C.); 4 Sotheby's (New York City); 5 Conservation Division, New York Public Library; 6 College Store Executive Magazine (Westbury, N.Y.); 7, 8 The Dartmouth Review (Hanover, N.H.); 9 Federal Bureau of Investigation; 10 National Association of Sports Officials (Racine, Wis.); 11, Orlando Sentinel; 12, 13 U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency; 14, 15 National Association of Realtors (Chicago); 16, 17 Policy Journal (New York City); 18, U.S. State Department; 19, 20, 21, 22 New York Times; 23 Beverly Hills Post Office; 24 National Automobile Dealers Association (McLean, Va.); 25 U.S. Census Bureau; 26, 27 Roper Organization (New York City); 28 Senator Jim Sasser (Tenn.); 29 Southern Bell Telephone (Jackson, Miss.); 30 New York Telephone; 31 U.S. Office of Management and Budget; 32 U.S. ENGLISH (Washington, D.C.); 33 Los Angeles Times; 34 National Geographic Society; 35 Smithsonian Institution (Washington, D.C.); 36 Larson Company (Tucson, Ariz.); 37 Lomma Enterprises (Scranton, Pa.); 38, 39 Wall Street Journal; 40 Des Moines Register and Tribune Company

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 52

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 71.



CLUES

A. 1948 Edward G. Robinson film (2 wds.)

46 74 161 197 68
56 104 7

B. Irresolution

166 148 17 53 4
194 50 119 157 88

C. Weak, insipid (hyph.)

123 45 176 24 11
107 97 130 66 78

D. Jackpots for wildcatters

190 144 20 84 99 52 87

E. Corrupts, blemishes

34 59 113 115 163 131

F. Permission

98 140 1 61 29

G. Antagonism; rancor

129 204 187 173 44 67

H. Shrub of Japan having clusters of white, fragrant flowers (2 wds.)

183 13 146 139 65 136 122 184
93 154 152 110 199

I. Organic compound containing carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen (2 wds.)

147 70 3 169 103 188 55 40
81

J. They are blamed for many a political flap or flop

167 128 2 42 133

K. Witlessness, craziness

125 165 86 179 102 189

L. Touchy

135 150 48 127 57 37 6 75
159

M. Esdras's son (Anderson, *Winterset*)

22 162 77 121 172

N. With a will; tooth and nail

62 106 96 33 196 18 41 114
142

O. Fidelity

151 12 80 182 28

P. Where to find Bizerte and Qabis

90 25 208 168 120 92 21

Q. Eerie; weird, not understood

210 192 201 100 51 36 181 149
9 79 69 155

R. Nature's garb

178 118 124 145 73 82

S. Liberal

117 109 30 95 16 186 19 72

T. Very much (4 wds.)

60 141 137 132 76 27 15 112
171 126 83 203 198

U. Act of twisting or turning

5 32 105 54 177 64 195

V. Hurt

206 85 193 158 39 47 164

W. Moral uprightness

134 191 14 26 101 211 35 205
91

X. Composed of right angles

71 10 63 94 138 175 111 116
207 160

Y. "Alas, why gnaw you so your —?" asks Desdemona of Othello (2 wds.)

8 38 153 185 200 180 156 170
58

Z. Central ritual of a religion that promised return of the American lands to American Indians (2 wds.)

143 108 89 43 209 202 49 174
31 23

CLASSIFIED

PERSONALS

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406.

Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Photos, details: GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Asian singles want correspondence, friendship. Photos, details: World Friends, Box 15010HA, Sacramento, Calif. 95851.

Friends nearby and ninety countries worldwide. For sports, hobbies, correspondence, vacations. Electronic Exchange, Box 68-H4, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Art Lovers' Exchange. Unattached fine-arts lovers get acquainted. Nationwide. Write: ALX, Box 265, Bensalem, Pa. 19020.

Arts Lovers' Network. Connects single, arts-loving gentlepersons nationally. A.L.N., Box 5106H, Westport, Conn. 06881.

Meet lovely Oriental ladies through our specialized correspondence service. Free brochure. Oriental Introductions, Box 1364-HA, Bowling Green, N.Y. 10274.

Polish-American Singles Club. Contacts through correspondence. Box 99021, Troy, Mich. 48099.

49-year-old SMJF, attractive college grad with a sense of fun, working as secretary, often charming, interested in opera, nostalgic about WWII era, seeks intelligent, kind, financially secure, successful WM for possible relationship. Box 20421, Midtown Station, New York, N.Y. 10129.

Attractive SWM, 39 years old, record company executive, seeks serious relationship with mature lady 25 to 35 years old. My interests include history, movies, politics, and exposure to bright and interesting people. Please provide photo, and if requested I will do the same. George, Rockefeller Center Station, Box 735, New York, N.Y. 10185.

Alone? Single and searching for pen pal, friendship, or marriage? Join new, discreet, and successful introduction concept. For details and Las Vegas event, write: True Match, Box 18000-5E, Las Vegas, Nev. 89114.

Asian women desire romance. Sincere, cultured, attractive. Sunshine International Correspondence. Dept. NA, Box 260, North Hollywood, Calif. 91603.

GBM, 28, attractive, intelligent, seeks friendship with discreet GMs. Nationality unimportant. Sincerity is. Box 2873, Carbondale, Ill. 62902.

MERCHANDISE

"I'm not really the President... but I play one on TV," with Reagan's bewildered look silk-screened on top-quality sportswear. Colors: white on dark blue, black on light blue. Sizes: S-M-L-XL. T's: \$9.95 ppd; sweat-shirts: \$14.95 ppd. Specify color and size. Placid Productions, Box 5385, Pittsburg, Calif. 94565.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt

WRITE FOR
FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT 107
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920



SPECIAL
2 For \$13.95 PPD!

\$9.95 Each PPD
Red/White Lt. Blue Yellow
S/M/L/XL

Mayan handmade cotton clothes, accessories, and unique gifts. Free color catalogue: One World Trading Co., Box 310, Dept. A3, Summertown, Tenn. 38483. (615) 964-2334.

ARTWORK

Original Kurz & Allison lithographs. Free catalogue. American Print Gallery, 43914 S.E. 139th St., North Bend, Wash. 98045. (206) 888-3464.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

EDUCATION

British degrees. Somerset University offers degree programs to mature students by distance learning. For a prospectus, send \$8 to Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset, TA19 0BQ, England.

Speak French like a diplomat!

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning: 47 languages in all. Free catalog. Write:

AUDIO-FORUM Dept 306 96 Broad St
Guilford CT 06437

Foreign languages for children. "Springboard" audio-cassette programs in Spanish, French, German. \$21.95 each, ppd. (Conn. residents add sales tax.) Money-back guarantee. Audio-Forum, Dept. 302, Guilford, Conn. 06437. (203) 453-9794.

Need money for college? Custom, computerized search guarantees 5-25 sources of scholarships, grants, etc. for H.S. JRS/SRS, college freshmen, or money refunded. Thoughtful gift. Details: American Scholarship Matching, Box 5523-H, Portland, Ore. 97228.

Learn Spanish and Latin culture in beautiful Venezuela. Inexpensive tuition and living. Write: Action Research, Dept. 117, 3333 Lakeshore Dr., Tallahassee, Fla. 32312.

Welcome to the off-campus campus. Vermont College of Norwich University, a leader in independent study for adults, supports home-based college work leading to intellectual, professional, and personal growth. Unique, challenging, accredited. Experienced, caring faculty. Call or write specifying B.A. or M.A. Vermont College of Norwich University, Box 99, Montpelier, Vt. 05602. (802) 229-0522.

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximum memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excel catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 1st #105-H4, Vancouver, Canada V6H 1K6.

HEALTH

Contact lens. Replace your soft lens Bausch and Lomb extended wear and tear, \$25 per lens. Tinted in blue, all green, brown: \$35 per lens. MD/OD contactants. Send eyeglass or contact lens prescription. Check, Visa, MC plus \$2 postage. F & R Contact Lens, Box 188, Dutton, N.Y. 13574.

HOTELS

One of New York City's best kept secrets... on West 57th across from Carnegie Hall

An elegant hotel for business or pleasure. 320 beautiful rooms. A/C TV, serving pantry, Terrace Cafe. Meeting banquet facilities (to 75). Reasonable rates.

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th Street N.Y. N.Y. 10019
Toll-free (800) 223-0680 N.Y.S. (212) 246-1300

LITERARY SERVICES

We'll publish your book. Our 45 years experience will help you toward success. Send manuscript or outline for free information and evaluation. Rivercross Publishing, Dept. HM, 127 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Manuscripts/cassettes professionally edited, typed. Marye Myers, Box 1019, So. Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

Writers! Lawrence Block's books, tapes, seminars. Details free. WFYL, 375 Estero, Fort Myers Beach, Fla. 33931.

BOOKS

Locating out-of-print books our special. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, Main Station, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5511.

Bookstock finds books. Free search. 942-H, S. Orleans, Mass. 02662.

"Develop a Winning Personality." Increase effectiveness in human relations—friendship, romance, on the job. Techniques breaking through barrier of resistance. Select personal qualities that attract friends and lovers. \$5 plus \$1 postage. Gifts More, 3745 S. 5th St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53207.

Out-of-print-book finder. Send wants. 2 Everding-HA, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, \$1.85 per word; three times, \$1.75 per word; six times, \$1.65 per word; twelve times, \$1.50 per word. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, \$115 per column inch; three times, \$110 per column inch; six times, \$105 per column inch; twelve times, \$90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to Harper's Magazine and send to Harper's Classified, Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Elena Gustines, Classified Advertising Manager.

book search by specialist book finder. titles: Continental Book Search, Box H, New York, N.Y. 10009.

book search. Prompt reply. Webfoot nan, 334 S.E. 62nd, Portland, Ore.

"The bible of the euthanasia movement." 60 Minutes

Let Me Die Before I Wake

By Derek Humphry

Practical advice to the dying about accelerating the end.

In bookstores/\$10.

10 plus \$2 shipping when ordered from

The Hemlock Society

POB 66218

Los Angeles, CA 90066

years of history and literature. This ge, 240-book annotated reading list is everyone who wants to know more about major thought and literature of our plan-. Scott Hoffman, 297B Laws Brook Concord, Mass. 01742.

FILM/VIDEO

in, classic films on video. Giant cata-\$2. Facets, 1517 W. Fullerton, Chi-Ill. 60614.

id Canyon," 2-hour spectacular heli-exploration video. Breathtaking mu-critically acclaimed. Details free. r Productions, 3217-A48 Arville, Las Nev. 89102. (702) 876-2328.

ibond," "Ran," and many others. oreign films by mail. VHS only. Send : catalogue. Specialty Video, Box M #105, Las Vegas, Nev. 89114.

FURNITURE



Country Casual
DESIGNER and DIRECT IMPORTER
of fine English garden furniture

SOLID TEAKWOOD.
BENCHES • SWINGS • PLANTERS

16 page catalogue \$2.00
Country Casual - RS
17317 Germantown Rd
Germantown, Md 20874-2999
(301) 540-0040

4' Chippendale II
a Country Casual
original design
in solid teakwood

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

while you read. Maximum profit for um effort. Free details. Robross, Box I, Boston, Mass. 02114.

money with one of the fastest growing nies in the U.S. Market legal services. to: TVC, 4546 B10 El Camino Real, 356/C, Los Altos, Calif. 94022.

autographs have been my best invest- in the 1980s. I obtained many free gh the mail, just by requesting them. 7-page report tells you everything you o know to get started. Plus 36 predic- of the autographs I believe will sky- t in value. Send \$5.95 to Richard in, Box 920, New York, N.Y. 10185.

owners. Earn 60¢ for each envelope sed, our instructions. Details: Distrib- Box 431-HP, Lynbrook, New York,

\$500 weekly possible. Immediate home in- come. Guaranteed. Send stamp. Alco, B769-H, Socorro, N.M. 87801.

COLLECTIBLES

Doll of the Month Club. Ethnic dolls from country of origin, with descriptive write-up of country and costume. Box 1673, Station "A," Kelowna, B.C., Canada V1Y 9Z9.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Writing, research, statistics. All fields. Highest quality. Research Service, Box 48862, Niles, Ill. 60648. (312) 774-5284.

Copyrights, trademarks. Searches, applica- tions. Reasonable rates. Your Washington connection. Trade Marketing Group. Box 30535, Bethesda, Md. 20814. (301) 229-7777.

Confidential counseling by correspondence. Caring professionals, reasonable rates. In- quire: Southwestern Psychological Associ- ates, Box 1266, Tulsa, Okla. 74104.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freightler." Facts, des- tinations, recommendations on unusual cruising. \$3. TravLTips, Box 188 B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

Extraordinary travel letter. 8-page monthly packed with information about unusual, spe- cial interest, adventure travel opportunities. \$30 for 10 issues. \$3.50 single copy. Free in- formation. Box 8062-H, Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

EMPLOYMENT

Work abroad. Newsletter listing openings: \$5. Directory of hiring agencies: \$5. Total job-search catalogue, domestic/foreign, free. Mr. Information, Sort 185, 2515 Rainier South, Seattle, Wash. 98144.

Teach abroad/here. Current openings list U.S.A., \$7; overseas, \$7. Specials: Japan, Australia, France, \$7 each. EISL, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162-0062.

Rocky Mountain Employment Newsletter. Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming. Cur- rent openings, all occupations. Free details. Intermountain-4R, 3021N Hancock, Colo- rado Springs, Colo. 80907. (303) 630-0700, x418.

GOURMET

Muffins. 88 delicious recipes, \$5. Quick to gourmet. Box 2568, Eugene, Ore. 97402.

Free cookbook catalogue from Aris Books, a quality publisher specializing in unique cookbooks. Call toll-free: 1-800-222-7411; or in California. (415) 527-5171.

Super scrumptious Amaretto brownies. Ac- claimed by Princeton newspaper as one of area's best desserts. Also, heavenly, rich, or- ange almond-coconut Easter cake. \$2 for both recipes. EBA-1, Box 6582, Lawrence- ville, N.J. 08648.

18 family favorite recipes, including fudge nut tart. \$1.75/SASE to Doris, Box 2545, Menlo Park, Calif. 94026.

PUBLICATIONS

"Southern Writer," \$4/issue, \$16/yr., ALA, Box 92025, Lafayette, La. 70509.

Jesus never existed. Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created fictional Je- sus, gospels. \$4. Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

Christ a hand-me-down? *Christianity Before Christ* examines the lives of the great mes- siah and finds many parallels. 238 pp., \$9 ppd. American Atheist Press, Box 2117, Austin, Tex. 78768-2117.

Announcing the Second Coming of Christ. *The Marble Game*, Vols. 1-4, by Geoffrey W. Brown, Ph.D. Send \$19.95 plus \$2 post- age and handling to: Foothills Press, Box 5194, Dept. E, Orange, Calif. 92623-5194. Money-back guarantee.

Expert reveals secrets. Handle difficult peo- ple easily. "See Thru People" booklet. \$1.50. Newlife, Box 2000-GN, Ojai, Calif. 93023.

GIFTS

Student care package for college or boarding school students. Quality items for dorm room and desk. \$22 includes shipping direct to student. Satisfaction guaranteed. Infor- mation: Campus Kits, 6112 N. Mesa, Suite 206D, El Paso, Tex. 79912.

SUSPENDERS/BRACES

Well-dressed men wear suspenders/braces. Largest collection anywhere. Free brochure. Bernardo, 24000 Westheimer, #108W(H), Houston, Tex. 77098. (713) 526-2686.

RETIREMENT

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA.

Retire to the midst of a 625 acre farm full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, belted galloway cows, shops, a country inn, and families of all ages.

Free brochure.

Call 800-334-5475

Box 111Y, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

FEARRINGTON



VACATION RESORT RENTALS

Kiawah Island resort villa rentals. Near his- toric Charleston. 10 miles of beach and much more! Free color brochure. Call Ra- venel Associates, toll-free: 1-800-845-3911, ext. 313.

VACATIONS

Italy/Tuscany. Traditional country house, large, furnished; also efficiency apartment. Convenient. Florence, Siena, Assisi. Tan- sey, CP4, Cortona AR/52044, Italy. 575-62512.

COUNTRY INNS



A small elegant Country Inn near Chapel Hill

FEARRINGTON HOUSE
Box 111J, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 542-2121

RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Rocky Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, horse- back riding, river rafting, and much more for all ages. The Hawley Mountain Guest Ranch, Box 4-H, Mcleod, Mont. 59052. (406) 932-5791.

PUZZLE

Numerology

By E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

None of the clue answers are the right length to fit in the diagram. Follow the parenthetical instructions to make adjustments. All diagram entries are words.

Clue answers include two proper names. Diagram entries include two proper names, two common abbreviations, and an uncommon word (20A).

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 71.

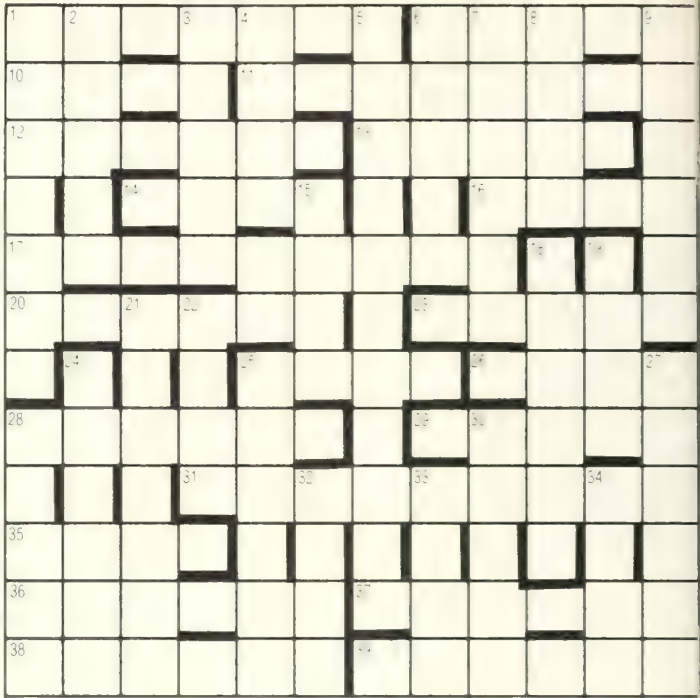
Across

1. Small military unit—even when the president tags along! (5 + 51)
6. Sport who brought back noodles? (4 + 1)
10. Look in hairstyles: bangs (6 – 150)
11. Level of car crashes complicated part of highway construction (10 – 150)
12. Hog doesn't finish meals (4 + 90)
13. Doctor scolded for getting Pampers (7 – 550)
14. Kind of singing that's loud, offkey, also outside (3 = 2 – 50)
16. Hermione loses husband, ring, and fur (6 – 1,001)
17. Extreme Catholic conservatives classified lists (11 – 501)
20. Democrat, in guilt trips, is weakening (8 – 501)
23. When the Beatles reigned is recalled by *Times* connections (7 – 9)
25. The Spanish returned to make capital of the Peruvians (3 + 1)
26. Put a lid on leaders of Congress and president (3 + 50)
28. Italy's characters could be people of faith (5 + 10)
29. To digress, is this an operatic scandal involving the prima donna? (8 – 504)
31. Philanthropist overturns papal court approval (7 + 1,001)
35. Is it a relief when one escapes notice? Just the opposite! (3 + 1,000)
36. Take it easy, mother has stick around (8 – 51)
37. Out of hearing, grab dates (4 + 55)
38. Swingers left out risks (7 – 500)
39. Great composer receives tip from George Sand (5 + 50)

Down

1. Mobs rely upon rioting in dark colors (8 – 1,000)
2. Loopy idealist completely taken in by tic-tac-toe moves? On the contrary! (7 – 9)

3. Highlander goes after advanced degree. Good luck goes with him (6 – 1,000)
4. Zoo A-frame houses loon (3 + 50)
5. Half-dead, one gets even with the gods (7 + 154)
6. Some rip-off guarantee (7 – 1,001)
7. Most objective ciphers, including Latin, take time (7 – 100)
8. Tax man is one coming in to pry (5 – 6)
9. Radical forces surrounding French treasury (7 – 100)
15. DeLorean, e.g., and I get \$200 for passing this load... (5 – 100)
18. ... and the rest up and departed (4 + 501)
19. Feebly protest scraps from table (5 – 50)
21. Hide German with pungent odor (4 + 12)
22. Bachelor needs identification for one club, e.g. (3 + 1)
24. Oriental is manfully hiding charm (8 – 51)
25. Good steer for the market rockets explosively (7 – 100)
27. Spiteful bigwig hires bum (8 – 6)
28. High priest? Thrash one (4 + 50)
30. Take a chance with hollow ball during game (6 – 1,000)
32. L.A. football player (back) is former Yankee slugger (5 – 1)
33. Striking nine in Rome (Latin) (5 – 5)
34. Reveal, in poetry, half of poetry puts love first (3 + 100)



Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Numerology," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the June issue. Winners of the February puzzle, "Square-rigged," are Danny N. Coyle, Carson City, Nevada; Mrs. John Diffily, Weatherford, Texas; and Mrs. Martin Fritch, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

HARPER'S



BURLINGAME

APR 20 1987

LIBRARY

THE NEXT PANIC

Fear and Trembling on Wall Street

By L.J. Davis

ENDLESS SUMMER OF LOVE

Goa: Wildlife Preserve for the Endangered Hippie

By David Black

PERILS OF POLICY

The Marshall Plan Only Worked Once

By William Pfaff

SNARES

A story by Louise Erdrich

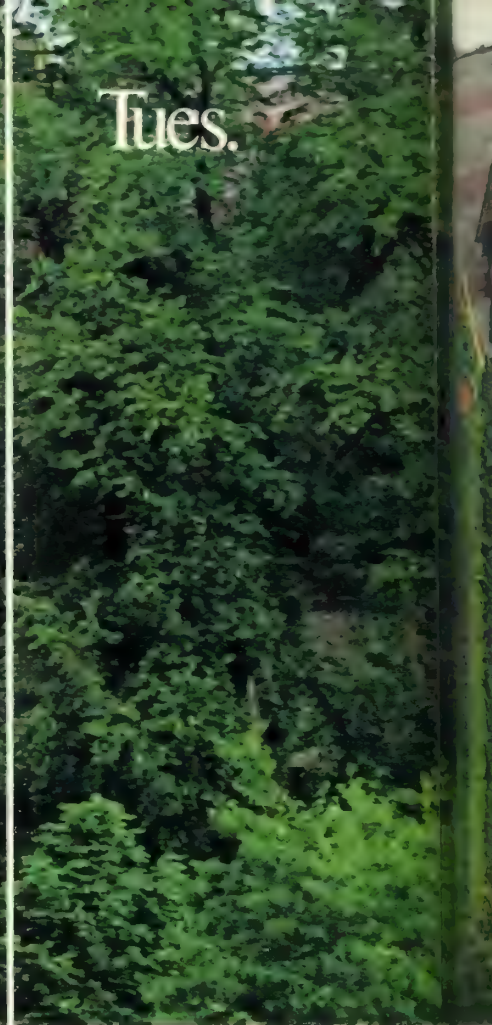
Camel Flake,

of a president

5-01017 94010
JUN 03 1987
BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY
440 BURLINGAME RD
BURLINGAME, CA 94010



Mon.



Tues.



Thurs.

The week Newsweek decided to live on campus.

Four years ago, we started the only college publication created and edited by a major news magazine.

We called it Newsweek On Campus. And we called it right.

Because it already has an audience of nearly 4 million

students at over 170 leading colleges across the country.

What is it about Newsweek On Campus that turned them on? Quite simply, the issues we deal with in every issue. Relevant issues that add meaning to their lives.

And there isn't any issue



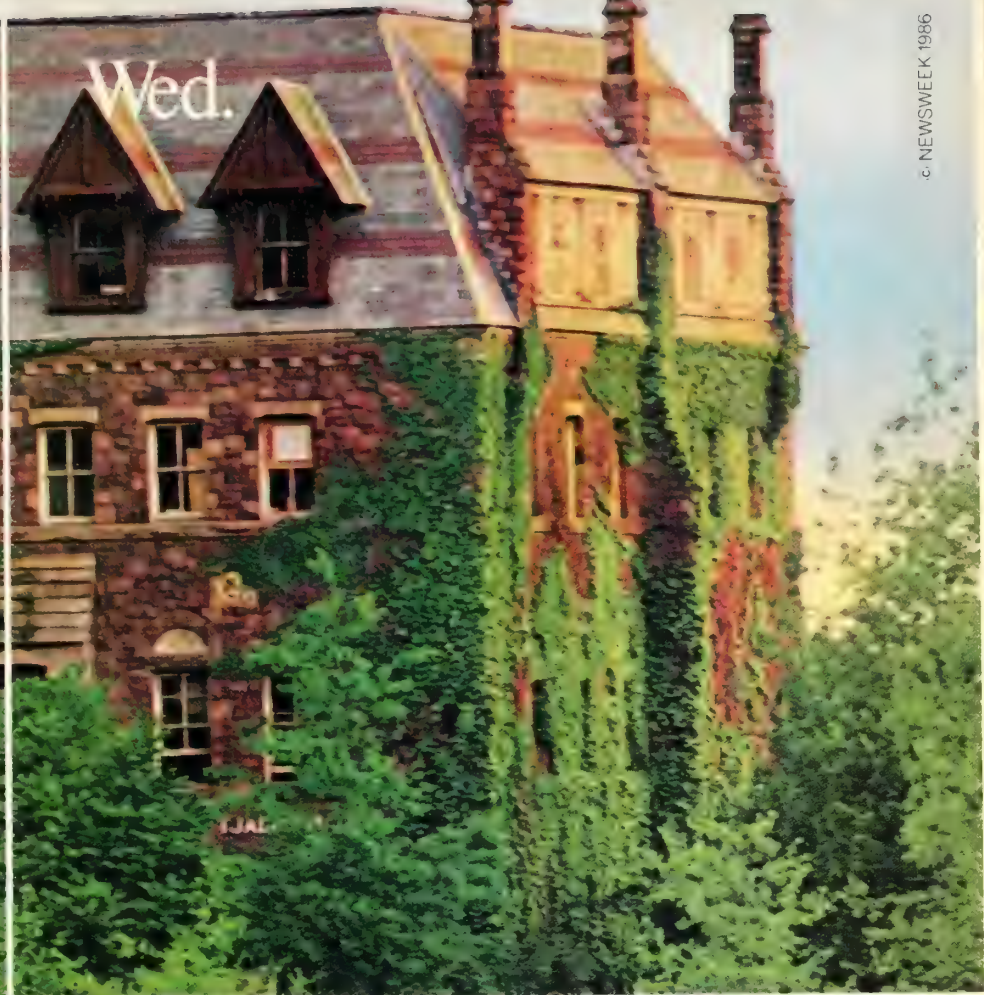
Fri.

we're afraid to tackle.

We've taken on college sports scandals and student protests over South Africa.

We're helping to raise students' crime-consciousness by alerting them to the dangers on campus. And off.

We supplied an exclusive



interview with their favorite interviewer, Ted Koppel.

And we revealed how the student body is shaping up and how good health is in on campus.

Stories like these make Newsweek On Campus the college magazine rated first

in awareness and understanding among all college publications. The only national college magazine to win all three major awards for educa-

tional writing.

After living on campus for four years, Newsweek On Campus is practically a part of the curriculum.

Newsweek.
Why it happened. What it means.

Hostile mobs storm the convent.
Will the nuns become martyrs of the guillotine?

DIALOGUES — OF THE — CARMELITES



"Live from The Met."
Watch Maria Ewing,
Jessye Norman, Regine Crespin,
Florence Quivar and
David Kuebler in
John Dexter's production
of Poulenc's towering drama.
Manuel Rosenthal conducts.
Joanne Woodward hosts.



Brought to you
in part by the
Texaco Philanthropic
Foundation Inc.

**Telecast on PBS
Wednesday, May 6 at 8 pm.
(Check local listings.)**

France, 1789. No one is safe as
The Revolution invades even the convent
to which an aristocrat's daughter has
retreated seeking escape from life. But
resolve supplants weakness, vows
overcome fear as she rises to her final
triumph. You must bear witness.

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 274, NO. 1644
MAY 1987

Letters	4	Millard Millburn Rice, Vinko Kužina
Notebook	8	
Fade to black		Lewis H. Lapham
Harper's Index	13	
Readings	15	
Nuclear Power's Faustian Bargain		Erazim Kohák
The Mexican Domino		Central Intelligence Agency
The Artist and AIDS		Edmund White
Homer's "Iliad," Updated		Christopher Logue
The Not-So-Silent Sea		John Hersey
The Making of the President		Gore Vidal
And . . .		Frank Gannon, Lynn Freed, Department of Health and Human Services
Essay	35	
THE NEXT PANIC		L. J. Davis
Fear and trembling on Wall Street		
Report	47	
ENDLESS SUMMER OF LOVE		David Black
Goa: wildlife preserve for the endangered hippie		
Criticism	53	
THE BEAT GOES OFF		Mark Hunter
How technology has gummed up rock's grooves		
Annotation	58	
BETTING TOO BIG ON THE BLOOD		Carol Flake
The thoroughbred breeding bubble, boom to burst		
Story	60	
SNARES		Louise Erdrich
Miscellany	66	
CULTIVATING VIRTUE		Michael Pollan
Compost and its moral imperatives		
Paris Letter	70	
PERILS OF POLICY		William Pfaff
The Marshall Plan only worked once		
Acrostic	77	Thomas H. Middleton
Puzzle	80	E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Cover: Detail of *The Board Room*, by Guy Johnson, courtesy of the Louis K. Meisel Gallery.

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Leon Botstein, Chairman. Copyright©1987 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the United States. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, Ohio 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add \$2; other foreign, add \$3 per year. Please send orders to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Harper's Magazine does not publish unsolicited poetry.

HARPER'S

Lewis H. Lapham, *Editor*

Executive Editor

Michael Pollan

Managing Editor

Janet Gold

Senior Editors

Gerald Marzorati, Terry Teachout

Deborah Rust, *Art Director*

Associate Editors

Pamela Abrams, Eric Etheridge

Assistant Editors

Charis W. Conn, Richard T. Marin

Ilena Silverman

Ann K. Stern, *Assistant to the Editor*

Interns

Lynne Bertrand,

Anne Hardart, Lisa Levchuk

Contributing Editors

T.D. Allman, George Ball,

Leon Botstein, Mark D. Danner,

L. J. Davis, Timothy Dickinson,

Mark Edmundson, Samuel C. Florman,

Francisco Goldman, Vicki Hearne,

Walter Karp, Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez,

Robert Karl Manoff, Peter Marin,

George Plimpton, Earl Shorris,

Jacqueline Simon, Henry Scott Stokes,

Frances Talianferro, Tom Wolfe,

Sidney Zion

Washington Editors

Martin Morse Wooster,

Christopher Hitchens,

Fred Reed, John Taft

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager

Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Circulation

Elvira Lopez

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs

Randall V. Warner

Vice President, Advertising Director

Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives

Kathryn Crowley, Mary Anne Malley,

Karen A. Rydzewski

Elena Gustines, *Advertising Coordinator*

Max Lane, *Circulation Assistant*

Staff

Catherine Hopkins,

Joseph Malits, Benjamin Glassberg

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES

666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012

(212) 614-6500

San Francisco

Colin Smith (415) 486-0454

Detroit

Norma Davis & Associates (313) 656-1887

Tokyo

Yoshino Mitsui, IMI Corporation

(03) 546-2231

LETTERS

The Last Stop

Until recently, I lived in an apartment complex of approximately one hundred units. Because so many of the tenants were widows, someone had christened it Menopause Manor. But as a number of deaths began to occur among the older tenants, some lugubrious resident renamed the place The Last Stop.

That label sat rather lightly because we all knew we were still free to gather up our lares and penates and go somewhere else. But take away that mobility and the label connotes an obvious finality. I find myself in such a situation today.

I suppose it could be said that I was mercifully slow in reaching this state: I am ninety-two years old and for just over a year I have been a resident of a so-called retirement center. This complex needs no label. For me and the other 150 residents here, it is the real thing: the last stop. We aren't going anywhere, and we all know it.

In my case, the question of whether to enter the retirement center—and, later, the question of *when* to enter—was a source of great concern. Some friends said flatly that I should move to the center without further delay. They pointed out that, at my age, I could expect to need some degree of nursing care within a relatively short time. The center I selected puts people like myself, who need no nursing care, on the fifth floor. When I decided to move here, there were several rooms available on that floor, but long waiting lists for

the other three. The degree of care increases floor by floor, in reverse order; residents of the second floor are complete invalids. Because of these waiting lists it is impossible for anyone suddenly in need of nursing care to gain admission. But this center assures its boarders that when they need nursing care, they will get it. I was therefore thought to be good planning on my part to enter without delay.

At the time I was trying to decide what to do, I was living in a spacious two-bedroom apartment with a lot of closet space, and with wide glass doors leading to a large balcony overlooking trees and broad lawns. I knew that in the retirement center I would live in a small room with one modest window overlooking rooftops. And therefore I temporized.

But my temporizing was abruptly cut short and the answer to "when" was supplied by the incident I'm about to describe. For years, a high point in my day had been a round-table lunch with a half-dozen clever and congenial friends. Each day I drove the same two miles through city traffic to lunch. There was one intersection at which pedestrian traffic was rare. One day, as I waited for an oncoming car, a young woman pushing a baby carriage started across the street. I didn't see her, and when the car had passed, I swung left. By the favor of the gods I missed them by inches. But in the light of that shock I moved quickly to enroll.

Shortly after I came here, in a source I can't now recall, I read a description of dispossessed sharecroppers that struck a responsive cord and I copied it in part:

The trauma of departure etched indelibly in their memories the details: a frantic

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

...king, a final hurried look around, a
 istful, wishful fondling of familiar posi-
 sions. Then there was the wrenching
 ment of the last, silent, no-look-back
 ve away.

My own moving was less dramatic,
 t no less wrenching. The finality of
 e disposal of things: furniture (a few
 ce pieces, but valuable chiefly be-
 cause of decades of association);
 oks (no valuable first editions, but
 any showing the effect of more
 an casual fellowship, and too many
 one small room); and then the
 untless other accumulations of
 ng years. The value of these posses-
 ons becomes shockingly evident in
 rting.

With the tumult of moving over, I
 t down that first evening alone in
 y new one-room home and took
 ck of my possessions: a small desk,
 dresser, an easy chair, some books
 id clothing. Everything else be-
 nged to the center. The doors
 ng the corridor were closed and
 e people behind them were strang-
 s. I felt completely isolated. That
 ghtening sense of loneliness and
 spossession can be understood only
 experience. It is traumatic.

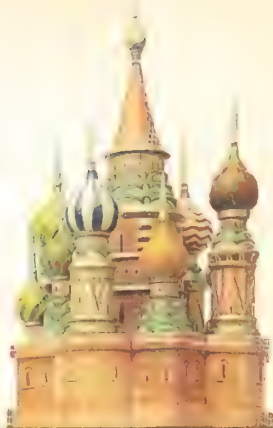
One of the causes of my hesitation
 entering this place was an in-
 ained fear of "institutionalization."
 out quotes around the word because
 know of no clear definition of it. To
 e it has always meant, in the ab-
 ract, curtailment of movement and
 pping of initiative.

Residents of the center are free to
 ave cars, but since a strong reason
 r my being here was a feeling that I
 ould quit driving, my limitation of
 ovement is entirely of my own
 aking. I know of only two persons
 re who keep cars, which leads me
 o the conclusion that the limitation
 ovement I had feared is one of
 e consequences.

I have been here long enough to
 ljust to—or better, perhaps, to
 lopt—the routine of the place. I
 ad not realized how much life is in-
 uenced by routine. There may be
 me free souls who would deny that,
 f course. But from my present van-
 ge point, I can see that over the
 ears and quite unconsciously, per-
 aps, we create our own routines. In

A Very Special Invitation...

to visit an extraordinary
 and colorful land of more
 than 100 different peoples
 ... through the pages of
SOVIET LIFE MAGAZINE!



12 Colorful Monthly Issues, only \$12.00

(You save \$9.00 off the Single Copy Price)

For more than 30 years, for thousands of
 Americans, a yearly subscription to **SOVIET
 LIFE** has been the next best thing to actually
 visiting the USSR! Every month, in 64 hand-
 some, illustrated pages, **SOVIET LIFE**
 presents a vital panorama of life in the
 Soviet Union today. And now you can share
 in that experience.

You'll meet—close up—people all the way
 from the frigid land of the Chuckchis above
 the Arctic Circle ... to sophisticated resi-
 dents of Leningrad ("the Venice of the
 North") ... from the fun-loving citizens of
 Soviet Georgia ... to the historically rich
 and colorful Armenians ... the friendly
 people of the Baltic Republics ... the pio-
 neering workers and scientists who are
 building whole new cities in Siberia ... the
 modern residents of fabled Tashkent and
 Samarkand ... the interesting people who
 live and work in Moscow, the Soviet capital
 ... and many more!

Not only that, but you'll enjoy a rich, vis-

ual treat of Soviet art, architecture and
 theater ... you'll gain fresh insights into
 Russian history, Soviet views on war and
 peace, nuclear power ... you'll learn about
 new advances in Soviet science ... you'll
 read about the sweeping changes now taking
 place in Soviet society ... you'll visit bus-
 tling collective farms and factories ...
 you'll meet leading Soviet writers, com-
 posers, painters, sculptors and musicians
 ... you'll meet the world-renowned artists
 of the Bolshoi and Kirov ballets ... you'll
 even get views inside the Kremlin, "go shop-
 ping" in the GUM department store on Red
 Square! And more!

Most of all, you'll get to meet and know the
 Soviet people at work and at home ... share
 in their joys, their hobbies and pastimes ...
 get to understand their deep love of country
 ... their extraordinary fondness for
 children ... their everyday concerns.

It's a rewarding excursion to a land that is
 both remarkably different from—yet
 remarkably similar to—your own! It's an
 experience that will last you all your life.

To start **SOVIET LIFE** coming your way,
 just complete and mail the coupon today!

IMPORTANT:



12 months of SOVIET LIFE—only \$12.00!

DA! ☐ Please send me the next 12
 monthly issues of **SOVIET LIFE** for
 only \$12.00. I understand that if not satisfied,
 I may cancel my subscription at any time
 and receive a full refund for all undelivered
 copies.

Check here and
 save even more!

2 years for
 only \$18.00

3 years for
 only \$26.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

HA1

SOVIET LIFE

Clip and mail to
 1706 18th Street, N.W.
 Washington, D.C. 20009

☐ Check enclosed.
 Please Bill me.

"Night," by Elie Wiesel

A Gift
of the
Spirit
in Leather
and Gold



the worst of all possible worlds. This inspiring 1958 classic launched the career of Nobel Prize Winner Elie Wiesel. Six by nine inches, bound in burgundy English mouton leather, spine embossed in 23 karat gold, printed on acid-free paper. Foreword by Francois Mauriac. Yours for just \$39.95.* Send check or money order to:

Bibliophile Library

NY 10004

CHARGE MY CREDIT CARD: VISA M/CARD

Want to
brush up
on a
foreign
language?



With Audio-Forum's intermediate and advanced materials, it's easy to maintain and sharpen your foreign language skills.

Besides intermediate and advanced audio-cassette courses—most developed for the U.S. State Dept.—we offer foreign language mystery dramas, dialogs recorded in Paris, games, music, and many other helpful materials. And if you want to learn a *new* language, we have beginning courses for adults and for children.

We offer introductory and advanced materials in most of the world's languages: French, German, Spanish, Italian, Japanese, Mandarin, Greek, Russian, Portuguese, Korean, Norwegian, Swedish, and many others.

Call 1-800-243-1234 for
FREE 32-p. catalog, or write:
AUDIO-FORUM Room K533
96 Broad St., Guilford, CT 06437

Our
15th Year

a place like this the routine is, quite subtly, imposed.

And yet I find myself rather glad to adopt it. Maybe that's because I believe it's what's expected of a person my age, or maybe it's just evidence of my lazy mind. I suspect, however, it is one of the more subtle consequences of institutionalization.

The institution cannot be blamed, however, for one great lack which I feel. That is the difficulty of getting beyond the mere exchange of greetings with the other residents here. Approximately 15 percent of the residents are men. Obviously, conversation frowns upon mixed-sex visiting in single rooms. But there are lounge on each floor, and the two on the fifth floor are most attractively furnished. They have television sets, card tables, reading matter, and kitchen alcoves. Yet they are generally unused. That avenue of association, therefore, is closed.

All residents of the fifth floor, and those from the fourth floor who are sufficiently mobile, are expected to take their meals in the dining room. There are five men at my table; conversation is desultory and when the meal is over we go our separate ways. I have several times remarked to outside friends that we seem merely to exist between meals. I was told by the management that the average age of residents here is eighty-five, and have concluded that the reason for this lack of socializing is, in part at least, a reflection of that.

Some months ago, the distinguished psychologist Dr. Karl Menninger, now past ninety-three, was quoted in the *Wall Street Journal* as saying, "One of these days soon I've got to face Mr. Death... It's a dreadful thing, if you stop to think about it, the most dreadful thing in the world." Obviously, there are many different approaches to this subject, and I suppose Dr. Menninger's phrase "if you stop to think about it" is the key. I try not to think about it, but when I do, I don't view death itself with dread. My fear is of the process leading up to death. That fear is heightened on the rare occasions when I visit the second floor of this building, where the seriously ill are treated.

An outstanding watch value: on land, at sea, and underwater . . .

Navigator™ Watch

Now, with new ratcheted safety bezel, and still only **\$49.95***

**But read the ad for an even better deal!*

Wear this watch to work, to play, to swim and dive — and to rally. The *Navigator™ Watch* is steered by a sophisticated, ultra-accurate Japanese quartz movement that is powered by a tiny mercury cell. It should last at least 18 months before you need replace it. The *Navigator™* has both luminous analog dial and LCD display. It gives you dual time capability. The LCD display shows time continuously — in 12-hr. or 24-hr. mode. Push the button and you display day and date. There is a subtle yet insistent alarm and a switchable hourly time signal. The stopwatch chronograph reads to 1/100 secs. and has "interrupt" and "lap" modes. A light switch illuminates the display.

The *Navigator™ Watch* is totally executed in black metal, including the linked, stainless steel band. It is waterproof to 150 ft. The new, exclusive ratcheted safety bezel prevents you from staying underwater longer than you had planned. The crystal is "mineral glass"—it will never scratch.

We import these outstanding watches directly in large quantities and are able to offer them for just \$49.95. National catalog houses offer the identical watch for \$120 or more, and that's *without* the exclusive safety bezel. But here is an even better deal: *Buy two for \$99.90, and we'll send you a third one absolutely FREE, with our compliments.* Take advantage of this outstanding offer while it is available.

Many successful products are being "knocked off" to the detriment of consumers. The *Navigator™* is no exception. Beware of similar looking imitations. There is only one genuine *Navigator™* Watch.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER
TOLL FREE (800) 621-1203
24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1015E021. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. We cannot ship without this information. UPS insurance: \$5.95 for one *Navigator™ Watch*, \$6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30-day return and one year warranty.

Note: For quantity orders (100+), with your company logo on the dial, call Mr. Ernest Gerard at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.

since 1967
haverhills

131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

Here are people, some of whom I now, waiting to die. They are kept reasonably comfortable by medicines. Some, all neatly wrapped, sit in their wheelchairs and stare blankly to space. I pass them and they don't see me. I like to think that their apparent detachment indicates an unawareness of their vigil. These people personify the mechanics of death, and when I see them, I am afraid.

I sometimes feel ashamed because I do not visit the lower floors more often. I console myself with the hope that at the people there don't miss me. When not visiting, I am not stopping "to think about it." Indeed, that is the only defense against the trauma of the last stop.

William Millburn Rice
Baltimore, Md.

What We Have to Say Yes to

Something about Robert Stone's essay "A Higher Horror of the Whites" [*Harper's Magazine*, December 1986] bothered me. It wasn't just the candor of his Melville borrowing, or the sort of wistful "we were somehow slier than thou because we were artists in search of a higher meaning" attitude he has toward his (our) generation's use of drugs, or the attitude in his concluding, "When they've said no to crack, can we someday give them something to say yes to?"

The point is that we already have something for them to say yes to. We live in a world in which life is worth living. As a species, we manage to bring forth children, grow food, make art, design cities, share joy, and bear pain, despite invitations from all sides to give up our spirit. And certainly the million Americans attending anonymous recovery fellowships have found something to say yes to.

We will fail to find a solution to the drug problem so long as we consider it some form of extremism to extol the sanctity of the human spirit. The look on the faces of the teenage girls who had just tooted up the look of people whose spirit has been deadened.

Perhaps there is something to be

Continued on page 74

SAVING ISSUES OF HARPER'S?

Harper's Magazine and Issues of 1 binders hold a full year of issues

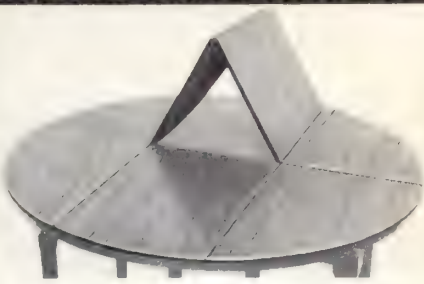
Slipcases—per case, \$7.95, 3 for \$22.95 (plus \$2.95 shipping). **Binders**—per binder, \$9.95, 3 for \$27.95, 6 for \$52.95. Add \$1 per unit for postage and handling, \$2.50 per unit outside U.S. (U.S. currency only)

Please mail your order (with payment in full) to Jesse Jones, Dept. HARP, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134. Credit cards accepted: Call 1-800-835-5000 (minimum)

Unconditionally guaranteed!

© 1987 Harper & Row, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

FACTORY DIRECT TABLE PADS



Order with confidence from America's oldest and largest custom table pad manufacturer.

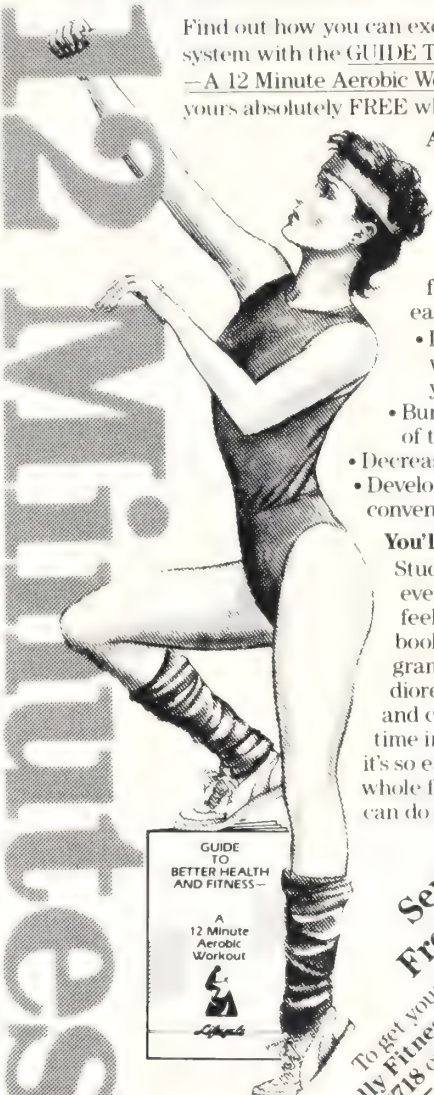
Phone 1-800/328-7237 Ext. 257

108 Briarcliff, Thomasville, NC 27360
612/646-6778—Ext. 257

Sentry TABLE PAD CO.
SINCE 1911

Free Facts That Can Cut Your Exercise Time In Half

Find out how you can exercise your entire cardiorespiratory system with the **GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout** from Lifecycle.* This booklet is yours absolutely FREE when you mail in the coupon below.



A Challenging Workout in Only 12 Minutes

You can get an extensive cardiorespiratory workout for a longer, healthier life just by doing a special 12 minute routine a few days a week. This 16 page, fully-illustrated booklet tells about an easy, proven method that can help you:

- Improve your cardiorespiratory system without causing severe stress or strain to your heart
- Burn off calories in a minimum amount of time
- Decrease your permanent body fat
- Develop a trim, fit body from the privacy and convenience of your own home.

You'll Look and Feel Better

Studies show aerobic fitness helps alleviate everyday stress. It also helps you look and feel really good. Now, through this special booklet you'll learn all about a workout program that will significantly improve your cardiorespiratory system and cut your exercise time in half! And it's so easy, your whole family can do it.

Send for the Free Facts Today

To get your Free Booklet, return this coupon below to Bally Fitness, Lifecycle, 9601 Jeronimo Road, Irvine, California 92718 or call toll-free 1-800-LIF-CYCL, Dept. 7E064

Send For Your FREE Booklet Today!

Please send me my FREE copy of the **GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout** by Lifecycle.

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____ Telephone () _____ Zip _____

7E064

NOTEBOOK

Fade to black By Lewis H. Lapham

The public good requires us to betray, and to lie, and to massacre: let us resign this commission to those who are more pliable, and more obedient.

—Montaigne

As expected, the Tower Commission's report depicted the President of the United States as a matinee idol held captive by his retinue of zealous, vain, and remarkably inept subalterns. Although muffled in the language of bureaucratic euphemism, the text makes it plain enough that President Reagan knew as much about the Iranian arms deals as he knows about the dark side of the moon. The National Security Council did as it pleased—trading weapons for hostages, ignoring whatever laws it didn't care to understand, furnishing the President with the lies that he obligingly and uncomprehendingly read into the television cameras.

If with regard to the habitual somnambulism of the Reagan Administration the report confirmed what had been obvious for some years, it raised further and more difficult questions about the paranoid mechanics of any American presidency. Why is it that so many seemingly enlightened politicians (a.k.a. "the leaders of the free world") insist on making mockeries of their own dearest beliefs? How does it happen that they repeatedly entangle themselves in the coils of scandal and the nets of crime? How does it come to pass that President Kennedy approves the doomed invasion at the Bay of Pigs and sets in motion the idiot *Realpolitik* of the Vietnam War, or that President Johnson sponsors the escalation of that war with the contrived incident in the Tonkin Gulf, or that

President Nixon orders the secret bombing of Cambodia and entrusts his reputation to the incompetent thugs sent to rifle a desk at the Watergate?

At least some of the answers follow from two sets of fantastic expectations assigned to the office of the presidency.

1. *The two governments.* In response to the popular but utterly implausible belief that it can provide all things to all people, the American political system allows for the parallel sovereignty of both a permanent and a provisional government. The permanent government—the Congress, the civil and military services, the media, the legion of Washington lawyers and expensive lobbyists—occupies the anonymous hierarchies that remain safely in place no matter what the political truths voted in and out of the White House on the trend of a season. It is this government—sly and patient and slow—that writes the briefing papers and the laws, presides over the administrative routine, remembers who bribed whom in the election of 1968, and why President Carter thought it prudent to talk privately to God about the B-1 bomber.

Except in the rare moments of jointly opportune interest, the permanent government wages a ceaseless war of bureaucratic attrition against the provisional government that once every four or eight years accompanies a newly elected president to Washington. The amateur government consists of the cadre of ideologues, cronies, plutocrats, and academic theorists miraculously transformed into Cabinet officials and White House privy counselors. Endowed with the virtues of freebooting adventurers, the *parvenu*

statesmen can be compared with reasonable accuracy either to a troupe of actors or to a swarm of thieves. They possess the talents and energies necessary to the winning of elections. Although admirable, these are not the talents and energies useful to the conduct of international diplomacy.

An American presidential campaign resembles a forced march through enemy country, and the president's companions-in-arms—whether Robert Kennedy, John Mitchell, Hamilton Jordan, or William Casey—inevitably prove to be the sort of people who know how to set up advance publicity in a shopping mall, how to counterfeit a political image or bully a congressman, how to buy a vote or rig a stock price. They seldom know anything of history, of languages, of literature, of political economy, and they lack the imaginative intelligence that might allow them to understand any system of value that can't be learned in a football stadium or a used-car lot.

The president and his confederates inherit a suite of empty rooms. The media like to pretend that the White House is an august and stately institution, the point at which all the lines of power converge, the still center of the still American universe. The people who occupy the place discover that the White House bears a more credible resemblance to a bare stage or an abandoned cruise ship. The previous tenants have removed everything of value—the files, the correspondence, the telephone numbers, the memorabilia on the walls. The new repertory company begins at the beginning, setting up its own props and lights, arranging its own systems of communications and theory of command, hoping to sustain, at least long enough for everybody to

Permanent pleasures.

Choose one of these fine works and save up to \$305⁵⁰

You simply agree to buy 4 additional books within the next two years.



The Times Atlas of the World, Seventh Comprehensive Edition

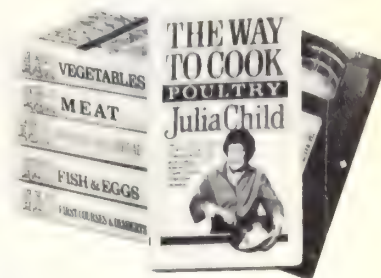
for \$29.95 (Pub. price \$139.95)
The best atlas now available in English—the New York Times. With 122 double-page, 8-color maps for clear reading of geographical and political features, this test edition (1985) also contains a fully updated index-gazetteer with over 10,000 entries and many other unique features. Size: 18" x 12"; 520 pages.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for \$27.95 (Pub. price \$195)

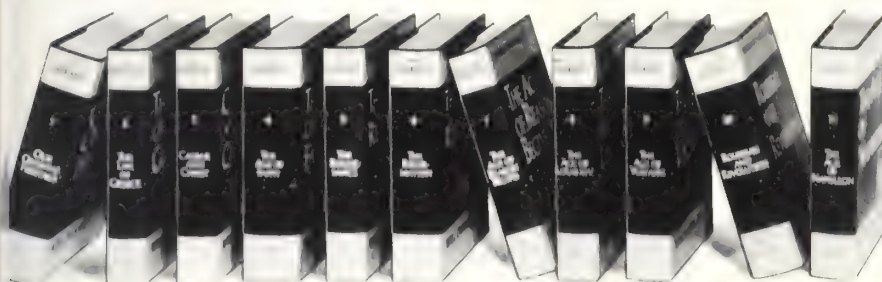
"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Way to Cook by Julia Child: 6 One-hour Videocassettes

for \$39.95 (Pub. price \$179.70)

America's favorite cook demonstrates the basic techniques of good cooking with step-by-step clarity in her entertaining style. In this 6-hour, videocassette set—Meat; Poultry; Fish & Eggs; Vegetables; Soups, Salads & Breads; First Courses & Desserts—she provides professional tips on how to master everything from thickening sauces to butterflying a chicken. Six recipe booklets are included. Available on VHS or Beta.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for \$29.95 (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic systems, the arts and sciences, the customs and con-

quests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.



The Second World War by Winston S. Churchill

for \$27.50 (Pub. price \$295)

New Chartwell Edition of this six-volume Nobel Prize-winning masterwork, in genuine leather quarter-bindings, with a foreword by William L. Shirer. Churchill's Olympian wisdom, passion and wit—and his unique role as a wartime leader—make his account of World War II unforgettable reading. Frontispiece photographs, 3-color battle-map endpapers, 195 additional maps, charts and diagrams.

its About Membership. As a member you will receive *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 100 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancellations:* Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today, with savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803

A67-5

Check one box only.

- ☐ 946. Times Atlas of the World \$29.95
- ☐ 905. Compact OED \$27.95
- ☐ 928. Way to Cook (Beta) \$39.95
- ☐ 929. Way to Cook (VHS) \$39.95
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. \$29.95
- ☐ 959. The Second World War \$27.50

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ (Please print plainly) 6-64

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher.

All orders are subject to approval.

L.L.Bean®



FREE Summer Catalog

Features quality apparel and footwear for men and women who enjoy the summer outdoors. Fully tested equipment for camping, hiking, cycling and water sports. Recreational accessories for travel, beach, backyard barbecues and general relaxation. All 100% guaranteed. Our 75th year of dependable mail order service. **We pay all regular shipping and handling charges and offer toll-free phone numbers.**

☐ Send FREE Summer Catalog

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc.

226 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

BAHAMA OUT-ISLANDS *Barefoot Elegance*

Remember a special place you once visited . . . Where you were touched by the magnificence of nature — you forgot yourself and your problems?

Welcome to the **ABACO INN**.

We invite you to share this special island with us. A peaceful, charming island with warm-hearted inhabitants who still speak the colonial dialect of their Tory ancestors. Unspoiled beaches, where you can relax and never see another soul. Perhaps you'll just relax in front of your cottage and feel the warmth of the sun and the glistening spray of the pounding surf. Our ten very private rooms, each with its own hammock, ensure privacy and personal attention. We offer you an extremely fine menu and a splendid dining experience, excellent snorkeling, scuba-diving, deep-sea, reef and bonefishing, sailing, windsurfing, trips to Randolph Johnston's artist retreat, or nearby settlements where boat building is very much an art.

The **ABACO INN** is just a pleasant walk from the picturesque 18th century fishing settlement of Hope Town and the historic Elbow Cay lighthouse. If you wish to escape the rigors of 20th century urban life and enjoy barefoot elegance, please write via air-mail or telephone us for our brochure and information.

Ruth Maury



ABACO INN

Box X11, Hope Town,
Abaco, Bahamas
Tel. 1-809-367-2666

profit from the effect, the illusion of coherent power.

All other American institutions any consequence (the Chase Manhattan Bank, say, or the Pentagon) rely on the presence of senior officials who remember what happened twenty years ago when somebody else—equally ambitious, equally new—proposed something equally foolish. But the White House is barren of institutional memory. Maybe an old butler remembers that President Eisenhower liked sugar in his tea, but nobody remembers the travel arrangements for the last American expedition to Iran.

Because everybody in the White House arrives at the same time (all of them contemporaries in their newly found authority), nobody, not even Nancy Reagan, can invent the pomp and majesty of a traditional protocol. The ancient Romans at least had the wit to provide their triumphant generals with a word of doubt. The general was allowed to ride through the streets of the capital at the head of a procession of captured slaves, but the Senate assigned a magistrate to stand behind him in the chariot, holding the wreath over his head and muttering into his ear the constant reminder that he was mortal. But who in the White House can teach the lessons of humility?

Within a week of its arrival in Washington, the provisional government learns that the world is a far more dangerous place than anybody had thought possible as recently as two months ago, when the candidate was reciting the familiar claptrap about the Russians to an airport crowd somewhere south of Atlanta. Alarmed by the introductory briefing at the Defense Department, the amateur statesmen feel impelled to take bold stands, to make good on their campaign promises, to act.

Being as impatient as they are vain, they know they have only a short period of time in which to set up their profitable passage back into the private sector (i.e., to make their deals with a book publisher, a consulting business, or a brokerage firm), and so they're in a hurry to make their fortunes and their names. Almost immediately they find themselves checked by the inertia of the permanent gov-

In this masterful translation and perceptive commentary, David Grene brings new dimension to the first great historian in the Western tradition. Grene reveals Herodotus anew in all his charm and complexity as a writer, in all his skill as witness, reader, and reporter. Here we see the historian seeking the true causes and consequences of the great deeds of the past and then preserving them for the future; and we appreciate the unique vision which saw the civilizations of his day as a unity and sensed the interrelation of fact and fantasy. \$30.00

The History Herodotus

Translated by

DAVID GRENE

The University of Chicago Press



ment, by the congressional committees, by the maze of prior reements, by the bureaucrats who ing up the niggling reasons why a ing can't be done.

Sooner or later, usually sooner, the use of frustration incites the president's men to "take it inside" or move it across the street," and so they make of the National Security Council or the White House base-ent the seat of "a loyal government" essed with the will to dare and do. The decision inevitably entails the bversion of the law and excites the ssion for secrecy. The technologi-l possibilities presented by the ailable back channels, map over-ys, and surveillance techniques mpt the would-be Metternichs to ecumb to the dreams of omnipo-nce. Pretty soon they start speaking code, and before long American fantrymen begin to turn up dead in e jungles of Vietnam or the streets Beirut.

2. *The will to innocence.* Every ad-inistration has no choice but to nfront the world's violence and disorder, but the doctrines of American ace oblige it to do so under the banners of righteousness and in the name one or another of the fanciful pre-xts ("democracy," "civilization," "umanity," "the people," etc.) that erves the conscience of the Ameri- television audience. The elector- e expects its presidential candidates feign the clean-limbed idealism of ollege sophomores, to present them-elves as honest and good-natured fel- ws who know nothing of murder, mbition, lust, selfishness, coward- e, or greed. The pose of innocence as mandatory as the ability to eat inquet food. Nobody can afford to y, with Talleyrand, that he's in it r the money, or, with Montaigne, at a statesman must deny himself, least during business hours, the xuries of conscience and sentiment. After having been in office no ore than a few months, the provi- onal government no longer knows hen it's telling the truth. The need o preserve the illusion of innocence ts confused with the dream of pow- ; and the resident fantasists come to elieve their own invented reality— e one they made out of smoke and

colored lights when they first arrived in Washington.

During the early years of the Reagan Administration, the President's advisers were wise enough to remember that they had been hired to work on a theatrical production. They staged military pageants in the Caribbean, the eastern Mediterranean, and New York harbor, sustained the illusion of economic prosperity with money borrowed from the Japanese, dressed up the chicanery of their politics in the sentiment of Broadway musicals. They were as lucky as they were clever, and for a surprisingly long time their enemies in the permanent government stood willing to judge the show a success.

The media's applause prompted the President and his companions to mistake the world behind the footlights for the world outside the theater. Flattered by a claue of increasingly belligerent and literal-minded ideologues (among them Vice Admiral John Poindexter, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, and Patrick Buchanan) and encouraged by the pretensions of his wife, Reagan came to imagine himself a real, not a make-believe, president. He took to wearing his costume in the street, delivering his lines to passing strangers (among them Mikhail Gorbachev and the Ayatollah Khomeini) with the fond expectation that they would respond with dialogue appropriate to the scene. The most recent reports from Washington suggest that he apparently believed he was leading a Republican renaissance in America, that he had gathered around him not a gang of petty charlatans but a host of selfless idealists, and that in exchange for a Bible and a key-shaped cake, the Iranian despotism would abide by the rules of decorum in effect at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Despite having been repeatedly warned of his possible assassination that last weekend in November 1963, President Kennedy went to Dallas in the firm belief that he couldn't be killed. President Reagan invited the Tower Commission to examine his nonexistent foreign policy and his sentimental variations on the theme of America the Beautiful in the belief that his enemies would accept his ignorance as proof of his virtue. ■

iSpeak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a foreign language as quickly and effectively as possible? *Foreign service personnel*, that's who. Members of America's diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S. embassies abroad, where they must be able to converse fluently in every situation.

Now you can learn to speak Spanish just as these diplomatic personnel do — with the Foreign Service Institute's Programmatic Spanish Courses. You'll learn Latin American Spanish recorded by native speakers.

The U.S. Department of State has spent thousands of dollars developing this course. It's by far *the most effective way* to learn Spanish at your own convenience and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cassettes and accompanying textbook. Simply follow the spoken and written instructions, listening and repeating. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

This course turns your cassette player into a "teaching machine." With its unique "programmatic" learning method, you set your own pace — testing yourself, correcting errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course comes in two volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

- ☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17 hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, \$135.
- ☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes (12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text, \$120.

(CT residents add sales tax)

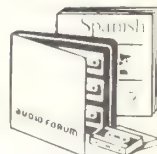
TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL
TOLL-FREE NUMBER: 1-800-243-1234.

To order by mail, clip this ad and send with your name and address, and a check or money order—or charge to your credit card (AmEx, VISA, MasterCard, Diners) by enclosing card number, expiration date, and your signature.

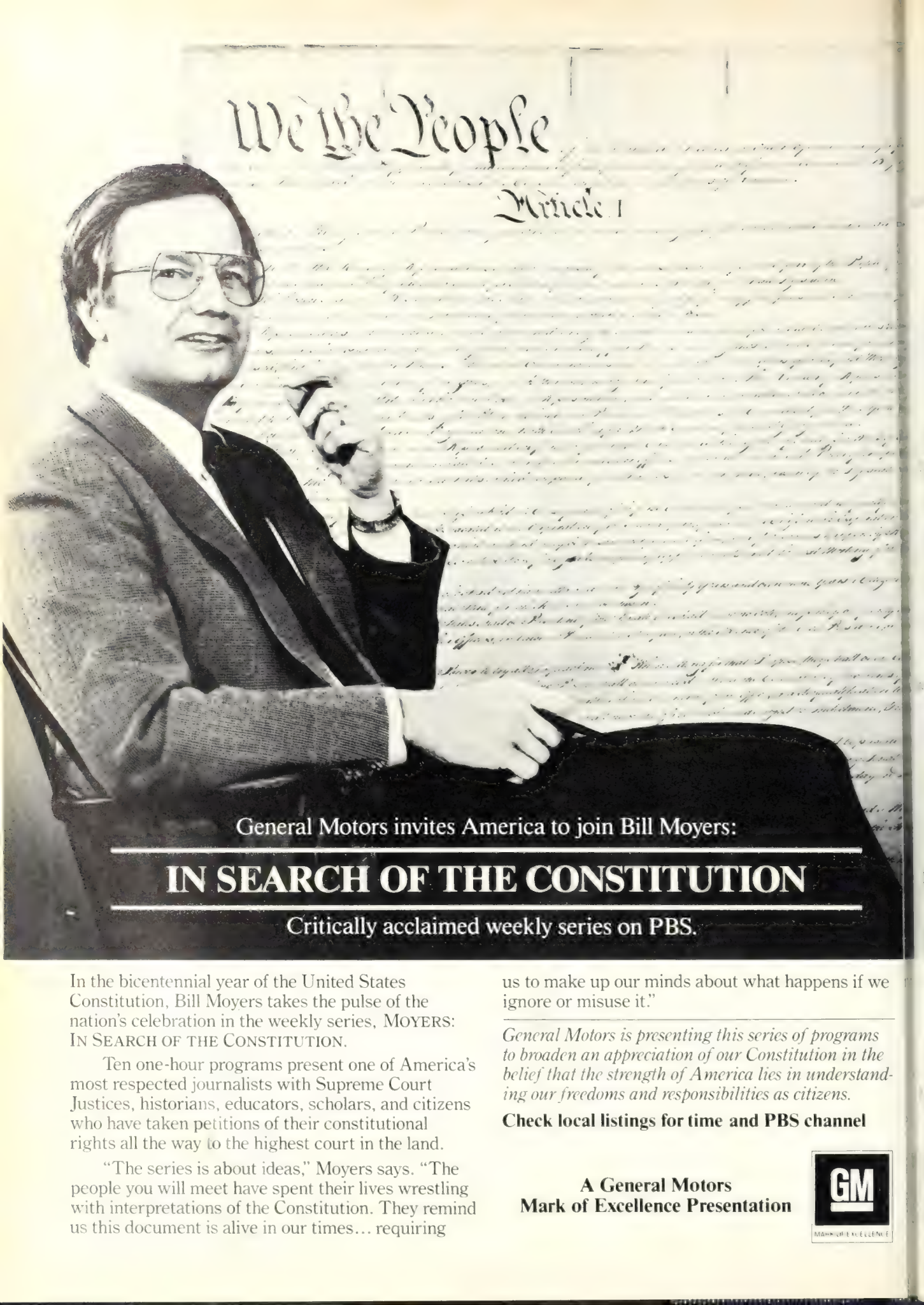
The Foreign Service Institute's Spanish course is **unconditionally guaranteed**. Try it for three weeks. If you're not convinced it's the fastest, easiest, most painless way to learn Spanish, return it and we'll refund every penny you paid. Order today!

130 courses in 46 other languages also available. Write for free catalog. Our 15th year.

Audio-Forum
Room K 532
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



AUDIO-FORUM®



We the People

Article I

General Motors invites America to join Bill Moyers:

IN SEARCH OF THE CONSTITUTION

Critically acclaimed weekly series on PBS.

In the bicentennial year of the United States Constitution, Bill Moyers takes the pulse of the nation's celebration in the weekly series, **MOYERS: IN SEARCH OF THE CONSTITUTION**.

Ten one-hour programs present one of America's most respected journalists with Supreme Court Justices, historians, educators, scholars, and citizens who have taken petitions of their constitutional rights all the way to the highest court in the land.

"The series is about ideas," Moyers says. "The people you will meet have spent their lives wrestling with interpretations of the Constitution. They remind us this document is alive in our times... requiring

us to make up our minds about what happens if we ignore or misuse it."

General Motors is presenting this series of programs to broaden an appreciation of our Constitution in the belief that the strength of America lies in understanding our freedoms and responsibilities as citizens.

Check local listings for time and PBS channel

**A General Motors
Mark of Excellence Presentation**



HARPER'S INDEX

- Amount the Reagan Administration budgeted for the production of chemical weapons in 1987 : \$158,650,000
Amount it budgeted for the destruction of existing chemical weapons in 1987 : \$620,100,000
Cost of flying a B-1 bomber for one hour : \$21,000
Percentage of Americans who say their auto repairman always tells them the truth : 17
Who say the president always does : 8
Average number of stories broadcast per week on each network's evening news show in 1976 : 88
In 1986 : 71
Estimated number of satellite dishes owned by individuals in Warsaw : 300
Amount Britain's Labour Party proposes to pay students 16 and older to stay in school (per week) : £27
Bonus Wendy's pays new workers who stay on the job for 90 days : \$50
Percentage of subway riders in Washington, D.C., who earn \$25,000 or more annually : 73
Percentage of Americans who say "of the people, by the people, for the people" is in the Constitution : 82
Who say "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need" is in the Constitution : 45
Percentage of wealth in the United States held by the richest one percent of Americans in 1972 : 28
In 1983 : 34
In 1929 : 36 (see page 36)
Amount that Brazil and Mexico owe foreign creditors : \$204,159,200,000
Amount the United States owes : \$209,800,000,000
Number of the ten largest banks in California that are owned by Japanese : 4
Rank of U.S. stock markets, among markets worldwide, in percentage gain since 1982 : 10
Percentage decrease in the average winning bid at the Keeneland thoroughbred auction in 1986 : 24 (see page 59)
Percentage increase in the number of debutantes in 1986 : 25
Percentage of teen-age mothers who become pregnant again within a year of giving birth : 17
Hours of nursing care the average hospitalized AIDS patient requires each day : 9
Hours of nursing care the average hospital gives a patient each day : 4.5
Percentage of U.S. households that consist of a father raising his children alone : 1
Percentage of Americans 65 and older who talk to their children on the telephone daily : 42
Price of a fake cellular car telephone from Faux Systems, in California : \$15.95
Number of the 15 novels on the *New York Times* March 15 best-seller list with the word "of" in the title : 7
Number of times the word "fuck" appears in *Nails*, the autobiography of the Mets' Lenny Dykstra : 160
Weight of the manuscript of *Freedom*, William Safire's forthcoming epic novel (in lbs.) : 16.6
Farming magazines published in 1974 : 209
Today : 393
Members of the AFL-CIO's horseshoers union : 300
Number of moonshine stills seized by the feds in 1986 : 8
Percentage increase in the number of traps set by Maine lobstermen since 1965 : 185
Percentage increase in the number of lobsters caught by Maine lobstermen since 1965 : 13
Percentage change, since 1965, in the number of Americans who have gone bird watching in the last year : +100
In the number of Americans who have gone on a picnic : -20
Portion of the luncheon-meat market controlled by Spam : 3/4

*Figures cited are the latest available as of March 1987. Sources are listed on page 76.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.*

Master of Possibilities: David L. Wolper.

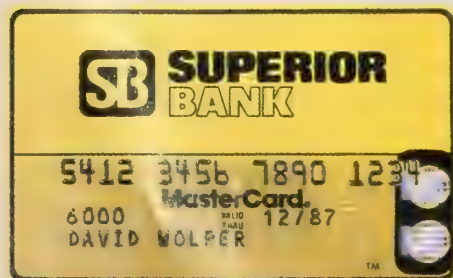
Producer: Liberty Weekend,
'84 L.A. Olympic Ceremonies,
The Thorn Birds, Roots.

*"Substance is the difference
between an extravaganza and
a historical event."*

The '84 Olympics and Liberty Weekend were more than just extravaganzas. They were a celebration of human values, captured in a universal outpouring of pride and spirit. It was the substance of these events that allowed us to not only celebrate history but to become a part of it.

From a more personal perspective, I have found that substance makes the difference in almost everything—even a credit card. That's why I carry a Gold MasterCard® card. Not only can I use it in more places than any other gold card, it provides me with guaranteed hotel reservations, easy cash access and emergency travel services. And with the amount of business travel I do, the substantial credit line has really come in handy more than once.

Whether I'm celebrating my wedding anniversary with my wife, Gloria, or the anniversary of a country with millions, my Gold MasterCard makes anything possible.



Master The Possibilities™

© 1988 MasterCard International Inc.

READINGS

[Essay]

NUCLEAR POWER'S FAUSTIAN BARGAIN

From "Europe After Chernobyl," by Erazim Kohák, in the Winter 1987 issue of *Dissent*. Kohák is a fellow of the Institut für die Wissenschaften vom Menschen, in Vienna, and a professor of philosophy at Boston University. His most recent book in English is *The Embers and the Stars: A Philosophical Inquiry into the Moral Sense of Nature*.

Though the headlines may tell another story, to anyone living in Vienna the most remarkable thing about Europe after Chernobyl is how remarkably like Europe before Chernobyl it is. In the immediate aftermath of the accident, Austria did join in the embargo on Soviet-bloc produce, but a month later the markets in Vienna overflowed once more with Polish hams, Hungarian poultry, and, best of all, those fabulous Bulgarian vegetables. Chernobyl certainly made the point that vegetarianism in Vienna is almost totally dependent on Bulgarian exports.

That seems to be about the only point it did make. The Soviets and their central European clients are again assuring us that nuclear power plants are perfectly safe, including the one just across the border in Czechoslovakia, perhaps forty miles from Vienna as the cloud drifts. They fully intend to press on with their nuclear power program. We have had our foretaste of apocalypse, and unless Viennese vegetarians are laying in stocks of vegetables, have decided to do nothing about it. Whatever the risks of nuclear power, we are all too committed to ever-growing energy consumption to do without it.

This is a society whose vision of the good life, like that of America, is defined in terms of major appliances. Austrians love their woods and Alpine streams, but they love their energy-guzzling gewgaws no less. Though the ecological movement would like to present it as such, the issue is no longer one of a straightforward confrontation between good and evil. Far more, the issue involves the ambiguity of our commitments.

This recognition, to be sure, represents no change in fact, but it does represent a significant shift in perception. Central Europeans have always had a passion for seeing the world in well-defined blacks and whites. The image of reality in the back of our minds, after all, has been Goethe's *Faust*. Part I of *Faust* presents a vision of man on the threshold of modernity, tempted by the forces about to transform the world but, in the best romantic tradition, redeemed by the love of a maiden fair. In Part II, having mastered the forces of science and technology, Faust becomes a Prospero, reshaping rude nature in the image of reason. There is little ambiguity as to what is good and what evil, and little to prepare us for an age in which Prospero's art itself becomes ambiguous. We need a *Faust*, Part III, to present an image of man on the far side of modernity.

That is exactly what Václav Havel, the dissident Czech playwright, offers us in his retelling of the Faustian legend, *Temptation*, which had its première at Vienna's Akademietheater a year ago, a month after Chernobyl.

Havel's Faust—Dr. Foustka, an academician at a prestigious institute that has been charged with safeguarding the objective purity of the "scientific world view"—secretly dabbles in the

occult and turns his beloved's head with an impassioned confession of his mystical perspective. Mephisto, in Havel's version a limping pensioner named Fistula, offers to testify, should the need arise, concerning Foustka's true loyalties, and expects the same favor in return. He shows no interest in Foustka's soul and the reason soon becomes apparent: Foustka has none worth taking.

When accused, Foustka denies his occult leanings and sacrifices his beloved to his accusers, earning a commendation. To his superiors, he presents his dealings with Fistula as a strategic ruse. To the indignant Fistula, he presents his ploy at the institute as a ruse. In the end, Fistula turns out to be an *agent provocateur* and Foustka is damned by his own contradictory lies, which, it becomes apparent, were less lies than statements appropriate to the situation.

Foustka is not a man seeking to defend his soul against a deforming lie. He is truly a post-modern man: upwardly mobile, a perennial survivor, who sidles up eagerly to anyone who seems to offer an advantage, while committing himself to nothing. Goethe showed man on the threshold of the modern age, tentatively reaching out for what it seemed to offer. Havel shows him on the other side, neither captured by the Prince of Darkness nor redeemed by love, just reduced to the banality of a survival to which he has vainly sacrificed the very distinction between a lie and the truth.

This is the predicament. In our ambiguous commitment to both ecology and consumerism, we have not sold our soul to the devil. We have no soul to sell, having lost it, without even noticing, in one compromise after another. It is no longer just a crisis of policy. It is a truly Faustian crisis, a crisis of reason.

RReason—by which I mean the ability to grasp the moral sense, not just the “facts” of reality—has been the cornerstone of European civilization through all these millennia. It was Europe's decision to break from the unreflecting lock step of nature and tradition that led to such audacious visions as that of equality and social justice, and to the conviction that poverty and drudgery can be eliminated by purposive effort.

In recent centuries, though, reason seems to have done rather better at teaching us how to accomplish our ends than what those ends should be. This, after all, is the dilemma of Havel's Faust. He is quite clever, really, at manipulating the world around him, yet seems to have lost any vision of what the purpose of it all might be. Lacking that, he falls back on his own well-being as the one measure of success or failure, acting out the sophist claim that “man is the measure of all things.”

More than anything else, that is what increasingly stands out all around us. We live in an anthropocentric universe in which not love or justice but individual material well-being has become the sole justification for all we do. Once upon a time, many of us were wont to consider this a hallmark of capitalism, and looked to socialism for a nobler vision. Today, that distinction has faded. On a flea-market table in Vienna I saw two military daggers, one inscribed “Meine Ehre heisst Treue,” the other, “Arbeit adelt,” recalling the warring factions, fascist and socialist, of half a century ago. Today, those two daggers look very much alike. So, for all the crucial differences, do the societies that describe themselves as “capitalist” and as “real socialist.”

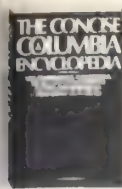
The differences are tremendous, to be sure: one, committed to individual freedom, preserves the hope of change; the other, committed to regimentation, makes change most unlikely. Yet both share a common conviction—that material consumption is the ultimate goal and measure of all we do. The only question is whether a market economy or a planned one is likely to produce greater individual consumption.

That is the weakness of European socialism today—of democratic socialism no less than of the barracks counterfeit prevailing east of the Elbe. For, given that shared assumption, the answer is obvious: the classic liberal combination of a nonrestrictive government with unrestricted private enterprise offers by far the most effective formula for the most ruthless exploitation of natural resources and ever-mounting individual affluence. If indeed socialism has no nobler vision to offer, only a problematic alternative strategy in the service of the same shabby goal, it can arouse little enthusiasm.

Though Gorbachev has not revived Khrushchev's slogan about “catching up to and surpassing” the capitalists, his policy is clearly aimed at building not socialism but an authoritarian consumerism. Budapest today is little different from Vienna, only a bit shabbier. And for anyone harboring residual illusions, so is Prague. All that remains of the old rhetoric is massive repression. And over it all lies the blanket of consensus: consumption, ever greater, ever more wasteful, ever more ostentatious individual consumption, is what life is all about.

Hence the Faustian dilemma—for it is precisely this vision of the universe that has set us on the road to Chernobyl, a road on which only an ecological catastrophe might forestall a nuclear one. The problem is not political or even economic in any conventional sense. It is, rather, a philosophical or perhaps a prephilosophical one, having to do with the way we perceive

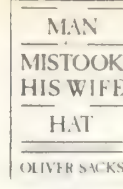
3 BOOKS, 3 BUCKS.



218
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$13.50



414
QPB: \$8.95



757
Hardcover: \$16.95
QPB: \$7.95



*721
Hardcover: \$24.95
QPB: \$12.95



733
Hardcover: \$14.95
QPB: \$8.95



731
Hardcover: \$18.95
QPB: \$8.95



192
QPB: \$9.95



601
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$11.95



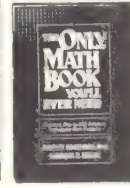
128
Hardcover: \$18.95
QPB: \$7.95



THE MAN
HAT



297
QPB: \$9.50



739
Hardcover: \$17.95
QPB: \$8.95



778
Hardcover: \$16.95
QPB: \$8.95



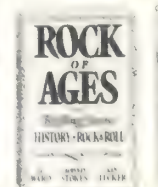
306
Hardcover: \$11.95
QPB: \$6.50



771
QPB: \$8.95



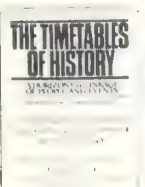
775
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$11.95



752
Hardcover: \$24.95
QPB: \$12.50



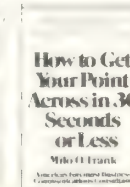
108
Hardcover: \$21.95
QPB: \$11.50



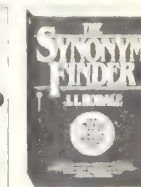
267
Hardcover: \$29.95
QPB: \$12.95



227
QPB: \$9.95



353
Hardcover: \$14.95
QPB: \$7.95



523
QPB: \$10.95

NO COMMITMENT. NO KIDDING.

*A QPB Exclusive.
The only softcover children's word book.



347
Hardcover: \$22.50
QPB: \$14.50



777
Hardcover: \$19.95
QPB: \$9.95



767
QPB: \$9.95



PEOPLE



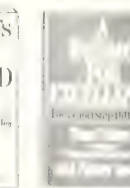
755
Hardcover: \$25.95
QPB: \$12.95



672
Hardcover: \$16.95
QPB: \$8.95



439
Hardcover: \$22.95
QPB: \$11.50



597
Hardcover: \$19.95
QPB: \$16.50



Big Savings: QPB books are softcover books in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they are priced up to 60% less than their hardcover counterparts.

QPB Review: You'll receive the QPB Review 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new Selection, plus scores of other books. If you want the Selection do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.

Return privilege: If the QPB Review is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.

Bonus books for Bonus Points: For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.

Cancellations: You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in any six-month period.

Let's Try Each Other For 6 Months.

Quality Paperback Book Club® P.O. Box 8804 Camp Hill, PA 17011-8804



Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below, billing me only \$1 each, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the QPB Review (if my account is in good standing) for six months. If I have not bought and paid for at least one book in any six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Indicate by number your 3 choices.

--	--	--

Name _____ Apt. _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

7-16

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK CLUB

our world and our place in it. As long as we remain convinced, at the deepest level of our minds, that we, individual consumers, are the center and the measure of all that is, and that the world is no more than a store of raw materials for gratifying our whims, then there is no solution. Given a limitless consumption, there is no alternative to nuclear energy—and given nuclear energy, there is no alternative to disaster.

[Advertisement]

NUCLEAR TIMES

From a brochure describing a new home radiation detector, distributed recently by Threshold Technical Products, in Cincinnati. The device, which is the size of a pack of cigarettes and plugs into any wall outlet, costs \$185.

When a nuclear incident occurs, don't you want to know immediately if you and your family are in danger from radiation contamination? Our public officials are there to protect the "public." Who is going to protect you? Advance warning of radioactive contamination is vital to give you the edge in leading your family to safety, be it to a shelter or evacuation. SURVIVOR radiation-warning receiver will alert you when a significant increase in radiation occurs due to a nuclear war or a major "peacetime" disaster. You need to be aware of the many potentially life-threatening problems so that you may react immediately. SURVIVOR radiation-monitoring receiver, plugged into any 110-volt outlet, will notify you immediately of any significant increase in the radiation level. SURVIVOR detects alpha, beta, and gamma rays, X-rays, and highly concentrated levels of radon gas. Like it or not, we are living in the nuclear age. The question of right or wrong will be the topic for years to come. However, you *do* need to know of a significant increase of radiation around your home, office, or business now. Our public officials are out to protect us and warn us of problems, but prompt notification sometimes just isn't possible. As we move further into the nuclear age, radioactive accidents and contamination are likely to occur. If one affects you, you'll want to know at the earliest possible moment. Often, the local citizen is the last to know. If this concerns you, then you need SURVIVOR. After all, it may be your only alternative to not knowing.

[Refutation]

CAMPBELL'S PRIMORDIAL SOUP

From "Spontaneous Generation: A Danger in Canned Foods?" by Fred Schmugge, in the October 1986 issue of the Bible-Science Newsletter. Schmugge is a director of the Bible-Science Association, a creationist group based in Minneapolis.

Undoubtedly, most of you who are reading this have eaten canned foods many times. But I wonder how many of you open each can with fear and trepidation, worried whether some new life form may have been generated in it that might wipe out the whole human race?

You should worry, you know, if the basic tenet of organic evolution is true, namely that life formed spontaneously in some primordial soup. If it happened once, it could happen again. And if four and a half billion years have elapsed since it last happened, it would seem high time for a reoccurrence. The contents of a can of food are a much more hospitable environment for the formation of life than any "primordial soup" ever was. Every element needed for life to survive is there; after all, the contents were actually living matter until that life was destroyed in the canning process.

Think of all the billions of cans of food that have been on grocers' shelves or piled high in warehouses at canning plants and distribution centers. Think of all the "can hours" available in which life could be generated. If life were ever going to form spontaneously, it surely has its chance now. Considering how long ago it supposedly happened, the time must be ripe for it to happen again. If I were an evolutionist, I would worry over every can being opened.

But do you worry? Of course not. You know that it never happens and that it's never going to happen. Louis Pasteur showed conclusively that only life begets life. This has become one of the best-established laws in all of science. The whole worldwide food-canning industry is based on the validity of this scientific law.

And yet almost every general science textbook used in public school systems assumes that life did generate spontaneously. Elsewhere, those same textbooks tell about Pasteur's work. The two are in open contradiction, yet the textbooks teach that life formed spontaneously. That's science?

Thank God that life doesn't form spontaneously and that we, therefore, can have this splendid means of preserving our harvests of food through the canning process.

THE CIA SIZES UP THE MEXICAN DOMINO

low are excerpts from the summary of "Mexico: Growing Challenges to Current Stability," a report prepared by the Central Intelligence Agency in May 1984. The secret report was commissioned by Robert Gates, then deputy director for intelligence, and written by a team of three CIA specialists and an outside consultant. It represents the agency's current assessment of the Mexican situation. A copy of the report, which received limited distribution within the government, was obtained recently by Dale Van Atta, a Washington columnist.

Preconditions for Civil Disorder: The Mexican Case

Empirical evidence—based on studies of countries where major instability has occurred in the past—shows that certain types of events and processes have the potential to result in substantial civil disorder. Although scholar-observers lack firm answers about how generic indica-

tors derived from this evidence interact to promote instability, some insights regarding the Mexican situation are possible by comparison with these generic indicators.

Generic Indicators

Mexican Situation

Social change or conflict

Increasingly large numbers of the general public reject the legitimacy of the regime, that is, its inherent right to govern.

Influential interest groups—the middle class, the business sector, labor, and the church, for example—withdraw support from the regime because they believe it no longer protects their political or economic interests or their core values.

Despite growing concern over cronyism and corruption within the PRI, most Mexicans still accept the legitimacy of the PRI-dominated system. At the same time, many upper-middle-class and business leaders feel alienated from the PRI and are beginning to discuss political alternatives, particularly at the local and state levels. This trend, now in its formative stages, could accelerate if the PRI continues its drift toward further economic statism and if progress is not made in restoring economic growth and stemming corruption.

Economic factors

Major economic deterioration makes it difficult for the government to raise tax revenues to finance essential public services; patronage disbursements; subsidies on food, energy, and transportation; and the requirements of the military.

The government implements harsh austerity measures needed to get access to foreign funds.

Prices increase rapidly and dramatically; supplies drop.

The harsh austerity measures which Mexico has implemented to date have hit the middle and upper-middle classes the hardest. The Mexican regime has taken care to minimize working-class unemployment and to provide essential services and food supplies at affordable prices. However, shortages of some key foodstuffs continue to occur, and the government will have to make some hard choices in the near term regarding the continued subsidies of food and services, raising the potential for discontent.

Opposition group activities

Opposition groups coalesce against the government.

A powerful, charismatic opposition leader emerges and presents himself as the embodiment of the nation's destiny.

The Mexican government has taken care to nip major opposition forces in the bud, for example, by co-optation or repression.

Mexican authorities are extremely sensitive to the danger posed by charismatic opposition leaders and have prevented their emergence by a combination of co-optive and violent measures. We believe, however, that one or more individuals could emerge as part of the opposition PAN movement.

External factors

Opposition groups receive substantial amounts of external material aid.

We have no evidence that substantial external aid is being channeled to existing opposition groups.

Events in neighboring countries—such as the partial or total success of a revolutionary movement—provide a powerful psychological stimulus to domestic revolutionaries.

Disorders in Central America have had a sobering effect on the Mexican populace and contribute to its willingness to tolerate the present regime.

Regime capabilities and actions

The regime is reluctant to permit the security forces to take tough measures to suppress demonstrations, riots, and strikes before they get out of hand. Conversely, the regime steps up both violent and nonviolent repression.

The PRI has maintained its hegemonic power, in part, by the will to use extreme force in extreme circumstances. Force continues to be applied in a sophisticated fashion, with the regime allowing large demonstrations and media denunciations that do not go beyond established limits. The regime runs the risk that the populace will misjudge its level of tolerance, resulting in a violent confrontation.

Important elements of the military or police identify with the goals of the main opposition.

The military and other security forces, while disenchanted with some of the regime's policies, are in clear agreement with the need to maintain the hegemony of the PRI.

THE ARTIST AND AIDS

From "Esthetics and Loss," by Edmund White, in the January issue of *Artforum*. White is the author of several novels, including *A Boy's Own Story*.

I had a friend, a painter, who died two years ago of AIDS. He was in his early thirties. He'd shown here and there, in bookstores, arty coffee shops, that kind of thing. He painted over color photos he'd first color-Xeroxed—images of shopping carts in parking lots, of giant palms, their small heads black as warts against the smoggy sun: California images.

Like many people who are both beautiful and gifted, he had to explore his beauty before his gift. It dictated his way of living until two years before his death. His health had already begun to deteriorate and he'd moved to Santa Fe, where he painted seriously his last few months.

By now everyone knows how the AIDS virus is contracted and how it manifests itself. The purely medical horrors of the disease have received the attention of the world press. What interests me here is how artists of all sorts are responding to AIDS in their work and their lives. Not enough has been said about the impact the epidemic has had on esthetics and on the life of the art community.

Naturally, the prospect of ill health and

death inspires a sense of urgency. What was it I wanted to do in my work after all? Should I make my work simpler, clearer, more accessible? Should I record my fears, obliquely or directly, in my work, or should I defy them? Is it more heroic to drop whatever I was doing and look disease in the eye, or should I continue going in the same direction as before, though with a new consecration? Is it a hateful concession to the disease even to acknowledge its existence? Should I pretend Olympian indifference to it? Or should I admit to myself, "Look, kid, you're scared shitless and that's your material"? If Yeats was right in thinking sex and death were the only two topics worthy of adult consideration, then AIDS wins hands down as subject matter.

It seems to me that AIDS is tilting energies away from the popular arts (including disco dancing, the sculpturing of the body through working out, the design of pleasure machines—bars, clubs, baths, resort houses) and redirecting them toward the solitary "high" arts.

Ten years ago sex was a main reason for being for many gay men. Not simple, humdrum coupling but a new principle of adhesiveness. Sex provided a daily brush with the ecstatic, a rehearsal of forgotten pain under the sign of the miraculous. Sex was a force binding familiar atoms into new polymers of affinity.

To be sure, as some wit once remarked, life would be supportable without its pleasures, and certainly a sensual career had its melancholy side. Even so, sex was, if not fulfilling, then at least engrossing—enough at times to make the pursuit of the toughest artistic goals seem too hard, too much work given the mild returns. "Beauty is difficult," as Pound liked to remind us, and the difficulties held little allure for people who could take satisfaction in an everyday life that had, literally, become . . . sensational. Fortunes were lavished on flowers, drugs, sound systems, food, clothes, hair. Popular expressions of the art of life, or rather those pleasures that intensified the already heady exchange within a newly liberated culture, thrived.

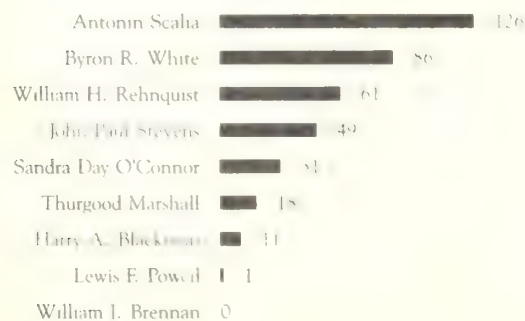
Now all this has changed. I feel repatriated to my lonely adolescence, the time when I was alone with my writing and I felt weird about being a queer. Art was a consolation then—a consolation for a life not much worth living, a site for the staging of fantasies reality couldn't fulfill, a peopling of solitude—and art has become a consolation again. People aren't on the prowl anymore, and a seductive environment is read not as an enticement but as a deathtrap. Fat is in; it means you're not dying, at least not yet.

And of course we do feel weird again, despised, alien. There's talk of tattooing us or quarantining us. Both the medical and the moralistic models for homosexuality have been

[Chart]

SUPREME QUERIES

From "Scalia's Court," by Stephen J. Adler, in the March issue of the *American Lawyer*. This chart shows the number of questions each Supreme Court justice asked during oral arguments in the eight cases heard on January 20 and 21 of this year.





2 SUITS



4 DRESS SHIRTS



2 PAIR OF SHOES



TOILET ARTICLES



1 PAIR OF PAJAMAS



1 BATHROBE

4 NECKTIES

2 BELTS

All this (and more!) fits into the Lands' End Solo Voyager.

(It measures 23 1/2" x 19" x 6 1/2")

It's a carry-on bag. It's a wardrobe, too. It has a spacious double-zipped compartment you can open each side. Frankly, it may be the only piece of luggage you'll ever need.

We planned it that way, even though we make one of the most complete families of soft luggage items around—50 different styles and shapes and sizes last time we counted—all designed to travel compatibly together to meet the needs and whims of millions of Lands' End's fussy customers.

The need for Solo is self-evident.

For those times when you travel the best traveling alone, you'll need a bag with a forgiving capacity—since, let us, you'll probably always overstuff it. Solo is made of Square Rigger cotton canvas, which makes it tough enough to handle all that. Yet the bag is soft because we line it with 3 oz. nylon. Inner seams are bound, outer seams welted with leather. This bag simply won't come apart.

Finally, Solo is not only great for what can fit into it but also for what it will fit into. Closed it fits nicely into overhead compartments. Opened to wardrobe length, it can shoulder into even over-crowded plane closets.

All this, plus carrying strap, leather shoulder pad and leather luggage tag for only \$128. We'll even monogram your bag for free. In Navy, Tan, Burgundy, or Black.



Now a "dress-length" Solo.

No chauvinists, we: Our Women's Solo Voyager opens to a length of 50 inches to protect dresses and

overcoats. It has everything the men's model has plus an extra nylon zippered pocket. \$139, and for free it wears your initials.

Both are on view—as is all our other soft luggage—in our newest Lands' End catalog. Send for it (or phone for it) and page through it to see the hundreds of other items we're offering you to meet and greet the season. Everything from sport clothes, to sweaters, to shoes, shorts and shirts—not to forget some mighty attractive traditional dress clothing.

Great values, all in the best Lands' End tradition by which we 1) make a quality product; 2) price it fairly; 3) ship it immediately; and 4) GUARANTEE IT. PERIOD.

Try us today. Send in the coupon, or better still, dial our toll-free number 1-800-356-4444 and discover that with us, "night and day, you are the one."

LANDS' END
DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford button-down shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

Please send free catalog.

Lands' End Dept. XX-03
Dodgeville, WI 53595



Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free:
1-800-356-4444

[Aerial Photograph]

DRAWING ON THE LAND



From Markings: Aerial Views of Sacred Landscapes, by Marilyn Bridges, a photographer and pilot. Published by Aperture. Cherhill Horse, located in Wiltshire, England, was created in 1780 by Dr. Christopher Alsop as "a decoration for the landscape." Turf covering the hillside was removed to expose the underlying chalk. Cherhill Horse is 131 feet tall and 123 feet wide.

dusted off only fifteen years after they were shelved; the smell of the madhouse and the punitive vision of the Rake Chastised have been trotted out once more. In such a social climate the popular arts, the public arts, are standing still, frozen in time. There's no market, no confidence, no money. The brassy hedonism of a few years back has given way to a protective gray invisibility, which struck me forcibly when I returned to New York recently after being away for several months. As Joe Orton quotes a friend in his diaries, all we see are all these old norms, all norming about.

Certainly the disease is encouraging homosexuals to question whether they want to go on defining themselves at all by their sexuality. Maybe Foucault was right in saying there are homosexual acts but not homosexual people. More concretely, when a society based on sex and expression is de-eroticized, its very reason for being can vanish.

Yet the disease is a stigma; even the horde of asymptomatic carriers of the antibody is stigmatized. Whether imposed or chosen, gay identity is still very much with us. How does it express itself these days?

The main feeling is one of evanescence. It's just like the Middle Ages; every time you say goodbye to a friend you fear it may be for the last time. You search your own body for signs of the malady. Every time someone begins a sentence with "Do you remember Bob..." you seize up in anticipation of the sequel. A writer or visual artist approaches this fragility as both a theme and a practical limitation—no more projects that require five years to finish.

The body becomes central, the body that until recently was at once so natural (athletic, young, casually dressed) and so artificial (pumped up, pierced, ornamented). Now it is feeble, yellowing, infected—or boisterously healthy as a denial of precisely this possibility.

Most of all the body is unloved. Onanism—alone or in groups—has replaced intercourse. This solitude is precisely a recollection of adolescence. Unloved, the body releases its old sad song, but it also builds fantasies, rerunning idealized movies of past realities, fashioning new images out of thin air.

There is a strong urge to record one's own past—one's own *life*—before it vanishes. I suppose everyone both believes and chooses to ignore that each detail of his behavior is inscribed in the arbitrariness of history. Which culture, which moment we live in determines how we have sex, go mad, marry, die, and worship, even how we say *Ai!* instead of *Ouch!* when we're pinched.

For gay men this force of history has been made to come clean; it's been stripped of its natural look. The very rapidity of change has laid bare the clanking machinery of history. To have been oppressed in the fifties, freed in the sixties, exalted in the seventies, and wiped out in the eighties is a quick itinerary for a whole culture to follow. For we are witnessing not just the death of individuals but a menace to an entire culture. All the more reason to bear witness to the cultural moment.

If art is to confront AIDS more honestly than the media have done, it must begin in tact, avoid humor, and end in anger.

Begin in tact, I say, because we must not reduce individuals to their deaths; we must not fall into the trap of replacing the afterlife with the moment of dying. How someone dies says nothing about how he lived. And tact because we must not let the disease stand for other things. AIDS generates complex and harrowing reflections, but it is not caused by moral or intellectual choices. We are witnessing at long last the end of illness as metaphor and metonym.

Avoid humor, because humor seems grotesquely inappropriate to the occasion. Humor puts the public (indifferent when not uneasy) on cozy terms with what is an unspeakable scandal: death. Humor domesticates terror, lays to rest misgivings that should be intensified. Humor suggests that AIDS is just another calamity to befall Mother Camp, whereas in truth AIDS is not one more item in a sequence but a rupture in meaning itself. Humor, like melodrama, is an assertion of bourgeois values; it falsely suggests that AIDS is all in the family. Baudelaire reminded us that the wise man laughs only with fear and trembling.

End in anger, I say, because it is only sane to rage against the dying of the light, because strategically anger is a political response, because psychologically anger replaces despondency, and because existentially anger lightens the solitude of frightened individuals.

[Verse]

HOMER'S 'ILIAD,' UPDATED

From War Music, by Christopher Logue, published this month by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. War Music is the British poet's retelling of Books 16 to 19 of Homer's Iliad.

Dust like red mist.
Pain like chalk on slate. Heat like Arctic.
The light withdrawn from Sarpedon's body.
The enemies swirling over it.
Bronze flak.
Man against man; banner behind raised
banner;
The torn gold overwhelming the faded blue;
Blue overcoming gold; both up again; both
frayed
By arrows that drift like bees, thicker than autumn rain.
The left horse falls. The right, prances
through blades,
Tearing its belly like a silk balloon.
And the shields inch forward under bowshots.
And under the shields the half-lost soldiers
think:
"We fight when the sun rises; when it sets we
count the dead.
What has the beauty of Helen to do with us?"
Half-lost,
With the ochre mist swirling around their
knees,
They shuffle forward, lost, until the shields
clash:
—AOI!
Lines of black ovals eight feet high, clash:
—AOI!
And in the half-light who will be first to
hesitate,
Or, wavering, draw back, and Yes! . . . the slow
Wavering begins, and, Yes! . . . they bend away
from us;
And the spears flicker between the black hides,
Bronze glows vaguely and bones show
Like pink drumsticks.
And over it all,
As flies shift up and down a hemorrhage alive
with ants,
The captains in their iron masks drift past each
other,
Calling, calling, gathering light on their
breastplates;
So stained they think that they are friends
And do not turn, do not salute, or else salute
their enemies.
But we who are under the shields know,

Our enemy marches at the head of the column;
And yet we march!
The voice we obey is the voice of the enemy,
Yet we obey!
And he who is forever talking about enemies
Is himself the enemy!

[Book Review]

USEFUL ZULU PHRASES

By Lynn Freed. Freed included "Useful Zulu Phrases" in a recent reading of her work at Black Oak Books, in Berkeley. She is the author of *Home Ground*, a novel published by Summit Books. Freed, who grew up in South Africa, lives in San Francisco.

White South Africans are convinced that having servants is no easy matter. They like to say that servants are like children. What they mean is that servants need watching. That they lack responsibility. And that their understanding is on a level with their English.

For an English-speaking employer, the servant who speaks English is indeed the best sort to have. But the tiresome fact is that servants grow up speaking their own languages. If they speak English at all, it is of a rather primitive variety. This clearly hampers the process of servant-ing. And there is the additional problem of knowing just how much English a servant understands. On the one hand, employers maintain that servants understand far more than they pretend to. And, on the other, that they have the infuriating habit of pretending to understand when they don't.

Just to make sure, an employer will usually follow an order with, "Do you understand?" To this question all servants nod. But then the Hoover turns up broken or the white sauce comes out like glue, and where is Master or Madam to turn next?

One might think that a solution lies in learning Zulu. But this is to ignore the difficulty English speakers have with foreign languages. And particularly with languages like Zulu, whose complexity seems to them to be in inverse proportion to that of its native speakers. Zulu is a language of strange sounds and clicks and whooshes far beyond the skills and dignity of most English speakers.

For the frustrated householder, there is help. *An Easy Zulu Vocabulary and Phrase Book: Simple Sentences for Use in the Home and Garden and on Other Everyday Occasions* is a small paper-

bound volume, first published in 1938 by Shuter and Shooter, an old and respected South African publisher of schoolbooks and other texts. Now in its fourth edition (1982, with new orthography), the "primary object" of the book, according to its preface, "is to help newcomers in their common contact with Zulus." Phrases of common contact are grouped under the headings Gardening, Health, Housework, Motor-ing, Store work, Stabling, and Miscellaneous.

The beauty of this little book lies in the fact that most of the phrases of common contact are voiced either in the interrogative or in the imperative. If, for instance, one wants to know what to wear, there is the phrase for "Is it hot today?" If one has trouble hearing, there's "Always call me when the telephone rings." Offensive habits can also be done away with. "Do not touch anything," "Do not spit like that," and "Do not smear your clothes with blood" are a few of the phrases that are provided for this purpose.

For the talkative servant, one finds a trio of injunctions: "Be silent," "Be silent while I am speaking," and, "You must not speak while another is still speaking." To deal with the tricky problem of encouraging one's servants' intellectual skills while still maintaining household standards, there is the following sketch in the Miscellaneous section:

Can you read?

It is good to read.

You may go to school in the evening.

You must finish all your work first.

You must not neglect work for the sake of reading.

That is bad.

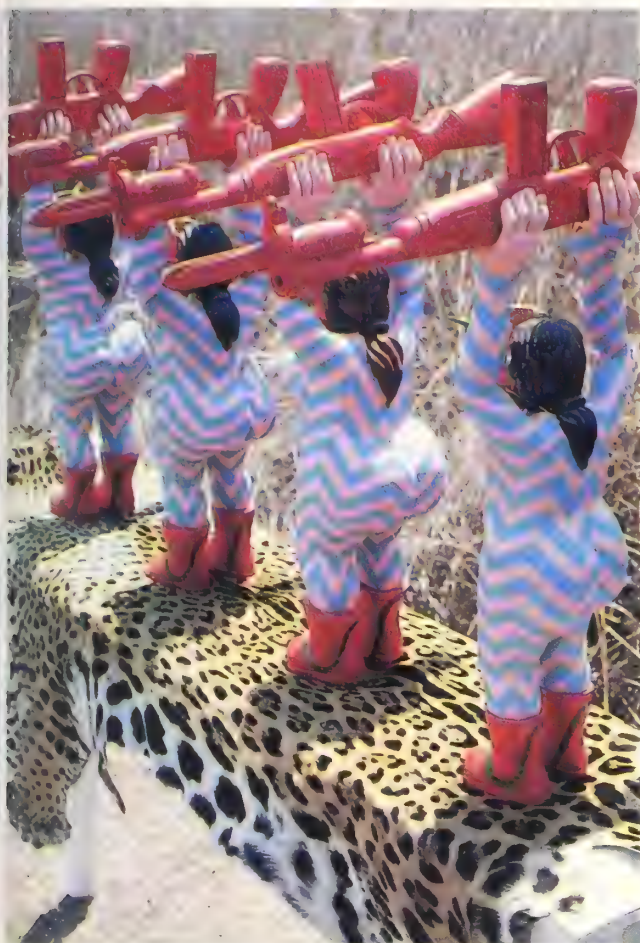
It is very bad to make learning an excuse for laziness.

Free time on Sundays—always a sticky point when hiring a servant who claims to be devout—can be solved with, "If you go to church on Sunday you must return in time to do what is necessary."

The hiring of servants itself is, in fact, a complicated matter. There are things an employer must know. If a cook is to be hired, what kind of cooking has been done before? "Plain cooking" (anchovy toast, Welsh rarebit, rock cakes) might suit one madam, but another may demand "Jewish cooking" (chopped herring, fried fish, and knowing which rag is meant to clean which dish). Standards differ too. So do duties, wages, hours.

An Easy Zulu Vocabulary provides some welcome relief. An employer can start off with a few standard phrases like, "You will have to do any work that I tell you," "Do not make a noise

GUATEMALA'S UPDATED ICONS



From the Fall/Winter 1986 Massachusetts Review, a special issue on Latin America. *Mujeres en Armas* (Women in Arms, left) and *El Cocodrilo* (The Crocodile, right) are part of a series of statues created by Margarita Azurdia, a Guatemalan painter. Azurdia commissioned local artisans to carve the wooden statues, which she then painted.

in the evening," and "Come at once when the bell rings." And follow these up with such specifics as, "You must get up at six," "Catch two young roosters," and "Cut their heads off."

Using this book, one can lend one's servants to friends—"Go with the White man," "Go with the lady." Or make sure that errands are carried out properly. "Take the master's food to the store" is followed by, "Hold it carefully, that the gravy be not spilled."

"That the gravy be not spilled" demonstrates nicely one of the subtler points of master-servant dialogue. The quaint formality of the word order, the injunction against spilling (gravy here, rather than seed)—the whole tone of the message, in fact—is intended to communicate to the servant that God is speaking. A God somewhere between the fierce Old Testament

Jehovah and the rather more benign New Testament Pater Noster.

It is this role toward which the employer actively works, and which, in the end, tests the master-servant bond. If the white man is God, the reasoning goes, then the servant, like Abraham, can be tried. To effect.

A small picnic vignette, hidden in the Motoring section, demonstrates the point nicely.

We will stop here.

Sizokuma lapha.

We will have some lunch.

Sizodla ukudla kwasemini.

Make a fire.

Phemba umlilo.

Put the kettle on.

Basela iketela.

Spread the rug in the shade.
Endlala ingubo emthunzini.
 Get out the lunch basket.
Khipha ubhasikidi wokudla.
 See how deep the river is.
Hlola ukushona komfula.

[Poem]

GIVE ME A NICKNAME, PRISON

From Beyond the Limit, a collection of poems written in prison by Irina Ratushinskaya, published by Northwestern University Press. Ratushinskaya, thirty-three, spent two and a half years in a Soviet labor camp because of her writings. She was released last October, two days before the Reykjavik summit. Beyond the Limit was translated by Frances Padorr Brent and Carol J. Avins. Kolyma is a region in northeastern Siberia where many labor camps are located.

Give me a nickname, prison,
 this first April
 evening of sadness
 shared with you.
 This hour for your songs
 of evil and goodness,
 confessions of love,
 salty jokes.
 They've taken my friends,
 ripped the cross from its chain,
 torn clothes,
 and then with boots
 struck at my breastbone
 torturing the remains
 of hope.
 My name is filed
 in profile, full-face—
 a numbered dossier.
 In custody—
 nothing is mine!
 Just as you have
 no one, nothing!
 On the window's grating
 here's all of me—christen me,
 give me a name, prison,
 send off to the transport
 not a boy, but a zek,
 so I'll be welcomed
 with endearments by Kolyma,
 place of outcasts, executions
 in this twentieth century.

[Monologue]

I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING

"I Know What I'm Doing About All the Attention I've Been Getting," by Frank Gannon. From Yo, Poe, a collection of Gannon's writing, to be published next month by Viking. Gannon lives in Demorest, Georgia.

I was really worried about what to wear. It was like an anvil on my brain, just beating and beating and never stopping. Earlier that afternoon I saw someone walk into a clothes store and come out with a package. I knew what was in that package.

NEW CLOTHES.

It was like, Somebody bought some clothes, why can't I have some clothes too?

I went into my closet and got down on all fours and started to breathe really heavy. I was trying not to get nervous. I nudged a pair of brogans with my nose. Why not wear everything that's fallen off the hangers? It was a desperate, Hans Arp type of gesture, but what was left me? Yesterday I went to buy dog food in absolutely the worst thing: green shorts, gray socks, white sneakers. A brown shirt with the numeral "16" on the back. As soon as I walked into the grocery store I knew right away: wrong, *wrong*, WRONG!

But what could I do? It was too late then. I was trapped. I went through with it, but when I got to my car my heart was pounding and my face was flushed. My throat was dry and my hair was wet. My feet were bent and my back was twitchin'.

I'll never do that again.

I'm a quirky dresser. I'm absolutely fearless about what it is that I believe in. My shirts are incognizant and my socks—you must be completely *unaware* of my socks, that's, like, my approach to socks. My pants can be wily or even dishonest on some days if I just get up and feel that. But I have to feel it. When I wear a tie—and, believe me, sometimes I really *wear* a tie—it can be porcine, strait-laced, odious. I have a certain little-boy quality, but there's also that big-fat-sweaty-guy thing in there too.

I've stopped taking myself so seriously. I can take a step back and laugh at myself. Sometimes I can get a really big charge out of what an absolute idiot I am. I'll have this big intellectual stumbling block right in my way, and suddenly I'll realize, Hey, who put the damn stumbling block there in the first place? That's right: Mr. Serious Artist Person!

Whoa, I just crack up when that happens.

—Mrs. James S. Brady—

“Help me fight the National Rifle Association.”

“Six years ago, John Hinckley pulled a \$29 revolver from his pocket and opened fire on a Washington street. He shot the President. He also shot my husband.

I’m not asking for your sympathy. I’m asking for your help.

I’ve learned from my own experience that, alone, there’s only so much you can do to stop handgun violence. But that together, we can confront the mightiest gun lobby—the N.R.A.—and win.

I’ve only to look at my husband Jim to remember that awful day...the unending TV coverage of the handgun firing over and over...the nightmare panic and fear.

It’s an absolute miracle nobody was killed. After all, twenty thousand Americans are killed by handguns every year. Thousands more—men, women, even children—are maimed for life.

Like me, I know you support *stronger* handgun control laws. So does the vast majority of Americans. But the National Rifle Association can spend so much in elections that Congress is afraid to pass an effective national handgun law.

It’s time to change that. Before it’s too late for another family like mine...a family like yours.

I joined Handgun Control, Inc. because they’re willing to take on the N.R.A. Right now we’re campaigning for a national waiting period and background check on handgun purchases.

If such simple, basic measures had been in the books six years ago, John Hinckley would never have walked out of that Texas pawnshop with the handgun which came within an inch of killing Ronald Reagan. He lied on his purchase application. Given time, the police could have caught the lie and put him in jail.

Of course, John Hinckley’s not the only one. Police report that thousands of known criminals buy handguns right over the counter in this country. We have to stop them.

So, please, pick up a pen. Fill out the coupon. Add a check for as much as you can afford, and mail it to me today.

It’s time we kept handguns out of the wrong hands. It’s time to break the National Rifle Association’s grip on Congress and start making our cities and neighborhoods safe again.

Thank you and God bless you.”



“Together we can win.”

Dear Sarah,

It’s time to break the N.R.A.’s grip on Congress once and for all. Here’s my contribution to Handgun Control, Inc., the million-strong nonprofit citizens’ group you help direct:

☐ \$15 ☐ \$25 ☐ \$35 ☐ \$50 ☐ \$100 or \$_____

☐ Tell me more about how I can help.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

HANDGUN CONTROL

1400 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005, (202) 898-0792

Actually I'm a real easy laugher. I'll laugh at anybody who's being phony or pretentious. I'll laugh at anybody who's trying to make it the best they know how. I'll laugh at anybody. Before I started getting all this attention, I was completely invisible. I could go where I wished and do what I liked without fear of being seen because I was completely invisible. I'm not making this up or being metaphorical here. I have the power to just completely turn off whatever it is in human beings that causes us to reflect light on the visible spectrum. So some nights I just make myself completely invisible and go for a walk. It's just this *power* I have. It's not like it was my life's dream or anything.

Anyway, people seem impressed by it. People would come up to me at parties and ask me about it. It made my girlfriend so mad. It was like she was really jealous or something. She finally told me that I had to choose between her and my ability to turn off whatever it is that causes human bodies to reflect visible light. That pretty well did in the relationship.

We still lived together, but it was like I was a sterilized needle and she was a little sliver of wood stuck in your finger. We could both tell what was going to happen so we decided to end it.

Now I'm in a whole new place. That other, older part of my life seems like some sort of surrealist joke that a bunch of my old buddies got together and pulled on me. Like they all got behind the furniture and waited until they heard me drive up, then they all jumped out and hit me with that part of my life.

But now I have to deal with now. I need some help on my clothes, so I just go manic and call everybody I can think of. They give me a lot of advice, but ultimately I'm the person under the hammer. It is I who have to wear the clothes, not all these well-wishers and hangers-on. Not the current artist of the month. Not all these vapid, air-brained media types. It will be me putting on the pants. It will be me pulling up the socks. I know how to do this. I've been at it for quite a while. I dressed myself for a long time before anybody was paying attention, and I'll dress myself a long time after everybody's paying attention to the way somebody else dresses himself. I know how these things go.

So what do I do? First I admit that I don't know what to do. Then I tell myself that I'm not alone, nobody else knows what to do either.

Once I've got that out of the way, I can start.

First I get out a big baggy pair of boxer underwear that is sort of right on the line between a lime and a grassy green. Then I go with the socks. They're white, but get this: they have this really thick black ribbing about an inch down from the top. Then I go with some gray

trousers that really don't have anything to say, but I know that and that's what I want. Then I can tell that it's time for a black T-shirt. Don't ask me why, that's just the way I'm feeling. I put on some white sneakers, tie them quickly, and walk right out the door without a second thought.

That night I mingled. Everything went well because everybody was thinking that I had *planned* to look that way all along.

There's nothing permanent about this. I know that now. Tomorrow I'll be faced with more problems, but they won't be today's problems, they'll be newer, different problems. I can deal with it. I know what I'm doing.

[Monologue]

NOT-SO-SILENT SEA

From Blues, by John Hersey, published this month by Alfred A. Knopf. Blues chronicles a season of blue fishing off Martha's Vineyard. Hersey is the author of Hiroshima, among many other books. The book is written in the form of a dialogue between an experienced fisherman and a stranger. This passage is spoken by the fisherman.

Poets may sing of the silent sea. It isn't. Far from it. Water conducts sound much more efficiently than air does, and the oceans are alive not only with plankton but also with racket. To begin with, there are the sounds of the transactions of the water itself, the electric fizzle of combing waves, the fracture of breakers, the brabble of wash on the shore. At anchor in deep darkness at night I've heard—up where I live, here in the air, but the sound is under water, too—the rip along Middle Ground chattering as loud as a flock of starlings. Then there are the noises *we* make, and very strange they seem, as if there were a translation for alien ears that goes on just beneath surface tension. A distant outboard motor sounds under water like a spoon being tinkled on a plate. Then, creatures talking. You heard the sea robin. There's a whole family of fishes called grunts. Toadfishes burp the songs of their eponyms; one sort of toadfish is called the singing midshipman. In the spring of 1942, the Navy hydrophone network that had been set up to detect enemy ships or submarines at the mouth of the Chesapeake was jammed each evening by a shattering interference, described as the noise of "a pneumatic drill tearing up pavement"; it turned out to be the uproar of crowds of conversational fish called croakers—a noise that engineers were eventually able to filter out of the sound systems. You must be aware



Susan and Blaze, San Francisco (1986), by Todd Merrill. From *Mothers & Daughters: That Special Feeling*, a collection of photographs published this month by Aperture.

of the eagerness of dolphins to break through the language barrier and give human beings advice on how to live more playful lives. My wife can't stand the sounds of whale songs because they seem to her so dreadfully mournful; I say, who knows, whales may moan when they're happy and giggle when they're sad. Several kinds of fishes—carp, chub, barbel, loaches, and others—release gas bubbles from their air bladders through ducts into their guts, and when they do, they squeak like mice. Among many other fish sounds are tom-tom bumps, chicken clucks, dog barks, foghorn moans, wrestlers' grunts, and the noise made by a wet finger rubbed on a balloon. Oyster beds rattle. In many places there is a sizzling sound, like that of bacon frying, or that of a short circuit, made by myriads of a small variety of shrimp clicking their claw joints. Once the *Atlantis*, one of the research vessels of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute, lowered a hydrophone into very deep waters near Bermuda and picked up weird cat's mews, shrieks, and groans, like those on the sound track of a horror movie, which have never been accounted for. Fish make sounds just by moving through the water—veering, streaming, flexing their tails. Ghanaians fishing for

herring and other fishes lower a three-pronged paddle into the water, rotate it slowly, hold an ear to the upper end, and listen for the direction and distance from them of the swimming sounds of schools.

[Historical Fiction]

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT

From Empire, by Gore Vidal, to be published next month by Random House.

Although William Randolph Hearst had been requested to enter the White House from the south side, where private visitors came and went, the great man ordered his chauffeur to drive up the main driveway to the north portico, to the general consternation of the police. Then, slowly, like some huge bear of the sort that the president liked to shoot in quantity while roaring about the necessity of the preservation of wildlife, Hearst entered the main hall

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MAOIST



From Canadian Rockies Series, a recent exhibition of photographs by Tseng Kwong Chi, at New York's Gallery Casas Toledo Oosterom.

of the house which he would never, short of an armed revolution, occupy. Apprehensively, the chief usher received him.

"Tell the president that I am here." Hearst did not bother to identify himself. He took off his coat, and let it fall, quite aware that someone would catch it before it touched the floor; and an usher did.

"Come this way, Mr. Hearst." The chief usher led Hearst to the west wing. When told to wait in the secretary's office, Hearst opened the door to the empty Cabinet room, and took his place at the head of the table. The secretary's shock was silent; but profound.

Hearst sat back in the chair of state, and shut his eyes, like a man exhausted in a noble cause. He was home. But not for long. As usual, noise preceded the chief magistrate. "Delighted you're here! Bully!" The president was now at the door to the Cabinet room. Hearst opened his eyes, and gravely nodded his head in greeting. For a moment, Roosevelt appeared uncertain as to what next to do. Then he shut the door behind him. There would be no witnesses to what might follow.

Hearst slowly, majestically, got to his feet. As the two men shook hands, Hearst deliberately pulled Roosevelt toward him so that the president was obliged to stare straight up into the air at the taller man. "You wanted to see me?"

Hearst inquired, as if bestowing a huge favor on a junior editor.

"Indeed. Indeed. We have so much to talk about." Although Hearst stood between the president and the presidential chair, the tubby but sturdy Roosevelt simply charged the chair, knocking Hearst to one side in the process. Most royally, Roosevelt seated himself, and said, with smooth condescension, "Sit there. On my right. Mr. Root's chair."

Hearst's smile was thinner than usual. "I'd fear some terrible contagion if I were to sit in the chair of so notorious a liar."

Roosevelt's face was now dark red; and the smile a snarl. "I've never known Mr. Root to lie."

"Then you've had a lot less experience with lawyers than I'd suspected." Hearst pulled an armchair from its place at center table, putting a considerable distance between himself and the president.

"Root spoke for me in Buffalo." Roosevelt was flat.

"Well, I didn't think he was speaking on oath to God. Of course, he spoke for you, when he accused me of McKinley's murder."

The conversation was, plainly, not going where Roosevelt had intended. "Your press incited—incites—violence and class hatred. Do you deny that?"

"I don't deny or affirm anything. Do you understand that? I'm here at *your* request, Roosevelt. Personally, I have no wish to see you at all, anywhere, ever—unless, of course, we share the same quarters in hell. So I must warn you, no one says, 'Do you deny' to me, in my country."

"Your country, is it?" Roosevelt's falsetto had deepened to a mellifluous alto. "When did you buy it?"

"In 1898, when I made war with Spain, and won it. All my doing, that was, and none of yours. Ever since then, the country's gone pretty much the way I've wanted it to go, and you've gone right along, too, because you had to."

"You exaggerate your importance, Mr. Hearst."

"You understand nothing, Mr. Roosevelt."

"I understand this much. You, the owner—no, no, the *father* of the country, couldn't get the Democrats to nominate you for president even in a year when there was no chance of their winning. How do you explain that?"

Hearst's pale, close-set eyes were now directed straight at Roosevelt; the effect was Cycloplan, intimidating. "First, I'd say it makes no difference at all who sits in that chair of yours. The country is run by the trusts, as you like to remind us. They've bought everything and everyone, including you. They can't buy me. I'm rich. So I'm free to do as I please, and you're not. In general, I go along with them, simply to keep the people docile, for now. I do that through the press. Now you're just an officeholder. Soon you'll move out of here, and that's the end of you. But I go on and on, describing the world we live in, which then becomes what I say it is. Long after no one knows the difference between you and Chester A. Arthur, I'll still be here." Hearst's smile was frosty. "But if they *do* remember who you are, it'll be because I've decided to remind them, by telling them, maybe, how I made you up in the first place, in Cuba."

"You have raised, Mr. Hearst, the Fourth Estate to a level quite unheard of in any time . . ."

"I know I have. And for once you've got it right. I've placed it above everything else, except maybe money, and even when it comes to money, I can usually make the market rise or fall. When I made—invented, I should say—the war with Spain, all of it fiction at the beginning, I saw to it that the war would be a real one at the end, and it was. For better or worse, we took over a real empire, from the Caribbean to the shores of China. Now, in the process, a lot of small fry, like you and Dewey, benefited. I'm afraid I couldn't control the thing once I set it in motion. No one could. I was also stuck with the fact that once you start a war you have to have heroes. So you—of all people—came busting

along, and I told the editors, 'All right. Build him up.' So that's how a second-rate New York politician, wandering around Kettle Hill, blind as a bat and just about as effective, got turned into a war hero. But you sure knew how to cash in. I'll hand you that. Of all my inventions, you certainly leaped off the pages of the *Journal*, and into the White House. Not like poor dumb Dewey, who just stayed there in cold print until he ended up wrapped around the fish at Fulton's Market."

Hearst sat back in his chair, hands clasped behind his head. Eyes on the ceiling fan. "When I saw what my invention could do, I decided to get elected, too. I wanted to show how I could take on the people who own the country that I—yes, that I helped invent—and win. Well, I was obliged to pay the inventor's price. I was—I am—resented and feared by the rich, who love you. I could never get money out of Standard Oil the way you could. So in the long—no, short—run it's who pays the most who wins these silly elections. But you and your sort won't hold on forever. The future's with the common man, and there are a whole lot more of him than there are of you . . ."

"Or you." Roosevelt stared at the painting of Lincoln on the opposite wall; the melancholy face was looking at something outside the

[Correction]

NEVER MIND

This correction appeared in the December 23, 1986, edition of the Miami Herald.

Last Sunday, the *Herald* erroneously reported that original Dolphin Johnny Holmes had been an insurance salesman in Raleigh, North Carolina, that he had won the New York lottery in 1982 and lost the money in a land swindle, that he had been charged with vehicular homicide but acquitted because his mother said she drove the car, and that he stated that the funniest thing he ever saw was Flipper spouting water on George Wilson. Each of these items was erroneous material published inadvertently. He was not an insurance salesman in Raleigh, did not win the lottery, neither he nor his mother was charged or involved in any way with vehicular homicide, and he made no comment about Flipper or George Wilson. The *Herald* regrets the errors.

frame. "Well, Mr. Hearst, I was aware of your pretensions as a publisher, but I never realized that you are the sole inventor of us all."

"Oh, I wouldn't put it so grandly." Hearst was mild. "I just made up this country as it happens to be at the moment. That's hardly major work, though *you* should thank me since you're the principal beneficiary of what I did."

Roosevelt arranged several statute books on the table. "What do you know about me and Mr. Archbold?"

"Standard Oil helped finance your last campaign. Everyone knows that."

"Have you any proof that *I* asked for the money?"

"The asking was done by Hanna, Quay, Penrose. You only hint."

"Mr. Archbold is an old friend of mine." Roosevelt started to say more; but then did not.

Hearst's voice was dreamy. "I am going to drive many men from public life. I am also going to expose you as the hypocrite you are."

Roosevelt's smile was gone; the high color had returned to normal; the voice was matter-of-fact. "You will have an easy time with the Sibleys and Haskells. You will have an impossible time with me."

"You fight the trusts?"

"As best I can."

"Have you ever objected to Standard Oil's numerous crimes against individuals, not to mention the public?"

"I have spoken out against them many times as malefactors of great wealth."

"But what," Hearst's voice was soft, "have you *done* to bring Standard Oil to heel? You've been here six years. What have you done, except rant in public, and take their money in secret?"

"You will see." Roosevelt was very calm indeed. "Next year, we bring suit against them in Indiana..."

"Next year!" Hearst slapped the table gleefully. "Who says this is not my country? I've forced *you*, of all people, to act against your own kind. Because of what I've revealed this year, you'll do something next year. But you don't ever really lead. You follow *my* lead, Roosevelt." Hearst was on his feet, but Roosevelt, not to be outdone, had done his special jack-in-the-box rapid leap to the perpendicular so that, technically, the president had risen first, as protocol required, ending the audience.

At the door to the Cabinet room, Hearst got his hand on the doorknob first. "You're pretty safe, for now."

"I wonder," said Roosevelt, softly, "if you are."

"It's my story, isn't it? This country. The author's always safe. It's his characters who better watch out. Of course, there are surprises. Here's one. When you're out of a job, and need money to feed that family of yours, I'll hire you to write for me, the way Bryan does. I'll pay you whatever you want."

Roosevelt gave his dazzling smile. "I may be a hypocrite, Mr. Hearst, but I'm not a scoundrel."

"I know," said Hearst, with mock sadness. "After all, I made you up, didn't I?"

"Mr. Hearst," said the president, "history invented me, not you."

"Well, if you really want to be highfalutin, then at this time and in this place, I am history—or at least the creator of the record."

"True history comes long after us. That's when it will be decided whether or not we measured up, and our greatness—or its lack—will be defined."

"True history," said Hearst, with a smile that was, for once, almost charming, "is the final fiction. I thought even you knew that." Then Hearst was gone, leaving the president alone in the Cabinet room, with its great table, leather armchairs, and the full-length painting of Abraham Lincoln, eyes fixed on some far distance beyond the viewer's range, a prospect unknown and unknowable to the mere observer, at sea in present time.



From the Spectator, the London weekly.

THE NEXT PANIC

Fear and trembling on Wall Street

By L. J. Davis

Early this year, I began to notice a peculiar thing in the Brooklyn neighborhood where I live: in the darkness of early evening, after the subway trains had returned them from Wall Street, my neighbors would gather in small nervous knots under the curbside plane trees. Forget everything you think you know about Brooklyn: we're talking pinstripes and camel's hair coats, Liberty-print dresses and polished furs. The men and women gathered under the plane trees were stockbrokers and investment bankers, successful people in their forties and fifties. They were making gratifying sums of money. So were their firms. So were their clients. With securities trading daily in volumes of unprecedented enormity, with the market swinging wildly—often dozens of points a day—but generally and dramatically up, up, up, profits were falling to my neighbors in a golden rain.

And yet, standing in the wintry street, breath wreathing their well-manicured heads, their figures trim with the ministrations of expensive health clubs, they whispered among themselves as if they were being followed by the police. They were in the middle of the biggest bull market in American history. And they were afraid.

"Another record day."

"Jesus, Dick. Have you people gone mad?"

"We're not doing it. It's the kids and the computers and the raiders."

"Listen, the market is so out of sync with reality."

"I know, I know."

"This is insane."

"I know, I know."

There was a time, not long before, when my neighbors and their colleagues on Wall Street conducted their affairs in relation to a single historical event. The politics of these traders were various and, taken as a whole,

L. J. Davis is a contributing editor to Harper's Magazine. He writes regularly on business and finance.

*Too much of the
nation's wealth was
concentrated in too
few hands, and the
nation was burdened
with a perilous
amount of debt*

their knowledge of history was not extensive, but their memories were excellent. They knew this: under no circumstances must the events that led to the stock market crash of October 1929 be repeated. Although these events were still imperfectly understood, the traders knew—and taught—that a financial panic could start anyplace where debt existed. To cage the beast, to prevent another debacle, these traders had agreed to accept a once intolerable amount of oversight and regulation by the government and the governing bodies of the stock exchanges, and had pledged themselves to strict standards of professional conduct and personal honor.

But in the mid-1980s, as both the bull market and the economy at large took on a certain sinister familiarity, these traders and their disciples seemed too few, or, at any rate, no longer in control of events. The parallels between the 1920s and the 1980s were worse than obvious—they were glaring. One didn't have to look hard in the first months of 1987 to see that the roaring market was out of touch with economic reality, dominated by predators and infiltrated by rascals, and actively encouraged by a government that had only a tenuous grasp of the real purpose of business enterprise—the creation of jobs, profits, and saleable goods. With little thought to spurring such productive activity, the market was climbing a gossamer ladder; it was a market artificially—and often artfully—manipulated, and based increasingly on the exchange of meaningless pieces of paper. No market that behaved like that could sustain itself for very long, although its capacity for inflicting damage was immense. There were, after all, ample precedents. And there were other ominous portents: too much of the nation's wealth was concentrated in too few hands, and the nation was burdened with a perilous amount of debt; indeed, the stock market itself had become a powerful engine of debt.

There is, of course, nothing very complicated or mysterious about a market crash. A crash always proceeds in much the same way, and there is a historic consistency in the preconditions that make one possible—these things have been closely studied. And in the winter of 1987, as my well-to-do neighbors grew more wealthy still, more than a few of them began to suspect that these preconditions were being met.

One. Concentration of wealth.

In the early months of 1987, certain of my neighbors who work on Wall Street began to pass around a small vanity-press book entitled *The Great Depression of 1990*. (The book will be issued in a trade edition by Simon and Schuster in July.) Its author, one Ravi Batra, is a professor of economics at Southern Methodist University, and its thesis is rooted in Batra's belief in the inexorably circular march of history, wherein great depressions occur every thirty or sixty years for precisely the same reasons they occurred the previous time. While most of my neighbors were inclined to take a less deterministic view of events, one of Batra's computations attracted their increasingly uneasy attention. In 1929, Batra points out, the richest one percent of the American population held 36 percent of the nation's wealth, a historic high. (The figure normally fluctuates between 20 and 30 percent.) Batra cites no data more current than 1969; however, he speculates that, if his cycle is performing its peculiar magic, the concentration of wealth should once again be approaching 1929 proportions.

Cyclical theorizing, like divination by entrail, is an excellent way of predicting the past; it is tempting to discern patterns in events, once they have occurred. Even so, Batra seems to be on to something, for the relevant figures have been updated, and they bring us interesting news. In 1983, as the great bull market roared out of the tunnel, the richest one percent of the citizenry held 34 percent of the country's wealth, exclusive of pensions. Moreover, the top 10 percent of the nation's families—those with a net worth of more than \$218,000—held fully 68 percent of the nation's riches. Batra cycle or no Batra cycle, inexorably or by sheer coincidence, in one



gnificant part of the forest, it was 1929 again.*

The problem is not where the money is located, but what happens to—how the rich spend it. They consume ineffectively. Viewed from the perspective of the national economy, there isn't much difference between the purchase of a Chevrolet and that of a Rolls-Royce. And there is a limit to the number of automobiles (or houses, or bedsheets) that even the most prodigal rich man can buy. A CEO may make as much as twenty engineers, but collectively the twenty engineers spend more.

Nor are the rich great savers, in the commonly accepted sense of the term. In early 1983, the most affluent one-half of one percent of the population, those with a net worth in excess of \$2.7 million, were responsible for just 8.6 percent of all certificates of deposit, savings accounts, and money market accounts. The rich don't save; they invest. In 1983, the last year for which figures are available, the wealthiest one-half of one percent of the population owned 44 percent of all publicly traded securities and 31 percent of the mutual funds. As a group, the wealthy were not merely in the stock market; they owned a big piece of the place.

In quiet times, the rich invest quietly, seeking incremental gains over a period of months and years. But when the market is volatile—and in January 1987 the market was volatile indeed, with average daily volume reaching 386.3 million shares, up 36.5 percent over the previous month, which had itself been very active—the rich tend to speculate, deploying a portion of their ample funds in search of a quick killing, taking out their winnings, and speculating again. So it should surprise no one that they bought many of the high-risk, high-yield junk bonds that provided (and still provide) the primary impetus to the market's rise. Nor should it surprise anyone that in the process they provided the seed money that enabled the arbitrage community to gather huge holdings and reap enormous profits. The rich drove the bull market, and the bull market further concentrated

the nation's wealth, placing yet more money at the service of a speculative fever that grew daily more irrational and dangerous.

Two. *Voodoo economics.*

Under the circumstances, it would seem the height of folly to provide the rich with still more money by cutting their taxes. Yet that was precisely what happened in 1981 and, with certain modifications, in 1986—right on schedule, according to Professor Batra, who points out that Republican administrations had likewise cut taxes in 1921, 1924, 1926, and 1928. According to the supply-side reasoning of the Reagan Administration, the tax cuts would provoke an economic boom. Cuts in personal income taxes would, in theory, spur savings and provide banks with more money to lend. My neighbors had only to look at their monthly credit-card statements to understand the real effect of the income-tax cuts: demand for luxury goods (many of them imported) swelled, savings fell to historic lows. Corporate tax cuts similarly did nothing to boost the economy. In fact, corporate investment was dead flat in January 1987, and had been for many months.

Why invest in making a better widget, when funding the takeover of a widget company can make you money so much faster and easier?

Three. *The role of the institutional investor.*

The first phase of any bull market is marked by a reasonable perception: to wit, that there are securities of genuine value to be purchased at a discount. In this early phase, the market often functions as a rational correc-

Corporate tax cuts did nothing to boost the economy. In fact, corporate investment was dead flat

*The concentration-of-wealth number, my source remarked, reflected a perplexing anomaly. For twenty years it has been national policy to tax income while subsidizing borrowing, something that should have redistributed wealth. But now, just as Batra predicted, wealth was suddenly and strangely gathering into a remarkably few hands.

*The fiduciary
obligations of the
fund managers
actually compelled
them to speculate,
and to speculate
massively*

tive, rectifying the price of undervalued assets and establishing the true price of the entities being traded; and the market itself at this stage is normally dominated by seasoned professionals—the wealthy and their advisers, brokers, investment bankers, corporate managers. Moreover, a bull market in its early stage tends to have at least one foot in reality; that is, it is fueled by circumstances in the real world—low inflation, falling interest rates—that lead investors to believe the economy is about to grow.

The second phase of a bull market is usually marked by the arrival of the lay investor—members of the general public eager to cut themselves in on the action, although the general public (legions of bootblacks worth millions notwithstanding) has traditionally played no great role in the occasional catastrophe except to serve as its principal victim. The great bull market of the 1980s, however, was marked from the very beginning by the presence of the general public—and by massive amounts of the public's money—through the surrogates to whom the citizenry had entrusted much of its hard-won savings—profit-sharing plans, insurance companies, and the huge mutual and pension funds. These are the so-called institutional investors, and, like the rich, they were in the market with a vengeance.

Like wealthy individuals, institutional investors had managed to shield and actually increase their assets during the double-digit inflation of the late 1970s and early 1980s by placing their money in financial instruments—money markets, certificates of deposit—with hitherto unthinkable rates of return. And also like the rich, the managers of the funds had grown accustomed to these unprecedented rates, often in excess of 12, 15, even 18 percent. Even when inflation leveled off in the mid-1980s, they continued to desire double-digit returns. They could no longer get that much from the banks—the banks lowered their interest rates when inflation fell. So the fund managers moved more of their money into the stock market, and as the market rose, they increased their buying. In January of this year alone, with the paper value of the securities traded on the New York Stock Exchange approaching \$163 billion, the institutions made purchases of \$8.6 billion, nearly half of the sum spent during the entire previous year. So-called retail trading—trading by individuals, including the rich—accounted for 29.7 percent of total trades in January; the institutions were responsible for 42.5 percent.

One might think that the institutions, with their massive positions in the market, would act as a stabilizing force. After all, managers of funds are holding other people's money, not their own; so it might be expected that cool heads would prevail. But nothing of the sort occurred. The funds, in fact, altered the rules of play in ways that further excited the frenzy. While there are relatively few rich people in relation to the population at large, there happen to be tens of thousands of them—many of them in the market, and with many and different investment strategies. By contrast, there are far fewer funds, and for those who manage them, constant buying and selling is the most characteristic management style. The manager of a fund has a fiduciary obligation to obtain the highest possible return on the money entrusted to his keeping. In an overheated market such as the one that began to build up in the mid-1980s, the fiduciary obligations of the fund managers actually *compelled* them to speculate—and to speculate massively, converting the inflated paper value of their holdings into cash, and then, because a stagnant economy offered so few investment prospects, re-deploying the augmented pile of cash in the market from which it came. Once the funds were in place as major speculators, previously unthinkable volumes of stock—in the tens of millions of shares—began to change hands, setting off violent swings in the daily averages: twenty points, thirty points, forty points.

To make matters worse, the funds began to employ program trading with computers. While program trading was expensive to set up, it is quite simple in practice, too simple. A computer monitors the value of the stock in a fund portfolio and keeps close track of the futures markets, where securi-

ies—and even indexes of securities, such as Value Line—are now traded like broiling fowl and plywood.* When futures sell at a price greater than that of the stocks themselves, the computers automatically dump the stocks and buy futures. The computers know nothing about market theory, nor do they know anything of honor; and they have no expectations of a reward in the afterlife. They know only how to sell in one market and buy in another—mindlessly, efficiently, inexorably, as long as a price differential exists. This whole process tends to steepen the downward and upward curves of trading. In a crash, my Brooklyn neighbors were inclined to believe, such trading would give a plunging human investor little in the way of an outcropping to grab onto, or a level terrace on which to rest, recuperate, and, above all, think. Of course, no such plunge has yet occurred (although program trading last September contributed to some very wild sessions). Indeed, one theory suggests that program trading might actually

stop a crashing market: the computers would kick in with huge “buy” orders at the strategic moment. In fact, no one knows what might happen.

Four. The raiders.

By late winter, T. Boone Pickens Jr., the man who destroyed Gulf Oil, was preparing to enjoy the celebrity that comes with the publication of a ghost-written autobiography, and the country was growing more and more fluent in the vocabulary of its newest cottage industry, corporate raiding. Familiar with the mechanics of the leveraged buy-out and the ethics of greenmail, the investing public was increasingly sophisticated on the subject of undervalued assets. Corporate raiding had become a part of the financial scenery.

The activity was at first confined to companies attacking other companies. But then Pickens and his imitators arrived on the scene. They were entrepreneurial raiders, men who assembled war chests and then attacked in search of personal gain. Pickens and Carl Icahn, another notably successful raider, justified their activities by pointing to the inefficiency and bloat of modern corporate enterprise; their stated goal was to force the targeted company to distribute the mismanaged funds to its stockholders, who in many cases proved to be delighted with such short-term gains and eager for more, thereby imparting a certain momentum to the craze. On occasion, needed reforms were in fact the result—sometimes the brutal result—of a corporate raid, but with depressing frequency the process was a destructive one. Companies raided other companies because the target, in conventional business wisdom, seemed to fit nicely into the raiding entity's corporate strategy.** It is easier to buy a brand name, a process, or a technology than it is to create one, and the same conventional wisdom that discerns a “nice fit” also holds that a competent management can manage any sort of enterprise, something that is only occasionally true. In the beginning, the appeal of the raiding game was that the stock of the target was

On occasion, needed reforms were the result of a corporate raid, but with depressing frequency the process was a destructive one

*A futures contract is an agreement to buy or sell something (hogs, corn) at an agreed-upon time in the future. The nightmare of the old-line futures trader was that he might one morning find himself the proud owner of all the hogs in Iowa; the whole point of most futures trading is that nothing but a piece of paper is actually bought or sold. Still, that piece of paper has traditionally represented ownership of something real, usually of an agricultural nature. Since 1981, however, in another triumph of the Reagan Administration, it has been possible to trade indexes, including stock indexes. Clearly, an index cannot be owned; an index is nothing but a number. Much ink has been expended in justifying this state of affairs, but as far as the properties of physical matter are concerned, the futures markets might just as well be trading ghosts' breath and virgins' virtue.

**The role of the Reagan Administration in the rise of the raiders cannot be underestimated. For mergers and acquisitions to occur with abandon, it is essential that the government all but forgo its regulatory function. At this, the Reagan Administration has excelled. It has purged the words “monopoly” and “antitrust” from its vocabulary, and has opposed almost no form of corporate combination.



Who says you can't judge



**You can judge
these mystery books
by their covers.**

Because each cover is *custom-designed* to reflect the story inside. And each is bound in full, luxurious leather. The richest and most distinctive editions ever of the greatest mystery classics of the past two centuries.

Please reply by
May 31, 1987.

Books with original artwork on their covers are very rare—and highly prized by collectors. When they're bound in full leather, you have magnificent heirloom volumes. This is the *Franklin Library of Mystery Masterpieces*, an exciting new collection of the fifty greatest mysteries ever written.

Each unique cover design reflects the story inside. Like Philip Marlowe's business card on the cover of *Farewell, My Lovely*—a clue to this famous detective thriller. Each design is "a mystery itself"—making every volume all the more intriguing.

The ultimate collection

This is *the* ultimate mystery collection as well. From *Great Cases of Sherlock Holmes* and *The Roman Hat Mystery*...to *The Ipccress File* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*—each is a timeless work to challenge the

mind and fire the imagination, enriching the life of everyone who reads it. Thoroughly spellbinding stories you won't be able to put down.

All the memorable settings...ingenious plots...and fascinating characters are here. In pioneering works like Edgar Allan Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*, where the first real "detective" appears. In famous books later adapted to film—such as *The Maltese Falcon* and *The Thirty-nine Steps*. And in contemporary classics by important authors like Agatha Christie and John Le Carré.

Luxurious leather bindings

Many illustrations have been specially commissioned for this collection. Authoritative forewords provide rich background into each classic work. And every leather-bound volume is handcrafted with techniques

FRANKLIN LIBRARY OF

a book by its cover?

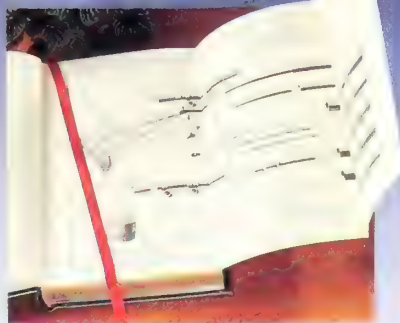


arely seen today—sewn bindings...
 ribbed spines...ribbon markers...acid-
 free paper...decorative endpapers...page
 edges gilded with tarnish-free finish—so
 each will remain beautiful for generations.

Not to be found anywhere else

Each volume is just \$32.50, a reasonable
 price for full leather-bound books of excep-
 tional quality. This price is guaranteed for
 every book in the series, but you may cancel
 our subscription at any time upon 30 days'
 notice.

None of these books will be sold in
 bookstores. They're available *only* by direct
 application to The Franklin Library. Your
 doorway to a distinguished private library
 of the world's greatest mystery classics...in
 editions crafted to the highest standards of
 the publisher's art.



Special features include lavish illustrations
 providing rich insight into each work

© 1987 FL

SUBSCRIPTION APPLICATION

Please mail by May 31, 1987.

The Franklin Library
 Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription to *Franklin Library
 of Mystery Masterpieces*. The fifty leather-bound
 volumes in this unique custom-designed col-
 lection will be sent to me at the rate of one per
 month. And the issue price of just \$32.50* per
 book will be *guaranteed* to me for the entire
 collection. I understand that I may cancel my
 subscription at any time upon 30 days' notice.

I need send no payment now. I will be
 billed for each volume, individually, in advance
 of shipment.

*Plus my state sales tax and
 \$2.50 for shipping and handling

Signature _____

ALL APPLICATIONS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Mr _____
 Mrs _____
 Miss _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

MYSTERY MASTERPIECES

*Raids often lead to
vigorous activity: the
disappearance of jobs,
a general paring of
wages, the divestiture
of valuable
subsidiaries*

undervalued in terms of the target's tangible assets; such companies were literally worth more dead than alive. Later, companies were raided because there existed the expertise and the money to do so; the process became self-perpetuating. And my neighbors knew damn well that most raiding had come to be about nothing more than ego and greed.

Any sort of company—one that manufactured razor blades, one that manufactured tires—could be attacked with excellent prospects of success, or so it seemed. In 1975, following the misguided conglomerate boom of the 1960s, there were 2,297 mergers and acquisitions of publicly-held companies, involving \$11.8 billion. (This was roughly half the total; privately-held companies are not required to report the details of the deals they cut.) Although hostile activity gradually increased over the decade, the number of actual deals remained stable, at around 2,300 a year, with a reported dollar value edging up toward an annual \$75 billion. By 1984, the number of public transactions was up to only 2,543, but the reported dollar value had skyrocketed to \$122.2 billion, thanks in large part to Pickens's successful attack on Gulf; in 1985, the last full year for which figures are available, the number of transactions went up to 3,001, and the reported value reached \$179.8 billion.

A similar fad for corporate combination had been a powerful contributing factor to the crash of 1929. More importantly, the takeover mania had become the most conspicuous economic activity in the land—and among the most pointless. The raids did very little to correct the “inefficiencies” of the targeted companies, and tended to seriously compromise the very assets that made such companies good targets. Indeed, a company could actually invite a raid by the very act of reforming itself, as occurred when RCA divested itself of its incompatible subsidiaries, thus building up the kind of cash store typically used by a raider to pay off his debts and expenses. Thus exposed, RCA instead voluntarily sold itself to General Electric.

While some companies, like RCA, seek the embrace of a “friendly” acquirer, others buy back some or all of their stock in a leveraged buy-out (a sort of raid from within), still others pollute their books with a program of costly purchases (the poison-pill defense), and others still buy off their tormentors with enormous bribes (greenmail). This is hardly corporate reform, although it often leads to vigorous activity: the disappearance of thousands of jobs, a general paring of wages, the divestiture of valuable and well-run subsidiaries, and the expenditure of tens of millions of dollars as the raided firm struggles to pay down the resulting debt. Whatever the long-term benefits of such reform—and what they might be cannot be said—in the short run the process has produced yet another withdrawal of capital from the economy. By the end of 1986 the raided firms had spent some \$300 billion for stock purchases, defensive acquisitions, and the advice of lawyers and bankers; the raiders had spent tens of billions more.

Until the early 1980s, between 70 and 90 percent of the funds for takeover attempts were provided through bank loans, which had the dubious advantage of confining the activity to companies with lines of abundant credit. More recently, however, under the leadership of the investment banking house of Drexel Burnham Lambert, an increasingly large amount has been raised by the sale of high-yield, high-risk, nontransferable, and unsecured debt instruments—junk bonds. Junk bonds have made entrepreneurial raiding not only possible but downright attractive.

Junk bonds are not exactly something new under the sun, but their track record does not inspire an excess of confidence. During the nineteenth century, a large part of America was developed with the proceeds of junk bonds that were sold to gullible Europeans and then defaulted on; and Nelson Rockefeller issued quite a lot of the stuff when he was governor of New York, leaving his successor to sort out the ensuing financial comedy. A junk bond is occasionally likened to a share of common stock, but it is nothing of the sort; when the line forms at bankruptcy's soup kitchen, the



holder of a junk bond is served last, if at all. In truth, a junk bond is little more than a bet that a raider will succeed in his plans. Nevertheless, because the return on junk bonds has been very high, they have proved to be an excellent way of raising large amounts of cash very rapidly. The rich bought junk bonds, eager to expand upon the killings they had made during the period of double-digit inflation. Savings and loan companies bought junk bonds, and so did commercial banks and insurance companies. The funds, in particular, bought a great deal of junk. In 1986, \$32.4 billion in high-risk instruments were underwritten, up from \$14.8 billion in the previous year; the total market in junk was estimated at \$120 billion and rising. A degradation in the quality of the nation's credit, my neighbors knew, was frequently a sign of an impending disaster. And junk bonds represented a major degradation.

Five. *The return of the scoundrels.*

"At a late stage," the economist Charles P. Kindleberger wrote in 1978, speculation tends to detach itself from really valuable objects and turn to elusive ones. . . . Not surprisingly swindlers and catchpenny schemes flourish."

In the 1920s, there were bear pools and bull pools, alliances of speculators who combined their resources to, as they put it, "take in hand" selected stocks, manipulate their prices, euchre the gullible, and depart with their winnings before the inevitable disaster. In the bull market of the mid-1980s, such alliances were largely unnecessary: the prices of the affected securities were being quite nicely manipulated by the corporate raiders, openly and legally, as they offered to buy stock at a premium price—a price the institutions, exercising their fiduciary responsibilities, had to accept for the securities they held.

The scandal that spread late last winter involved a new form of activity called risk arbitrage. Only a few years previously, the words "risk" and "arbitrage" were a contradiction in terms. Arbitrageurs, who made their money by taking advantage of price differentials between markets—the price of tin, say, in London, as opposed to its price in New York—took almost no chances whatever. Risk arbitrage was a horse of a very different color; indeed, it could be argued that a risk arbitrageur was not an arbitrageur at all. A risk arbitrageur assists the corporate raider in his task by buying large quantities of the stock of an attacked company, thereby driving up its price, usually in dramatic fashion. If the raider wins, the risk arbitrageur profits, sometimes hugely. A company can maintain its independence only if it can keep large blocks of its stock in friendly hands; the purchases of the risk arbitrageurs have made this extremely difficult to do. A raider, on the other hand, profits only if the price of the stock of his victim goes out of control. The raider makes the manipulation of the stock possible; the risk arbitrage community, with its purchases, does much of the actual manipulating. Greed is always present in the marketplace, of course; but for almost fifty years, since the reforms of the 1930s, the marketplace had enjoyed a rare interval of moral peace. Now, after half a century, things were back to normal. To make money with a successful stock manipulation, an arbitrageur required information. But to make a very great deal of money, certain arbitrageurs found it was extremely helpful if the information was stolen.

The news commentators were fervent on the subject of insider trading; the editorials in the *Times* were thunderous. A good deal of excitement attended the regular spectacle of traders heading in the direction of the federal sneezer, where they would perfect their tennis games during a few months of light confinement. The more thoughtful students of catastrophe were far more concerned about the perilous link between wild speculation and debt. A stock market on the brink of a crash, like an automobile transmission on the brink of a breakdown, gives ample warning of its condition and probable fate. The great bull market of 1929 crashed not once but several times, crashed and recovered, crashed and recovered, crashed and did

A good deal of excitement attended the regular spectacle of traders heading in the direction of the federal sneezer

*Rightly or wrongly,
the SEC believed
that Ivan Boesky had
the power to destroy
the economy of the
entire world*

not recover. The warning in the fall of 1986 took a very different form.

During the summer of 1986, the rumor began to spread that Ivan Boesky, the famous arbitrageur who sometimes slept only three and a half hours a night and boasted of the fact (for such was his passion for making money), had developed an enthusiasm for eating lunch in the company of investment bankers. A deduction immediately followed: Boesky had wired himself with a concealed tape recorder in hopes of obtaining a valuable hostage, someone he could present to the SEC in exchange for leniency. My neighbors were perfectly aware that Boesky was an embezzler, the very model of a major modern embezzler: a man who stole information to make money. For years, the story had gone around that Boesky possessed a photograph of Martin Siegel—Kidder, Peabody's expert on corporate takeover defense—in congress with a donkey, because every time one of Kidder's clients made a move, Boesky was already prepositioned in its stock. When Siegel moved to Drexel Burnham Lambert, the firm at the hot center of the takeover mania, the pattern persisted. It therefore came as no surprise when the SEC last November ordered Boesky to disgorge \$50 million in profits he'd amassed with the help of insider information and to pay an additional \$50 million in fines, the largest such judgment on record. Boesky was also banned from the securities market for the rest of his life, and he agreed to plead guilty to an unspecified criminal charge. Soon afterward, Siegel pleaded guilty to two felony counts.

There was, of course, a great deal of virtuous outrage when it was discovered that the SEC had permitted Boesky to conduct a quiet and orderly sale of some \$1.3 billion in holdings in advance of his public surrender. My neighbors, not mincing their words, called it the greatest insider-trading scam in history. But the SEC had concluded that Ivan Boesky was an arbitrageur with nuclear capabilities. Any later sell-off, the commission believed, might cause a "precipitous and uncontrollable liquidation of securities." Rightly or wrongly, the SEC believed that Boesky had the power to destroy the economy of the entire world.

S

ix. Debt and doom.

The operative fear behind the SEC's Boesky deal was debt. The danger was that any panic in the stock market, if it came, would spread into the banking system. A speculative frenzy is irrational; a panic, on the other hand, is driven by inexorable logic and cold reason: it occurs when creditors decide they want their money, now. Although there was much serious discussion of structural reforms in the securities industry immediately following the Boesky scandal, this was little more than another proof of the adage of American business that instructs a troubled company to fire the janitor. In the aftermath of Boesky's disgrace, the brokerages and investment banks continued to crowd into the merger and acquisition business, the commercial banks continued to try to cut themselves in on the action, and the graduates of the business schools continued their trek to the new Klondike as though nothing out of the ordinary had occurred—all seemingly impervious to news of record trade deficits and the interesting disclosure that the executive branch of the federal government was headed by a man in an empty suit. Not only did the market continue to load the economy with debt, but, as the Boesky affair had plainly demonstrated, it went about thickening the powder trail that would enable any conflagration on the trading floor to reach the great world beyond its doors.

Although Boesky was the king of the arbitrageurs and the most conspicuous member of the tribe, his operations were fairly typical. His main trading vehicle, Ivan F. Boesky & Company L.P., had originally been funded with \$338 million put up by a relative handful of wealthy investors. With this money in hand, he was able to float a \$660 million debt offering; but this was not the whole of his exposure. Like all arbitrageurs, Boesky traded on margin. That is, he paid only a portion of the purchase price of the

securities he bought, making up the balance with a loan from his broker—a loan, if the chain is followed to its next link, from the line of credit advanced by his broker's bank, which lives in the great world with the rest of us. Legally, this margin debt is limited to 50 percent of the price of a given security, but a clever arbitrageur like Boesky, with his access to offshore banks, was believed by his colleagues to have arranged matters so that his actual cash commitment was often only a quarter of the purchase price.

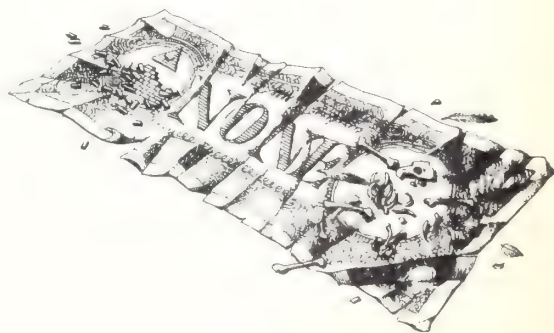
In a down-breaking market, an investor who has paid in full for his holdings will suffer a dizzying loss of paper value, but the money in his pocket will not be adversely affected unless he used his portfolio as collateral on a loan. A speculator who trades on margin, by contrast, will be confronted with immediate and pressing demands for repayment, an obligation he will find harder and harder to keep as the market continues its fall. Multiplied by many speculators trading on margin, this was exactly what happened in 1929, could always happen, could happen now.

Could the country absorb such a blow? In 1929, the United States was a creditor nation, as indeed it had been since 1915, and as it would remain until the arrival of the Reagan Administration. By January 1987, the United States was the largest debtor nation in the world, and in debt, the United States government was very far from alone. More banks failed in January than at any time since the Great Depression. In all, 138 banks went under in 1986, and while this figure paled in comparison to the 4,000 institutions that collapsed in 1933, the pages of history were not encouraging; the late 1920s were a period of bank failure, too, something the bull market ignored then (as now). And last winter it seemed as if the banks' problems could only get worse. In the 1970s and early 1980s, temporarily engorged with the huge deposits of the OPEC countries, the banks went on wild adventures, loaning hundreds of billions to the developing countries of the Third World, billions more to American farmers enriched by Russian grain purchases, and final billions to sustain a drilling and real estate boom in the nation's oil patch—a boom that began when it seemed that the price of petroleum might hit \$50 a barrel, \$75 a barrel . . . By September 1986, with more than \$390 billion in American bank money committed abroad, Peru was in partial default (although care was taken to call it something else); by February, Brazil was in total default; and by March, so was Ecuador. (Not incidentally, goofy loans to Peru played a prominent role in the incredible mess of 1929.) Farm failures, largely ignored by the Coolidge Administration, were characteristic of the late 1920s. Now, with an admirer of Calvin Coolidge in the White House and the Russians no longer inclined to be profligate in the matter of grain purchases, debt-burdened farms were failing last winter at a rate of about 100 a day. In the oil patch, the boom had collapsed with the plunge in oil prices to below \$20 a barrel, and the second-largest bank in Chicago, Continental Illinois, had required a bailout by the FDIC as a result (care was taken not to call it a failure).

Perhaps, though, there would be no disaster. Perhaps the stock market would start making sense. Perhaps everything else would somehow fix itself, and perhaps a mandrake root would be got with child.

In the late winter of 1987, none of these things seemed likely to happen, and to my nervous neighbors, huddled under the plane trees, it seemed impossible that the present situation could sustain itself much longer. In December 1986, the total non-governmental domestic debt burden of the United States stood at \$6.7 trillion, including all those farm loans, all that junk, and a lot of the money that went down the rat hole in the oil patch. By contrast, the supply of real money—cash, traveler's checks, and demand deposits—stood at only \$701.2 billion. No one knew what this discrepancy meant, exactly, but it would probably be wise never to find out. A panic, among other things, is a discovery process. And in a panic, real money is the only money that counts. ■

*In December,
the total
non-governmental
debt burden of the
United States stood
at \$6.7 trillion*



The Information Age:

The paradox of power.

The Information Age, for all its potential, has brought with it a new kind of problem. Often, the machines that contribute so much to the flood of information do little to help most of us cope with it. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, almost arrogant in their inability to work with any but their own kind. They are the muscle-bound tools of specialists.

In our view, the problem is not that the machines are too powerful for the rest of us. They are not powerful enough.

This is the paradox of power: the more powerful the machine, the less power it exerts over the person using it. We define a more powerful machine as one that is more capable of bending to the will of humans, rather than having humans bend to its will. The definition is deeply ingrained in AT&T. The telephone is such a powerful device precisely because it demands so little of its user.

AT&T foresees the day when the Information Age will become universal. People everywhere will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity. They will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they now make a phone call.



© 1987 AT&T

That day is coming closer. One example: scientists at AT&T Bell Laboratories are developing "associative" memories for computers, further enabling the machines to work with incomplete, imprecise, or even contradictory information. That's perfectly natural for a human. What makes it a breakthrough is that these computers won't ask you to be anything else.

Telecommunity is our goal.
Technology is our means.

We are committed to leading the way.



ENDLESS SUMMER OF LOVE

Goa: wildlife preserve for the endangered hippie

By David Black

As I hit the corner, roaring out of the palm trees into the open, rice paddies on both sides of the raised narrow causeway, the motorcycle sailing through the turn like one of the pariah kites that circle the Indian markets scavenging for garbage, I saw the pigs. Two, maybe three dozen huge, ugly beasts, some the pink of Dubble Bubble, others black and white. Bristly, pin-eyed brutes, rooting in the road for offal. Too late to stop. Anyway, the brakes on the rented bike had been working about as effectively as dragged feet.

I couldn't go around the pigs. Right or left would plunge me into the rice paddies. My head ached from too much cashew *fenni*, a local liquor, consumed the night before. I had been interviewing some hippies who had come to southern India, to Goa, fifteen years earlier and had never left. We watched the sun go down, the sky purple and gold, on a beach that looked like a set in a movie about Gauguin in Tahiti: a fringe of palm trees, some huts made of palm fronds, a fire flickering against the circle of naked bodies. Primitive and peaceful. A couple of drinks; a few more. *Fenni*, a little bitter, is a quickly acquired taste when mixed with Limca, an Indian soda.

At some point, I stuffed my note pad into the back pocket of my jeans. The scrawl for the twenty or so pages before that is indecipherable. Despite all the warnings about how many foreigners disappear every year in Goa, despite the

photographs of the three Westerners who'd been decapitated by a crazed acid-head, I was serene. The stars came out. The Arabian Sea lapped at the sand. The couples I'd been interviewing seemed as innocent as sixties hippies. And even though they were gone in the morning, they hadn't stolen anything, as I'd been warned was the habit of the resident Westerners. So even though I was hung over, I was happy—until I saw the pigs in the road.

I sounded the motorcycle's horn, realizing as I did that pigs don't know what horns mean, and slammed into a pig about the size of an amusement park bumper car. The bike went over and skidded a hundred feet down the road before I could cut the engine. I was flayed on my right side from ankle to thigh and wrist to elbow. *Even if you get a tiny scratch make sure you treat it with antiseptic and bandage it*, the guidebooks all say. Bacteria flourish in the Indian climate.

I limped back to the pig I'd hit. It was dead. Some guy's fortune. Hoping to cover the loss, I stuck a couple of hundred rupees under the pig's hindquarters.

"You know what that's going to lead to," an acquaintance told me later. "The guy who owns the pig's going to think the animal killed itself shitting the money, and all over Goa people are going to be gutting pigs looking for rupees."

Goa, like Haight-Ashbury and the East Village, was one of the stations of the counterculture cross in the late sixties, the ultimate destination for stoned-out pilgrims, the place where you went after becoming disillusioned

David Black is the author of The Plague Years and Peep Show, a novel.

Goa
redeemed the
promise the
sixties had
made to the
youth of the
world. That's
how the
rumors went

with your guru in Rishikesh and before you headed north to Katmandu to load up on dope. The beaches were the most beautiful in the world; the life, hassle free. The people were gentle; the drugs, plentiful. The full-moon parties were bacchanalia, the consummation of every acid dream. Goa redeemed the promise the sixties had made to the youth of the world. That's how the rumors went, anyway.

So the youth of the world swarmed to Goa, settling first on Calangute, a beach north of the main town, Panaji. Bars flourished, Goans rented out floor space or, if they were lucky enough to have large huts, back rooms. Entrepreneurs built hostels, guest houses, and hotels. And the hippies moved farther north, up the coast from beach to beach, trying to escape the gawkers and predators and protect the Eden Goa had been before the Westerners had come.

The counterculture melted away in most of the world during the seventies, turning first into fashion and custom, then into memories, often of embarrassing naiveté or what seemed naiveté to the now tough-talking, bottom-line, top-drawer, middle-management ex-hippies. But Goa was the counterculture's ark, floating above the flood of cynicism, ready when the waters subsided to repopulate the world with innocence. (Or so the rumors went.) Every so often, some Asian traveler would surface in New York or Los Angeles, Chicago or Boston, bearing stories of the hippies' version of Shangri-la, a land untouched by the grim realities of the intervening years.

"It's a wildlife preserve," a friend of mine said after impatiently listening to one report. "A counterculture Serengeti. Save these creatures from extinction: the whales, the Bengal tiger, the snail darter, the hippies."

On the Indian Airlines flight from Bombay to Goa's Dabolim airport, a Goan with Peter Lorre pop-open eyes said of the hippies: "I think the government encourages it, because they bring in foreign dollars. You'll see. There will be a big sign that says No Nude Bathing, and under the sign will be nude persons making love."

"I see people come here, looking strong, healthy," said Mike de Souza. "They disappear for a few days, a month, two, and then come in here sick, unhappy, like victims of a death camp. Some go home. Some move farther up the coast."

Mike runs Dinky's, a bar on the edge of the ocean at Calangute. Now Calangute has the reputation of being the Atlantic City of Goan beaches, uncool and touristy. But it is still where newcomers usually go first, which means it is also where many of the hard-core hippies,

the lifers, the predators hang out.

"The way it works is, a guy will sit down in a bar with you, maybe buy you a drink," Mike said. "His friend sits down, too. The friend buys a round of drinks. *You have a place to stay?* they ask. *We have plenty of room. Come, stay with us.* A woman, someone who lives with them, sits down. *Yes, stay with us. We will have a full-moon party. You want acid? You want brown sugar?* [Brown sugar is heroin mixed with zinc oxide, phenol, datura, strychnine, Mandrax, glucose, chalk powder, or rat poison.] *We are all a happy family. Come with us.* By now the two men, her friends, are gone. It is only her and the tourist, the boy who came to Goa to be a hippie. She puts her hand on his thigh. They have some more drinks. They leave together. Next time I see him, if he ever returns, he is sick, thin. His money, camera, passport are gone. He is sad. He sees a new tourist, someone who has come to Goa to be a hippie. He sits down with him and buys him a drink. He asks: *You have a place to stay? I have plenty of room. Come stay with me.*"

Do's and Don'ts for Foreigners, said the Goan government handbill. *Do not keep your valuables unattended during your stay at the beaches. . . . Do not get induced by drugs and inform us in confidence about the drugs. . . . Do not move stark-naked on the beaches. . . .*

People were moving stark-naked all over Baga Beach, which is considered a "safe" beach by Indian tourists, the St.-Tropez of the Arabian Sea. It is "one of the least inhibited beach resorts in the world," according to an Indian fashion magazine: wilder than Calangute to the south, not quite as uninhibited as the next three beaches up the coast to the north, Anjuna, Vagator, and Harambol. Baga is also, according to the Indian magazine, not as "infested with freaks and their kinky lifestyles."

One day, during breakfast at Dinky's, I met a Canadian hippie who said he'd been coming to Goa "for . . . wait a minute, what year is it, eh?" I told him and he did some slow mathematics. "For twelve years. Shit, that means I must be almost forty years old."

His parents were professionals. His father was a lawyer, his mother a teacher. He'd studied literature at McGill in the early sixties, during Montreal's bohemian renaissance. Then he met a woman who called herself Suzanne, after the character in the Leonard Cohen song. She gave him acid and Aldous Huxley's *The Doors of Perception*. He dropped out of school to travel with her to India. Something happened to her in Vancouver. He was vague about the specifics. "She was," he explained, "translated into a higher realm."

In India, he traveled to Varanasi, Mysore, Tanjore, and Pondicherry, where at the Shri urobindo Ashram he met a woman whom he ascribed as "Suzanne's holy spirit." They went to Goa, where she, sick and discouraged, was translated (through the mundane agency of various airlines) to another realm: St. Louis, Missouri—her home.

He keeps expecting to meet another incarnation of Suzanne.

I gave him a ride on my motorcycle to his friend's shack. We stopped at an Indian oil station to get gas. An elephant, orange paint crustled on its sides, was blocking our way.

"Did you hear about the panthers born in the cave?" the Canadian asked. "Two cubs. Out by the temple. No one knows whether to shoot them or let them be. I'm going out to take a look at them. Panthers are my animal. I'm a panther person. Can you tell?"

We'd planned to meet about noon at Baga, north of Calangute, outside the Baia do Sol, a restaurant and hotel. I got there about half an hour late. He wasn't around.

A Western woman wearing nothing but a sarong squatted on the bank overlooking the estuary. She held up a mango, face-high, as though offering it to the gods. As she cut it open, the juice ran down her arms. A naked child, snuggling against her side, turned his head and, lizard-like, licked the juice dripping from her elbows.

Maybe she'd seen the Canadian.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"A week," she said.

"I don't mean in Goa," I said. "I mean right here. At this spot."

"That's what I mean, too," she said.

North of Baga is Anjuna Beach, where the flea market flourishes on a bluff overlooking the ocean. Orange and yellow cloths flutter from lines strung between palms. Portable radios, books, leather pouches, dungarees, watches, backpacks, film, and hand-tooled belts are pread out on reed mats. Newly arrived hippies display what they brought with them from home, the material goods they want to shed in their efforts at simplifying their lives and becoming more spiritual. Whenever Goans talk about the flea market, they always mention that the women sell their panties.

"Supposing they would do that at their home," said Ram. "And supposing people would be happy to see it. No, no." Ram, an Indian, was contemptuously sniffing at what a Dutch hippie claimed was Old Spice aftershave lotion.

"Scented alcohol," Ram said. "Two rupees."

"Real Old Spice," the Dutchman said. "I

bring it in myself for myself. Twenty rupees."

"He thinks I am a fool," Ram said to me. "But why should he bring it for himself when he doesn't shave?" To the Dutchman he said, "Five rupees."

They settled on seven rupees and started haggling about some cassette tapes, which Ram claimed were Hong Kong rip-offs.

Mostly, Westerners sell, Indians buy. An American can head to Goa with a thousand dollars' worth of clothes, camping goods, electronic equipment—about what he'd normally pack for any trip—and unload everything except a pair of jeans and a shirt and make a minimum profit of fifteen thousand rupees. A modest room with a shared bath costs no more than fifteen rupees a night, and you need another fifteen rupees a day for food. Brown sugar is about twenty rupees, a buck and a half, a gram; straight heroin, between sixty and one hundred and twenty rupees a gram. For ten rupees you can get enough marijuana to fill a baseball cap. A Westerner can live comfortably in Goa for well over a year on fifteen thousand rupees.

I got a beer in Fernandes, a shack at Anjuna. The red-dirt floor was covered with bottle caps and garbage, which was pecked at by chickens that looked like the bird equivalent of fifties greasers, their feathers slicked back as though they'd combed them with Dippity-Do. The tables were crusted with spilled food. When I put my glass down, flies clustered on the rim. Wooden crates of soda—Thumbs Up, Campa Cola, Gold Spot—lined the wall. The local newspaper, the *Navhind Times*, had run an article that morning about an auction at Sotheby's in London of Beatles memorabilia: fifty items, including one of John Lennon's ties, autographed menus, concert programs, a plaster cast, and a handwritten letter by Paul McCartney priced at about \$15,000—enough to live in Goa for almost seventeen years. A few months after the auction, Ringo would become a grandfather. The stereo was playing "Strawberry Fields Forever."

The Canadian wandered in, sat down, and ordered a beer.

"Have the buses come yet?" he asked.

"What buses?"

"The tour buses."

"No," I said.

"Since I don't got much stuff to sell, when they come I got to get down to the beach," he said. "I'm sick of this. I'm going north. I got some friends got a houseboat in Kashmir. Nagin Lake. Lotus blossoms floating outside your bedroom window, eh. *Shikaras* paddle right up to your front porch and sell you anything you want, dope to food to film. A houseboat in Kashmir. *That* would be a beautiful life." He

At the flea market, newly arrived hippies display the material goods they want to shed

Middle-class
Indian
tourists
stampeded
down to the
beach to take
snapshots of
the naked
Western
hippies

shook his head at the magnificent view of the sea from Fernandes. "I'm getting a check from home tomorrow. Then I'm splitting."

Three tour buses, spewing clouds of blue exhaust, roared up outside.

"Got to go," the Canadian said.

He ran out of the bar without paying for the beer and galloped down the slope to the beach, where he stripped and started strolling along the sand.

The buses stopped, the doors opened, and middle-class Indian tourists stampeded down the paths to the beach, their cameras raised, ready to take snapshots of the naked Western hippies, some of whom, like the Canadian, were cooperative. For a price.

Within fifteen, twenty minutes, the Indian tourists, their film exhausted, had straggled back to the buses.

The Canadian came back into Fernandes and threw some paper money onto the table.

"Six rupees," he said disgustedly.

"And look at this, eh. Torn bills."

In Chapora, a town up the coast from Anjuna, the Goans stared fearfully at newcomers. The Westerners feigned indifference while following a stranger's actions from under half-shut lids. It might have been sinister if the newcom-

ers hadn't all looked as if they were competing in a Frank Zappa look-alike contest. On the other hand, it might have been comic if P. S. Bawa, the inspector general of police for Goa, hadn't told me that the government couldn't keep track of all the Westerners who came to Goa for the hippie scene and then disappeared. Or if Paul Martin, of Goa's Institute of Psychiatry and Human Behavior, hadn't told me about the Norwegian woman who got so strung out on morphine that she deserted her family. The woman's husband, a Spaniard, was so twisted on drugs that he threatened to kill his ten-month-old child. For two months, Martin took care of the baby while the Norwegian and Spanish governments decided which set of grandparents would get custody. Or if I hadn't heard about the German who was found under a bridge with his head crushed. Or about the hippie who was found dead on a road in Panaji, one leg stinking with gangrene. Or about the guy, wearing only a loincloth, who claimed he was a former editor of the *Harvard Review* and who, when asked what he did now, said, "I hatch ants under my fingernails."

"You do anything you want here," said an American who changed his name four or five times a day. "As conditions change—your mood, the weather, the electrical fields in your



ody—you change," he explained. Currently, he added, his name was Sky.

Sky came from Arlington, Virginia; Boston, Massachusetts; or a suburb of Chicago, Illinois. He told me various histories at various times. He'd dropped out of college, gotten a master's degree in education, or flunked out of law school, at Boston University, Georgetown, or JYU. He'd either circled the globe half a dozen times or ended his first trip around the world in Goa ten years ago, a few years ago, or recently. He said he wasn't sure how old he was, though he remembered being a teen-ager when he listened to Arnie Ginsburg, a disc jockey in Boston in the early sixties.

We were sitting in a dim, dirty restaurant in Chapora called Sheridan Niwas. It smelled of rilled beer, coffee, and wet ashes. Leaning across the table, his eyes bloodshot, Sky was telling me a secret: because no one hassles anybody in Goa, terrorists, like members of the Baader-Meinhof gang, come here for R & R.

He lit a *beedi*, a cone-shaped cigarette with a brittle leaf for a wrapper.

"You going to see the animals up at Harambol?" he asked.

Sky reminded me of the speed freaks in gray bags who used to stand outside the Gem Spa, in the East Village, whispering conspiracy theories to themselves. The speed freaks were the shadows cast by the children of the light: the sunny hippies in their brightly colored costumes, Victorian dresses, band jackets, tie-dyed starburst T-shirts. Like the couple living down the hall from me on St. Marks Place who baked hash brownies to pass out to friends and strangers in Tompkins Square Park.

The sixties counterculture was always Manichaean, double-edged, with a Charles Manson or every doe-eyed sidewalk saint. This balance between good and evil, the life force and the leath instinct, innocence and corruption, seems not merely appropriate but necessary. Every heaven needs a hell. In *Typee*, Melville's own earthly Paradise in the Marquesas, the "naked touris" and life of ease were shadowed by "heavenish rites and human sacrifices." In *La Bohème*, Mimì dies. In the East Village of the sixties, Groovy was murdered. And in Goa, great sinners flourish beside great saints. The two species—the predators and the pure—have had time to refine themselves. Both have had plenty of practice.

Aging psychedelic outlaws like Sky, with their rotting gums and shattered-mirror eyes, have traveled as far beyond society's norms as the psychedelic angels, but in the opposite direction. And they have contempt for the innocents at Harambol Beach, who, in turn, are oblivious to any evil in their paradise.

"Someone who needed my money more than I did took everything I owned when I first came to Goa," said Annie, an Englishwoman, who wore what looked like an Iowa farmer's long johns except that they were made of linen and were orange. "I had been swimming. When I came out of the water, my pack was gone. I didn't even have a towel. So I was sitting on the beach, naked, waiting to see what the universe had in store for me. Some people came along, took me in, gave me clothes and money, shared the little they had."

Annie came to Goa "a few years ago." Like most of the Westerners I met, she was conscientiously vague about dates. She either had worked with or had been a real estate agent. After she got divorced, she started to travel—first to the Continent, then to the Middle East, Africa, Asia. Her money ran out in Bombay. Her ex-husband sent her a plane ticket home, which she cashed in.

"I'm never going back," she said.

Once a year, during the monsoon, she retreats to the mountains, usually the hill stations near Rishikesh.

"Why do you come back to Goa?" I asked.

"It's out of the way."

"Out of the way of what?"

"Everything."

When I first saw Annie she was waiting at the mouth of the Chapora River for the ferry to cross. Canoes, some with outriggers, were cutting back and forth from bank to bank. About thirty Goans were milling about the landing, carrying carpetbags and bundles of bright cloth; ropes of flashing pots and pans, pottery jars, and kerosene cans; baskets of melons and peas and beans. A few held parasols for shade; most were bare-headed, squinting in the glare off the water. One man wore a plastic St. Patrick's Day derby, the elastic band under his chin. Motorcycles, motor scooters, bicycles, a few cars, buses. The narrow street was jammed. Horns blared. People shouted and spilled out of bars, bottles in one hand and glasses in the other. The ferry landed, unloading one car, two motor scooters, a bicycle, and a dozen Goans, a few men carrying baskets of shellfish, mostly women in saris on their way to the market. I wheeled my motorcycle onto the boat. Annie, holding a basket of provisions to her chest, squeezed next to me.

"How are you going to get to Harambol?" I asked.

The beach was a good half-hour's drive from the landing on the other shore.

"I'll walk."

"It'll take you all afternoon."

"I'm not going to miss any appointments."

I gave her a ride.

*The sixties
counterculture
was always
Manichaean,
double-edged,
with a
Charles
Manson for
every doe-
eyed saint*

What it came
down to was:
Did I want
to be cynical
about the
hippies, the
innocents,
who had
survived in
Goa?

Up from the landing on the far shore, a stone ramp led to a narrow road—a path, really, which snaked through the village into the hills, past cashew trees, their broad, flat leaves covered with dust, and Gulmohara trees, their red blossoms making them look as if they'd just exploded into flames. Unlike the other side of the river, this landscape was a wilderness, relatively untouched by the Christianity and commerce imported by the Portuguese over 450 years ago. We passed a few settlements, like Chopdem and Mandrem, a herd of skinny goats, some Hindu temples.

We stopped in a village of split-bamboo huts with thatched roofs and followed a footpath among the palm trees. The coconut husks scattered on the ground looked like giant pistachio shells. The breeze was fresh, salty. I realized that on most of the other beaches in Goa there'd been the trace of civilization: exhaust from internal combustion engines. We heard the surf before we saw the sea.

A few years ago, I read to my daughter the last chapter of *The House at Pooh Corner*, in which Christopher Robin takes Pooh to a ring of trees, an enchanted spot, and explains that he is growing up and won't be able to do Nothing anymore. At least, he says, he won't be able to do Nothing as much as he used to. And he asks Pooh to visit the enchanted spot occasionally and remember—and, no matter what happens, to understand.

When Annie and I came out of the palm trees and I beheld the sea, I had the sensation of seeing something I'd seen a long time ago, of feeling some contentment I'd once felt, of coming home.

I wasn't on acid. I hadn't smoked any dope. I wasn't drunk. I hadn't even expected to see anything special.

But I understood for the first time why people are drawn to Goa. This was what Calangute, Baga, Anjuna must have been like before they'd gotten spoiled. It was Eden before corruption, like the first day of creation.

Annie recognized my expression. She said: "That was what I felt, too, the first time I saw it."

"Unbelievable," I said.

She headed across the sand.

"Believe it," she said.

Annie led me around a bend. Below were an inland lake and a beach more beautiful than the one we'd just left. About two dozen naked men, women, and children sat in little hollowed-out shelters in the sides of the cliff, swam in the sea or lake, slept in the sun, talked, played.

We reached the beach, stripped, and swam. Someone offered me some cheese. Someone else gave me some fruit. I lay on the sand. A

man sat down next to me and said, "Annie tell me you're a journalist. I've been in Goa for a long time. I like living here. But I've had to move from beach to beach because someone always wrote about how wonderful the life was and too many people came. Now if people come here, there is nowhere to go."

When I told him about that conversation a few days later, the Canadian asked, "Why are they so greedy? They act like they own the beach. The beach is for anyone. For me. For you. For everyone. Why do they think they are so special, that only they deserve what is so good?"

The Canadian drank another beer while he waited in Fernandes for the tour buses, so he could strip and get paid for posing for the Indian tourists.

"Those people at Harambol," he said. "That's why I've got to get out of Goa, eh. To Kashmir. Tomorrow I'm getting my check."

When the buses came and he bolted out the door, another hippie said, "He's been waiting for that check for a long time."

Kitty, a German girl, and Hanuman, a Goan boy, had come from Harambol to sell clothes in front of Rajah's, a restaurant, in Calangute.

A Goan who lived next door to Hanuman's family told me, "Lots of Goan boys go bad. Like him." He gestured at Hanuman. "Smoke the hashish. Go to places like Andrew's Bar. His mother cries every night. The hippie girls, they cause the trouble."

What it came down to was: Did I want to be cynical about the hippies—the innocents—who had survived in Goa? I felt as alien as Lazarus returned from the dead. My good sense was telling me: *You have no business being here*. Did I want to believe such innocence was escapism or worse? Did I want to believe it offered the paradise it seemed to promise?

When I was at Harambol, I noticed a man sitting in the lotus position, gazing out to sea with such rapt attention it roused my curiosity.

I asked him what he was doing.

He explained: Mackerel swam parallel to the shore. When the conditions were right, the water through which they moved would curl over them in a wave—and, for a moment, they would be swimming through air.

"That's amazing," I said. "How many times have you seen it?"

"I haven't," he said. "Yet."

"How long have you been watching?" I asked.

"Seventeen years," he said. "I figure I'll give it another seventeen. And if I haven't seen it by then, the hell with it." ■

THE BEAT GOES OFF

How technology has gummed up rock's grooves

By Mark Hunter

Among the recordings discussed in this essay:

Elvis Presley, *The Sun Sessions*. RCA. AYM1-3893.

The Beatles, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. Capitol. SMAS-02653.

Otis Redding, *The Best of Otis Redding*. Atlantic. SD2-801.

The Police, *Outlandos d'Amour*. A&M. SP-4753.

Madonna, *Like a Virgin*. Sire. 25157-1.

Sex Pistols, *Never Mind the Bollocks*. Warner Bros. WBK-3147.

Not long ago I borrowed a car, loaded it with 211 phonograph albums that had been sent to me by record companies over the past three years, and drove to a secondhand record store, where I sold them for about \$150. This was illegal; the albums were plainly marked "demonstration—not for sale" (though every record company knows that many of the critics on its mailing list derive a sizable share of their income by selling these albums). I didn't set out to break the law; but I'd offered a dozen or so people as many records as they could carry away, and I'd gotten no takers. Selling the records seemed somehow better than simply dumping them in the street—or keeping them.

Of the roughly 500 albums I've received in the past five years, maybe thirty were worth keeping. It's not easy for me to say that. Since the age of thirteen—that's twenty-one years ago—I have lived with and for rock-and-roll. I have spent incalculable hours around stereos

and in rock clubs, listening, dancing, performing, falling in and out of love. I believed, as a California dance-hall queen told me once, that "rock-and-roll will keep you young." That the music itself would one day grow old was beyond imagining. Yet from what I hear, and I have heard an awful lot, the great creative period of this music is over.

What has aged rock music isn't merely or mainly laziness or a lack of imagination—though there has been more than enough of that. The overwhelming problem is the new technology behind the backbeat and the changes it has set in motion, changes that demand an entirely different approach to music from the one that initially made rock a fresh and exciting form. Technology, in music as in every other field, has its imperatives as well as its possibilities. For rock, the imperatives have proved deadly.

I am fully aware that most rock fans, let alone most critics, could care less about the technology involved in making records. But given the extraordinary extent to which rock music has

Mark Hunter writes about music for the International Herald Tribune.

What might
be called the
content of
rock follows
to a great
extent from
formulas
imposed by
recording
techniques

penetrated our lives—a number-one pop hit today could be defined as a song that nearly everyone in the world will hear at least once—one might well take an interest in how it was recorded, and how this in turn shapes the kind of music being made. The fact is that what might be called the content of rock—the songs, the sound—follows to a great extent from formulas imposed by recording techniques. And these formulas are giving us music that is murderously dull.

The worldwide rock explosion began in 1963 when the Beatles set off what would become, within a decade, a doubling of global record and tape sales (to about \$2 billion worth). The Beatles represented something new in pop music, but it was not their beat that was new so much as the fact that they were a self-contained composing, arranging, and performing unit. In this way they were quite different from the stars of the 1950s, who recorded material written by pop composers and arranged by record label “A&R” (artist and repertoire) directors. The great bands of the “British Invasion” of the mid-1960s—the Who, the Animals, the Rolling Stones—were similarly self-reliant, as were the

literally thousands of rock bands that sprang up in England and the United States in the wake of their success.

The Beatles and the other great British bands arrived on the scene just ahead of a profound change in recording techniques—the move from monophonic taping, in which all the instruments used in a composition are recorded simultaneously on the entire width of the tape, to “multitracking,” in which each instrument is recorded on a separate band of tape and then “mixed down” into the final product. The shift to multitracking took time, and its progress was reflected in the argot of the recording studio. In the 1960s, when a recording artist or engineer spoke of a “track,” he meant an entire song (as in the Stones’ Keith Richards’s famous description of a typical pop album as “a hit single and ten tracks of shit”). Since the mid-1970s, “track” has been used to describe one instrumental or vocal part of a composition.

In the monophonic era, recording a song meant gathering an ensemble in a room, putting out one or more microphones, and recording the music in one “take,” live. If you didn’t like the take, you did it over, period. This was how Elvis Presley’s epochal first recordings for the Sun label were made in the early fifties, and it remained the standard technique (there were some exceptions) through the mid-sixties.

The advantage of this method, in retrospect—at the time, engineers and producers simply had no other methods available—was that players could inspire one another to the kind of extra effort that comes only in ensemble work. If you have ever played in a good group, you know what those moments are like: suddenly, each musician seems to be hearing the music *before it is played*. That’s what happens on Elvis’s “Mystery Train”; Scotty Moore (on guitar) and Elvis (singing) anticipate each other’s phrases, arriving together just ahead of where the ear would expect the beat to fall, driving the song toward a mounting excitement. There is no drummer on “Mystery Train,” but that doesn’t keep you from dancing to it.

The disadvantages of this method were considerable, however, and evident even at the time—in particular, the difficulty in getting a distinct sound color, or timbre, for each instrument, and in capturing a performance in which every musician and singer was at a peak. Pro-



ducers went crazy when one verse on a take was poorly sung but the rest were superb, because there was no way to cut out the bad and keep the good. Engineers went crazy trying to keep the sounds of drums and amplified guitars from bleeding up in the singer's microphone. It could be done, but it was hard, and it became even harder in the 1960s, when the electric bass came into wide use and made possible a rhythm-section sound of extraordinary power.

Engineers developed techniques that ameliorated these problems, but they could not solve them entirely. By recording the instruments first, for example, and then rerecording this tape onto another, simultaneously with a live take of the singer, the problem of instruments bleeding up a brilliant vocal could be eliminated. Unfortunately, every time sounds are transferred from one tape to another, there is a loss in quality. Producers tried to get as much of the sound on tape in a single take as possible, and to limit the number of times they made additions to the original performance. That is why Phil Spector introduced bigger rhythm sections to pop, and why he used such innovations as "massed pianos" on the sessions he produced for the Crystals in 1961 and 1962. The only way to achieve orchestral depth was to record an orchestra.

All this changed with the invention of stereo machines with three recording heads (or "captains") in the early sixties. Now an engineer could not only record the vocals and instruments on separate tracks. He could "punch in" a performer at a given moment on a recording, and then "punch out" in confidence that the new, punched-in sounds would be in sequence with the rest of the composition. Simply put, it was no longer necessary to record a song from beginning to end. "Synchronization" opened the way to true multitrack recording.

The pop album that most profoundly signaled his shift was the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, released in 1967. The album was recorded on a four-track machine, the best then available, and the shock it caused when it was released, for rock musicians and listeners alike, was manifold.

To start with, all the lyrics are comprehensible on first listening—this was a rock rarity in 1967. Moreover, by recording the various parts—bass, drums, vocals, horns, guitars—on separate tracks, stopping periodically for "premixes" in order to combine several parts on one track, then "mixing down" to the final stereo product, the Beatles achieved a precision and clarity of each instrument and effect that was unprecedented in pop. When next you hear that album, note how McCartney's bass line on "Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite!" is distinct

from the rest of the sound; on the Beatles' earlier records, the bass blends in with the drums and rhythm guitars, an angry roar at the bottom of the sound.

In essence, the techniques used to make *Sgt. Pepper* allowed the Beatles to compose an album, instead of performing it as they would onstage. When it soared to number one on the charts, those techniques became a commercial imperative. (Think of the Stones, who rushed onto the market the slipshod *Their Satanic Majesties Request*—a hash of psychedelic effects and chopped-up song structures.) In the wake of *Sgt. Pepper*, rock performance and rock recording became sharply divided domains. Eventually, that gap became the gulch where rock ran dry.

With multitracking, all the musicians involved in making a record no longer had to be present at the same time (a point underlined by the Beatles in 1969 in the making of *Abbey Road*; rarely were all of them in the studio together). Once the bass line was on tape, the bass player could go home. Conversely, if one player made a mistake, only his part needed to be rerecorded. Moreover, thanks to the process of overdubbing, which allows the engineer to record over selected portions of a track, the performance of a given player on a song no longer had to be continuous. If one verse was no good, the singer could re-take it. And the engineer could "treat" the sounds electronically during recording or mixing to alter their timbre.

These techniques all but eliminated what had always been an essential element in rock, the concept of ensemble spontaneity. Cream's marvelous recording of Robert Johnson's "Crossroads," for example, contains some notes that might as well not have been played, but one hardly notices them because the three musicians (Eric Clapton on guitar, Jack Bruce on bass, and Ginger Baker on drums) adapt their individual intensity and attack to one another's work, moving in and out of the lead as the moment demands. In multitrack work, where musicians take turns recording their parts, it is nearly impossible for an individual player to alter the ensemble's direction in this manner. A mistake will sound like a mistake, instead of a cue for the rest of the ensemble to incorporate an accident into a large effect.

Multitracking also changed the dynamic flow of individual performances. All music achieves its effects through contrast; soft moments set up the tough ones, which in turn give way, relax. This follows naturally from performing a song in its entirety. In the version of "Try a Little Tenderness" that Otis Redding and his backup band, the Bar-Kays, recorded in the mid-sixties,

With multitracking, all the musicians no longer had to be present in the studio at the same time

To an extent
unmatched
since the pre-
Beatles days,
producers
tend to
impose
proven
commercial
styles on
artists

Redding keeps a certain power in reserve until the final measures, when he pleads outright with the listener to "love her, please her, never leave her," while the band rises behind him to a frenzied crescendo. In the multitrack era, when a musician will cut an entire track and then go back to "correct" certain passages, often phrase by phrase, performances tend to settle at a single dynamic level. Vocalists in particular seem to lose a sense of overall dynamic flow. Listen to Madonna's "Material Girl": the final chorus sounds just like the first.

Along with this loss of dynamism there is, on an overwhelming number of records, an absence of rhythmic invention. On one disc after another there is the "boom-BOOM" of a thudding bass drum followed by a snare enveloped in reverberation—a "handclap" effect. Part of the reason for this awful sameness is that multitracking has led musicians and producers to think of rhythm as a domain unto itself, which it decidedly is not. When you listen to the records Marvin Gaye made for Motown in the monophonic era, records like "Ain't That Peculiar," you can't help but notice that piano, bass, guitar, and drum sounds blend into a single timbre. It is practically impossible to hear the sound of the bass drum separately from the sound of the bass guitar on this record, which is no doubt why the drummer chose to rely on his sharply percussive snare drum to set the beat. The way the timbres of their instruments would eventually come through on tape forced the musicians to think of rhythm as being the domain of no one instrument, but rather as an element emerging from a dynamic equilibrium among the members of the ensemble.

When multitracking made it possible to record the bass and drums separately, and to hear them distinctly even at high volumes, the role of rhythm musicians was deeply altered. Their sound was no longer far back in a percussive cloud, but could be moved right to the front of the mix—which works just fine in discos and dance clubs, where you listen mostly with your feet, but not at home in front of the stereo. You can hear the difference on a collection of "never before released masters" recorded by Gaye in the mid-sixties and early seventies and put on the market last year under the title *Motown Remembers Marvin Gaye*. Some remembrance: on nearly every song new bass and drum parts have been added through multitrack overdubs and mixed into the forefront. You can follow the beat more easily—even a deaf person could feel the impact of the bass drum—but its texture has been impoverished, cut off from the rest of the sound.

Before multitracking came along, a "groove" meant the sense of swing inherent in an entire

arrangement. On Wilson Pickett's "Midnight Mover," for example, the bass guitar opens with a four-measure pattern, constantly shifting in accent, that first descends an octave, then holds firm around the root chord while the rhythm guitar knocks out a two-bar phrase that counterpoints both halves of the bass line, in time and harmonically. Today, bass and drums are typically recorded first, and are thus obliged to play in a way that will not complicate the recording of subsequent tracks. A groove now means a two-bar phrase of bass and drum notes (often "played" by an electronic drum box) that repeats without changing, as on David Bowie's tiresome single "Let's Dance." Rhythm, once the backbone, has simply become the flat bottom.

Multitracking has flattened rock in other ways. For one thing, it cut short a revolution in the creative politics of the music industry. The people who rose to the top of the industry in the sixties, people like Clive Davis of Columbia, believed in letting rock bands "do their own thing" in the studio. That made sense when what counted on a record was the ensemble creation. It no longer made sense with multitrack machines.

Aside from the fact that the entire ensemble is no longer needed to finish a record, multitracking has made bands more dependent on producers and engineers, who understand the new techniques better than most musicians do. Moreover, anyone who has recorded both monophonically and multitrack will tell you that it takes far longer to make a record one sound at a time. In the studio, time is money, and in the multitrack era time costs more money than ever: studios have to update their equipment constantly to remain competitive, and the price of the investment is passed on to musicians and their record companies. In the early sixties, the cost of recording a typical "commercial" album—that is, one whose sound quality appeals to radio programmers and the average record buyer—was a few thousand dollars; the cost rose to \$100,000 in the mid-seventies, and now often reaches twice that figure. With that much money at stake, most contracts now specify that the record company has the right to choose the producer; and, to an extent unmatched since the pre-Beatles days, those producers tend to impose proven commercial styles on artists.

An exception here proves the rule: in 1979, when the Police made their first and, in terms of dynamic variation, perhaps their best album, *Outlandos d'Amour*, they recorded each song as an ensemble, overdubbing only vocals and a few lead parts. In an attempt to retain control of their sound and hold down costs the group re-

orded the songs in a sixteen-track studio. (The standard number of tracks is now twenty-four; Yoko Ono has actually recorded on ninety-six tracks.) In effect, the Police made a multitrack record by a monophonic method. (By contrast, consider the fate of the Humans, an idiosyncratic Santa Cruz band whose first—twenty-four-track—album, *Happy Hour*, has a flat, compressed sound quite unlike the group's roaring surf-meets-psychedelia live sound, but quite like their producer's last hit. Not surprisingly, it bombed, taking the Humans down with it.)

Multitrack technology long ago altered the terms of live performance as well as audience expectations. In the sixties, rock bands typically amplified each instrument individually; this was true whether you were talking about the neighborhood garage band or the Jimi Hendrix Experience. The result was a charged, erratic, stormy sound. But when multitracking took hold, the rock public began to demand that live concerts sound as "clean" as studio recordings, and so stage amplification moved in the direction of complex live-mixing systems that could faithfully reproduce studio sound. These mixing systems sent the cost of concert production through the roof. And, in doing so, they drove a wedge between the thousands of local groups that constitute the amateur base of the rock movement and its better-heeled professional practitioners, who are the only ones who can afford the new equipment.

The punk movement of the mid-seventies angrily attempted to restore sonic amateurism to rock. When you listen to the Sex Pistols' *Never Mind the Bollocks*, it is like having hot metal poured over your head. But punk didn't sell—not much, anyway—and the New Wave music that followed (and drew on punk) confirmed the takeover of the technicians. New Wave, above all, was a clean-sounding music.

And as went music, so went the clubs where it was played. Rock club owners began to realize that their expensive sound systems could be amortized—without the hassles and expense of hiring musicians—simply by using them to play records for people who didn't care how the sound was made, so long as they could dance to the beat. The result was that the club scene sharply declined. Today, no major city boasts more than a few live-rock clubs of any distinction. And almost all rockers now mix records for dance clubs, which have become a crucial promotional route. The most pronounced sound on these "disco mixes" is the monotonous domination of bass and drums.

The decline of the club scene has wiped out the major training ground for rock musicians, and destroyed whatever claims rock had to the status of modern-day folk music. Folk music is,

above all, local music, made by musicians playing their own arrangements of a broad standard repertoire as well as their own compositions. That is precisely how the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, or Bruce Springsteen, for that matter, got their start. These artists began by copying songs from records, then changed the arrangements to suit their own ideas and talents. A good example is the way the Band rearranged "Mystery Train," substituting Rick Danko's stuttering bass for the guitar that drives Elvis's classic. By the time these musicians started writing their own material, they had already developed large repertoires and coherent, instantly recognizable ensemble styles. And they had been able to refine their styles over time before live audiences.

In the mid-1980s, such an apprenticeship is no longer possible for new bands. With club space reduced to a few showcases in major cities, most bands don't have the opportunity to play four sets a night in the same club for a week. They have to play forty-five minutes' worth of music—enough to prove to any record company executives in the audience that they can make an album. When Spandau Ballet, one of the aurally anonymous "New Romantic" English bands of the early 1980s, was awarded its first recording contract, the members of the group had been playing together for six months, and knew one set of material. (Not coincidentally, instead of touring, the group promoted the album with disco singles.)

It should not surprise us, then, that we have "rock bands" today that are made up of as many machines—synthesizers and drum boxes—as young men and women, or that the audience for rock watches their favorites on TV.

Many recent rock movements, like the New Romantics, have been based not on a distinct musical style or, better yet, the ability to create new styles—the Beatles were masters at this—but on a *look*, in the fashion sense of the term. There is even a term for this, "visual bands." No one would deny, of course, that the visual aspect has always been crucial to a pop star's success; that was true for the young Frank Sinatra as well as for the Beatles. But these artists' visual presence served mainly to dramatize their music, rather than to distract from its hollowness.

Close your eyes the next time you watch an MTV video, and you'll realize that the band could be anyone, which is to say *no one*. What rock video has confirmed is that rock music no longer requires an emotional—let alone physical—engagement on the part of its audience. It is merely something one watches, passively, without noticing its constituent elements. It is no longer worth *listening* to. ■

It should not surprise us that we have 'rock bands' today that are made up of as many machines as young men and women

BETTING TOO

The thoroughbred breeding

This colt, referred to simply as Hip No. 173—that's the number pasted on the horse's rump—was one of 256 yearlings auctioned last July at the annual Keeneland Selected Yearling Sale, the most prestigious thoroughbred auction in the world. It's a two-day sale, held in a pavilion adjacent to the Keeneland racetrack in Lexington, Kentucky. The catalogue for the sale is as arcane as any from Sotheby's, and as full of rare and expensive treasures. The yearlings auctioned at Keeneland in 1986 went for a total of \$104.4 million, with eighteen of the young horses bringing a million dollars or more. Hip No. 173 was purchased for \$1.85 million; in recent years, breeding, not racing, has been the action in thoroughbreds.

Hip No. 173's sire, Nijinsky II, was purchased in 1968 for \$84,000 by Charles Engelhard. The horse won \$677,118 in purses during his racing career in Europe, and in 1970 was named European Horse of the Year. But his racing career would be a brief one: by the early 1970s it was clear to owners that a champion could make more money in the breeding shed than on the track. In August 1970 Nijinsky II was syndicated, and brought back to Lexington to do stud duty at Claiborne Farm. The syndication price was \$5.4 million, a record at the time, but the horse has since earned that and much, much more. In 1986, the rights to a single spurt of the stallion's semen brought \$425,000, and for good reason: he has sired ten champions and more than a hundred stakes winners. Two years ago, a son of Nijinsky II, out of the dam of Seattle Slew, brought a record bid of \$13.1 million.

Kentucky—with its limestone-rich soil and its fine grass—has been the center of thoroughbred breeding since the late nineteenth century. Certain farms have tended to dominate racing, because champions tend to beget champions. The ancestry of Colt 173's dam, Christmas Bonus, is intertwined with the three great Bluegrass dynasties of the past forty years. Four generations back is the stallion Bull Lea, who became the foundation sire of the great (in the forties and fifties) Calumet Farm. Two generations back is Bold Ruler, who enabled the Phipps family to dominate racing in the 1960s. Three generations back is the Claiborne Farm stallion Nasrullah, one of the genetic fonts of racing today.

Property

Barns

10 & 11

Out of CHRISTMAS BONUS (\$14,000), sister to PLUM TIME (\$198,856), sister to PAST, \$563,670, champion filly, dam of OUR MIMS, \$368,034, champion foal.

—Nijinsky II

BAY COLT

—Christmas Bonus (1978)

By NIJINSKY II (1967) European champion, sire of more than 100 champions, Fleece (champion 3-year-old), Ile de Bourbon (champion, etc.), De La Rose (\$544,600, miler in Ireland), Cherry Hill, Morry-G1, etc.), Maruzen.

1st dam

CHRISTMAS BONUS, by Keyhole. This is her second foal.

2nd dam

SUGAR PLUM TIME, by Bold Ruler. Maskette H -G2, New York H. Sister to PLUM BOLIE, CHRISTMAS BONUS (f. 2).

3rd dam

PLUM CAKE, by Ponder. 8 wins, SPRING SUNSHINE, N. PLUM BOLD. 4 wins, \$89, Sweet Tooth. 10 wins, 2nd year in 1977. Dam of OUR MIMS. 6 wins, \$38, Alabama S.-G1, DAY ALYDAR 14 wins in 3, pagne S.-G1, Sapph SUGAR AND SPICE, Ashland S.-G2, et al. Foyt. 5 wins at 3 and 4, Yule Log. 5 wins, \$53,111. CHRISTMAS PAST, year-old filly, C.O. Monmouth Oaks-2, Plum Plum. 10 wins, \$58, RICH CREAM (\$222,000, Vaccinated for influenza. Engagements: Breeders' Club S., Breeders' Cup Foaled in Kentucky.

ON THE BLOOD

om to burst, by *Carol Flake*

Hip No.

173

H.). Second dam SUGAR
Log (dam of CHRISTMAS
et Tooth (stakes-placed,
etc.).

cer — Nearctic
— Nataima
— Bull Page
— Flaring Top
— Graustark
int — Key Bridge
Time — Bold Ruler
— Plum Cake

Among the leading sires in
cluding champions Golden
and, Epsom Derby-**G1**, etc.),
Caerleon (French Derby-**G1**,
G1, etc.), Solford (champion
incesse Lida (in France, Prix

o 5. \$140,557. Poquessing H
ar-old of 1986

d 4, \$198,856, Firenze H.-**G2**,
32, 3rd Ladies H.-**G1**, Sheridan
incl —
Stakes winner, above

Jasmine S., etc. Half-sister to
of 8 winners, including—
ational Stallion S., etc
Alcibiades S. Broodmare of the
winners, including—
3-year-old filly, C.C.A. Oaks-**G1**,
asy S.-**G2**, etc.

7, 195, Florida Derby-**G1** Cham-
ss S.-**G1**, etc. Sire.
\$257,046, Mother Goose S.-**G1**,
RN (to 3, 1986, \$53,020).

er Pan S.-**G2**
race, all winners, including—
t 3 and 4, \$563,670, champion 3-
n H.-**G1**, Gulfstream Park H.-**G1**,
G3, etc

EPLUM (\$191,456) Granddam of
i [L] (at 2, 1985, \$62,110)

Washington F., Kentucky Jockey

What came to be known as the Bluegrass breeding bubble can be traced back to Northern Dancer, sire of Nijinsky II. Ever since Irish trainer Vincent O'Brien proved with a son of Northern Dancer named The Minstrel that Nijinsky's feat had been no fluke, that American horses could win big European races, big money has chased after the Dancer's offspring. In the mid-1970s, the yearling market was dominated by Greek shipping magnates. The Greeks were followed by Robert Sangster, heir to the Liverpool-based Vernons' soccer-pool fortune. In 1982 Sangster joined with Stavros Niarchos and others to buy a colt by Nijinsky II for \$4.25 million, a record at the time.

Sons of Nijinsky II, and sons of other horses sired by Northern Dancer, have become champions around the world. The Japanese chased after colts in the Dancer line at Keeneland; more recently, it has been the Arabs—in particular, the three sons of the prime minister of the oil-rich United Arab Emirates: Mohammed, Hamdan, and Maktoum al Maktoum. This has made for great drama at Keeneland: Europeans banding together to bid against Arabs, Arabs refusing to be outbid, records falling each summer—\$4.25 million in 1982, \$10.2 million in 1983... But the high prices were making owners feel it was too dangerous to keep their horses running—an injury could ruin a future stud career. The quality of horses racing on American tracks lessened as owners retired their horses: in 1986, only two of the best three-year-olds of '85 were still racing. As a result, attendance at some tracks has fallen off.

The Breeders' Cup is the Super Bowl of racing, designed to provide new racetrack incentives for owners and breeders and to rebuild an audience for a sport that has come to be deprived too soon of its stars. But last year's Keeneland sale may have offered a more crucial incentive: the market. The average price for a yearling dropped 24 percent from the 1985 average. For the first time in recent years, the average price nationwide of a Northern Dancer colt fell below a million dollars. When the prices for good horses get low enough, owners will be more inclined to forgo the early trip to the breeding shed, and to keep their champions where they belong—on the track.

Tarnished Crown, Carol Flake's book about thoroughbred racing, has just been published by Doubleday.

SNARES

By Louise Erdrich

It began after church with Margaret and her small granddaughter, Lulu, and was not to end until the long days of Lent and a hard-packed snow. There were factions on the reservation, a treaty settlement in the Agent's hands. There were Chippewa who signed their names in the year 1924, and there were Chippewa who saw the cash offered as a flimsy bait. I was one and Fleur Pillager, Lulu's mother, was another who would not lift her hand to sign. It was said that all the power to witch, harm, or cure lay in Fleur, the lone survivor of the old Pillager clan. But as much as people feared Fleur, they listened to Margaret Kashpaw. She was the ringleader of the hold-outs, a fierce, one-minded widow with a vinegar tongue.

Margaret Kashpaw had knots of muscles in her arms. Her braids were thin, gray as iron, and usually tied strictly behind her back so they wouldn't swing. She was plump as a basket below and tough as roots on top. Her face was gnarled around a beautiful sharp nose. Two shell earrings caught the light and flashed whenever she turned her head. She had become increasingly religious in the years after her loss, and finally succeeded in dragging me to the Benediction Mass, where I was greeted by Father Damien, from whom I occasionally won small sums at dice.

"Grandfather Nanapush," he smiled, "at last."

"These benches are a hardship for an old man," I complained. "If you spread them with soft pine-needle cushions I'd have come before."

Louise Erdrich's most recent novel is The Beet Queen, published by Henry Holt.

Father Damien stared thoughtfully at the rough pews, folded his hands inside the sleeves of his robe.

"You must think of their unyielding surfaces as helpful," he offered. "God sometimes enters the soul through the humblest parts of our anatomies, if they are sensitized to suffering."

"A god who enters through the rear door," I countered, "is no better than a thief."

Father Damien was used to me, and smiled as he walked to the altar. I adjusted my old bones, longing for some relief, trying not to rustle for fear of Margaret's jabbing elbow. The time was long. Lulu probed all my pockets with her fingers until she found a piece of hard candy. I felt no great presence in this cold place and decided, as my back end ached and my shoulders stiffened, that our original gods were better, the Chippewa characters who were not exactly perfect but at least did not require sitting on hard boards.

When mass was over and the smell of incense was thick in all our clothes, Margaret, Lulu, and I went out into the starry cold, the snow and stubble fields, and began the long walk to our homes. It was dusk. On either side of us the heavy trees stood motionless and blue. Our footsteps squeaked against the dry snow, the only sound to hear. We spoke very little, and even Lulu ceased her singing when the moon rose to half, poised like a balanced cup. We knew the very moment someone else stepped upon the road.

We had turned a bend and the footfalls came unevenly, just out of sight. There were two men, one mixed-blood or white, from the drop of his hard boot soles, and the other one quiet, an Indian. Not long and I heard them talking

lose behind us. From the rough, quick tension of the Indian's language, I recognized Lazarre. And the mixed-blood must be Clarence Morrissey. The two had signed the treaty and spoke in its favor to anyone they could collar at the store. They even came to people's houses to beg and argue that this was our one chance, our good chance, that the government would withdraw the offer. But wherever Margaret was, she lapped down their words like mosquitoes and said the only thing that lasts life to life is land. Money burns like tinder, flows like water. And as for promises, the wind is steadier. It is no wonder that, because she spoke so well, Lazarre and Clarence Morrissey wished to silence her. I sensed their bad intent as they passed us, an unpleasant edge of excitement in their looks and greetings.

They went on, disappeared in the dark brush. "Margaret," I said, "we are going to cut back." My house was close, but Margaret kept talking forward as if she hadn't heard.

I took her arm, caught the little girl close, and started to turn us, but Margaret would have none of this and called me a coward. She grabbed the girl to her. Lulu, who did not mind getting crossed between us, laughed, tucked her hand into her grandma's pocket, and never missed a step. Two years ago she had tired of being carried, got up, walked. She had the balance of a little mink. She was slippery and clever, too, which was good because when the men jumped from the darkest area of brush and grappled with us half a mile on, Lulu slipped free and scrambled into the trees.

They were occupied with Margaret and me, at any rate. We were old enough to snap in two, our limbs dry as dead branches, but we fought as though our enemies were the Nadouissoux kidnapers of our childhood. Margaret uttered a war cry that had not been heard for fifty years, and bit Lazarre's hand to the bone, giving a wound which would later prove the death of him. As for Clarence, he had all he could do to wrestle me to the ground and knock me half unconscious. When he'd accomplished that, he tied me and tossed me into a wheelbarrow, which was hidden near the road for the purpose of lugging us to the Morrissey barn.

I came to my sense trussed to a manger, sitting on a bale. Margaret was roped to another bale across from me, staring straight forward in a rage, a line of froth caught between her lips. On either side of her, shaggy cows chewed, and shifted their thumping hooves. I rose and staggered, the weight of the manger on my back. I planned on Margaret biting through my ropes with her strong teeth, but then the two men entered.

I'm a talker, a fast-mouth who can't keep his thoughts straight, but lets fly with words and marvels at what he hears from his own mouth. I'm a smart one. I always was a devil for convincing women. And I wasn't too bad a shot, in other ways, at convincing men. But I had never been tied up before.

"Booshoo," I said. "Children, let us loose, your game is too rough!"

They stood between us, puffed with their secrets.

"Empty old windbag," said Clarence.

"I have a bargain for you," I said, looking for an opening. "Let us go and we won't tell Pukwan." Edgar Pukwan was the tribal police. "Boys get drunk sometimes and don't know what they're doing."

Lazarre laughed once, hard and loud. "We're not drunk," he said. "Just wanting what's coming to us, some justice, money out of it."

"Kill us," said Margaret. "We won't sign."

"Wait," I said. "My cousin Pukwan will find you boys, and have no mercy. Let us go. I'll sign and get it over with, and I'll persuade the old widow."

I signaled Margaret to keep her mouth shut. She blew air into her cheeks. Clarence looked expectantly at Lazarre, as if the show were over, but Lazarre folded his arms and was convinced of nothing.

"You lie when it suits, skinny old dog," he said, wiping at his lips as if in hunger. "It's her we want, anyway. We'll shame her so she shuts her mouth."

"Easy enough," I said, smooth, "now that you've got her tied. She's plump and good-looking. Eyes like a doe! But you forget that we're together, almost man and wife."

This wasn't true at all, and Margaret's face went rigid with tumbling fury and confusion. I kept talking.

"So of course if you do what you're thinking of doing you'll have to kill me afterward, and that will make my cousin Pukwan twice as angry since I owe him a fat payment for a gun which he lent me and I never returned. All the same," I went on—their heads were spinning—"I'll forget you bad boys ever considered such a crime, something so terrible that Father Damien would nail you on boards just like in the example on the wall in church."

"Quit jabbering," Lazarre stopped me in a deadly voice.

It was throwing pebbles in a dry lake. My words left no ripple. I saw in his eyes that he intended us great harm. I saw his greed. It was like watching an ugly design of bruises come clear for a moment and reconstructing the evil blows that made them.

I played my last card.

"Whatever you do to Margaret you are doing to the Pillager woman!" I dropped my voice. "The witch, Fleur Pillager, is her own son's wife."

Clarence was too young to be frightened, but his mouth hung in interested puzzlement. My words had a different effect on Lazarre, as a sudden light shone, a consequence he hadn't considered.

I cried out, seeing this, "Don't you know she can think about you hard enough to stop your heart?" Lazarre was still deciding. He raised his fist and swung it casually and tapped my face. It was worse not to be hit full on.

"Come near!" crooned Margaret in the old language. "Let me teach you how to die."

But she was trapped like a fox. Her earrings glinted and spun as she hissed her death song over and over, which signaled something to Lazarre, for he shook himself angrily and drew a razor from his jacket. He stropped it with fast, vicious movements while Margaret sang shriller, so full of hate that the ropes should have burned, shriveled, fallen from her body. My struggle set the manger cracking against the barn walls and further confused the cows, who bumped each other and complained. At a sign from Lazarre, Clarence sighed, rose, and smashed me. The last I saw before I blacked out, through the tiny closing pinhole of light, was Lazarre approaching Margaret with the blade.

When I woke, minutes later, it was to worse shock. For Lazarre had sliced Margaret's long braids off and was now, carefully, shaving her scalp. He started almost tenderly at the wide part, and then pulled the edge down each side of her skull. He did a clean job. He shed not one drop of her blood.

And I could not even speak to curse them.

For pressing my jaw down, thick above my tongue, her braids, never cut in this life till now, were tied to silence me. Powerless, I tasted their flat, animal perfume.

It wasn't much later, or else it was forever, that we walked out into the night again.

Speechless, we made our way in fierce pain down the road. I was damaged in spirit, more so than Margaret. For now she tucked her shawl over her naked head and forgot her own bad treatment. She called out in dread each foot of the way, for Lulu. But the smart, bold girl had hidden till all was clear and then run to Margaret's house. We opened the door and found her sitting by the stove in a litter of scorched matches and kindling. She had not the skill to start a fire, but she was dry-eyed. Though very cold, she was alert and then captured with wonder when Margaret slipped off her shawl.

"Where is your hair?" she asked.

I took my hand from my pocket. "Here's what's left of it. I grabbed this when they cut me loose." I was shamed by how pitiful I had been, relieved when Margaret snatched the thin gray braids from me and coiled them round her fist.

"I knew you would save them, clever man!" There was satisfaction in her voice.

I set the fire blazing. It was strange how generous this woman was to me, never blaming me or mentioning my failure. Margaret stowed her braids inside a birchbark box and merely instructed me to lay it in her grave, when that time occurred. Then she came near the stove with a broken mirror from beside her washstand and looked at her own image.

"My," she pondered, "my." She put the mirror down. "I'll take a knife to them."



And I was thinking too. I was thinking I would have to kill them.

But how does an aching and half-starved grandfather attack a young, well-fed Morrissey and a tall, sly Lazarre? Later, I rolled up in blankets in the corner by Margaret's stove, and I put my mind to this question throughout that night until, exhausted, I slept. And I thought of it first thing next morning, too, and still nothing came. It was only after we had some hot *gaulette* and walked Lulu back to her mother that an idea began to grow.

Fleur let us in, hugged Lulu into her arms, and looked at Margaret, who took off her scarf and stood bald, face burning again with smoldered fire. She told Fleur all of what happened, sparing no detail. The two women's eyes held, but Fleur said nothing. She put Lulu down, smoothed the front of her calico shirt, flipped her heavy braids over her shoulders, tapped one finger on her perfect lips. And then, calm, she went to the washstand and scraped the edge of her hunting knife keen as glass. Margaret and Lulu and I watched as Fleur cut her braids off, shaved her own head, and folded the hair into a quilled skin pouch. Then she went out, hunting, and didn't bother to wait for night to cover her tracks.

I would have to go out hunting too.

I had no gun, but anyway that was a white man's revenge. I knew how to wound with barbs of words, but had never wielded a skinning knife against a human, much less two young men. Whomever I missed would kill me, and I did not want to die by their lowly hands.

In fact, I didn't think that after Margaret's interesting kindness I wanted to leave this life at all. Her head, smooth as an egg, was ridged delicately with bone, and gleamed as if it had been buffed with a flannel cloth. Maybe it was the strangeness that attracted me. She looked forbidding, but the absence of hair also set off her eyes, so black and full of lights. She reminded me of that queen from England, of a water snake or a shrewd young bird. The earrings, which seemed part of her, mirrored her moods like water, and when they were still rounds of green lights against her throat I seemed, again, to taste her smooth, smoky braids in my mouth.

I had better things to do than fight. So I decided to accomplish revenge as quickly as possible. I was a talker who used my brains as my weapon. When I hunted, I preferred to let my game catch itself.

Snares demand clever fingers and a scheming mind, and snares had never failed me. Snares are quiet, and best of all snares are slow. I wanted to give Lazarre and Morrissey time to consider why they had to strangle. I thought hard.

One- or two-foot deadfalls are required beneath a snare so that a man can't put his hand up and loosen the knot. The snares I had in mind also required something stronger than a cord, which could be broken, and finer than a rope, which even Lazarre might see and avoid. I pondered this closely, yet even so I might never have found the solution had I not gone to mass with Margaret and grown curious about the workings of Father Damien's pride and joy, the piano in the back of the church, the instrument whose keys he breathed on, polished, then played after services, and sometimes alone. I had noticed that his hands usually stayed near the middle of the keyboard, so I took the wires from either end.

In the meantime, I was not the only one concerned with punishing Lazarre and Clarence Morrissey. Fleur was seen in town. Her thick skirts brushed the snow into clouds behind her. Though it was cold she left her head bare so everyone could see the frigid sun glare off her skull. The light reflected in the eyes of Lazarre and Clarence, who were standing at the door of the pool hall. They dropped their cue sticks in the slush and ran back to Morrissey land. Fleur walked the four streets, once in each direction, then followed.

The two men told of her visit, how she passed through the Morrissey house touching here, touching there, sprinkling powders that ignited and stank on the hot stove. How Clarence swayed on his feet, blinked hard, and chewed his fingers. How Fleur stepped up to him, drew her knife. He smiled foolishly and asked her for supper. She reached forward and trimmed off a hank of his hair. Then she stalked from the house, leaving a taste of cold wind, and then chased Lazarre to the barn.

She made a black silhouette against the light from the door. Lazarre pressed against the wood of the walls, watching, hypnotized by the sight of Fleur's head and the quiet blade. He did not defend himself when she approached, reached for him, gently and efficiently cut bits of his hair, held his hands, one at a time, and trimmed the nails. She waved the razor-edged knife before his eyes and swept a few eyelashes into a white square of flour sacking that she then carefully folded into her blouse.

For days after, Lazarre babbled and wept. Fleur was murdering him by use of bad medicine, he said. He showed his hand, the bite that Margaret had dealt him, and the dark streak from the wound, along his wrist and inching up his arm. He even used that bound hand to scratch his name from the treaty, but it did no good.

I figured that the two men were doomed at

least three ways now. Margaret won the debate with her Catholic training and decided to damn her soul by taking up the ax, since no one else had destroyed her enemies. I begged her to wait for another week, all during which it snowed and thawed and snowed again. It took me that long to arrange the snare to my satisfaction, near Lazarre's shack, on a path both men took to town.

I set it out one morning before anyone stirred, and watched from an old pine twisted along the ground. I waited while the smoke rose in a silky feather from the tiny tin spout on Lazarre's roof. I had to sit half a day before Lazarre came outside, and even then it was just for wood, nowhere near the path. I had a hard time to keep my blood flowing, my stomach still. I ate a handful of dry berries Margaret had given me, and a bit of pounded meat. I doled it to myself and waited until finally Clarence showed. He walked the trail like a blind ghost and stepped straight into my noose.

It was perfect, or would have been if I had made the deadfall two inches wider, for in falling Clarence somehow managed to spread his legs and straddle the deep hole I'd cut. It had been invisible, covered with snow, and yet in one foot-peddling instant, the certain knowledge of its construction sprang into Clarence's brain and told his legs to reach for the sides. I don't know how he did it, but there he was poised. I waited, did not show myself. The noose jerked enough to cut slightly into the fool's neck, a too-snug fit. He was spread-eagled and on tiptoe, his arms straight out. If he twitched a finger, lost the least control, even tried to yell, one foot would go, the noose constrict.

But Clarence did not move. I could see from behind my branches that he didn't even dare to change the expression on his face. His mouth stayed frozen in shock. Only his eyes shifted, darted fiercely and wildly, side to side, showing all the agitation he must not release, searching desperately for a means of escape. They focused only when I finally stepped toward him, quiet, from the pine.

We were in full view of Lazarre's house, face to face. I stood before the boy. Just a touch, a sudden kick, perhaps no more than a word, was all that it would take. But I looked into his eyes and saw the knowledge of his situation. Pity entered me. Even for Margaret's shame, I couldn't do the thing I might have done.

I turned away and left Morrissey still balanced on the ledge of snow.

What money I did have, I took to the trading store next day. I bought the best bonnet on the reservation. It was black as a coal scuttle,

large, and shaped the same.

"It sets off my doe eyes," Margaret said and stared me down.

She wore it every day, and always to mass. Not long before Lent and voices could be heard: "There goes Old Lady Coalbucket." Nonetheless, she was proud, and softening day by day, I could tell. By the time we got our foreheads crossed with ashes, she consented to be married.

"I hear you're thinking of exchanging the vows," said Father Damien as I shook his hand on our way out the door.

"I'm having relations with Margaret already," I told him, "that's the way we do things."

This had happened to him before, so he was not even stumped as to what remedy he should use.

"Make a confession, at any rate," he said, motioning us back into the church.

So I stepped into the little box and knelt. Father Damien slid aside the shadowy door. I told him what I had been doing with Margaret and he stopped me partway through.

"No more details. Pray to Our Lady."

"There is one more thing."

"Yes?"

"Clarence Morrissey, he wears a scarf to church around his neck each week. I snared him like a rabbit."

Father Damien let the silence fill him.

"And the last thing," I went on. "I stole the wire from your piano."

The silence spilled over into my stall, and I was held in its grip until the priest spoke.

"Discord is hateful to God. You have offended his ear." Almost as an afterthought, Damien added, "And his commandment. The violence among you must cease."

"You can have the wire back," I said. I had used only one long strand. I also agreed that I would never use my snares on humans, an easy promise. Lazarre was already caught.

Just two days later, while Margaret and I stood with Lulu and her mother inside the trading store, Lazarre entered, gesturing, his eyes rolled to the skull. He stretched forth his arm and pointed along its deepest black vein and dropped his jaw wide. Then he stepped backward into a row of traps that the trader had set to show us how they worked. Fleur's eye lit, her white scarf caught the sun as she turned. All the whispers were true. Fleur had scratched Lazarre's figure into a piece of birchbark, drawn his insides, and rubbed a bit of rouge up his arm until the red stain reached his heart. There was no sound as he fell, no cry, no word, and the traps of all types that clattered down around his body jumped and met for a long time, snapping air. ■

[illegible]

Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305

CULTIVATING VIRTUE

Compost and its moral imperatives

By Michael Pollan

Ever since I bought a farmhouse and started reading books about gardening, I've daydreamed about turning over a shovelful of earth somewhere on the property and finding a thick vein of composted cow manure. To judge from everything I read, a trove of this airy, cakelike, jet black earth would do much more than ensure an impressive harvest; it would elevate me instantly to the rank of *serious* gardener. I haven't found a gardening book written in the last twenty years that doesn't become lyrical on the subject of compost. James Crockett calls it "brown gold" in his *Victory Garden*, providing a recipe for making compost that is as complicated as any for soufflé. The more literary garden writers—Eleanor Perényi and Allen Lacy, to name only two—offer fervent chapters on the benefits and, oddly enough, the virtues of compost. The gardening periodicals—*Organic Gardening* and *National Gardening*, in particular—regularly profile heroic gardeners singled out less for the elegant design and lush growth of their herbaceous borders than for the steaming heaps of compost dotting their yards. In American gardening, the successful compost pile seems to have supplanted the perfect hybrid tea rose or the gigantic beefsteak tomato as the outward signs of horticultural grace. What I read about compost gave me my first inkling that gardening, which I had approached as a more or less secular pastime, is actually moral drama of a high order.

Before attempting to grasp the metaphysics of compost, the reader might want to briefly consider the stuff itself. Compost, very simply, is partially decomposed organic matter. Given sufficient time, moisture, and oxygen, any pile of leaves, grass clippings, flower heads, brush, ma-

Michael Pollan is executive editor of Harper's Magazine.

nure, or vegetable scraps will, by the action of bacteria, decay into a few precious shovelfuls of compost. All of the elaborate theories, formulas, and mechanical devices for making compost are just tricks for speeding this natural process. (A rotating steel drum now on the market is said to produce compost in fourteen days; most books say it takes about three months.)

Some gardeners, and even some garden writers, talk about compost as though it were fertilizer, but that is only part of the story, and it is somewhat misleading. It is true that compost contains nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash (the principal ingredients of fertilizer), but not in very impressive quantities. The real benefits of compost lie in what humus—its main constituent—does to the soil. Consider:

1. Compost improves the soil's "structure." Soil is made up of clay, sand, silt, and organic matter, in varying proportions. Too much clay or silt, and soil tends to become compacted, making it difficult for air, water, and roots to penetrate. Too much sand, and the soil's ability to retain water and nutrients is compromised. The ideal garden soil consists of airy crumbs in which particles of sand, clay, and silt are held together by humic acid. Compost helps these crumbs to form.

2. Compost increases the soil's water-holding capacity. One experiment I read about found that 100 pounds of sand will hold 25 pounds of water, 100 pounds of clay will hold 50 pounds, and 100 pounds of humus will hold 190 pounds. A soil rich in compost will need less watering, and the plants growing in it will better withstand drought.

3. Because it is so dark in color, compost absorbs the sun's rays and warms the soil.

4. Compost teems with microorganisms,

which break down the organic matter in soil into the basic elements plants need.

5. Because it is made up of decaying vegetable matter, compost contains nearly every chemical plants need to grow, including such trace elements as boron, manganese, iron, copper, and zinc, not often found in commercial fertilizer. Compost thus returns to the soil a high proportion of the things agriculture takes out of it.

And yet, important as these benefits may be, they don't account for the halo of righteousness that has come to hover over compost and those who make it. (There are many other sources of humus, after all.) To understand compost's mystery, one probably needs to know somewhat less about soil science than about the reasons Americans garden. Which, judging from the literature and my conversations with experienced gardeners, have less to do with considerations of beauty than of virtue.

Much of the credit for compost's exalted status must go to J. I. Rodale, the founding editor of *Organic Gardening*, who, until his death in 1971, promoted the virtues of organic gardening with a messianic zeal. As Eleanor Perényi tells his story in *Green Thoughts*, Rodale was a modern Jeremiah, calling on Americans to follow him out of the agricultural wilderness. Listen to Perényi, ordinarily the most sober of garden writers, describing her conversion:

[Rodale's] bearded countenance glared forth from the editorial page like that of an Old Testament prophet in those days (since his death it has been supplanted by the more benign one of his son), and his message was stamped on every page. Like all great messages, it was simple, and to those of us hearing it for the first time, a blinding revelation. Soil, he told us, isn't a substance to hold up plants in order that they may be fed with artificial fertilizers, and we who treated it as such were violating the cycle of nature. We must give back what we took away.

The way to give back what we had taken, to redeem our relationship with nature, was through compost.

As Rodale was the first to admit, there was nothing new about compost. Agriculture had relied on composted organic waste for thousands of years—until the invention, early in this century, of chemical fertilizers. By World War II, most American farmers had been persuaded that all their crops needed to thrive were regular, heavy applications of fertilizer. To the farmer, however, the temptations of fertilizer pose something of a Faustian dilemma. At first, yields increase dramatically. But the cost is high, for the chemicals in fertilizer gradually kill off the biological activity in the soil and ruin its structure. Eventually, few organic nutrients re-

main, leaving crops completely dependent on fertilizer—the soil has become little more than something to hold plants upright while they gorge themselves on 5-10-5. And to make matters worse, the more fertilizer he uses, the more problems the farmer has with disease and insects, since chemical fertilizer seems to weaken a plant's resistance. After the war, the farmer in this predicament succumbed to a host of new chemical temptations—DDT, Temix, Chlordane—and it wasn't long before he found himself deep in agricultural hell.

The home gardener, meanwhile, had been walking down pretty much the same ruinous road, buying more and more chemical fertilizer and then more and more pesticides. By the 1960s the shelves of his garage were lined with the dubious products of America's petrochemical industry: Cygon, Sevin, Dicofol, Benomyl, Malathion, Folpet, Diazinon. Where one might reasonably have expected to see the logo of Burpee or Agway there were now the wings of Chevron. Somehow gardening, this most wholesome and elemental of pastimes, had gotten crosswired with the worst of industrial civilization.

This is the wilderness in which Rodale found the American gardener and confronted him with a moral choice. He could continue to use petrochemicals to manufacture flowers and vegetables, or he could follow Rodale, learn how to compost, and redeem the soil—and, it was implied, himself.

When Rodale first made his pitch, he was greeted with the degree of respect usually accorded prophets. Even as late as the 1960s, he was generally regarded as a crank. When he keeled over and died during a taping of the *Dick Cavett Show* in 1971, the nation responded with a smirk. Carson told jokes about it for weeks. But as concern over pesticides and the environment deepened during the 1970s, Rodale's message won a wider hearing. Today his is the conventional wisdom in home gardening, and his ideas have even made inroads in American agriculture.

That Rodale should have founded a quasi-religious movement—and that the compost pile should have emerged as a status symbol among American gardeners—makes perfect sense given the attitudes Americans have traditionally held toward the land. The compost craze is really only the latest act in a long-running morality play about the American people and the American land. In the garden writers' paeans to compost one can hear echoes of the agrarian ideal expressed by Henry Nash Smith in his famous paraphrase of Jefferson:

cultivating the earth confers a valid title to it; the ownership of land, by making the farmer inde-

The compost craze is the latest act in a long-running morality play about the American people and the American land

No less
than the
transcendentalists,
we look to
the garden
for moral
guidance

pendent, gives him social status and dignity, while constant contact with nature makes him virtuous. . . .

In a metaphorical way, at least, compost restores the gardener's independence—if only from the garden center and the petrochemical industry. With the whole of the natural cycle reproduced in his garden, the gardener need not rely on anyone else (except the seed merchant) to grow his own food. And because it makes the soil more fertile, composting flatters the old American belief that improving the land strengthens one's claim to it.

This notion of the garden as a realization in miniature of the agrarian ideal first appeared in the nineteenth century, as Americans began leaving the farm for the city. If America could no longer remain primarily a nation of farmers, at least town-dwelling Americans might, by gardening, cultivate some of the rural virtues. "The man who has planted a garden feels that he has done something for the good of the world," wrote Charles Dudley Warner, editor of the *Hartford Courant*, at mid-century. "He belongs to the producers. . . . It is not simply beets

Americans had come to regard gardening as much more than a pastime, and in the decades prior to the Civil War, horticulture attained the status of moral crusade. In an era characterized by "the restlessness and din of the railroad principle," wrote Lydia H. Sigourney in 1840, gardening "instills into the bosom of the man of the world, panting with the gold fever, gentle thoughts, which do good, like a medicine." Addressing the prosperous Bostonians who gathered every Saturday at the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for inspirational talks about gardening and self-improvement, Ezra Weston declared in 1845 that "he who cultivates a garden, and brings to perfection flowers and fruits, cultivates and advances at the same time his own nature."

The hortatory rhetoric may sound foreign today, yet the underlying assumptions are familiar. No less than the transcendentalists, we look to the garden for moral guidance. They sought a way to preserve the rural virtues even in the city; we seek a way to use nature without damaging it. In much the same way that the antebellum garden became a proof of the agrarian ideal, our own plots, hard by the compost pile,

serve as models of ecological responsibility. Under both dispensations, gardening becomes an act of redemption.

So pious an attitude toward gardening undoubtedly would strike a European as absurd. You will not read much about compost in English garden literature. This is partly because the sort of people who write garden books in England are not the same people who handle the soil. But the more important reason is that British gardeners look on themselves as aesthetes rather than reformers. Gertrude Jekyll, the influential turn-of-the-century garden designer and writer, borrowed the metaphors of art, not religion, to talk about gardening: she likened plants to "a box of paints" and held that we must "use the plants that they shall form beautiful pictures." *The Education of a*

Gardener, by Russell Page, perhaps the most celebrated garden designer of recent times, follows the traditional form of an artist's autobiography, chronicling the artist's discovery of his gift, the development of a personal vision and style, and the various intersections of his life and art. Not a word about compost, self-im-



and potatoes and corn and string beans that one raises in his well-hoed garden, it is the average of human life." Around the same time, Thoreau planted his bean field at Walden, not in order to grow beans that he might eat or sell, but so he might harvest tropes about the human condition. Improving the soil improved the man.

rovement, or the state of the ecosystem.

As might be expected, gardens made by aesthetes are considerably more pleasing to the eye than those made by moralists. It is no accident that America has produced few world-famous gardens and no important gardening literature. Garden design remains one corner of the culture in which our dependence on Britain has never been broken. Those who care about design—and their number has increased in recent years—still hire British designers and read British books. (When the *New York Times* last year went looking for a garden columnist who could talk about issues more aesthetically ambitious than whether grass clippings should be raked, the paper ended up hiring Hugh Johnson, an Englishman.)

From the British perspective, our most prized gardens—such as Central Park—scarcely deserve the label. Page dismisses Olmsted's creation as "a stunted travesty of an English eighteenth-century park." Even by the standards of the English landscape garden, Central Park is woefully literal and underdesigned (Page objects to its "total lack of direction"). Yet this informality is probably what Americans like best about it. Central Park pretends not to have been designed. It is less a garden than a counterfeit natural landscape, and New Yorkers seek in it the satisfactions of nature rather than those of art.

A society that produces "gardens" like Central Park assumes that nature and culture are fundamentally and irreconcilably opposed. To design a great garden you must believe that the two can be harmonized, but as Frederick Turner observed in a recent essay in this magazine, Americans tend to see nature as a cure for culture, or vice versa. Either we virtuously exploit the land or we place it off-limits in "wilderness areas," where we forbid ourselves to touch it.

A people who believe that nature is somehow sacred—God's second book, according to the Puritans; the symbol of spirit, according to the transcendentalists—will never feel easy bending it to their will. Americans would much rather bend nature to nature's will, which is probably why this country has produced many more great naturalists than great gardeners. We feel more comfortable taking moral instruction in bean fields and at the feet of trees than arranging plants into pleasing compositions.

We even approach our gardens as naturalists. Most American garden books are organized like field guides, plant by plant. You hardly ever find chapters on rock gardens, herbaceous borders, or annual beds, as you do in English garden books. Instead, each cultivar is given its due, considered as an individual, its habits, character, and flaws appraised. "Flowers one can like

or even love for themselves," wrote Katharine White, for many years the *New Yorker's* garden columnist, "but gardens inevitably relate to Man. . . ." Alas. It is as if making gardens were somehow unfair to the plants in them, a denial of their individuality and self-determination.

How long can it be before Americans take up the cause of plants' rights?

But back to compost. I eventually did find the buried treasure. I was digging around the barn one day last fall when suddenly my shovel slipped through a patch of particularly airy soil. I turned over a chunk of sod, and there it was: the blackest earth I had ever seen. I was ecstatic, but only momentarily. By then I had read enough about compost to know that finding it didn't really count. Sure, it would be a boon to my vegetables and perennials. But this was a one-time windfall, the moral equivalent of finding a deposit of fossil fuel. I didn't even mention it to any of my serious gardening friends. I now understood that if I wanted to perfect my gardening faith I would have to begin my own compost pile.

Which I soon did. I built a slatted box out of some scrap lumber, found a spot for it out of the sun (so the compost wouldn't dry out in the heat), and after the first frost had finished off the warm-weather plants, I piled the box high with blackened bean vines, squash leaves, zinnias, sunflower stalks, corn cobs, and half a dozen club-size zucchinis that had eluded harvest. I topped off the pile with a shovelful of the compost I'd found (it's best to begin a compost pile with a bit of compost in order to introduce the right microorganisms, the same principle behind the making of sourdough bread). I mixed it all up, hosed it down, and forgot about it.

By the time I returned to the compost pile in April, I had read enough about American gardening to know that composting was a pretty silly fetish. It would never produce a beautiful perennial border, just a morally correct one, and wasn't that a little absurd? I guess it is, but when I lifted off the undecayed layer of leaves on top and ran my hand through the crumbly, black, unexpectedly warm and sweet-smelling compost below, I felt I'd accomplished something great. If fertility has a perfume, this surely was it. Mixed in were incompletely composted bits and pieces—brown shards that I could still make out as corn cobs and sunflower seed heads. They looked like shadows of last year's harvest. I have to admit, I was starting to see tropes. This heap of rotting vegetable matter looked more lovely to me than the tallest spike of the bluest delphinium. I realized then that, like it or not, I was an American gardener, destined to cultivate virtue rather than beauty. ■

A people who believe that nature is somehow sacred will never feel easy bending it to their will

PERILS OF POLICY

The Marshall Plan only worked once

By William Pfaff

Paris has become a city of near-pharaonic monumental constructions, each new president of the republic launching something new, something to be remembered by. The museum of the nineteenth century, the Musée d'Orsay, opened last winter, former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's answer to his predecessor's Pompidou Center of Art and Culture. François Mitterrand's new opera, at the Bastille, its plans mildly modified by the conservative government of Jacques Chirac, is under construction. So is his "Grand Louvre," a vast underground addition to the existing museum, to be crowned with I.M. Pei's crystal pyramid.

The 170-mile-per-hour TGV trains will soon serve Bordeaux as well as Lyon, Geneva, and Marseilles, and eventually they may go to Brussels, Amsterdam, and perhaps Cologne. If the channel tunnel is built, they will go to London. The French-inspired, Europe-financed Hermès space shuttle is under development, to go into space atop Europe's Ariane rocket. And Paris has, as well, chestnuts in blossom, and accordionists playing on café terraces.

The Germans had a saying before the First World War about being "happy as God in France." Forty-seven years ago, on German initiative, that happiness got blown to pieces, as did Germany's own. And the decade that followed was gruesome. But now France is prosperous again, if never content—and Germany is even more prosperous than France, although building no more monuments to German glory. (The Mercedes-Benz serves the monumental function for modern West Germany.)

Western Europe today is more prosperous and dynamic (consult the productivity and trade figures), and probably happier (no figures on this; anecdotal evidence only), than the United States. This Europe of monuments and prosper-

ity—whose loans, together with Japan's, finance America's deficits, and whose exports, together with Japan's, drive America's from competitive markets—began with the economic assistance provided by the United States four decades ago. The fortieth anniversary of the Marshall Plan will be celebrated this spring and summer, and for obvious reasons: since the implementation of the plan it has been an upward march for Europe. This has not been the case for the United States. It might even be argued that the frustrations the United States has experienced in recent years have been, in a measure, a consequence of the very success of those intellectual and political innovations for which Washington was responsible in the months that followed the end of the Second World War.

In his memoirs, Dean Acheson quoted the English writer Veronica Wedgwood on writing history, that "we know the end before we consider the beginning, and we can never wholly recapture what it was to know the beginning only." The Marshall Plan was born of the crisis over Greece and Turkey in 1947. We know now that the Soviet threat—to carry through an insurrection in Greece and invade Turkey—was not what it then seemed. But who was there then who knew what we know?

A second question to be asked, forty years after, is where we might be had those responsible not believed and acted as they did. We live within a geopolitical map drafted by past actions, formed by the intellectual and policy legacy of those who knew the beginning only. We remain their prisoners. The ideas they found in moments of crisis, solutions original to them, made our political landscape, and became our received ideas.

It was General Dwight Eisenhower, then Army chief of staff, who suggested that the plan being drafted in 1946 to give financial aid to Greece and Turkey should make provision for other vulnerable countries. Why, was evident

William Pfaff writes a syndicated column on foreign affairs and is a regular contributor to the New Yorker.

the appraisal of the situation given congressional leaders by Acheson, then under secretary of state: "[A] highly possible Soviet breakthrough might open three continents to Soviet penetration. Like apples in a barrel infected by one rotten one, the corruption of Greece would infect Iran and all to the east. It would also carry infection to Africa through Asia Minor and Egypt, and to Europe through Italy and France, already threatened by the strongest domestic communist parties in Western Europe. The Soviet Union was playing one of the greatest gambles in history at minimal cost."

In fact, Stalin had written Greece off at least two months before the Marshall Plan was voted by Congress, in April 1948. In February 1948, he said to a Yugoslav delegation that included Milovan Djilas: "What do you think, that Great Britain and the United States—the United States, the most powerful state in the world—will permit you to break their line of communication in the Mediterranean Sea! Nonsense. . . . The uprising in Greece must be stopped, and as quickly as possible." Thus another thing we know now, that they, then, could not have known.

The Marshall Plan was proposed in the spring of 1947 by George Marshall, the secretary of state. An official assessment of the international economic situation had forecast that in 1947 the industrial nations would need imports from the United States (as Acheson noted in a memorandum) "of sixteen billion dollars (four times our prewar exports)" while able to manage exports to the United States "with which to pay . . . of only half that sum." The outlook for subsequent years was worse, given what Under Secretary of State for Economic Affairs William Clayton described as "the headlong disintegration of the highly complex industrial society of Europe, through the breakdown of interrelations between the industrial cities and the food-producing countryside." The result was the simple proposal George Marshall made at the 1947 Harvard commencement. He asked the European powers to draft a joint program "designed to place Europe on its feet economically," to which the United States would give support "so far as it may be practical for us to do so."

Ernest Bevin, Britain's Labour government foreign secretary, recognized the significance of the occasion, consulted Georges Bidault, his French counterpart, and work was begun on such a plan. The West Europeans founded the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, and under its direction the funds from the United States were employed to reestablish West European prosperity and power. This was done with such success that Western Europe—

the European Community, a political invention of the same creative period—has become the single most formidable industrial producer on earth.

It was a brilliant achievement, of a particular time, now rather far behind us. Like so many brilliant accomplishments, it has by its very brilliance blocked original policy thought in the years that have followed. It influenced people to believe that what had worked so well in Western Europe would work as well elsewhere, in different circumstances. It established itself as the conventional wisdom, obscuring thereafter the need for other wisdom.

The political analysis that justified the Marshall Plan—an impending Soviet "breakthrough" to threaten not just one continent but three—was inaccurate. But after the experience of Hitler, and in the presence of what Stalin was doing to exterminate independent political life in Eastern Europe, it was a plausible argument for those who knew the beginning only. It was also congenial to Americans because of the role it conferred upon the United States. It has since, with less and less intellectual credibility, been used to justify virtually every American policy decision taken with respect to the Soviet Union (and its sometime ally, China), from the founding of NATO, through the intervention in Vietnam, to the campaign against the Sandinistas in Nicaragua—still another "rotten apple," infecting a continent. The remedies that worked in Europe have repeatedly been applied elsewhere, without, in fact, notable success, yet the original success has made the subsequent failures seem the exceptional cases.

In 1984 the bipartisan Kissinger commission on Central America called for an \$8 billion "Marshall Plan" for that region. The argument was the familiar one. Communism threatened the Central American countries and Mexico, ultimately posing a threat to Brownsville, Texas—one more Soviet gamble "at minimal cost." The remedy? Kissinger's group argued that the Central American states were "in mid-passage from the predominately authoritarian patterns of the past to what can . . . become the predominately democratic pluralism of the future." They needed military assistance, but beyond that they needed the economic support that could move them toward this pluralistic, democratic future.

Because economic assistance had produced reconstruction in Western Europe, restoring political confidence and discrediting the doctrinal Communist forecast of the 1940s—the progressive proletarianization of the European working class, leading to revolution—it became the conventional wisdom. As understood by the Kissinger commission, economic development

Like so many brilliant accomplishments, the Marshall Plan has by its very brilliance blocked original policy thought

Rapid economic development in non-Western states tends to produce social crisis

in Central America could be accelerated by outside aid, and if it would be, it would promote democracy, make radical political solutions less attractive, and create conditions in which parliamentary government would more or less naturally establish itself.

Yet there is no serious evidence that these assumptions are valid. Aid does not invariably help development. Prosperity and undemocratic government have gone together perfectly well elsewhere in Latin America, including those countries closest to the United States. The identification of economic with political progress amounts to a form of historical materialism, a belief that economics determine politics, which is quite unproven. Americans like the idea because we have always liked to think that being rich and being good are aspects of the same thing. We have particularly wanted to think this during the years of Reaganism, although Reaganism is no novelty. The President stands in an old national tradition owing more to Calvin than to Marx. Linked to this is American progressivism, the equally deep-seated conviction that we are all going somewhere, getting better on the way.

If one compares discussion of these matters in the United States with what is said in Western Europe, one is struck by the relative abstraction and the ideological bent of the American case, both on the nature of the rivalry with the Soviet Union and the issue of development in the non-industrial world and how it comes about. The Democratic National Committee's statement of principles last September spoke, with respect to foreign relations, of a "continuing world revolution towards free institutions and a more prosperous life for all," as if this double march of mankind were fact. The actual evidence of rapid economic development in non-Western states suggests that it more often than not tends to produce social crisis, as it has in Iran and elsewhere in the Islamic world. The result, as in Iran, may thus be political retrogression, by Washington's standards—a rejection of secular political ideas, as people abandon the cultural and social disruption produced by rapid economic change for what seem the more secure values of religion and tradition.

The Marshall Plan was a great success at supplying capital and investment to people starved for both, and fully capable of putting the money to work. Resources were injected into industrially sophisticated societies at a time when their plant and communications had been destroyed by war, their agriculture disrupted, their populations unsettled. The Marshall Plan financed Western Europe's *return to normality*. It did not

sponsor its progress to some new stage in economic or political development.

The injection of foreign investment worked for postwar Europe. It worked too for postwar Japan. The subsequent economic successes of South Korea, Taiwan, and Singapore, though, have owed little to foreign capital and much to the capacity of those societies to organize themselves to the demands of modern industrialism. Democratic government, it must be noted, has not followed. On the other hand, Africa has received an immense amount of foreign aid, without much constructive effect. And Latin America has had very large injections of capital, particularly since 1973; yet the record of economic (and political) progress is mixed.

That this is so is no news to anyone seriously interested in the matter. Peter Bauer, the eminent British authority on development economics, recently wrote that the argument that poor countries cannot emerge from poverty because of their lack of capital, a thesis "which has become central to the discussion of poverty in the world, is demonstrably invalid. If it were true, the world would still be in the Old Stone Age." The successful countries, he added, "have usually advanced without appreciable outside capital and invariably without external grants."

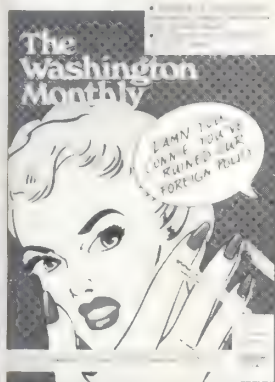
Professionals know this perfectly well. Yet this knowledge does not stop commissions of eminent persons from calling for "new" Marshall Plans—for Central America, the Middle East, Africa—nor does it inhibit political platform-drafters from extolling an alleged march of nations toward "the predominately democratic pluralism of the future."

The practical function of conventional wisdom is to save people from original thought. It makes life easier for everyone, even though the eventual costs may be large. The United States has acquired a very large stock of conventional ideas simply by having produced successful solutions to urgent problems in the 1940s and 1950s. It has great difficulty letting go of those successes, possibly because since then a considerable number of things the country has done have not been successful.

James Thurber and Elliott Nugent wrote a play in 1940, *The Male Animal*, about the sad case of a man who was a football All-America in college and never got over it. It is a national problem. As another observer of those times put it, in a famous formulation, there are no second acts in American lives. One would not have expected F. Scott Fitzgerald's words to have a political application in the conduct of the foreign policy of the nation; but it seems that they do. Here we are, forty years after the Marshall Plan and it proves to have been not a beginning but an end.

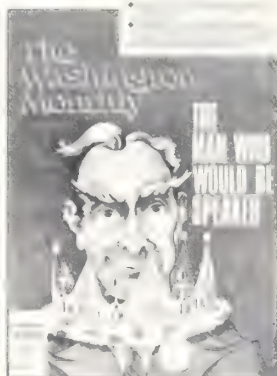
“Does
its
specialty—
government
and
politics—
better than
any other
magazine
around.”

—*The
Washington
Post*



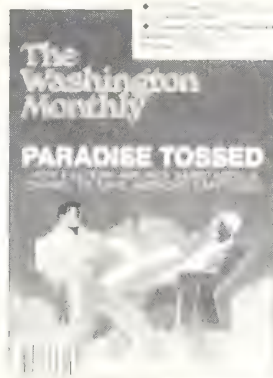
“One of
America’s
great little
magazines.”

—*The
New
Republic*



“Pencils
in the
agenda for
editors and
staffers at
Harper’s
and *The
Atlantic*,
Time as
well as
Newsweek.”

—*The
Boston
Globe*



“Pitiless
... indispen-
sable ...
with a
critical wit
and
steel-trap
reporting.”

—*The
New
York
Times*

◆ The Washington Monthly is a non-profit organization. All contributions are tax-deductible. Please send your subscription orders to: The Washington Monthly, P.O. Box 843, Farmingdale, NY 11737.



The Washington Monthly

Learn what the insiders
know and don't want you
to find out. Discover the
new ideas that are
changing America. Read
The Washington Monthly.

SPECIAL OFFER—\$13 OFF FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

☐ Yes! Enter my subscription for a full year (11 issues) of *The Washington Monthly* for only \$20.00.

Name

Address

City State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

☐ Charge my: ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard

Credit card no. Exp.

Signature

Send to: The Washington Monthly
P.O. Box 843
Farmingdale, NY 11737

275503

The Inside Story on Political Insiders

"Filled with candid yet balanced, often fascinating, appraisals of the leading actors."
—*Baltimore Sun*

"In *Secrets of State*...there is a lot of accumulated wisdom about the senior department of government, how it operates or doesn't and the eternal clashes between the professional foreign service officers and the president and his political appointees."—*Washington Post Book World*

Secrets of State, a history of American foreign policymaking, accurately predicted Irangate, the Reagan administration's most severe foreign policy crisis to date. An eye-opening analysis of how foreign policy decisions are made, who makes them, and how they are implemented, the book draws on memoirs and archival documents, as well as interviews with more than 150 government officials.

351 pp. paper \$8.95

"A provocative attack on the notion that only a handful of experts should make nuclear arms policy...Meticulously researched."—Dave Griffiths, *Business Week*

"Brilliant...incisive...The focus of Herken's compelling study is the cluster of scientists and strategists on campuses, in government agencies, and at institutions such as Rand who, ever since Hiroshima, have been thinking about the unthinkable."—William E. Leuchtenburg, *Washington Post Book World*

The first book to trace the deliberations and shifting recommendations of civilian experts on the bomb from Hiroshima to the Reagan administration, *Counsels of War* is now expanded to include discussion of "Star Wars" and the possibility of nuclear winter.

448 pp. paper \$10.95

"Looks in some ways like the opening gun in the approaching reaction against the Reaganite, or neoconservative, view of the world....[The book's contributors are] exceptionally distinguished; [and] the changes they ring on the theme of U.S. 'estrangement' from the world are various [and] stimulating."—Edwin M. Yoder, Jr., *Washington Post Book World*

"Should be required reading for all members of the American elite."—*The Economist*

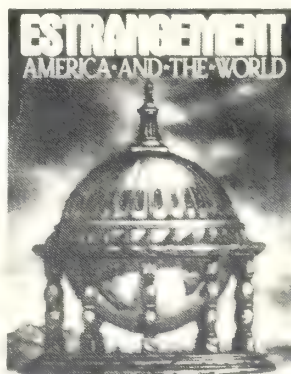
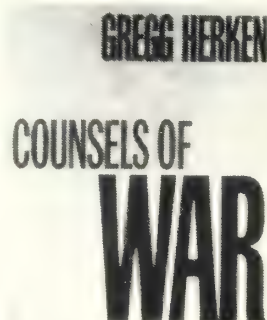
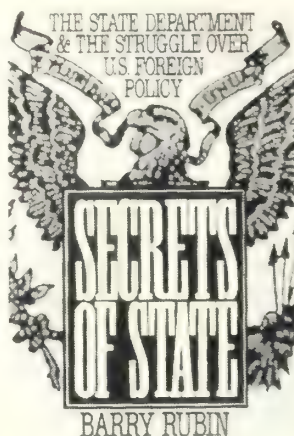
Contributions by Frances FitzGerald, Lester Thurow, Geoffrey Hodgson, and others

368 pp. paper \$7.95

At better bookstores or directly from

OXFORD PAPERBACKS

Oxford University Press • 200 Madison Avenue • New York, NY 10016



LETTERS

Continued from page 7

learned from Melville's "Bartleby the Scrivener," for it was he who ultimately "prefers not to" live. We as a society must give thought and a voice to our belief that we prefer to live. Life itself, and the human spirit that informs it, will be what we say yes to after we've said no to drugs.

Robert M. Howe III
Baton Rouge, La.

When Robert Stone asks, "When they've said no to crack, can we someday give them something to say yes to?" he ever so gently suggests that unless society can provide users and potential users with a reason to say no, maybe they shouldn't.

I am a recovered alcoholic, and I am convinced that drugs are just one more way that man seeks to walk with the lions and fly with the eagles. The initial decision to ingest chemicals may be made in relative innocence; who ever believed his first bourbon-induced high might lead, twenty years later, to delirium tremens, or that one sniff of cocaine might be the first step to the city morgue?

Few alcoholics are able to get off this road until we hit bottom. It is at this point that we are able to see, dimly at first but later with great clarity, that we have only one choice: life or death. And as the recovery process begins, we gradually see and feel just how delicious life can be and, oh, how mightily we want it.

James O. Jones
Kansas City, Mo.

Torture in Yugoslavia

I was disappointed to read the remarks of Milovan Djilas on torture ["Ideas Against Torture," Readings, *Harper's Magazine*, November 1986]. Although never tortured, the garrulous Djilas is certainly an expert on the subject. In a prison in Yugoslavia he attempted to assassinate a leading Croatian communist, Andrija Hebrang, for not being "Stalinist" enough.

Djilas was and remains a Serbian

ltranationalist. His achievement is hat he was able to transform himself om an orthodox Stalinist. By his wn admission he tortured and murdered prisoners of war. This "intellectual" was instrumental in the systematic slaughter of the Croatian cultural lite during and after the Second World War. More than 500,000 were killed—including most postal workers—"for serving the enemy." Djilas as skillfully popularized himself as a leading dissident," yet he consistently refuses to show any solidarity with olitical prisoners in Yugoslavia.

In light of all this it is almost obscene to give any attention to Djilas's iminations on torture. He writes, "It virtually by sheer chance that a prisoner dies while undergoing torture"; e mourn the death of Ernest Brajder, Jewish Croatian student, who died nder torture for collecting signatures n a petition against torture.

inko Kužina
ort Lee, N.J.

he author is national chairman of American roatians for Human and National Rights.

The introduction to "Ideas Against torture" states that Michael Boro Peovich translated Milovan Djilas's ook *Of Prisons and Ideas* "from the erbo-Croatian." Such a language es not exist. The term "Serbo-Croian" is a code word for the Serbian nguage. It was concocted by Serbian tranationalists in order to justify the reed imposition of the Serbian language on the Croatian nation. Of ource, with the exception of obedient apparatchiks and Serbian ultranationalists, it has been completely rected by both the Croatian and erbian populations.

The State Department's Voice of erica broadcasts in "Serbo-Croian" from the "Serbo-Croatian" ction of Yugoslavia are absurd— at area has been dominated by Serans for forty years. By using this rm to denote the Serbian language, e United States alienates democratforces in Yugoslavia and lends support to the police-state hard-liners.

I would hope that by printing Djilas's remarks, *Harper's Magazine* does ot support the Yugoslav government's oppression of Croatsians, Al-

LASER engraved

Desk Thermometer and Pen Set

• Beautiful Laser Engraved
Clippership on Solid Walnut
Base.

• Three Position
Swivel Pen
Holder (Pen
included).

• Fahrenheit and Celcius Room
Thermometer



The perfect compliment to any desk!

Only \$29.95

Check or Money Order to:

D & L Enterprises

P.O. Box 72,

Two Rivers, WI 54241

(414) 794-1020

Please send _____ Laser Engraved
Desk Thermometer and Pen set(s) at
\$29.95 each to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Amount enclosed _____

(Add \$3.00 Shipping & Handling. Wisconsin residents add 5% sales tax) **H287**

Satisfaction Guaranteed: If not fully delighted, return purchase within 30 days for a full refund.

25 FREE pairs of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.



Yes! A FREE pair of America's finest men's shoes will be given to 25 people who answer this ad by June 30. We will draw 25 names from those who send for our FREE catalog. Each will choose a pair of WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES priced up to \$149! Mail this coupon for FREE catalog and YOUR chance to win these famous shoes.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
Executive Shoes, Dept. 587, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370

Enter me in the Free drawing, and send Free catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Have you ever worn Wright Shoes? yes ☐ no ☐

AUDIO-FORUM®

offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes—featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel. We have 130 courses in 47 languages, so we must have what you need.

Learn a foreign language on your own!

Free
Catalog.

To get your copy:

Call toll-free 1-800-243-1234

or fill out and send this ad to—

Audio-Forum, Room K 534

On-The-Green, Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794

Name _____

Address _____

Apt # _____

City/State/Zip _____

I am particularly interested in (check choices):

☐ Russian ☐ Greek ☐ Danish ☐ Finnish ☐ Japanese ☐ Spanish
☐ German ☐ Korean ☐ Mandarin ☐ Swedish ☐ Hausa ☐ French
☐ Hungarian ☐ Italian ☐ Dutch ☐ Other _____

bantans, Slovenes, Montenegrins, and Macedonians—the majority of Yugoslavians.

Marija Ann Levic
Los Angeles, Calif.

The author is executive director of Human Rights in Yugoslavia.

Clarification

In my report "Lost in Another Honduras" [*Harper's Magazine*, October 1986], I wrote of the death of Paul Lawton, a businessman from Massachusetts who had lived in Honduras for twenty years. On the night of April 18, 1986, Lawton's body and the bodies of four others were recovered from Lawton's burnt-out home in El Hatillo, a suburb of Tegucigalpa; Lawton's death certificate, signed by the United States consul general in Tegucigalpa, stated he had died of a stab wound.

The Honduran press dwelled at first on the sensational details of the crime: it had to do with sex, or maybe with cocaine. Then a reporter for *La Tribuna*, René Cantanero, began to see CIA connections.

My story was about there being not one Honduras but two: one of torpor and poverty, the other of American foreign policy. To get at this situation, I wrote of the Honduran press, its frustrations and its fantasies. In particular, I wrote of its stories about Lawton. And, in describing the Lawton depicted by the Honduran press, I have added pain and frustration to the already considerable pain and frustration suffered by Lawton's family, who live in the United States and who still do not know why, and at whose hand, Paul Lawton died.

For the record: The Honduran authorities do not know who killed Lawton, or why—at least that's what they're saying. The same goes for the

United States Embassy in Tegucigalpa. The Lawtons think Paul was not the real target of what all seem to agree was a very professional hit (and not a crime of passion); rather, they believe the main target was Rodolfo Castejón, a wealthy businessman whose body was among the five found. Massachusetts Senator John Kerry has recently gotten involved on behalf of the Lawtons, but appears to be making no more headway than the family in getting real answers.

Francisco Goldman
Madrid, Spain

May Index Sources

1, 2 U.S. General Accounting Office; 3 David Evans, senior military adviser Business Executives for National Security (Washington, D.C.); 4, 5 U.S. News & World Report/CNN poll (Washington, D.C.); 6, 7 TV Guide (Radnor, Pa.); 8 Washington Post; 9 British Consulate; 10 Wendy's International (Dublin, Ohio); 11 Washington Area Metropolitan Transportation Authority; 12, 13 Hearst Corporation (New York City); 14 James Smith, Department of Economics, University of Michigan; 15 "The Next Panic," by L.J. Davis (*Harper's Magazine*); 16 *The Share of Top Wealth Holders in National Wealth: 1922-1956*, by Robert J. Lampman (Princeton University Press); 17 World Bank (Washington, D.C.); 18 U.S. Treasury Department; 19 Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco; 20 Morgan Stanley (New York City); 21 Keeneland Race Course (Lexington, Ky.); 22 USA Today (Arlington, Va.); 23 Melvin Zelnick and Michael Koenig, Department of Population Dynamics, Johns Hopkins University School of Hygiene and Public Health; 24, 25 Mary F. Belmont, research project director, American Health Foundation (New York City); 26 U.S. Census Bureau; 27 National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); 28 Faux Systems (Los Altos, Calif.); 29, 30, 31 *Harper's* research; 32, 33 Standard Rate and Data Service (Wilmette, Ill.); 34 International Union of Journeymen Horse-shoers of the United States and Canada (Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.); 35 U.S. Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms; 36, 37 National Marine Fisheries Service (Portland, Me.) and Maine State Department of Marine Resources (Augusta, Me.); 38, 39 Survey Research Center (University of Maryland at College Park); 40 Hormel Company (Austin, Minn.).

"IRRESISTIBLE"*

THE CONNOISSEUR

A Novel by Evan S. Connell,
author of SON OF THE MORNING STAR

"Connell's style is a model of economy; it reveals the care of an artisan whose works should be collected." *TIME* • "A deft, sophisticated, and pleasurable story." *ATLANTIC MONTHLY*
A well-to-do insurance executive gradually becomes obsessed with his new hobby of collecting pre-Columbian art. Paperback, \$8.95

*NEW YORK TIMES

N O R T H P O I N T P R E S S

DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 53

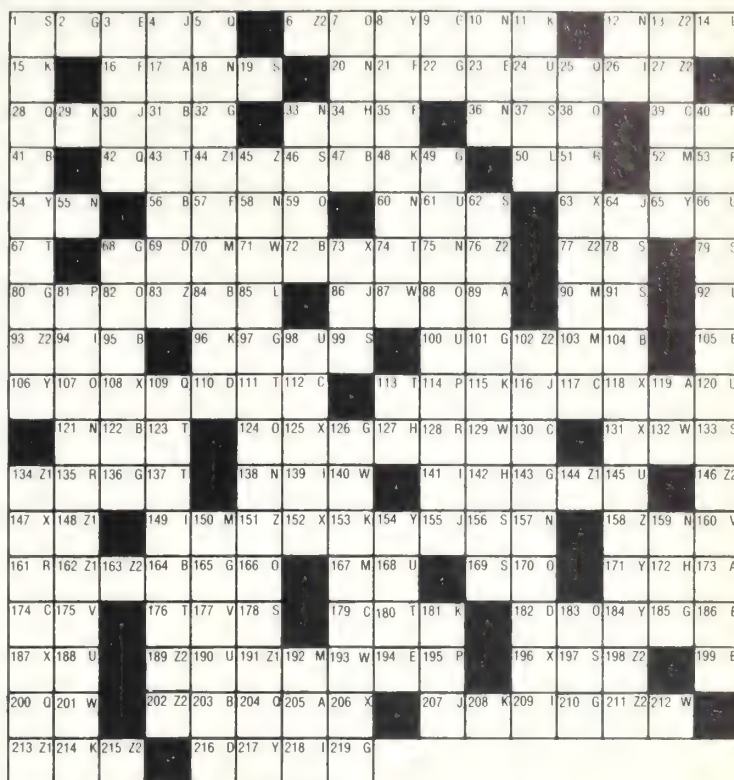
by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

CLUES

- A. Actress-manager (1826-73) who produced *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theatre
173 205 89 119 17
- B. Am. actress and singer (1896-1977; *Cabin in the Sky*; full name)
31 203 122 104 84 56
72 41 95 47 164
- C. Under
39 112 130 179 174 117
- D. Loony, wacky
110 69 182 216
- E. Spent and sterile; decadent, soft
23 105 199 186 194 3
- F. Prima donna
35 57 16 21
- G. Batter traditionally baked in beef drippings (2 wds.)
101 80 22 185 32 2 9 136
165 210 126 49 219 97 68 143
- H. Beaks, bills; points
34 142 127 172
- I. Critical, usually nerve-wrenching performance
209 94 26 141 218 139 149
- J. Irritable, fretful
207 155 116 30 64 4 86
- K. Sturdy fabric used in men's clothing (2 wds.)
153 181 29 11 214 115 96 48
208 15
- L. Musical based on T.S. Eliot works
92 14 50 85
- M. Joined together closely and firmly
192 103 70 167 90 150 52
- N. Am. actress (1884-1946; *Peg o' My Heart*, *The Glass Menagerie*; full name)
55 36 159 20 75 58 121 10
60 33 157 12 138 18
- O. Dame —: Eng. actress (1888-1976; *The Importance of Being Earnest*; full name)
38 166 183 82 59 170 88 7
107 124
- P. Scandinavian
114 40 81 195 53
- Q. "The sweet" to whom "sweets to the sweet" refers
200 42 204 5 28 25 109



CLASSIFIED

PERSONALS

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406.

Asian women seek friendship, marriage. Photos, details: GRE, Box 555, Elmont, N.Y. 11003.

Friends nearby and ninety countries worldwide. For sports, hobbies, correspondence, vacations. Electronic Exchange, Box 68-H4, Manhattan Beach, Calif. 90266.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039, or call (215) 358-5049.

Polish-American Singles Club. Contacts through correspondence. Box 99021, Troy, Mich. 48099.

Asian women desire romance. Sincere, cultured, attractive. Sunshine International Correspondence. Dept. NA, Box 260, North Hollywood, Calif. 91603.

L.A. gentleman, 55, educated, non-smoker, married and lonesome, desires to meet similarly situated lady. Box 507, 1147 E. Broadway, Glendale, Calif. 91205.

Art Lovers' Network. Connects single, art-loving gentlemen nationally, internationally. All ages. ALN, Box 5106H, Westport, Conn. 06881.

Penfriends worldwide. All ages, 80 countries. Free information. Penfriends, Box 441541-J, Miami, Fla. 33144.

Art Lovers' Exchange. Unattached fine-arts lovers get acquainted. Nationwide. Write: ALX, Box 265 HA, Bensalem, Pa. 19020. Or call: (215) 638-9866.

Penfriends England, nationwide, worldwide. Send age, interests. Free reply. Currents, Box 507-H, New York, N.Y. 10101.

FURNITURE

Country Casual

DESIGNER and DIRECT IMPORTER
of fine English garden furniture

SOLID TEAKWOOD
BENCHES • SWINGS • PLANTERS

4' Chippendale II
a Country Casual
original design
in solid teakwood

16 page catalogue \$2.00
Country Casual - RS
17317 Germantown Rd
Germantown, Md. 20874-2999
(911) 540-0046

VACATION RESORT RENTALS

Kiawah Island resort villa rentals. Near historic Charleston. 10 miles of beach and much more! Free color brochure. Call Ravenel Associates, toll-free: 1-800-845-3911, ext. 315.

MERCHANDISE


Mayan handmade cotton clothes, accessories, and unique gifts. Free color catalogue: One World Trading Co., Box 310, Dept. A3, Summertown, Tenn. 38483. (615) 964-2334.

Bow ties. Handmade limited editions. Free catalogue. John Fields Designer, Box 406D, Kenwood, Calif. 95452.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution
screened on a Quality T-Shirt

WRITE FOR
FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT 107
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920



SPECIAL
2 For \$13.95 PPD!

\$9.95 Each PPD
Red/White/L Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL

EMPLOYMENT

Teach abroad/here. Current openings list U.S.A., \$7; overseas, \$7. Specials: Japan, Australia, France, \$7 each. EISL, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162-0062.

HEALTH

Contact lens. Replace your soft lens with Bausch and Lomb extended wear and daily wear, \$25 per lens. Tinted in blue, aqua, green, brown: \$35 per lens. MD/OD consultants. Send eyeglass or contact lens prescription. Check, Visa, MC plus \$2 postage to: F & R Contact Lens, Box 188, Dutton, Ala. 35744.

VACATIONS

Italy/Tuscany. Traditional country house, large, furnished; also efficiency apartment. Convenient. Florence, Siena, Assisi. Tansey, CP4, Cortona AR/52044, Italy. 575-62512.

Linekin Bay Sailing Resort. Fleet of sailboats, two-masted schooner, sailing instruction, heated pool, tennis. Write for folder: Boothbay Harbor, Me. 04538.

ARTWORK

Original Kurz & Allison lithographs. Free catalogue. American Print Gallery, 43914 S.E. 139th St., North Bend, Wash. 98045. (206) 888-3464.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freightier." Facts, destinations, recommendations on unusual cruising. \$3. TravLTips, Box 188 B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

Overseas opportunities. Employment, adventure, education, independent travel. Ten-year index, \$1. Five information-packed issues, \$15. Abroad, Box 344, HM-3, Amherst, Mass. 01004.

Expo '88. Brisbane, Australia. Bed and breakfast available. Reasonable rates. Write immediately for information and advance bookings. 36 Edward St., Caboolture Queensland 4510, Australia.

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 44 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option.

FREE BROCHURE
INCH FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606hp Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

BOOKS

Locating out-of-print books our special. Avonlea Books, Box 74E, Main Station, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-592.

Bookstock finds books. Free search. Box 942-H, S. Orleans, Mass. 02662.

Free book search. Prompt reply. Webfoot Bookman, 334 S.E. 62nd, Portland, Ore. 97215.

3,000 years of history and literature. The 16-page, 240-book annotated reading list for everyone who wants to know more about the major thought and literature of our planet. \$5. Scott Hoffman, 297B Laws Road, Concord, Mass. 01742.

"The bible of the euthanasia movement." 60 Minutes

Let Me Die Before I Wake

By Derek Humphry
Practical advice to the dying
about accelerating the end.
In bookstores \$10.
\$10 plus \$2 shipping when ordered from
The Hemlock Society
POB 66218
Los Angeles, CA 90066

Intext free international book search. 258 S.W. 87th Ave., Portland, Ore. 97225. Call toll-free 1-800-345-4969.

RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Rock Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, horse back riding, river rafting, and much more for all ages. The Hawley Mountain Guest Ranch, Box 4-H, McLeod, Mont. 59052. (406) 932-5791.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Writing, research, statistics. All field Highest quality. Research Service, Box 48862, Niles, Ill. 60648. (312) 774-5284.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, \$1.85 per word; three times, \$1.75 per word; six times, \$1.65 per word; twelve times, \$1.50 per word. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, \$115 per column inch; three times, \$110 per column inch; six times, \$105 per column inch; twelve times, \$90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to Harper's Magazine and send to Harper's Classified, 60 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Elena Gustines, Classified Advertising Manager.

ooking for a publisher? Learn how you can
ve your book published, promoted and
tributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2,
ntage Press, 516 W. 34th St., New York,
Y. 10001.

blish your book. Join our...
rs. Publicity, advertising...
ks. All subjects invited. Send for free
ed booklet and free manuscript report
rlton Press, Dept. HZW, 11 W. 32nd St.,
w York, N.Y. 10001.

HOTELS

One of New York City's best kept secrets...
on West 57th across from Carnegie Hall

An elegant hotel for business or pleasure. 320 beauti-
rooms. A.C. TV, serving pantry. Terrace Cafe. Meeting
facilities (to 75). Reasonable rates.

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th Street N.Y. N.Y. 10019
Toll free (800) 223-0680 NYS (212) 246-1300

LITERARY SERVICES

'll publish your book. Our 45 years' ex-
ience will help you toward success. Send
nuscript or outline for free information
l evaluation. Rivercross Publishing,
pt. HM, 127 E. 59th St., New York,
f. 10022.

nuscripts/cassettes professionally edited,
ed. Marye Myers, Box 1019, So. Pasade-
Calif. 91030-1019.

riters! Lawrence Block's books, tapes,
inars. Details free. WFYL, 3750-D
ero, Fort Myers Beach, Fla. 33931.

ems of love and inspiration by award win-
r. \$5. Bear Books, Box 677, Albuquerque,
N. 87103.

PUBLICATIONS

outhern Writer," \$4/issue, \$16/yr.,
A, Box 92025, Lafayette, La. 70509.

us never existed. Scholarly booklet
ves Flavius Josephus created fictional Je-
s, gospels. \$4. Abelard, Box 5652-H,
nt, Wash. 98064.

ultivating the Cherry Tomato in Wood-
containers." Report assesses plant vari-
s, types of container woods and con-
ctions, growing conditions, and growing
iums. \$2.98 ppd. from the Parker Vil-
e Press, Box 2067, Westford, Mass.
86-5067.

FILM/VIDEO

eign, classic films on video. Giant cata-
ue, \$2. Facets, 1517 W. Fullerton, Chi-
o, Ill. 60614.

SUSPENDERS/BRACES

ll-dressed men wear suspenders/braces.
gest collection anywhere. Free brochure.
nardo, 24000 Westheimer, #108W(H),
uston, Tex. 77098. (713) 520-2686.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

n while you read. Maximum profit for
imum effort. Free details. Robross, Box
8H, Boston, Mass. 02114.

Free. Immediate, successful home income
opportunities revealed. Guaranteed. Send
stamp. ALCO, B769-H5, Socorro, N.M.
87801.

Homeworkers. Earn 60¢ for each envelope
addressed according to our instructions. De-
tailing. Distributors, Box 431-HP, Lynbrook,
N.Y. 11563.

EDUCATION

British degrees. Somerset University offers
degree programs to mature students by
distance learning. For a prospectus, send \$8 to
Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset,
TA19 0BQ, England.

Learn Spanish and Latin culture in beauti-
ful Venezuela. Inexpensive tuition and liv-
ing. Write: Action Research, Dept. 117,
3333 Lakeshore Dr., Tallahassee, Fla.
32312.

Welcome to the off-campus campus. Ver-
mont College of Norwich University, a lead-
er in independent study for adults, supports
home-based college work leading to intellec-
tual, professional, and personal growth.
Unique, challenging, accredited. Expe-
rienced, caring faculty. Call or write us,
specifying B.A. or M.A. Vermont College of
Norwich University, Box 99, Montpelier,
Vt. 05602. (802) 229-0522.

Superlearning. Triple learning speed
through music. Languages, data. Maximize
memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt,
catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th,
#105-H4, Vancouver, Canada V6H 1K5.

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM,
RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

Illiterate? Ill-spent? Ill-bred? Illegitimate? Ill-
favored? Illogical? Ill-fated? Ill-disposed? Live
somewhere in Illinois besides Chicago?
DENSE. The cure for all your ills. 31185
Westhill, Farmington Hills, Mich. 48024.

COUNTRY INNS



A small
elegant
Country Inn
near
Chapel Hill

FEARRINGTON HOUSE
Box 111J, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 (919) 542-2121

GOURMET

Super scrumptious Amaretto brownies. Ac-
claimed by Princeton newspaper as one of
area's best desserts. Also, heavenly, rich, or-
ange almond-coconut Easter cake. \$2 for
both recipes. EBA-1, Box 6582, Lawrence-
ville, N.J. 08648.

RETIREMENT

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA.

Retire to the midst of a 625 acre farm full of bluebirds,
hollyhocks, belted galloway cows, shops, a country
inn, and families of all ages.

Free brochure.
Call 800-334-5475.
Box 111Y, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

FEARRINGTON



SOLUTION TO THE APRIL PUZZLE

S	Q	U	A	L	I	D	P	O	L	I	O
O	U	T	S	O	V	E	R	L	E	A	F
B	O	X	C	A	R	C	O	D	E	S	F
E	T	S	O	F	A	L	S	E	R	N	E
R	E	C	T	O	R	I	E	S	D	B	R
L	U	T	I	N	G	V	S	T	I	E	S
Y	T	A	B	S	O	I	L	C	L	A	P
L	A	X	I	T	Y	T	A	G	A	T	E
L	S	I	D	O	M	I	N	A	T	O	R
A	M	I	D	K	A	E	O	B	E	P	I
M	A	N	G	E	R	S	E	L	V	E	S
A	N	G	E	R	S	B	L	E	A	C	H

NOTES FOR "NUMEROLOGY"

Note: The second number in each parenthesis was to be
added or subtracted from the clue answer as a Roman
numeral.

ACROSS: 1. SQUAD(ron); 6. Polo, two meanings; 10. C(LO)UTS; 11. CLOVERLEAF, anagram; 12. BOAR(d); 13. CODDLES, anagram; 14. SOL(F)A, anagram; 16. (h)ERM(I)ONE; 17. DIRE-C(T)ORIES; 20. D-iluting (anagram); 23. SI(reversal)-X-TIES; 25. SOL, reversal; 26. CAP, initial letters; 28. LAITY, anagram; 29. DIVA-GATE; 31. ROTA-NOX, reversed; 35. A(I)D; 36. MA-LINGER; 37. SEES, "seize"; 38. DANG(I)ERS; 39. B(. . .)E)ACH. DOWN: 1. SOMBERLY, anagram; 2. QUI(X-O)TE; 3. MA-SCOT; 4. OAF, hidden; 5. DE(ad)-I-TIES; 6. PROMISE, anagram; 7. CO(L)DES-T; 8. LEV(I)ER; 9. COF(F)ERS, anagram; 15. CAR-GO; 18. ET AL, reversed; 19. BLEAT, anagram; 21. TAN-G; 22. B-ID; 24. TALISMAN, hidden; 25. STOCKER, anagram; 27. VIP-ERISH (anagram); 28. LAM-A; 30. GAM(B. . .)LE; 32. MAR(reversal)-IS; 33. NOVE-L; 34. O/PE(try).

SOLUTION TO APRIL DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 52). KINGSLEY AMIS: GETTING IT WRONG. A dictionary records usage . . . but . . . when consulted it is taken as prescriptive, too, by almost every-
body who is not either a lexicographer or a linguist, and . . . It seems harsh to deny guidance to the
lonely and diminishing minority who may genuinely need and want it.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together
with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 53, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New
York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest
mailing label. Entries must be received by May 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened
at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in
the June issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 51 (March) are M. Nancy Baxter, Saginaw, Michi-
gan; Peter Devries, San Antonio, Texas; and C.A. Heffernon, Pardeeville, Wisconsin.

PUZZLE

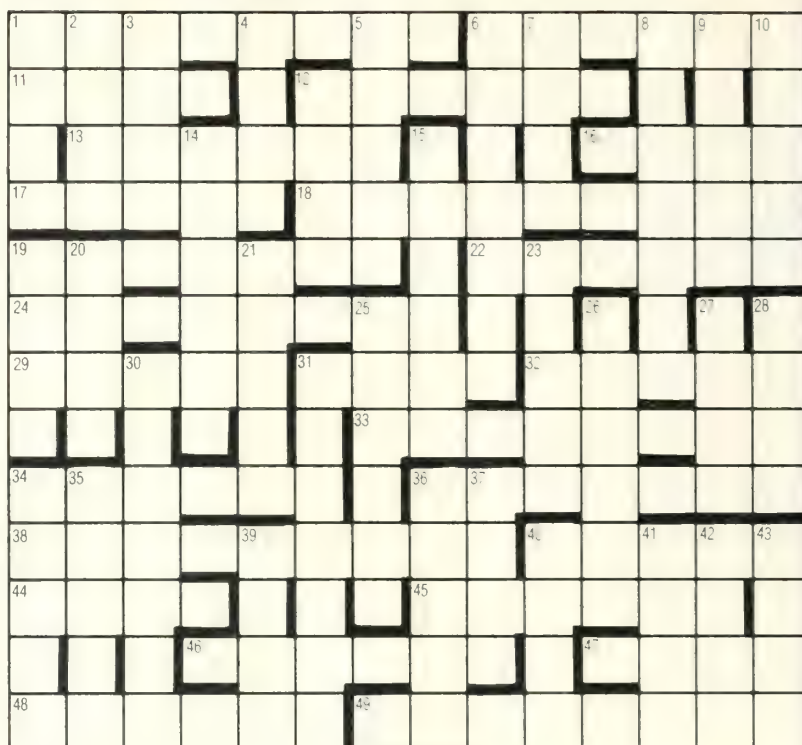
May Tricks

By E. R. Galli
and Richard Maltby Jr.

Each of the six unclued across entries could be considered a 34A, to which two unclued down entries contribute... except for 34A, which is handled elsewhere.

Clue answers include two foreign words and six proper names. One unclued down entry is a common surname.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



Across

11. Was an oarsman in the Sound teased? (4)
12. Do the converted set upon Rabbi Frank (3-3)
13. To move angularly around frequently is sexy-looking (6)
16. Turkish commander more than half shocked (4)
17. American author said to be full of craft (5)
19. Where one gets into supernatural scenes! (7)
22. The Italian "X" (tau) is presently unused (6)
24. Tent I saw redone most like a lion's skin (8)
29. Willow twig snagged in hosiery (5)
31. Washington's leader is filled with technical intelligence (4)
32. Avoid a ceremony in Latin (5)
33. Made a plea about half-wits covered in British courts? (8)
36. What pay could provide for the course (7)
40. You could get quite a bit out of shape (5)
44. Care of a female's hairdo (4)
45. Small tot's slippery (6)
46. Natural fiber is acclaimed by PR men (6)
47. Pure pool (4)
48. Enemy's beaten... they'll never object (6)

Down

2. Full of liquor, losing head, dribbling (4)

3. He's much admired although only 39, one hears (4)
4. Shrewd clergyman banishing sun god (4)
5. Take the air out of a French painter? (5)
7. Ace backed one-to-one (4)
8. Drunken sailer swallowing good Mediterranean port (7)
10. Riser gets congressional approvals ahead of time (5)
12. Wildfire? Epidemic (4)
15. Western river's main course goes around township (6)
19. To be generous, be this, and get a load on (4)
21. Atmospheric irritations, including some clouds (5)
23. Notice German with Grant (5)
28. One of the peerage... to a degree, this is an unwholesome condition (4)
30. One crazy stunt, I assumed, is insightful (7)
31. Vegetable, one to grow live first (3, 4)
34. Shy host is the reverse of something real (5)
35. A flower that's stemmed (5)
36. Extremely perverse—heavens, quite vexatious (5)
37. Lies in the sun topless and solicits (4)
39. It's useless using a passport, e.g., with the French (4)
41. African capital in which iniquity can be found? (4)
43. There's not much to building this cast (4)

Contest Rules. Send completed diagram with name and address to "May Tricks," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the July issue. Winners of the March puzzle, "Plus fours," are Edward V. Scoby, Park Ridge, Illinois; David F. Walsh, Scituate, Massachusetts; and Rodney Wynkoop, Durham, North Carolina.

HARPER'S



BURLINGAME

MAY 14 1987

LIBRARY

THE TERRORIST AESTHETIC
Of Artists, Stockbrokers, and Other Jacobins
By Alberto Moravia

LETTER FROM MOSCOW
The Soviet Economy: Prospects for Change
By John Kenneth Galbraith

FALLING FOR A WARSAW-PACT DAME
An Espionage Thriller (Sort of)
By John Simpson

THE BUDDHA OF SUBURBIA
A story by Hanif Kureishi

Michael Ignatieff,
safe sex

*****5-DIGIT 94010
JUN 88 1 01 00000
HARVARD PUBLIC LIBRARY
BURLINGAME
430 PRIMROSE
BURLINGAME, CA 94010



6 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.



For people
who like
to smoke...



BENSON & HEDGES
because quality matters.



While most people tolerate
the status quo, some make
their own alterations.

Here's to rare character.



Scotch of Rare Character

We blend 36 malt whiskies, fine grain whiskies, and two centuries of tradition into one great Scotch.

To send a gift of J&B anywhere in the U.S., call 1-800-238-4373. Void where prohibited.

HARPER'S

FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 274, NO. 1645
JUNE 1987

Letters	4	<i>Alice Walsh, Seymour D. Reich</i>
Notebook	10	
Love or money		<i>Lewis H. Lapham</i>
Harper's Index	13	
Readings	15	
To Nurture Latin Democracy		<i>Mario Vargas Llosa</i>
"Protect Yourself"		<i>a rap by the Fat Boys</i>
The Regime Within		<i>Václav Havel</i>
Family Photo Albums		<i>Michael Ignatieff</i>
Strange Air		<i>from a play by Eric Bogosian and Tad Savinar</i>
Driving		<i>two stories by Bill Franzen</i>
And . . .		<i>Marge Piercy, William Eggleston,</i> <i>Circumcision Information Resource Centers</i>
Essay	37	
THE TERRORIST AESTHETIC		<i>Alberto Moravia</i>
Of artists, stockbrokers, and other Jacobins		
Story	45	
THE BUDDHA OF SUBURBIA		<i>Hanif Kureishi</i>
Moscow Letter	52	
CAN THE RUSSIANS REFORM?		<i>John Kenneth Galbraith</i>
The Soviet economy: prospects for change		
Annotation	56	
WIND OF WAR OUT OF WASHINGTON		<i>Don Goldberg</i>
From Pentagon scriptwriters, a fantasy		
Memoir	58	
FALLING FOR A WARSAW PACT DAME		<i>John Simpson</i>
An espionage thriller (sort of)		
Criticism	63	
IFS, ANDS, BUTTS		<i>Arthur Krystal</i>
The literary sensibility at ringside		
Miscellany	68	
ICE-CREAM MUSIC		<i>Don Asher</i>
Have songs, will set the mood		
Review	72	
NOTIONS OF IDEAS		<i>Carlin Romano</i>
Intellectual histories, fine and rare		
Acrostic	77	<i>Thomas H. Middleton</i>
Puzzle	80	<i>E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.</i>

Cover: *Detail of Still Life with Leonardo and Lichtenstein II*, by Joseph Levi, courtesy O K Harris Works of Art

Harper's Magazine is owned and published monthly by Harper's Magazine Foundation, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Leon Botstein, Chairman. Copyright©1987 by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Foundation under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row Publishers, Inc. The trademark *Harper's Index* is a registered trademark owned by the Harper's Magazine Foundation. Printed in the United States. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. In Canada, second-class postage paid at Mississauga, Ontario. POSTMASTER: Send all address changes to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, Ohio 43305. ISSN0017-789X. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please provide both address from last issue and new address. Allow six weeks advance notice. SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$18 one year. Canada and U.S. possessions, add \$2; other foreign, add \$3 per year. Please send orders to Harper's Magazine, P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305. All requests for PERMISSIONS and REPRINTS must be made in writing to Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012. UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Harper's Magazine does not publish unsolicited poetry.

HARPER'S

Lewis H. Lapham, *Editor*

Executive Editor

Michael Pollan

Managing Editor

Janet Gold

Senior Editor

Gerald Marzorati

Deborah Rust, *Art Director*

Associate Editors

Pamela Abrams, Eric Etheridge,

Jack Hitt

Assistant Editors

Charis W. Conn, Richard T. Marin,

Ilena Silverman

Ann K. Stern, *Assistant to the Editor*

Interns

Lynne Bertrand,

Anne Hardart, Lisa Levchuk

Contributing Editors

T.D. Allman, George Ball,

Leon Botstein, L. J. Davis,

Timothy Dickinson, Mark Edmundson,

Samuel C. Florman, Francisco Goldman,

Vicki Hearne, Walter Karp,

Craig S. Karpel, Barry Lopez,

Robert Karl Manoff, Peter Marin,

George Plimpton, Earl Shorris,

Jacqueline Simon, Henry Scott Stokes,

Frances Taliaferro, Tom Wolfe,

Sidney Zion

Washington Editors

Christopher Hitchens,

Fred Reed, John Taft

John R. MacArthur, *President and Publisher*

Vice President and General Manager

Douglas E. Ellis

Vice President, Circulation

Elvira Lopez

Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs

Randall V. Warner

Vice President, Advertising Director

Victoria Reisenbach

Account Representatives

Kathryn Crowley, Mary Anne Malley,

Karen A. Rydzewski

Elena Gustines, *Advertising Coordinator*

Max Lane, *Circulation Assistant*

Diane Whitmore, *Assistant to the Publisher*

Staff

Catherine Hopkins,

Joseph Malits, Benjamin Glassberg

ADVERTISING SALES OFFICES

666 Broadway, New York, New York 10012

(212) 614-6500

San Francisco

Colin Smith (415) 486-0454

Detroit

Norma Davis & Associates (313) 656-1887

Tokyo

Yoshiro Mitsui, IMI Corporation

(03) 546-2231

LETTERS

Public and Private Concerns About Missing Children

I read Peter Schneider's essay "Lost Innocents" with a kind of grim satisfaction [*Harper's Magazine*, February]. Several years ago, when our then county judge Mitch McConnell began a vigorous campaign endorsing the fingerprinting of all young children "for identification purposes," I was disturbed. When the time came for our five-year-old son to be fingerprinted, I declined to sign the permission slip. Probably assuming that I was slothful or callous, they fingerprinted him anyway.

When he proudly brought his prints home, I put them away, not so that we might one day identify his mangled and unrecognizable body, but so I would not be reminded of how public figures exploit our children to enhance their own power.

McConnell went on to become a United States senator.

Alice Walsh

Louisville, Ky.

As chairman of the New York State Assembly Republican Task Force on Missing Children, I feel compelled

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

to comment on Peter Schneider's dismissal of the problem of missing children as a myth. Webster's defines the word "myth" as "a person or thing having only an imaginary or unverifiable existence." I only wish this were true. Unfortunately, the tragedy of child abductions is indeed a reality.

Schneider irresponsibly confuses myth with exaggeration. While I agree that many of the statistics and stories about missing children are exaggerated, to dismiss the problem completely is a disservice to the public, particularly to the children who have been abducted, their families, and law enforcement agencies.

In addition, Schneider contradicts himself on a number of points. First, he implies that the attention given to missing children over the past few years is both unnecessary and a source of paranoia among parents. Then he writes that the number of open cases in the FBI's files on stranger-abducted children dropped from fifty-three in December 1985 to thirty in July 1986. I have no doubt that this decline was a result of greater public awareness. Does Schneider believe that those children and their families should be ignored?

Secondly, Schneider claims that 95 percent of missing children are runaways. Does he mean to imply that these children should not be

looked for? He says that 78 percent of runaways were mistreated at home and that many were sexually abused. But, he fails to mention that many of these runaways turn to drugs and prostitution to survive on the streets.

Thirdly, Schneider is under the mistaken belief that because there is a correlation between child abuse and poverty, increasing benefits to people on public assistance would significantly reduce the problem. Schneider should instead be recommending the appropriation of funds for counseling for these people—especially since parents who abuse their children are likely to have been abused themselves.

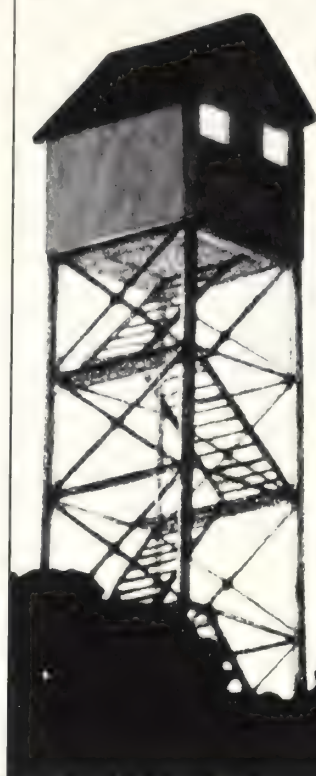
Toward the end of his article, Schneider describes a number of instances in which parents have done things to their children which have led to the parents' being investigated, and he labels this harassment. As chairman of the Task Force on Missing Children, I have extensively researched this issue and have held public hearings across the state. I have heard tearful testimony from parents whose children were abducted by strangers. I have talked to law enforcement officials and school personnel as well as other concerned individuals.

Based on these findings, the task force has developed several bills that would do the following:

- 1] Provide counseling to parents of children who have been abducted and to the children themselves when they are found;
- 2] Require the Division of Criminal Justice Services to distribute a list of missing schoolchildren to school districts throughout the state;
- 3] Require the chief of every police department to issue a quarterly report to the Division of Criminal Justice Services of all reported cases of missing children;
- 4] Require police departments to immediately investigate cases of missing children under the age of sixteen;
- 5] Require school officials, upon the enrollment of a new student, to request the name and address of the student's previous school and to notify that school of the student's new enrollment;
- 6] Direct the commissioner of educa-

National Bestseller

WALKER PERCY



The THANATOS SYNDROME

"Gloriously funny."

—HENRY KISOR,
Chicago Sun-Times

"The pages are as gripping as any he has ever written."

—PAUL GRAY, *Time*

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB
DUAL MAIN SELECTION

FARRAR
STRAUS
GIROUX

Gettysburg

The Gettysburg Review

Gettysburg
The Gettysburg Review



The
Gettysburg
Review
Gettysburg
College
Gettysburg
Pennsylvania
17325

an interdisciplinary magazine of arts and ideas, will commence quarterly publication in January, 1988, and will feature the best in poetry, fiction, essays, graphics, and book reviews by both beginning and established writers and artists. The Editor is Peter Stitt, whose writings on contemporary literature appear regularly in such publications as *The Georgia Review*, *The New York Times Book Review*, *The Paris Review*, and *Poetry*.

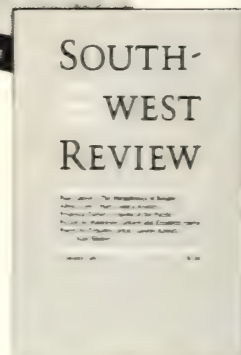
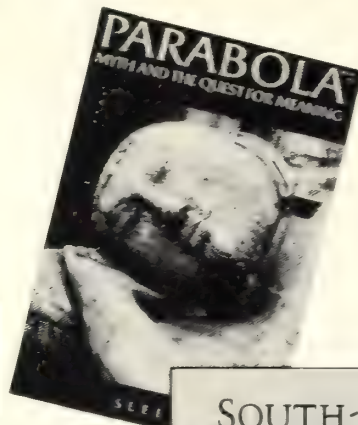
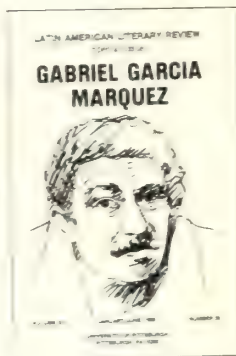
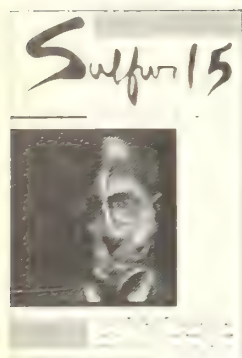
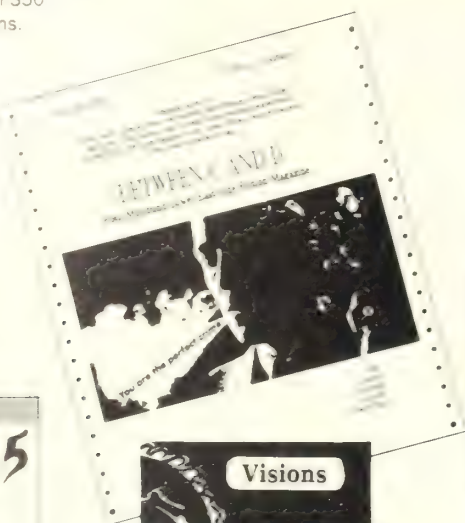
Advisory and Contributing Editors

Donald Barthelme / Ann Beattie
Rita Dove / Garrison Keillor
Rosalind E. Krauss / Heinz R. Pagels
Robert Penn Warren / Richard Wilbur

We welcome the submission of manuscripts and art work and promise a speedy evaluation. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. We also welcome those who wish to subscribe. The domestic rate is \$12.00 for one year (four issues); the foreign rate is \$16.00.

Magazines that matter

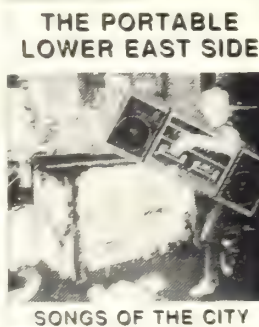
The Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines is a unifying organization to these and over 350 other literary publications.



The Southwest Review is the exception to coterie publishing"—Gordon Lish. "Solidity, taste and verve"—Amy Clampitt. John Barth, Hortense Calisher, Natalia Holmlander, Iris Murdoch, Howard Nemerov, Helen Vendler, Edmund White. \$16/yr ind.

The Portable Lower East Side features work that is as humorous as it is social, seasoned with "pungent radical flavor"—*Exquisite Corpse*. Contributors include: Grace Paley, Margaret Randall, Edward Limonov, Janusz Glowacki. Current issue includes lyrics from New York City vanguard musicians. \$10/yr.

"From its editorial content to its design and mode of production, **Between C&D** is uniquely in touch with the time and place which have produced it. . . . If there's a cutting edge in American fiction anymore, *Between C&D* is on it."—*American Book Review* \$20/yr-4 issues



Parabola: Myth and the Quest for Meaning, "a magazine devoted to the mythic underpinnings of contemporary life."—*The New York Times*. "A fascinating journal,"—*Washington Post*. Recent themes: "Memory and Forgetting," "Addiction," "The Body," "Dreams and Seeing," Peter Brook, Joseph Campbell, Elie Wiesel. Articles, interviews, reviews, fiction, traditional stories. \$18/yr.



Latin American Literary Review. The English-language journal devoted to Latin American literature. It includes essays and translations of poetry, plays, short stories. Editor's Grant for editorial excellence. "A most important development for Latin American literature"—*Library Journal*. Special issue, "The Boom in Retrospect," examines the literature of the sixties. \$17/yr.

Sulfur is poetry in its fullest context: established post World War II poets as well as younger writers, translations, criticism, interdisciplinary connections, reviews, artwork. "Sulfur must be the most important literary magazine which has explored and extended the boundaries of poetry."—James Laughlin. Contributors include Gary Snyder, James Hillman, Leon Golub. \$15/yr.

The North American Review. America's oldest (1815) magazine; six times finalist, twice winner (1981, 1983). National Magazine Award for Fiction. Margaret Atwood, David Hellerstein, Barry Lopez, Mona Simpson, Ron Carlson. "Best of eclectic quarterlies."—National Public Radio. \$11/yr. \$3 copy.

Visions is in the best tradition of imposing fascinating footsteps on the frontier of literature."—*Library Journal*. A unique forum combining the creative energies of world-wide poets with top artists inspired by their poems and translations. Philip Dacey, Roque Dalton, Anna Akhmatova, Claes Oldenberg. \$10/yr.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

- ☐ Parabola \$18/yr.
☐ Sulfur \$15/yr.
☐ Southwest Review \$16/yr.
☐ Between C&D \$20/yr.

Please indicate publications desired.

- ☐ Latin American Literary Review \$17/yr.
☐ Portable Lower East Side \$10/yr.
☐ North American Review \$11/yr.
☐ The 1987 Directory of Literary Magazines
 A guide to 350 literary magazines. \$6.95

TOTAL _____

Name _____

Address _____

State _____ Zip _____

Make check payable to CCLM and return with proper form to: CCLM, 666 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. Payment must be in U.S. dollars drawn on a U.S. bank.

on to develop a curriculum focusing
the prevention of child abduction;
Increase the penalties for custodial
interference;

Require school personnel, upon re-
quest, to notify parents if their child
is not reported to school.

Moreover, last year the state legis-
lature approved, and Governor Cu-
omo signed into law, a bill that
prohibits school officials from releas-
ing a child to anyone without first
notifying the custodial parent or
checking to see that the person is on
the list of individuals authorized by the
court to take the child.

The issue of missing children is not
a myth, as Peter Schneider would
have us to believe. The unfortunate
fact is that there are children in
America who are missing—whether
they be stranger-abducted, parent-
abducted, or runaways—and we can-
not ignore this situation.

James Tedisco
Albany, N.Y.

"Lost Innocents" is a refreshing re-
minder that we may have lost our in-
nocence, but not our ability to think.

Peter Schneider's account of how a
kiss on a baby's bottom led to
charges of child molestation gives rise
to a question: Could it be that child
molesters suffer from a childhood de-
privation of kisses—on their bottoms
elsewhere?

When legislation stops us from be-
ing our brother's keeper, and converts
us into his watchdog, it is time to do
some soul-searching.

Laya Khankhoje
Montreal, Quebec

I read Peter Schneider's article with
great interest, since my children were
the victims of parental kidnapping. In
1981 they were taken out of the coun-
try by their father.

During the eighteen months it took
me to bring my daughter home (my
son decided to stay with his father), I
learned that in the United States ei-
ther parent can get a passport for a
minor child without notifying the
other parent. By contrast, the country
that my children were taken to re-
quired that I have a court order to take

The making of a peacemaker.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF MENACHEM BEGIN AMOS PERLMUTTER



Probing the roots of
Menachem Begin's com-
plex and contradictory
personality, an eminent
political scientist has writ-
ten the first comprehen-
sive biography of the
Israeli leader. Amos
Perlmutter looks closely
at Begin's youth in
Poland, his experience of
the Holocaust, his role in
the Zionist guerilla move-
ment, his long political
eclipse, and his astonish-
ing rise to Prime Minister.

**"A mature and bal-
anced assessment....
He portrays Begin's
career in a strikingly
novel—and convincing
—light."—Daniel Pipes,
Director, Foreign Policy
Research Institute**
DOUBLEDAY

!Speak Spanish like a diplomat!®

What sort of people need to learn a
foreign language as quickly and effec-
tively as possible? *Foreign service per-
sonnel*, that's who. Members of America's
diplomatic corps are assigned to U.S.
embassies abroad, where they must be
able to converse fluently in every situation.

**Now you can learn to speak Spanish
just as these diplomatic personnel do—
with the Foreign Service Institute's Pro-
grammatic Spanish Course. You'll learn
Latin American Spanish recorded by na-
tive speakers.**

The U.S. Department of State has spent
thousands of dollars developing this
course. It's by far the most effective way
to learn Spanish at your own convenience
and at your own pace.

The course consists of a series of cas-
settes and accompanying textbook. Simply
follow the spoken and written instructions,
listening and repeating. By the end of the
course, you'll be learning and speaking
entirely in Spanish!

**This course turns your cassette player
into a "teaching machine."** With its unique
"programmatic" learning method, you set
your own pace—testing yourself, correcting
errors, reinforcing accurate responses.

The FSI's Programmatic Spanish Course
comes in two volumes, each shipped in a

handsome library binder. Order either, or
save 10% by ordering both:

- ☐ **Volume I: Basic.** 12 cassettes (17
hr.), manual, and 464-p. text, \$135.
- ☐ **Volume II: Intermediate.** 8 cassettes
(12 hr.), manual, and 614-p. text,
\$120.

(CT residents add sales tax.)

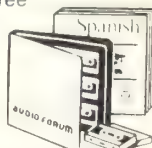
TO ORDER BY PHONE, PLEASE CALL
TOLL-FREE NUMBER: 1-800-243-1234.

To order by mail, clip this ad and send
with your name and address, and a check
or money order, or charge to your credit
card (VISA, MasterCard, AmEx, Diners) by
enclosing card number, expiration date,
and your signature.

**The Foreign Service Institute's Span-
ish course is unconditionally guaranteed.**
Try it for three weeks. If you're not con-
vinced it's the fastest, easiest, most pain-
less way to learn Spanish, return it and
we'll refund every penny you paid.
Order today!

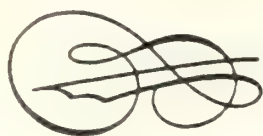
130 courses in 46 other languages also
available. Write us for free
catalog. Our 15th year.

Audio-Forum
Room K 654
On-The-Green,
Guilford, CT 06437
(203) 453-9794



AUDIO-FORUM®

THE AMERICAN VOICE, No. 7



STORIES

by

Kay Boyle Joyce Carol Oates
Joan Givner Nell Goddin Apple Vail
Yolanda Bedregal de Conitzer

POEMS

by

Eric Pankey Suzanne Paolo
Reynolds Price Elisabeth Murawski Jorge Teillier
Julie Jordan Hanson Catherine Sutton

plus

essays by Reg Saner and Dean Robertson
and a play, "Dumb Supper," by Deborah Pryor

*Available at bookstores or from TAV, Heyburn Suite 1215,
Fourth and Broadway, Louisville, KY 40202 / Subscription \$12*

my daughter home. This is done to prevent parental kidnapping, which officials there told me, can traumatize a child.

I can sympathize with Schneider's misgivings about shaggy-dog stories. repeated my long and complicated one to many. Some thought that all had to do to get my children back was call the FBI. Others thought that the American Embassy in the country in question would, surely, protect us and send us home; it won't and it didn't.

What happened to my children happened in their own home, and the law enforcement agencies we all look to for protection seemed interested only in protecting themselves.

Claire Kurschner
Malvern, Pa.

The paranoia and disinformation being spread about abducted and abused children have done more harm to the real efforts of loving and protecting them than anything else.

Thank you for Peter Schneider's timely and well-done piece.

Thomas McGuire
Baltimore, Md.

Refuting Edward Said

Edward Said, in "Interpreting Palestine" [Readings, *Harper's Magazine*, March], has infused the history of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict with such untruths, half-truths, and distortions that one hardly knows where to begin to refute his well-written but historically hollow arguments.

Let's analyze some of them. Israel, says Said, "brands Palestinian organizations as terrorist" while "claim[ing] that its own actions are just and democratic." Does Israel do the "branding"? Or do the Palestinian organizations, by their own outrageous actions, brand themselves? I think the historical record speaks for itself and delivers a clear indictment against Palestinian terrorism.

As for Israel's claim to be "just and democratic": Like Americans, Israelis are an introspective and self-critical people. Few would deny that

Continued on page 75.

Cause at Heart

A Former Communist Remembers

Junius Irving Scales and Richard Nickson
Foreword by Telford Taylor

Junius Scales spent the first two decades of his adult life fighting against racism and for democratic rights in the South. His trials and imprisonment were among the most telling defeats of freedom of speech and thought during the McCarthy era.

The only American ever convicted simply for being a member of the Communist party, he served fifteen months before his sentence was commuted by President Kennedy on Christmas Eve, 1962.

Illustrated \$24.95



The University of Georgia Press

Athens, Georgia 30602

Permanent pleasures.

Choose one of these fine works and save up to \$305⁵⁰

You simply agree to buy 4 additional books within the next two years.



Shakespeare: 6 Great Tragedies

or \$19.95 (List prices total \$179.60)

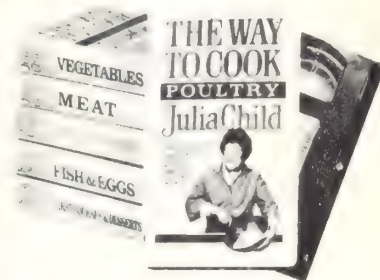
Book-of-the-Month Club is proud to present 6 of Shakespeare's greatest tragedies: *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Romeo & Juliet* and *Julius Caesar*. Many of England's most gifted Shakespearean actors perform in complete readings of each play. 17 cassettes in all.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for \$27.95 (Pub. price \$195)

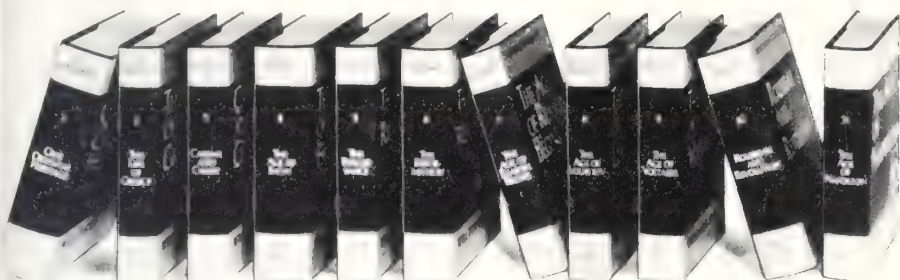
"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Way to Cook Julia Child: 6 One-hour Videocassettes

for \$39.95 (Pub. price \$179.70)

America's favorite cook demonstrates the basic techniques of good cooking with step-by-step clarity in her entertaining style. In this 6-hour, videocassette set—Meat; Poultry; Fish & Eggs; Vegetables; Soups, Salads & Breads; First Courses & Desserts—she provides professional tips on how to master everything from thickening sauces to butterflying a chicken. Six recipe booklets are included. Available on VHS or Beta.

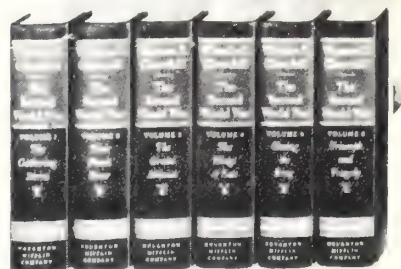


The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for \$29.95 (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and con-

quests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.



The Second World War by Winston S. Churchill

for \$27.50 (Pub. price \$295)

New Chartwell Edition of this six-volume Nobel Prize-winning masterwork, in genuine leather quarter-bindings, with a foreword by William L. Shirer. Churchill's Olympian wisdom, passion and wit—and his unique role as a wartime leader—make his account of World War II unforgettable reading. Frontispiece photographs, 3-color battle-map endpapers, 195 additional maps, charts and diagrams.

Facts About Membership. As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 100 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. **Return Privilege:** If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. **Cancellations:** Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803

A67-6

Check one box only.

- ☐ 923. Shakespeare (17 cassettes) \$19.95
- ☐ 905. Compact OED \$27.95
- ☐ 928. Way to Cook (Beta) \$39.95
- ☐ 929. Way to Cook (VHS) \$39.95
- ☐ 913. The Story of Civ. \$29.95
- ☐ 959. The Second World War \$27.50

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the item I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four more books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ 7-64
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally higher. All orders are subject to approval.

© 1987 BOMC

NOTEBOOK

Love or money

By Lewis H. Lapham

It's 2:00 P.M. Do you know where your money is?

—Sign in a window of the headquarters building of Merrill, Lynch

Never whisper to the deaf or wink at the blind.

—Slovenian proverb

A society's attitude toward its popular scandals offers an instructive measure of the society's order of value and obsession. Judging by the response to the sensations of early spring, it appears that Americans rate the sexual passions well below the excitements of money. The events in question presented everybody with enough chances to draw moral lessons. At the American Embassy in Moscow it was discovered that at least two Marine guards had been seduced by Soviet agents; the Reverend Jim Bakker, a prominent television evangelist, resigned his ministry after confessing to his fall from grace in a Florida hotel room; a New York judge was accused of prostituting the public trust to his lust for his former clerk; and Fawn Hall, Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North's secretary, informed a grand jury of her romantic assignment to the Nicaraguan junta in exile. All the stories allowed for ribald variations on the themes of eros.

In other countries, most notably England and France, the media and their many audiences would have cherished both the official and the unofficial reports of sexual intrigue. Who was seen with whom, and when, and in what states of undress? What was the color of the woman's chemise? From whom did the gentleman borrow the use of the country house, and what did he say to the bartender or the chauffeur? Where was the gentleman's wife that evening, and did

she also know the duke of Kent?

Within recent memory at least four British cabinet ministers have left the government accused of sexual perversions as eccentric as those described by the Marquis de Sade. In France, nothing so delights the public as the news of an archbishop dying in a brothel or the rumor of the president's wife leaving for Marseilles in the company of Algerian gangsters.

But in the United States the prurient interest attaches itself to the voluptuousness of money. The gossip columnists delight in the talk of business deals, of contracts won and lost, of the prices paid for the limousines and the champagne. The magazines glisten with the displays of opulence, and the papers print more advice about the bond market than advice to the love-lorn. The lists of best-selling books attest to the public fixation on the glory of money—who has it, how to groom and cherish it, what to wear in its presence, why it is so beautiful, and where it likes to go in the summer.

Not even the rumor of incest commands so sudden and respectful a silence as the mention of money in sufficient size. Anybody wishing to recruit an audience, whether of insurance brokers or university professors allegedly Marxist, has merely to speak of his or her recent encounter with a sum in excess of \$500,000. Maybe he has just had lunch with somebody who made a fortune in real estate. Perhaps he ran across an author who just sold the movie rights for \$2.5 million. Possibly he has word of an expensive divorce, or of a merger said to involve companies with assets of \$8 billion. For a brief and luminous moment the money achieves the stature of celebrity; it is as if the number were Robert Redford, standing in a circle of klieg light. The audience listens with

dumbstruck awe for as long as the messenger can clothe the apparition in the percentages of a specific deal. Once the tale is done, the vision fades, and the great spirit vanishes as mysteriously as it came. The guests rouse themselves from their stupor and resume, reluctantly, their languid gossip about the hostess's first husband or the chance of nuclear war.

An American politician can keep as many mistresses as he can afford, but unless he stumbles onto the set of an X-rated movie, he can continue to make long and loudly applauded speeches about the need for a new awakening of a new American morality. Let the same gentleman be discovered stealing even a modest sum from the Department of Parks, and within twenty-four hours the media dress up his pecuniary indecency in the gaudy costumes of scandal. In a commercial society, the sin of avarice takes precedence over the sin of lust.

Take as an instance the troubles visited upon the Reverend Bakker. His defeat at the hands of Satan raised questions belonging to the realm of the erotic—a young girl maybe drugged, a minister of the Lord conceivably well-versed in the arts of seduction, a church functionary possibly employed as a pander. None of these lines of inquiry excited the popular imagination as much as the hope of fraud. Instead of speculating on the sexual confusion, the media concentrated on the bookkeeping. How much money was the Reverend Bakker gathering from the credulity of his flock? Where did the money go? What would become of the financial enterprise?

A similar hierarchy of interest determined the emphasis placed on the stories about the Marines, the New York judge, and Fawn Hall. The pri-

nary concern centered on the cost-benefit analyses, not on the humor and sorrow implicit in the sexual predicaments. The rabble of Venus had warmed through the decorous barricades of church and state, but instead of dwelling on the vagaries of human desire, the good burghers of the American media wondered about the effect on property values. The Marines might have rendered the embassy useless; if so, the building would have to be torn down and replaced at a cost of \$180 million. *Penthouse* offered Fawn Hall \$500,000 to pose for a sequence of nude photographs.

We prefer to think of the sexual instinct as a commodity. If the libido can be pressed into the service of commerce (as a kind of ointment or lip gloss sure to improve the sale of cosmetics, office equipment, Caribbean cruises, second mortgages, airline tickets, tennis balls, and newspaper scandals), all well and good, and so much the better. The walls and mirrors of the American media look like the interior decoration of a French house of assignation during the Belle Epoque. The movies, the music videos, the newsstands, and the drugstores glitter with invitations to what seems like an interminable orgy.

The invitation is misleading. Within the context of the Puritan ethic, the images ask to be understood not as representations of reality but as symbols and allegories. Any customer so foolish as to mistake their commercial intent has failed to read properly the instructions on the label. One is supposed to look, not touch; to abandon oneself to one's desires not in a cocktail lounge but in a department store or automobile showroom.

On closer inspection, the soap operas such as *Dynasty* and *Dallas* prove to be sermons dressed up in designer clothes. Despite opulent sets and the superficial aura of decadence, any character so literal-minded as to engage in unlicensed sexual practice is summarily punished. The scriptwriters don't even bother to work out the pathologies of emotional chaos. The mistake is too stupid, like throwing a rock through the window of Tiffany's or picking a fight with an elephant. The scriptwriters devote their most imaginative talents to the com-

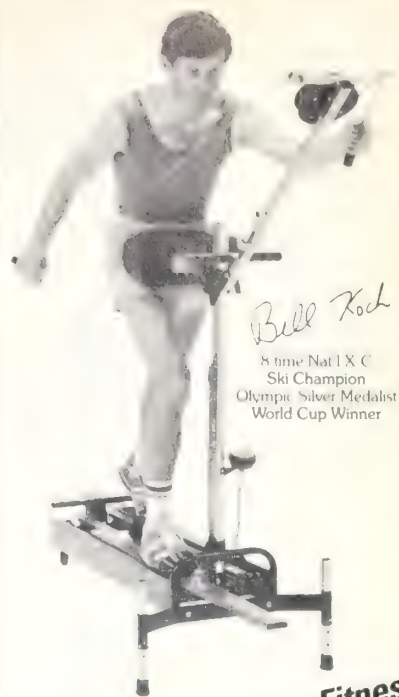
ings and goings of oil companies and kilos of cocaine—i.e., to the dramatic lives of the money.

The best-selling novels about the supposedly lascivious decadence of the Hollywood gentry read like self-help manuals meant to teach cooking or typing. Jackie Collins and Judith Krantz construct their romances out of the same sort of prose, and with similar purposes in mind. Their characters never go to bed with one another because they take pleasure in the encounter. They do so because they want a bigger apartment or better table at the Bistro Garden.

American playwrights cannot write bedroom farce, and the polite writers of the nation's literary fiction lack the gift for erotic lyricism so readily apparent in the novels of Jorge Amado and Milan Kundera. Even when rendering explicit sexual scenes, the American writer with any pretension to sensibility feels obliged to bring up the question of guilt.

Sex in the United States is no laughing matter. If left to their own subversive devices, sexual passions interfere with profits. Even worse, as the newspapers constantly remind everybody, they can lead the incontinent and the unwary into the labyrinth of disease and death.

If the news from the sexual frontiers continues to presage disaster, I can well imagine the Justice Department issuing yet another book of rules and guidelines. Maybe the larger corporations will offer courses of lectures for those executives still careless enough to trade a marketing strategy for a woman's smile. I like to think of investment managers seated in prim and orderly rows, like the girls in a proper Victorian boarding school, making notes about cold baths and the dangers to be met with in the lobbies of metropolitan hotels. The best corporations might furnish their most precious executives with governesses. Against the opposite wall of a dimly lit restaurant (in Paris, say, or Berlin) I can see the governess sitting next to her nice American gentleman under a portrait of the Empress Eugenie. The governess orders the soup, glares at the hat-check girl, slaps the face of the waitress who looks too French.



Bill Koch
8 time Nat'l X C
Ski Champion
Olympic Silver Medalist
World Cup Winner

Builds Cardiovascular Fitness More Effectively Than Other Exercisers

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth, rhythmic motion of cross-country skiing, recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness-building exercise available.

• Exclusive Flywheel Action

Provides unmatched smoothness and continuity from stride to stride. Motion and resistances are the same as real skiing.

• Jarless Action is Safer Than Running

Completely jarless motion prevents back and joint injuries associated with running. Arm-motion resistances provide superior upper body exercise.

• More Complete Than Exercise Bikes

Adds important upper body exercise and exercises leg muscles more uniformly. Fitness-building high pulse rates are easier to attain because more muscles share the exercise.

• Safer and More Effective Than Rowing Machines

Safer because no dangerous back strain loads imposed. Scientific tests prove NordicTrack's skiing motion is superior to rowing for building fitness.

• Burns up to 600 Calories per 20-Minute Workout

Lose weight without dieting.

Folds compactly. Requires only 15" x 17" floor space.

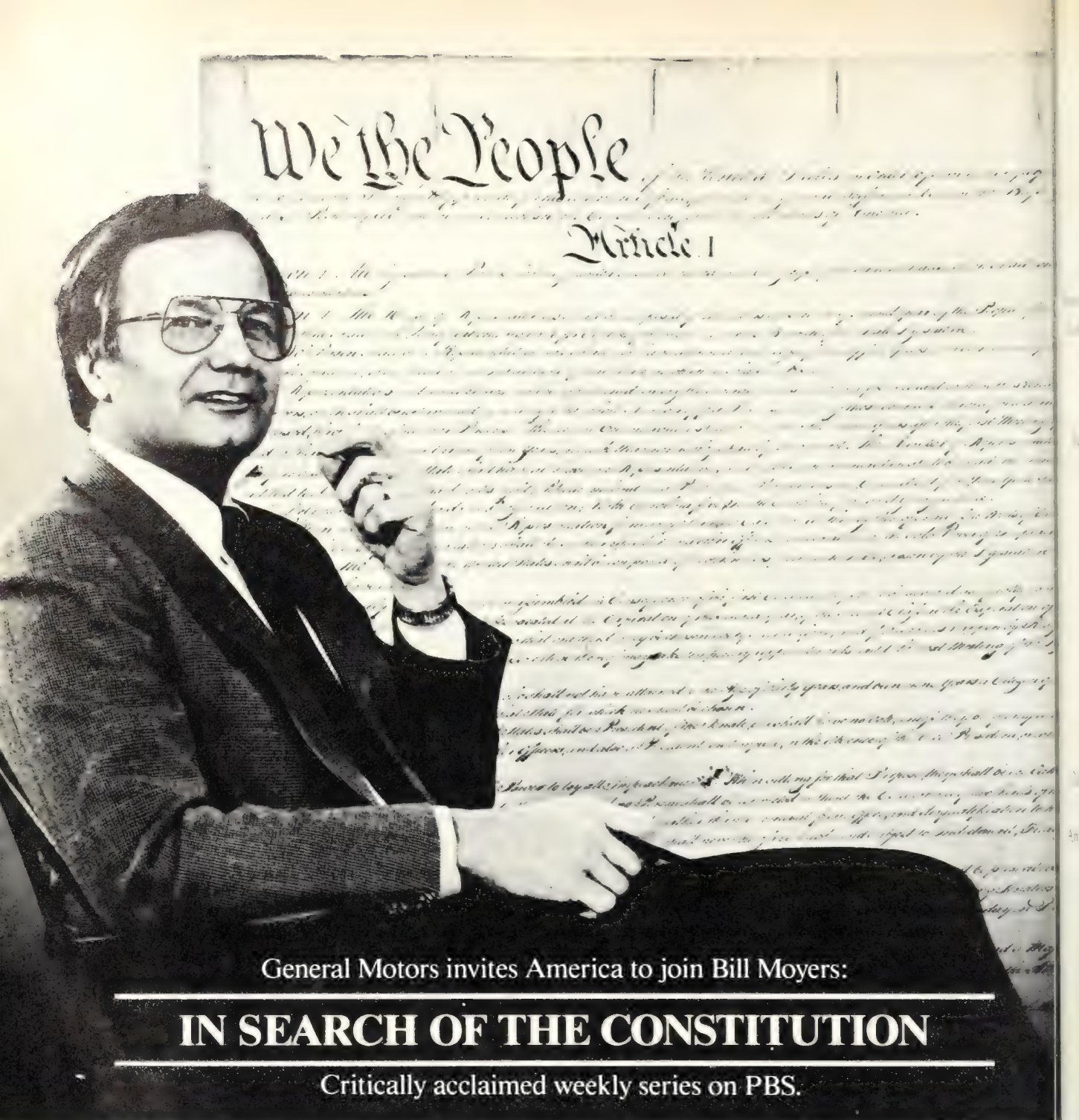
Free Brochure, and New Video!

800-328-5888

Minnesota 612-448-6987

NordicTrack

141HA Jonathan Blvd., Chaska, MN 55318



General Motors invites America to join Bill Moyers:

IN SEARCH OF THE CONSTITUTION

Critically acclaimed weekly series on PBS.

In the bicentennial year of the United States Constitution, Bill Moyers takes the pulse of the nation's celebration in the weekly series, **MOYERS: IN SEARCH OF THE CONSTITUTION**.

Ten one-hour programs present one of America's most respected journalists with Supreme Court Justices, historians, educators, scholars, and citizens who have taken petitions of their constitutional rights all the way to the highest court in the land.

"The series is about ideas," Moyers says. "The people you will meet have spent their lives wrestling with interpretations of the Constitution. They remind us this document is alive in our times... requiring

us to make up our minds about what happens if we ignore or misuse it."

General Motors is presenting this series of programs to broaden an appreciation of our Constitution in the belief that the strength of America lies in understanding our freedoms and responsibilities as citizens.

Check local listings for time and PBS channel

**A General Motors
Mark of Excellence Presentation**



HARPER'S INDEX

- Portion of goods imported by the United States that were subject to trade restrictions in 1980 : 1/8
Today : 1/4
- Percentage change, since 1986, in the number of Americans who say the U.S. is apt to spread disinformation : + 32
- Number of feet separating President Reagan from reporters as he walks from the White House to his helicopter : 50
Number of feet that separated President Carter from reporters : 2
- Number of American personnel at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow : 215
At the U.S. Embassy in Tegucigalpa, Honduras : 200
- Percentage increase, since 1980, in the number of U.S. military personnel stationed in sub-Saharan Africa : 58
Rank of Angola, among all nations, in the percentage of its citizens who are amputees : 1
Unemployment rate in Grenada in 1982 : 14
Today : 27
- Percentage increase in 1986 in the number of strikes in the United States : 26
Percentage of companies that continued to operate despite a strike in 1970 : 10
Percentage that continued to operate despite a strike in 1986 : 40
- Estimated 1986 earnings of the CBS television network : \$80,000,000
Estimated 1986 earnings of *Wheel of Fortune* : \$110,000,000
- Number of colleges that invited Vanna White to give their commencement address this spring : 0
Percentage of college-educated Americans who say they believe in extraterrestrials : 57
Percentage of Americans who didn't attend college who say they believe in extraterrestrials : 46
- Odds offered by London bookies that a space creature, dead or alive, will land on Earth in the next year : 250 to 1
That Pat Robertson will win the Republican presidential nomination : 50 to 1
- Amount the Air Force has spent since 1981 on matchbooks and playing cards for *Air Force One* and *Two* : \$115,634
- Percentage of delegates to the 1988 Republican convention who will be selected by March 15, 1988 : 58
Percentage of delegates to the 1984 Republican convention who were selected by March 15, 1984 : 17
Number of states that fly the Confederate flag over their capitol : 2
Percentage of whites who believe their homes are secure against crime : 75
Percentage of blacks who believe this : 57
- Number of inmates in New York City jails who committed suicide in 1986 : 3
Number of guards in New York City jails who committed suicide in 1986 : 7
Number of states that allow prisoners to have conjugal visits : 6
- Public revenues generated by marriage license fees in New York City in 1985 : \$806,090
By divorce fees : \$3,637,095
- Percentage of Americans between the ages of 8 and 17 who say they have five or more living grandparents : 8
Percentage of American high school students who say they want to be president : 21
Who say they want to be president of a company : 75
- Percentage of 1971 Yale Law School graduates who took jobs in the public sector : 23
Percentage of 1986 graduates who did : 6
- Income earned in 1985 by residents of the 10021 ZIP code on New York's Upper East Side : \$4,910,300,000
Rank of martinis among all drinks sold in bars and restaurants today : 2
Percentage of Fortune 500 CEOs who part their hair on the left : 71

*Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1987. Sources are listed on page 76.
"Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.*

BREAKTHROUGH: SPEED PATIENT RECOVERY WITH A COMPUTERIZED GET WELL CARD.

When infection threatens, identifying it—and the antibiotic to fight it—takes time. That's time a patient may not have.

We found a way to pinpoint an infection and identify a treatment in just hours instead of days.

Our Vitek diagnostic system uses cards containing "wells" of dehydrated nutrients. When a patient sample is introduced, the infection feeds and grows. Light beamed through the wells to a computer identifies bacteria which are growing. Antibiotics in wells of a second card stop the growth and help the physician choose the best treatment. The time saved is days. The ache saved is appreciated. The lives saved are priceless.

We're creating breakthroughs that make a difference in the way people work and the way people live.

We're McDonnell Douglas.

*Best wishes
for a
speedy
recovery*

For more information, write to:
Vitek, McDonnell Douglas, Box 14526,
St. Louis, MO 63178

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

HEALTH CARE

SPACE & MISSILES

MILITARY & COMMERCIAL AIRCRAFT

INFORMATION SYSTEMS

HELICOPTERS

FINANCING



READINGS

[Speech]

TO NURTURE LATIN DEMOCRACY

From "Latin America: The Democratic Option," a speech delivered in March by Mario Vargas Llosa at a meeting of the Trilateral Commission in San Francisco.

Latin America today justifies our cautious optimism. Never before in the history of our nations—that is, since we became independent from Spain and Portugal—has our part of the world had as many governments created by (more or less) free elections. Put another way, never before have there been so few authoritarian regimes. Bloody tyrannies in Argentina and Uruguay have yielded to civilian governments—the same has happened in Brazil—as has the shameful anachronism until recently embodied by Baby Doc, ex—"perpetual president" of Haiti. Countries in which no elected president could finish out his term in office—Venezuela and the Dominican Republic, for example—are today models of pluralism and coexistence, where antagonistic political parties are voted in and out of power and where the extreme right and the extreme left receive fewer and fewer votes in each succeeding election. Even in Central America, the region that has traditionally suffered most from political oppression, we have begun to see military regimes resign themselves—not always willingly, of course—to holding elections and yielding power to civilians.

But it would be misleading to celebrate this

process of democratization merely in statistical terms. Of much greater importance, I think, is the way in which this process is taking place. If we compare it with the period following World War II, when a democratic wave ran through the continent, we see that the current situation is not the result of external pressures or the work of local elites.

For the first time, democracy—or, in some cases, incipient democratic forms of government—is being established with clear popular support. Today, the antidemocratic alternatives of Marxist revolution or military dictatorship are the monopoly of economic or intellectual elites. The bulk of the populace has expressed overwhelming support for moderate regimes: center-left, center, or center-right—whichever seems to offer the best chance of achieving democracy. My own country, Peru, is a good example: in the 1985 elections, which extremists tried to sabotage by unleashing a terror campaign to keep people away from the polls, only 7 percent of the registered voters stayed home, a real achievement when you consider the level of voter apathy in the more advanced democracies.

Such huge numbers of people have been spurred to turn to democracy by the terrible violence of which they have been the victims. This violence, the result of intolerance, fanaticism, and dogma, has been practiced by both revolutionary terrorists and political or military counterterrorists, and has littered our continent with the dead, the tortured, the kidnapped, the disappeared—and the vast majority of the victims have been the poor. These people, on whom political extremists have inflicted their violence—as if economic exploitation and social discrimination were not misfortune enough—

have decided to support that system which they think, intuitively and instinctively, will best be able to defend human rights and social stability, and will attempt to extirpate the pistol, the bomb, and the electric prod from political life.

This unheralded fact of Latin American life—a democratizing process that originates with the people themselves—has presented us with a unique opportunity: we Latin Americans now have the chance to consolidate our legal, free regimes and to eliminate forever the vicious circle of revolutions and military coups. We have the chance to link our destiny to something of which we have always in fact been a part: the liberal, democratic West.

Naturally, this will not be easy. The democratization of Latin America, even though it has today an unprecedented popular base, is very fragile. To maintain and extend this popular base, governments will have to prove to their citizens that democracy means not only the end of political brutality but progress—concrete benefits in areas such as labor, health, and education, where so much remains to be done. But, given Latin America's current economic crisis, when the prices of its exports are hitting record lows and the weight of its foreign debt is crushing, those governments have virtually no alternative but to demand that their citizens—especially the poor—make even greater sacrifices than they've already made.

I am not one of those who believe that the problem of foreign debt should be met with demagogic gestures or with a declaration of war against the international financial system. If such a war were to break out, Western banks might be affected; but our countries would fare even worse, because one of the first casualties of the hostilities would be the democratic system. It's hard to imagine how it would survive the chaos and paralysis that would result from an economic boycott by the developed world.

Still, the industrialized nations—their governments and their banks—must understand that if our democratic governments are forced to pay the service on their debts by implementing policies that will have extremely high social costs, the result, purely and simply, will be the collapse of those governments and the return of military dictatorships. We have already seen, in the Dominican Republic, Mexico, and Brazil, the explosions of rage and despair that can take place when the fabric of society is stretched too thin.

Military dictatorships are not only the best breeding ground for Marxist revolutionaries. They are also models of ineptitude in the field of economics, as all recent Latin American military regimes have demonstrated. And who will reap the benefit should such regimes return?

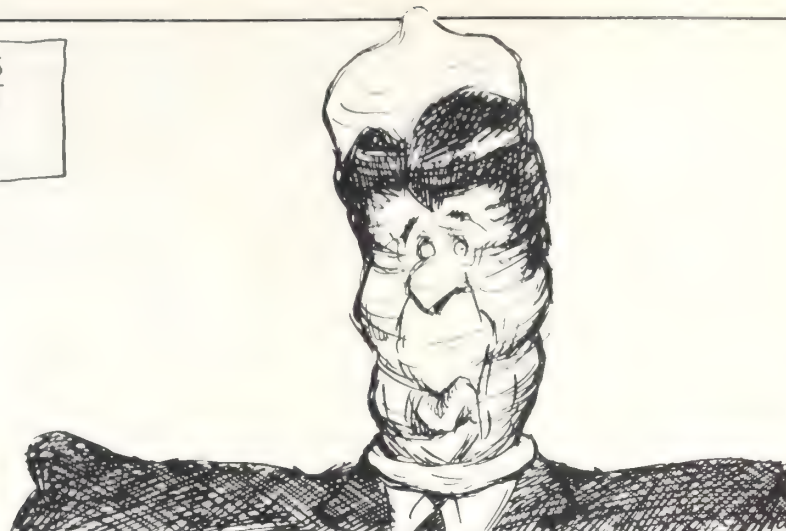
Certainly not Western banks and Western governments.

A realistic and ethically sound approach that our creditors could take would be to demand that each debtor nation pay what it can without placing its stability in jeopardy. At the same time, our creditors should provide both the stimulus and the aid necessary to reactivate the economies of the debtor nations; the more their economies grow, the more able these countries will be to pay back their debts. President Paz Estenssoro of Bolivia, a veteran revolutionary who is today a genuine believer in democracy, has devised a policy which deserves serious consideration: the service on our debt should be tied to the prices of our exports on the international market, and should "float" with them. If the banks and the industrialized nations are interested not merely in being paid what they are owed but in seeing that our nations emerge from underdevelopment in solidarity with the West, they should entertain such an approach.

I am not trying to suggest that the future of our democracies depends on you. We and we alone are responsible. Moreover, I am convinced—although I'm not sure whether to be happy or sad about it—that when a Latin American nation chooses democracy, it chooses not only freedom and the rule of law but the most extreme form of independence as well. This is because no form of government receives less support from the West—or seems to have less "sex appeal"—as far as the West's communications media and intellectual elites are concerned—than those regimes in the Third World that try to live according to the ideals of freedom and pluralism, which are the West's greatest contribution to the world. While I have no figures to prove it, I doubt that any democratic nation in the underdeveloped world has received the credits and subsidies Cuba has received from the Soviet Union. And it is certainly true that no Latin American nation struggling to live in peace and freedom within the law has ever aroused the militant sympathy that Sandinista Nicaragua has inspired in the liberal and progressive circles of the West. To the contrary, when it doesn't simply inspire indifference, the struggle for democracy in the underdeveloped countries usually inspires skepticism and disdain from those who should be its most enthusiastic supporters. But perhaps this isn't such a bad thing after all. Because if we Latin Americans do win the battle for freedom, we can say we won it ourselves—against our enemies and despite our friends.

If we want democracy to take hold in our countries, our most urgent task is to broaden it,

AUTHORITIES SAY CONDOMS
MUST BE USED TO HALT THE
SPREAD OF HARMFUL
EMISSIONS.



Bill Rymple © 87

From City Paper, a Washington, D.C., weekly.

give it substance and truth. Democracy is fragile in so many countries because it is superficial, a mere framework within which institutions and political parties go about their business in their traditionally arbitrary, bullying way. Of course, the degree of democracy varies so much from country to country that it is impossible to generalize. An abyss separates Costa Rica's exemplary democracy from Mexico's dubious one-party democracy, with its institutionalized corruption, or Panama's democracy, where the civilian authorities govern but the National Guard rules. In Venezuela and the Dominican Republic, democratic tendencies have permeated the armed forces as well as the extreme right and left, and have drawn these elements into the political process. In Guatemala, Uruguay, and Ecuador, on the other hand, the military still exercises a kind of guardianship, an aloof autonomy that limits the actions of the civilian government.

In many countries, the separation of powers is a myth, as is equality of opportunity. And the fact that huge sectors of the economy are nationalized—and almost always deficit producing—continues to be a source of inflation, corruption, and inequality. Democratic governments are no more or less to blame than dictatorships for promoting demagogic nationalism, which has been the major obstacle to regional cooperation and the primary reason so much money is wasted on weapons. Freedom of the press frequently degenerates into defamation; the right to criticize into libel and insult. And the politicians with the most democratic programs often act in private like the henchmen of all-powerful *caudillos*.

I could go on and on with this catalogue of the deficiencies of our democracies, but why bother? What really matters is that our democracies not only survive but learn to criticize themselves and better themselves. If they don't, they will perish. No democracy is born perfect, and none ever gets to be perfect. Yet democracy is superior to authoritarian and totalitarian regimes because, unlike them, democracy is perfectible. Perhaps the hardest struggle we Latin Americans will have will be against ourselves. Centuries of intolerance, of absolute truths, of despotic governments, weigh us down—and it won't be easy to shake that burden off. The tradition of absolute power that began with our pre-Columbian empires, and the tradition that might makes right that the Spanish and Portuguese explorers practiced, were perpetuated in the nineteenth century, after our independence, by our *caudillos* and our oligarchies, often with the blessing or direct intervention of foreign powers.

Indeed, the belief that violence is the answer is not new, much less revolutionary, in Latin America—contrary to what our messianic ideologues think. In fact, violence represents the worst kind of conformism. It means continuing—albeit using different rhetoric and different rituals—in the same old tradition of barbarism and *machismo* that is in large measure to blame for our backwardness and the social inequities that plague our countries.

What is truly original, truly revolutionary for Latin America is the other option. The one that teaches a long-overdue lesson to Latin America's privileged classes, for whom military dictatorships represent a guarantee of order, and to

[Rap Song]

THE FAT BOYS SAY: 'PROTECT YOURSELF'

"Protect Yourself," by the Fat Boys, from the album Crushin', which was released in May by Tin Pan Apple/Polydor.

Yo, Kool, I'm tellin' you, there's a lot of disease
out there!

Word!

AIDS and everything, man! Yo, you gotta be
careful, man!

Word up!

Yo, so we want to tell all the homeboys out
there this is a message comin' from the Fat
Boys!

Fat Boys! Fat Boys!

You know what I'm sayin'? It goes like this:

Now, there's something real old, but still hot
news;

It's been around since Lincoln, but out of view;
You'd stuff it in your wallet so your mom can't
see;

It's called the condom, baby, and you better
believe;

It ain't under the shelf, now, it's on display;
With all this disease going around today;
You need peace of mind when you do the wild
thing;

So, a condom, brother, don't forget to bring!

Protect yourself! Word! Protect yourself! Get
busy!

Protect yourself! Markie Dee can you get funky,
now?

Now, check this out! Listen to me real clear!

Now, if what I say sounds a little bit sleazy;
If using a condom makes you feel kind of queasy;
Don't take it too hard 'cause there's no doubt,
That modern diseases can take you out!
So, don't be ashamed, take one when you go
dancin'

And use the condom for a little romancin',
'Cause bein' safe don't mean you're weak;
And you won't find yourself up the creek!

Protect yourself! Word! Protect yourself!
Homeboy!

Protect yourself! My man, if I was you, I'd...
Protect yourself!

its intellectual elites, for whom the myth of Marxist revolution, of returning to a tabula rasa, is still alive despite the fact that history has shown it to be a lie. The other option is the one that the poor and the innumerable victims of repression have spontaneously chosen and are now defending. Will the result be a new era in Latin American history, one that is more humane, more respectful of human dignity? This is neither the time nor the place for prophecy. But I do have a suggestion: Let us all make an effort, each one of us, within the limits of our own spheres of action, using the means at our disposal, to contribute whatever we can to see that democracy works.

[Memorandum]

DOG DAYS AT THE COMMISSION

This memorandum was sent in March by Arthur M. Love III, an administrator at the U.S. Consumer Product Safety Commission, to Leonard DeFiore, the commission's executive director.

TO: Leonard DeFiore

FROM: Arthur M. Love III

Norton Niss, union president, AFGE Local No. 3579, the headquarters bargaining unit, has received several complaints from union members and discreetly brought them to my attention. It is an extremely delicate matter and requires careful handling, as it involves actions of one of the commissioners. I am ready to discuss this problem with you in more detail should you desire; however, I believe that we must act in some way to grant relief to affected employees. We must also be careful to keep this matter confidential, as it could be embarrassing to the commissioner.

Commissioner [Anne] Graham apparently is in the habit of bringing her dog, Hester, to her office during the workday. This has led to three specific complaints connected with the dog being lodged with the union. First, a female employee was upset by the dog's being allowed to run free in the ladies' room near the commissioner's office. This led to an unfortunate invasion of an employee's privacy when the dog came into a closed stall in use and began sniffing a very upset employee. Second, Commissioner Graham has been having her staff use the public water fountain located near her office to refill the dog's water dish, and some employees object to drinking from it after such use. Third, a meeting between agency staff and industry rep-

representatives was interrupted by loud barking.

These incidents reflect a serious problem which should be rectified as soon as possible. Mr. Niss should be commended for bringing this delicate matter to official attention. We have an obligation to our employees to provide a proper working environment—a professional environment without barking or the possibility of soiled carpets and accompanying smells. We also need to provide a healthy environment that does not expose employees who might have allergies to animals. Please advise me on what steps should be taken.

[Affidavit]

THOSE WILD TUNA GUYS

From an affidavit submitted by Anthony Tillett to the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of California in February in the case of Caribbean Marine Service Company v. Malcolm Baldrige et al. CMS, a San Diego company that operates tuna fishing boats, had sought relief from a Commerce Department order requiring that a female federal observer be present on board one of its vessels, the Mariner. Federal observers travel with tuna boats to ensure that fishermen do not kill excessive numbers of porpoises. The Commerce Department held that hiring only male observers violated the 1964 Civil Rights Act. CMS argued that the presence of a female observer would violate the crew's privacy and interfere with its business. Tillett, a ship captain and marine surveyor, was an expert witness for the plaintiff. The court issued the preliminary injunction sought by CMS.

I have been asked to give my opinions as to the effect of placing a woman observer aboard [tuna boats]. I give these opinions based upon my close association and familiarity with the tuna fishing industry, extending over a period of many years, and my ability to compare service aboard the West Coast tuna seiners with service on other oceangoing military or civilian vessels. It is my understanding that the proposal made by an instrumentality of the United States government is to place a female governmental observer (in accordance with the Marine Mammal Protection Act) on board the vessels for complete trips, which last from two to three months or more, with the "rank" or status of ordinary crewman.

Problems of privacy. The privacy problems would be aggravated by the nature of crews aboard these vessels. They are, of course, young, vigorous men. To a large degree, however, they are

not United States citizens or residents, but rather come from either Portugal or Central or South America. While these people in one sense are "macho," or overly male, they tend to be very shy—one might even say prudish—about their personal privacy with respect to the opposite sex. In my opinion, it would be much more difficult to integrate a woman into a four- or six-man bunk room with these citizens of Portugal, Chile, or Panama than would be the case with ordinary U.S. citizens.

Disruption of operations. Even assuming the privacy problems could be surmounted (as, for instance, by building an extra room with bath for the female observer), it is my opinion that the placing of a woman observer aboard the vessel would constitute an intolerable burden.

A. Change of clothing. It is quite common (in fact, usual) that the men involved in [a fishing operation], as well as most of the people on deck, will become thoroughly doused with water. It is not their custom to remove their wet clothing in their bunk rooms, because that would soil their place of habitation. Instead,

[Newsletter]

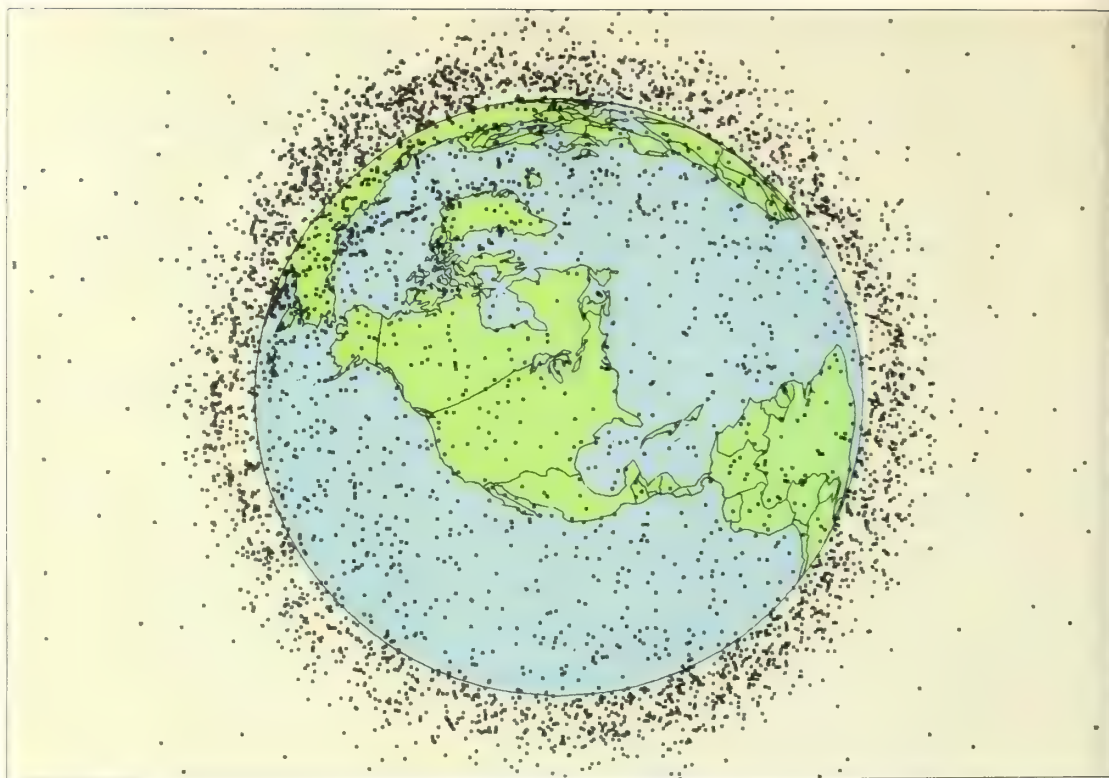
YEAR OF THE INTACT CHILD

From the Winter 1987 newsletter of the National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers, a group based in San Anselmo, California.

Stressing efforts to increase the number of intact Americans, 1987 has been named the "Year of the Intact Child."

The prince and princess of Wales were also named "Parents of the Year" for their decision to leave Prince William, heir to the British throne, and his younger brother, Prince Henry, intact—even though their father, Prince Charles, was circumcised at birth.

In honoring the prince and princess of Wales, we are really honoring all parents, especially circumcised fathers, who refuse to perpetuate unnecessary surgery just because it was done to an earlier generation when people didn't know better. If a generation of circumcised fathers in Britain, Canada, and Australia can father today's generation of intact boys, then so can American fathers.



From the April/May issue of *Air & Space*, published by the Smithsonian Institution. This computer-generated image depicts the man-made objects in orbit around the earth—from functioning satellites to bags of garbage dumped by astronauts. The North American Aerospace Defense Command and the U.S. Space Command catalogue and track these objects, which numbered over 6,000 when this image was created earlier this year.

they take off all their clothes on deck, in the galley, or in some other common area where dry clothes are available; having changed clothing, they go back to work. Such changing must be done quickly and sometimes more than once a day. This rather common practice aboard vessels would be severely inhibited by the presence of a female. Those over sixty years of age may have come to believe that [their] bodies are not particularly important and the viewing of same of not much significance to anyone. This attitude is not shared, however, by young Portuguese or Chilean men, particularly in the presence of a foreign, educated woman who does not speak their language.

B. Mess companionship. There is only one galley aboard the ship. The men all eat together. This time is utilized by them for convivial companionship and banter. As uneducated, rough, young individuals, of several nationalities, their habits of communication are not typical of even "lower-class" persons in California. They are rough and vulgar, and their humor is gross. This type of companionship suits them and constitutes relief from their otherwise dangerous or boring duty. Such relief is necessary to their effi-

cient operation and the "team" effort [that is] so important. It is my belief that the presence of a woman of different class, education, and upbringing from these men would stultify and inhibit their period of relaxation.

Women at sea, in general. I have been asked to comment upon examples of the successful operation of seagoing vessels with partial women crews. I have personally viewed female crews aboard foreign vessels, notably Russian and Polish vessels. This service is not comparable to our situation in that such vessels provide separate quarters for females, and usually (if not always, in my experience) a number of females are aboard the vessel. I further aver, however, that the situation is not comparable because the Polish and Russian women I have seen aboard these vessels are so different from our typical female scientist as to constitute almost a different commodity. I can truthfully say that the same man who might not object to urinating in front of one of these women would be the person whose privacy was invaded by a U.S. female scientist.

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the state of California that the foregoing is true and correct.

[Testimony]

IN DEFENSE OF ABM— AND STAR WARS

Adapted from testimony given on March 12 by Sidney Drell, a professor of physics at Stanford University, before the House Subcommittee on Arms Control, International Security, and Science. Drell also serves as deputy director of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center and co-director of the Stanford Center for International Security and Arms Control.

This committee has heard extensive testimony on whether there is a legal basis for the Reagan Administration's proposed "broad interpretation" of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, which would permit the development and testing of defensive systems that are "based on new physical principles," such as laser or particle-beam weapons. Here I will address the technical issues raised by this proposal. I am not a legal expert, nor am I privy to the secret record of the treaty's negotiation. However, since 1972, I have understood the ABM Treaty to bar the development and testing of components of any defensive system as well as actual deployment, with the exception of fixed, ground-based systems. This is what has become known as the traditional interpretation. It is the interpretation the Nixon Administration offered in presenting the treaty to the Senate for ratification; it is the interpretation as understood by the Senate during the ratification debate; and it is the interpretation with which both the United States and the Soviet Union have complied ever since.

It is my technical judgment that the gap between today's technology and the requirements of an effective defensive system is so great that it is too early for any strategic defense program to consider demonstrations of the kind that could interfere with the ABM Treaty as it has been traditionally interpreted. And it is my strategic judgment that the so-called "broad interpretation," which is advocated to legitimize tests of space-based weaponry, is not in our national security interest.

To amplify my technical view, I will quote from a 1985 workshop report of the Stanford Center for International Security and Arms Control, which was signed by supporters as well as opponents of the Strategic Defense Initiative.

The requirements for an effective military system obviously go far beyond demonstrations of the technical feasibility of its components. Such a system would face major challenges of integration and reliability, to say nothing of coping with countermeasures, even primitive countermeasures (that is,

those which the adversary can employ with little lead time and with no major changes in its own arsenal, simply by changing its tactics). With strategic defense weapons systems, integration and reliability are particularly pressing concerns, because the systems tend to be highly complex, the data-handling requirements enormous, the engineering tolerances very small, the time intervals extremely short, and the reliability required remarkably high.

The first task in determining the means to accomplish the strategic missile defense mission is to identify the critical technologies that would be required to implement various candidate systems concepts and to determine what levels of performance would be required in each application. The workshop concluded that it is now far too early for any program in strategic defense to consider technology demonstrations of types that could raise serious issues of compliance with the ABM Treaty. Almost all of those few technologies that do appear to be ready for such demonstrations are not forbidden by the ABM Treaty. Field testing of some more difficult technologies, such as directed-energy weapons systems, upon which various proposed defenses (especially boost-phase defenses) would rely, would clearly be forbidden. Since these technologies still require many orders of magnitude of development before they can meet minimum systems criteria, it would be foolish to plan field demonstrations of them in the near future.

In addition to the political costs of such early demonstrations (whether or not they violate the ABM Treaty), premature promotion to the demonstration-and-test phase can be very harmful to the attainment of any particular goal in strategic defense. A considerable body of evidence has shown that early demonstrations of new technologies have two deleterious effects. First, they tend to freeze the technology being demonstrated before it is fully mature, thus guaranteeing less than full capability. Second, they tend to absorb money from the associated R&D program (because of cost overruns), thus eliminating the possibility of better solutions. With a problem such as boost-phase defense, in which the most promising technologies have the farthest to go, early demonstrations may thus effectively eliminate any chance of success. Therefore, at this time, sensible R&D should proceed; but demonstrations (in space or against targets) of types that could justify charges of ABM Treaty violations should not even be considered before the new technologies reach sufficiently advanced performance goals to merit tests of their ability to meet systems criteria.

Permitting laboratory research only would be too restrictive; and permitting unrestrained testing of the new physical principles, including testing in space, would be too broad and unnecessary. For the next ten years, the conventional interpretation of permissible research activity would impose no harmful technical burden on the development of SDI. In saying this, I want to emphasize that I support a robust and bal-



From the weekly Chicago Reader.

anced program of research and technology in strategic defense and countermeasures. Such a program would meet U.S. security needs at reasonable cost by protecting us against technological surprise, by deterring a possible Soviet breakout from the ABM Treaty, and by minimizing the effects of such a breakout. It would respond to President Reagan's request to determine whether it is possible to render nuclear weapons "impotent and obsolete." Such a program would also be more likely to achieve the goals of determining which advanced technologies look promising and which systems concepts look practical if its research priorities are not harmfully distorted by a misguided (and politically motivated) requirement to stage early demonstrations and to drive toward early deployment.

I also oppose the "broad interpretation" of the ABM Treaty on strategic grounds. The treaty contains provisions designed to allow the signatory nations to pursue research and technology in strategic defenses, yet at the same time it does not permit preparations for the rapid development of a nationwide defense following a breakout. I believe this rationale argues against a broad interpretation, which would remove all restraints on the development and

testing of system components relying on the "exotic" new techniques. Considering the extensive program in strategic defense currently being pursued by the Soviet Union, it is in our national security interests for the treaty's restraints to remain in force.

Finally, I note that the question of the "legally correct interpretation" of the ABM Treaty has little effect on proposals from some strong supporters inside and outside the Administration to proceed rapidly to an early deployment of a partial defense that relies on chemically powered rockets. Fired at very high speeds from a large constellation of satellites in space, they would be guided toward rising missile boosters by heat-seeking sensors. This "high frontier" concept of "smart rocks" that would destroy missiles during boost phase—which is the only technology currently available for early deployment—does not qualify as "based on new physical principles," and therefore is restricted by the ABM Treaty under any interpretation.

The ABM Treaty has provided a basis for U.S.-Soviet efforts to achieve stable relations, to seek reductions in nuclear armaments, and to avoid war. Although progress toward reducing nuclear arms has been disappointing since the treaty was ratified, we should certainly continue

to enforce it unless technical or political developments make it possible to achieve a superior method of protecting the nation's security. What is needed is an effort to strengthen the treaty by resolving outstanding issues of compliance and by clarifying its application to new technologies in strategic defense.

[Travel Advisory]

WAYS TO GO

From "Amazon Adventure," by Redmond O'Hanlon, in *Granta*, No. 20.

Having spent two months traveling in the primary rain forests of Borneo, I thought that a four-month journey in the country between the Orinoco River in Venezuela and the Amazon in Brazil would pose no particular problem.

There are no leeches that go for you in the Amazon jungles, an absence which would represent, I felt, a great improvement on life in Borneo. But there *are* many of the same amoebic and bacillary dysenteries, yellow and blackwater and dengue fevers, malaria, cholera, typhoid, rabies, hepatitis, and tuberculosis—plus one or two very special extras.

There is Chagas's disease, for instance, carried by various species of assassin bugs that bite you on the face or neck and then, gorged, defecate next to the puncture. When you scratch the itch that results, you rub the droppings and their cargo of protozoa into your bloodstream; between one and twenty years later you begin to die from an illness whose symptoms are at first like malaria and later like AIDS. Then there is *onchocerciasis*, river blindness, transmitted by blackfly and caused by worms which migrate to the eyeball. And *leishmaniasis*, which is a bit like leprosy and is produced by a parasite carried by sand flies (it infects 80 percent of the Brazilian troops on maneuvers in the jungle in the rainy season); unless treated quickly, it eats away the warm extremities. And then there is the odd exotic, like the fever which erupted in the state of Pava in the 1960s and killed seventy-one people, including the research unit sent in to identify it.

The big animals are supposed to be much friendlier than you might imagine. The jaguar kills you with a bite to the head, but only in exceptional circumstances. Two vipers, the *fer-de-lance* (up to seven and a half feet long) and the bushmaster (up to twelve feet, the largest in the world), kill you only if you step on them. The anaconda is known to tighten its grip only

when you breathe out; the electric eel can deliver its 640 volts only before its breakfast; the piranha rips you to bits only if you are already bleeding; and the giant catfish merely has a penchant for taking off your feet at the ankle as you do the crawl.

The smaller animals are, on the whole, much more annoying: mosquitoes, blackfly, tapir fly, chiggers, ticks, scabies-producing *Tunga penetrans* and *Dermatobia hominis*, and the human botfly, whose larvae bore into the skin, eat modest amounts of you for forty days, and emerge as inch-long maggots.

But it was the candiru, the toothpick fish—a tiny catfish adapted for a parasitic life in the gills and cloacae of bigger fish—which swam most persistently into my dreams on troubled nights.

In Borneo, when staying in the longhouses, I learned that going down to the river in the early morning is the polite thing to do—you know you are swimming in the socially correct patch of muddy river when fish nuzzle your pants, wanting you to take them down and produce their breakfast. In the Amazon, on the other hand, should you have had too much to drink, say, and inadvertently urinate as you swim, any homeless candiru, attracted by the smell, will take you for a big fish and swim excitedly up your stream of uric acid, enter your urethra like a worm into its burrow, and, raising its gill cover, stick out a set of retrorse spines. Nothing can be done. The pain, apparently, is spectacular.

[Campaign Letter]

A POLITICAL SOFT-SELL

This letter was sent last fall to residents of Ingham County, Michigan, by county commissioner Mark Grebner, to announce his bid for reelection. Grebner won the election in November.

Dear Constituent,

I'm afraid it's time once again for politicians with balloons at the parades, politicians who rent airplanes that circle the stadium, politicians on TV, politicians stuffing your mailbox, politicians at your front door, politicians on the phone.

Being a small-time politician myself, I do what I can to uphold these proud traditions. But again this year, I'm afraid I've bailed out of the battle for lawn signs. I guess I just don't have the stuff required to wheedle permission and spend a month pounding in stakes all over

town. For those who judge their politicians by hard work, perhaps this shows a dangerous lack of character.

I was hoping to make the best of it by proposing a sort of lawn sign nonaggression pact with my opponent, turning mere laziness into the appearance of statesmanship. Unfortunately, he had already purchased his signs before I got around to calling him. As a result, I've adopted the equivalent of unilateral disarmament.

Like every politician, I eternally hope for an easy race, one in which my opponent despairs early and puts forth only a token effort. I'm beginning to think the fact that I'm as vocal and colorful as I am precludes such good fortune—I inevitably make at least one person angry enough to circulate petitions and run.

Anyway, my opponent this year is a twenty-five-year-old named Eugene Joseph McCarthy. (He calls himself Joe.) The only contact we've had was two years ago when he interviewed me on behalf of MSU Bible Study; he was encouraging the members to become more involved in local politics. (No, I didn't receive their endorsement.) For my part, I regret to say that voters can look forward to a vigorous contest; Joe has already raised over \$1,000 from his friends in MSU Bible Study, and he's out knocking on doors.

Me too, I suppose.

Politically yours,
Mark Grebner

[Media Advisory]

BOB IN TOYLAND

This advisory was distributed on February 13 to journalists in Washington, D.C., by Senator Robert Packwood's staff.

TAX REFORM IS FOR KIDS TOO

Senator Bob Packwood will visit the Washington Square TOYS "R" US store on Saturday, February 14, at 11:00 A.M. to inaugurate the chain's new low prices. The lower prices were made possible by the corporate tax rate reduction created by the Tax Reform Act of 1986. Senator Packwood was a chief architect of the sweeping tax reform bill.

Senator Packwood and TOYS "R" US area manager Mike Hæg will participate in a cake-cutting ceremony and distribute the cake to children and parents attending the event.

[Interview]

THE REGIME WITHIN

From an interview with Václav Havel, the Czech playwright, in the January 23 issue of the London Times Literary Supplement. Havel is one of the founders of Charter 77, the Czech human rights group, which is observing its tenth anniversary this year. The interview was conducted by Erica Blair and arranged with the assistance of the Palach Press, in London, and the Documentation Centre for the Promotion of Independent Czechoslovak Literature, in Scheinfeld. The interview was translated by A.G. Brain.

What exactly do you mean when you say that conditions in Czechoslovakia are totalitarian?

I'd like to emphasize at the outset that I'm not a political scientist. But there is an evident difference between dictatorships in the classical sense—what some describe as "authoritarian rule"—and totalitarianism. In the system we live in you won't normally encounter street battles between citizens and the police or direct violence, brutality, or terrorism from the regime. What one does encounter, however, is something that George Orwell saw, and that is more dangerous in certain respects. From morning to night, everything every ordinary citizen does is in some way interfered with by the system. The regime leaves its mark on everything, from the way housing developments are built to the patterns of television programming. You can even see this manipulation in apparently trivial things, such as the opening and closing times of restaurants, which are set with a view to discouraging people from sitting around too long, and encouraging them to go home to their television screens to watch the messages broadcast by the centralized media.

The violence of our system will never be seen by tourists or visitors. It is the kind of violence they would see only if they got a job at, say, the CKD Engineering Works in Prague and had to travel to work every morning and back home every afternoon. They would then be in a position to understand what it means to earn the usual rate for the job there, and to be dependent on superiors. They would see how those who pursue political careers receive ever-higher salaries. They would discover that no matter how well they worked, their pay would remain the same. They would realize just how much they were at the mercy of the all-powerful bureaucracy, so that for every little thing they have to approach some official or other. They would observe the gradual destruction of the human spirit, of basic human dignity. They would see how, from the nursery to the old people's home,

Sturdy, Stackable Natural Beechwood Bookshelves

At a price you would expect to pay for plastic!



Perfect for books, display or storage

This quality shelving system is made of natural European beechwood. A hard wood tough enough to be used for flooring and beautiful enough to be used for fine furniture. Do not confuse this item with "wood tone" or plastic imitations. Our low price is made possible by volume purchases, not by inferior material.

Sets up in seconds... without tools!

No tools, screws or glue required. Just take it out of its flat carton, fold the sides out, and the shelves practically fall into place. And, natural beechwood is attractive... even unfinished. So the unit can be used immediately. Of course, you can also stain, varnish, or paint them if you prefer.



1. Open hinged sides. 2. Lower shelves into place. 3. You're done! Ready to interlock and stack!

NEW LOW PRICE

List Price \$59.95 **NOW ONLY \$39.95**

AVAILABLE BY MAIL ONLY

Barnes & Noble
Booksellers Since 1873

Dept. H259, 126 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10011

1066018. Please send me _____ sturdy beechwood shelf unit(s) at your special sale price of \$39.95 (plus \$6.95 shipping and insurance, per unit) NY and N.J. Residents Please add sales tax

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Charge to ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX ☐ MC

Account # _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____



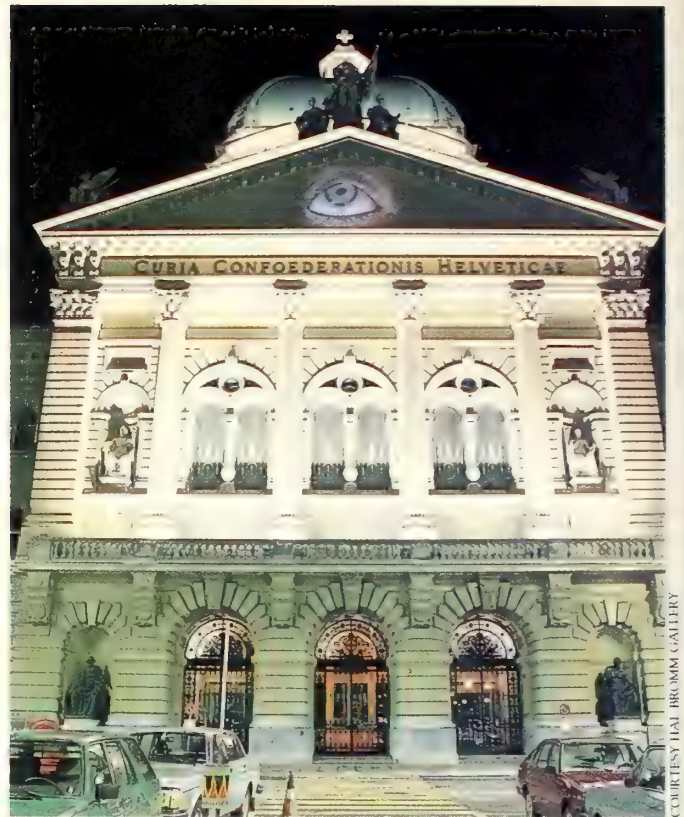
Stack them...they're interlocking

Each free-standing unit is 27 3/4" w x 11 1/2" d x 37" h and is designed to interlock and stack. This means you can actually create your own wall unit! And if you move, just fold them down and take them with you.

For Fast Service

1-800-228-3535

Credit Card Customers Call Toll Free
24 Hours-7 Days a Week. In Nebraska 1-800-642-9606



From *Public Projection*, an ongoing series by Krzysztof Wodiczko, an artist who projects photographic images onto public buildings and monuments. At left is *The Grand Army Plaza Projection*, staged in Brooklyn. The eye in the *Swiss National Parliament Projection* in Bern (right) shifts its gaze from the sky to the ground to the various banks around the Bundesplatz. This summer, Wodiczko's work will be included in *Documenta*, the international art exhibition held in Kassel, West Germany, every five years.

people live their lives in a state of permanent humiliation. These are features of the totalitarian system that can neither be filmed by television cameras nor easily explained to outsiders. In order to be seen they have to be experienced.

You've written a great deal about other aspects of this "invisible violence." For instance, in a recent essay you point to the paradoxical way in which the totalitarian system requires its subjects to be both victims of the system and its cynical accomplices. What do you mean by that?

The domination of a large group of powerless people by a small powerful group has long since ceased being totalitarianism's most typical feature. Nowadays, what is typical is the domination of one part of ourselves by another part of ourselves. It's as if the regime had an outpost inside every single citizen. Consequently, "the regime" is hard to locate precisely within a particular institution or social group. Everyone supports it and helps create it—by mutely acquiescing in its version of reality, by voting in formal elections, and by observing its various rituals and ceremonies—but at the same time

everyone finds himself or herself in opposition.

I'll give you two examples. As you can see, I'm in the process of having this flat renovated. The bricklayers and plumbers who come here are always moaning about "them"—the regime. They grumble almost constantly about the way things are. My second example is a deputy minister of state—someone who belongs to the ruling group of the state bureaucracy and who might be regarded as one of the "them" that everybody grumbles about. However, talk to this deputy minister in private and he'll say exactly the same thing as the bricklayers and plumbers. You'll find he also moans about the way things are—more so, in fact, because he is better informed. If he happens to be an official working in the field of foreign trade, he will be very well informed about the enormous gap between productivity levels in the Western and Eastern economies. He'll set out an irrefutable case against "the system," based on countless facts, yet from early morning to four in the afternoon he sits in his office and performs his official duties, creating the very system against which he himself verbally rebels.

Your Western readers often express surprise that you refuse to identify uncritically with the image of the West as the bastion of freedom, openness, and democracy. Do you believe that the two systems are not fundamentally different?

It is seventeen years since I was last in the West, so I am not well qualified to pass critical judgment on Western political systems and ways of life. Nonetheless, I can't help concluding from my own impressions and studies that the crisis in today's world is not just a matter of Soviet-style totalitarianism. Its roots go deeper. I don't share the view of certain Western politicians that communism is some kind of painful ulcer in the world's stomach, and that all that is required is a surgical operation to put things right. I don't think it's quite so simple.

Are you saying that totalitarian regimes such as Czechoslovakia are a possible shape of things to come in the West?

In my view, Soviet totalitarianism is an extreme manifestation—a strange, cruel, and dangerous species—of a deep-seated problem that also finds expression in advanced Western society. These systems have in common something the Czech philosopher Václav Bělohradský calls the “eschatology of the impersonal,” that is, a trend toward impersonal power and rule by megamachines or colossi that escape human control. Self-propelling megamachines, juggernauts of impersonal power such as large-scale enterprises and faceless governments, represent the greatest threat to our present-day world. In the final analysis, totalitarianism is no more than an extreme expression of this threat.

The way I see it, enormous companies like Shell or IBM are not very different from so-called socialist enterprises. Of course, these companies are more efficient and profitable. But they closely resemble big socialist firms in that both are colossal machines from which the human dimension is increasingly lacking.

What are the causes of this situation?

It has something to do with the fact that we live in the first atheist civilization in human history. People have ceased to respect any so-called higher metaphysical values. I am not talking about a personal god, necessarily. I'm referring to whatever is absolute, transcendental, suprahuman. These fundamental considerations once represented a support, a horizon for people, but now they have been lost. The paradox is that in losing them we are losing our grip on civilization, which is running out of control. As soon as humanity declared itself to be the supreme ruler of the universe—at that moment, the world began to lose its human dimension.

[Essay]

FAMILY PHOTO ALBUMS

From The Russian Album, by Michael Ignatieff, to be published in August by Elisabeth Sifton Books/Viking. The Russian Album is a history of four generations of Ignatieff's family; his grandfather was Count Paul Ignatieff, a minister in the government of Czar Nicholas. Ignatieff was born in Toronto and now lives in London.

For many families, photographs are the only artifacts to survive the passage through exile, migration, or the pawnshop. In a secular culture, they are the only household icons, the only objects that perform the religious function of connecting the living to the dead and of locating the identity of the living in time. I never feel I know my friends until I either meet their parents or see their photographs, and since this rarely happens, I often wonder whether I know anybody very well. If we are strangers even to our friends, it is because our knowledge of each other is always in a dimension of time that my grandparents' culture would have considered inconceivably shallow. In the world of both the rich and the poor of even a century ago, one knew someone as his father's son, his grandmother's grandson, and so on. To a Russian, I am Michael Georgevitch, George's son, a self rooted in a family past. In the non-Russian world I live in, I am known for what I do, for how I am now, not for the past I embody.

Looking at someone's family album is a way toward a deeper temporal knowing of another. But nowadays, a frontier of intimacy has to be crossed before these photographs are shown even to friends. Within the family itself, photographs are not true icons, hovering presences on the wall. Styles of inheritance are now individual: we are free to take or refuse our past. Yet the more negotiable, the more invented the past becomes, the more intense its hold, the more central its invention becomes in the art of making a self. There are few of us who do not eventually return home one holiday weekend, go to the bottom drawer, pull out the old shoe box, and spread the pictures around us on the floor.

From its beginnings, photography was recognized as a new source of consciousness about the family past. With the coming of the sixpenny photograph, poor families had a new kind of inheritance: sixpenny tokens coded with the signs of their genetic legacy. If they could not bequeath property, they could bequeath the history of the handing down of the curve of a lip, the shape of a forehead, the set of a jaw.

In giving silent presence to vanished generations and in diffusing this presence throughout the whole culture, photography has played a part in bringing the problem of personal identity to the center of cultural concern. For, in helping to constitute identity in time, photography also poses the problem of the freedom of the self to make its own present. To look at an old photograph and to discover that one has inherited the shape of one's eyes, to hear from one's parents that one has also inherited a temperament, is to feel both a new location in time and also a dawning sense of imprisonment. The passion for roots—the mass pastime of family history—is silent about the sense of suffocation that family photographs can engender. That is one reason why the old photographs get consigned to the shoe box in the bottom drawer. We need them but we do not want to be claimed by them. Because they bring us face to face with an inheritance that cannot be altered, photographs pose the problem of freedom: they seem to set the limits within which the self can be created.

The photographs in a family album bring us closer to the past and yet their acute physical tactility reminds us of all the distance that still remains uncrossed. As such, photographs have done something to create that very modern sense of the past as a lost country.

I still cannot shake off the superstition that the only past that is real, that exists at all, is the one contained within the memories of living people. When they die, the past they hold simply vanishes, and those of us who come after cannot inherit their experience, only preserve the myth of its existence. We can mark the spot where the cliff was washed away by the sea, but we cannot repair the wound the sea has made.

In my lifetime the last of the people alive before the Russian Revolution will die. My father is the very last of that generation, age four in February 1917, just old enough to remember the bayonets glinting like glass below the window of the house in Petrograd on the morning the soldiers stormed to the Duma and said they had had enough of hunger and war. His memory just bestrides the abyss dividing everything before and everything after the revolution. I in turn am the last generation to know his generation, the last to be able to plumb their memories, to feel the presence of their past in the timbre of their voices and in the gaze they cast back across time. Already I am so far away from what happened, so much a Canadian born of this time and place and no other, that I feel fraudulent in my absorption in the vanishing experience of another generation. Yet so swiftly does time move now that unless I do my work to preserve memory, soon all there will be left for my family is photographs, and photographs only document

the distance that time has traveled; they cannot bind past and present together with meaning.

In the family album, my grandfather seems almost real, almost on the point of speaking. But his clothes, the frock coat, the hands held down the striping of his court uniform, mark him as a historical being irrevocably distant in time. The more palpable the photograph renders his presence, the more sharply I realize that the gulf that divides us involves both my mortality and his.

That it is *our* death which is in question, and not just theirs, becomes apparent when we look at photographs of ourselves. They awaken a sense of loss because they work against the integrative functions of forgetting. Photographs are the freeze frames that remind us how discontinuous our lives actually are. It is in a tight weave of forgetting and selective remembering that a continuous self is knitted together. Near the end of his life, Roland Barthes talked about the hope—and the passion for life—that forgetting makes possible: “In order to live, I have to forget that my body has a history. I have to throw myself into the illusion that I am the contemporary of these young bodies who are present and listening to me, and not of my own body weighed down with the past. From time to time, in other words, I have to be born again, I have to make myself younger than I am. I let myself be swept along by the force of all living life—forgetting.”

Photographs do not always support the process of forgetting and remembering by which we weave an integral and stable self over time. The family album does not always conjure forth the stream of healing recollection that binds together the present self and its past. More often than not photographs subvert the continuity that memory weaves out of experience. Photography stops time and serves it back to us in disjunctive fragments. Memory integrates the visual within a weave of myth. The knitting together of past and present that memory and forgetting achieve is mythological, because the self is constantly imagined, constructed, invented out of what the self wishes to remember. The photograph acts toward the self like a harshly lit mirror, like the pitiless historian confronted with the wish fulfillments of nationalistic fable or political lie. Look at a picture of yourself at four or five, and ask yourself honestly whether you can feel that you are still this tender self, squinting into the camera. As a record of our forgetting, the camera has played some part in engendering our characteristic modern suspicion about the self-deceiving ruses of our consciousness. Memory heals the scars of time. Photography documents the wounds.

HARPER'S INDEX

Further, a comparison of the data indicates that the model for $\alpha = 0.84 \pm 8.4\%$ (see Table 1) is a better fit to the data than the model for $\alpha = 0.84 \pm 8.4\%$ (see Table 1).

[illegible][illegible]

Number of Americans who drink sweetened beverages : million
 Number of women who drink sweetened beverages : million

Published at the Doshu Bukkō temple in Kawasaki, Japan. 81.

Percentage of American women who said they liked parts of it in 1976: 39
Who say that today: 50

Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19
Percentage of American women : 6

Copies of Book 1 bought by the magazine's average reader: 1

Percentage of Black high school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.8
Percentage of Black high school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2

Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed • 20.2
Percentage of white student each year (in round)

Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed: 17.5
 Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rands): 1,385
 The average "colored" student: 872

The average "colored" student : 87.2

The average black student : 192

Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979: 51,325
In 1984: 896

Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000

Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40%

Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1920 : 14.5
In 1984 : 12.9

Percentage of American obstetricians-gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67

Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots: 1

Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11

Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life: 100

changes made in the β and α parameters of $\lambda(\mu^2)$ are listed on page 14.

Our index is more interesting than their content.

The Harper's Index is not your typical index.

It's a thought-provoking collection of statistics that probably says more about our times in a single page than most magazines say in a single issue.

And it's just for openers.

Each issue of Harper's also includes writings from people as various in their perceptions as Marguerite Duras and Walter B. Wriston, George Steiner and Umberto Eco. As well as readings from publications as miscellaneous as *Pravda*, the *Jew England Journal of Medicine*, *Salmagundi* and *Le Nouvel Observateur*.

Then, of course, there's the Harper's Forum. A genuine national debate that brings together the famous and not-so-famous to candidly discuss such important topical subjects as TV, terrorism or pornography.

If you're the kind of reader who has little patience for the
epid, spoon-fed content that pervades most magazines today,
we suggest you clip out the coupon below and subscribe to

Harper's for the next twelve months, at our special rate of only fifteen dollars.

And have yourself an interesting year.

YES, enter my subscription to Harper's for one year at only \$15.00. That's 38% off the newsstand price and 17% off the regular subscription price of \$18.00. If Harper's disappoints me, I may cancel my subscription and receive an unquestioned refund on all unmailed issues.

NAME _____

ADDRESS

APT. #

CITY, STATE

21F

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later

DE73

Please allow 6-8 weeks for your first issue. \$2 additional postage for Canada; \$3 all other countries. U.S. Dollars only.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 1937, Marion, OH 43305

[Wine List]

VINTAGE PROSE

From the wine list at Anotherthyme Restaurant and Bar, in Durham, North Carolina. The restaurant's wine steward is Victoria Christian.

Sparkling Wines

POL ROGER 1979 35.00
Frail lilies blessed with the permanence of granite. Fabulous, timeless vintage Champagne.

KRUG GRANDE CUVÉE 80.00
Mysticism, erudition, and taste; absolute perfection.

White Wines

STAG'S LEAP SAUVIGNON BLANC 1983 16.00
Clear sunshine piercing the canopy of green in a rain forest; freshness, fecundity, and vitality.

FAR NIENTE CHARDONNAY 1983 32.00
"Without a care in the world" translates the name and defines the wine. Like a vast hayfield: fragrant, supple, and alive.

GUIRAUD CHÂTEAU G 1983 14.00
Dry Bordeaux with character, balance, and effortless finesse. Like cool, wet sand under pearly seaside light.

CHÂTEAU LA LOUVIÈRE 1983 14.95
Cru Classé Graves whose sound architecture aptly frames its core of minerals, which seems to have been mined from the bowels of the earth.

CHABLIS GRAND CRU
WILLIAM FÈVRE 1983 21.00
Clean like polished steel, simultaneously bone dry and dripping wet, and cool as slate on a winter morning.

CHÂTEAU PIRON GRAVES 1983 12.95
Sauvignon wildness; its grassy and gooseberry flavors and its semillon roundness shine through a dry, stony image of earth.

PIESPORTER HOFFBURGER SPATLESE
WEINGUT MILZ-LAURENTIUSHOF 1983 12.95
Sweet spatlese from the Mosel Saar Ruwer Valley in Germany. The smirking beauty of fruit without pride.

Red Wines

FRANCISCAN MERLOT 15.00
Smooth, soft body with ample underlying muscle, fullness, warmth, and an agreeable Californian nature.

CALAFIA MERLOT 1982 PICKLE
CANYON VINEYARD, NAPA VALLEY 26.00
The sensation of angora on warm skin; petal-soft

with plump fruit and the smooth juiciness of Pomerol.

SILVERADO CABERNET SAUVIGNON 18.00
See rubies and smell roses. Smooth with the texture of velvet—complicated, but sleek and soft.

KALIN PINOT NOIR 1981 23.00
Surrender your palate to deep California pinot. Engaging yet totally mystifying with a wooly, welcoming feel.

GEVREY CHAMBERTIN COMBES
AUX MOINS 1982 38.00
Plush, poignant Burgundy with sculpted firmness; fathoms deep and as pleasingly prickly as a kitten's tongue.

[Essay]

OF ARMS AND THE WOMAN

From "Me and My Novel," by Marge Piercy, in the May/June issue of the Boston Review. Piercy's novel *Gone to Soldiers* was published last month by Summit Books.

For seven years I have been working on a novel about World War II, now coming out as *Gone to Soldiers*, and for seven years I have been asked why a woman would write a novel about World War II; I have to respond, why not? I cannot imagine any subject closed to me unless I find it boring or opaque. Joyce Carol Oates must be getting the same flak about boxing.

First of all, war is not a male preserve. Modern war is visited upon populations as well as upon armies. More civilians died in Vietnam than combatants. Wars are always fought in someone's country, and everyone in that country is therefore a participant. Bombs do not fall only upon men from the ages of eighteen to forty-five. They kill and maim women, old people, children, babies, cats, dogs, tigers, and water buffalo; birds, reptiles, and the landscape and future of a place. Women experience wars even when they do not fight in them; and not infrequently, women end up fighting, if not in the official armies, in the unofficial armies that have been part of every war in the second two thirds of this century.

I would have to say that war is too important in our time to leave only to men to write about, especially in the limited ways that men have often thought about and felt about war. World War II was too important to my own life and the kind of country we live in and the kind of gov-

HOW MANY YEARS OF SOLITUDE?

Readers International brings you today's world literature. Each hardcover volume, by subscription, is just \$8.45. (regularly to \$17.50)

- **Fact**—Fewer than 1% of literary titles published each year in English come from outside the developed West (Library of Congress figures).
- **Fact**—Some 70% of American authors write in Spanish or Portuguese.
- **Fact**—It took a subsidy to translate even Nobel laureate García Marquez' masterpiece into English.

Given today's world, just how many years of solitude must we tolerate?

Readers International (RI) exists to help you the reader to read the world. Subscribe to RI now and explore new worlds of contemporary writing—worlds seen more freshly, more deeply than in any press or TV report.

From Brazil RI brings you the spare, lyrical world of the huge Backlands, in Antônio Torres' *The Land*. There hungry farmers cling to the soil with grim humor while their children head down the highways to São Paulo and Rio.

The Land is Brazil's modern classic on the conflict of rural and urban life and values, a book "full of the unanswered questions of a third world country in transition," says PUBLISHERS WEEKLY.

RI now brings this important and timely work into English. "Uplifted by Torres' melodic prose and his intimate knowledge of rural Brazil"—KIRKUS REVIEWS. "Tears at you like an early Buñuel movie," says THE OBSERVER.



New From Brazil

THE LAND

by Antônio Torres

Your subscription to RI's world of good reading begins with Antônio Torres' *The Land*. Forthcoming selections include *A Cup of Coffee with My Interrogator*, the ironies of Prague life today in pungent essays by Czech writer Ludvík Vaculík. Also, Hadi Khorsandi's refreshing satire in *The Ayatollah and I*, a wickedly funny Iranian view of the veil, the mullahs and Irangate.

RI works like a magazine subscription—every other month you receive a new and timely book: handsome hardcover editions at the special price of \$8.45 plus \$1.50 postage. You help fund the translation and printing of some of the world's finest literature.

Subscribe now for a *good read* and help bring some of today's most gifted writers into English. Return the coupon now to receive your first volume.

ALREADY LAUNCHED by readers like you: Antonio Skármeta's *I Dreamt the Snow Was Burning*, 'the most accomplished piece of literature to come out of Chile since Pinochet took power'—*Village Voice*; *Awaiting Trespass* by Linda Ty-Casper (Philippines), 'jabs so deft they avoid the didactic but sting mightily' says NY Times Bk Rev; Sergio Ramírez' *To Bury Our Fathers* (Nicaragua), 'very funny, very human, a must for any student of Latin America'—Punch. My *Merry Mornings* by Ivan Klima, 'charming and comic stories about Prague, irrepressibly cheerful and successfully written'—F Times. *Fools* by Ndebele (S. Africa), "Intricate & subtle... unusual depth"—L.A. Times.

RI READERS INTERNATIONAL PO Box 959, Columbia, LA 71418

Please begin my subscription to RI's series with *The Land* at the \$8.45 subscriber price plus \$1.50 for postage. Send RI's latest book at the same price every other month. At any time I may cancel simply by writing you.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE/PROV. _____

ZIP/CODE _____

☐ \$9.95 (Can. \$12.50) enclosed. Bill my ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA

CARD NUMBER _____

EXPIRATION DATE _____

SIGNATURE _____

SPECIAL SAVINGS: Prepay a year's subscription for six books at \$6.50 each plus \$1.50 p & p.

☐ I enclose my check for \$48.00 (Can. \$58).

☐ Bill my credit card for \$48 (US currency only).

H 6

How RI Selects Books: Literary merit is the first consideration of RI's editors and advisors. Many of these works were initially banned at home or written in exile: RI is committed to publishing literature in danger. Each is current, from the past 10 years. Each is new to readers here—although many have been acclaimed in European editions. Subscribe now and give these powerful writers a voice in English, all at a very modest price.

ernment we live under for me not to come to deal with some small part of it as a novelist who has striven to create in fiction a sense of the important pain, pleasure, turmoil, and social fabric of my time.

Men have crossed gender lines to write from women's presumed viewpoints since the novel began. Samuel Richardson made his reputation writing first as Pamela and then as Clarissa Harlowe; Defoe used the persona of Moll Flanders. Women also began crossing gender lines early in the English novel. Years before Richardson, Aphra Behn used a male protagonist in *Oroonoko*.

Fiction is preeminently the art that requires both empathy and imagination. Autobiography will carry a writer only so far, maybe one good novel of youth and one of middle age, unless she or he has a truly extraordinary life or mind. Once you grant that the novelist works from other people's lives as well as her own, you grant her a license to write about old age while in her thirties; about the loss of a child while hers are secure, or even unborn or never to be conceived; about passion out of tranquillity; about sex murder and poison when she will not set a mousetrap.

Successful fiction has been created out of the deeply felt stories of wolves, cats, dogs, horses, Neanderthals, intelligent arthropods, gods, beasts, and robots. Sometimes the urge to fiction comes from exploring selves not lived out. I am aware of countless possibilities I did not choose, myriad alternate selves I might have become had I acted otherwise or had chance descended on me with a different leverage. The urge to fiction is, I suspect, partly the urge to explore those alternate universes of possibility. Every character I have created in every novel has some aspects of myself built in, and I have lived that character while writing it.

The curiosity about what it feels like to be the opposite sex is a common one. Yet in this society I suspect women get a better shot at it. For one reason, the culture assumes a male eye, a male experience, a male body and training. Any woman student learns at an early age how to work with a male language. All men are created equal. Man's fate. Neolithic man began to commemorate the seasons.

As long as women are given as part of our common daily work the emotional labor, the work of understanding, making the social glue stick, nurturing, socializing, comforting, negotiating, balancing, then we will have to understand men better than they have to understand us. In a society where violence is generally a male prerogative, a woman learns to read body language more quickly than most men do—for the same reason that your dog or your cat does,

because safety depends on it and so does being able to please. Therefore I would maintain that women are trained to enter men's experiences with a more open imagination than men are allowed by the culture to enter women's. In my experience, women read books by male writers more frequently than men read women writers. Lower-status beings watch higher-status beings more carefully than the other way round.

During the seven years that I have been actively researching and writing *Gone to Soldiers*, I have occasionally encountered men who would say, How could a woman write about war? Far more commonly, people older than myself say, How could you write about *our* war. They would often seem amused and, even oftener, offended that I would presume on territory they claimed by having lived through it, not as a child, as I did, but as fully participating adults.

When the Dutch army surrendered to the Germans, the American army moved up to nineteenth in size in the world; by the end of the war, we dominated much of the globe. Before that we had no CIA, no NSA. We had a handful of army and navy officers working on codes and we had a president who, when he wanted to know what was happening in Egypt or Nepal, would send someone he knew to find out or would ask a journalist. We spent our taxes on social services, on building and repairing the public sector, on education and training; the armed forces were minor entities, and there was no military-industrial complex. We were a nation still largely poor and battered by the Great Depression when we entered that war. Racism and anti-Semitism were often incorporated into law, as in the housing covenants of my childhood. If we do not understand what we were and how we changed, we fail to understand what we are now and what we are likely to become. The war shaped the lives of women drastically; afterward, many of the opportunities opened up were snatched back, as we have seen many of the advances for minorities and women won during the sixties and seventies eroded since. But the experiences remained, working in the society like yeast in dough.

It was learning about the Holocaust as a child that made me feel a particular destiny and importance in remaining actively a Jew. Many of my earliest powerful memories have to do with my grandmother's fears for her family in Europe, my brother going into the marines, the Detroit race riot of 1943, Roosevelt's broadcasts, my family going South while my father trained to repair radar, the public orgy of V-J Day in Detroit. World War II was a subject I always knew I would come to take on, not in spite of being a woman, a Jew, and a writer, but because of all that I am.



Nuclear energy helps keep us from reliving a nightmare

The 1973 Arab oil crisis is a haunting reminder of the darker side of foreign oil dependence. Since then, America has turned more to electricity from nuclear energy and coal to help restore our energy security. As a result, these are now our leading sources of electricity and a strong defense against an increasing oil dependence that again threatens America's national energy security.

A dangerous foreign oil dependence

America imported four million barrels of oil a day in 1985. Last year that increased by another 800,000 barrels a day. The danger? Most of these new barrels come directly from OPEC. And the U.S. Department of Energy estimates that by year-end 1987, oil imports will be

30% higher than the 1985 level—an ominous trend.

U.S. Interior Secretary Donald Hodel recently warned that "OPEC is most assuredly getting back into the driver's seat" and our increasing dependence will be "detrimental to the country's economic and national security and its financial well-being."

Nuclear electricity's contribution

America's electric utilities have helped diminish OPEC's impact. Today, over 100 nuclear plants make nuclear energy our second largest electricity source, behind coal.

And nuclear energy has helped cut foreign oil demand. It's saved America over two billion barrels of oil since 1973, and our nuclear plants continue to cut oil use. The energy analysts at Science Concepts, Inc. estimate that by the year 2000, nuclear energy will have saved us between seven and twelve billion barrels of oil.

Nuclear energy for a secure future

Nuclear energy is not just helping here in America. According to OPEC, nuclear energy has permanently displaced about six million barrels of oil a day in world markets.

The lessons we learned in 1973 are lessons we can't afford to forget. Nuclear energy and coal can't offer us guarantees against another oil crisis. But the more we hear about the return of OPEC dominance, the more we need to remember the critical role played by electricity from coal and nuclear energy in fueling America's economy and protecting our future.

For a free booklet on energy independence, write to the U.S. Committee for Energy Awareness, P.O. Box 1537 (OP17), Ridgely, MD 21681. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

Information about energy
America can count on
U.S. COMMITTEE FOR ENERGY AWARENESS

[Photograph]
SUMMER STILL LIFE



This untitled photograph by William Eggleston appears in *American Independents: Eighteen Color Photographers*, edited by Sally Eauclore, published by Abbeville Press. It is part of *The Democratic Forest*, a series of 12,000 photographs by Eggleston, depicting American scenes.

[Script]
STRANGE AIR

From Talk Radio, a play by Eric Bogosian and Tad Savinar. Talk Radio was produced this spring at the Public Theater in New York. Bogosian's last play was Drinking in America.

BARRY: Good evening friends. I'm Barry Champlain and this is *Nighttalk*, the show where we say what's gotta be said, no b.s., no holds barred, no fluff... the show that's dedicated to the unimpeded discussion of issues, ideas, and events... because a free America is a vocal America... really happy to be here tonight, really glad you could take the time to tune in. Hope you'll join me. Just pick up that phone... go ahead, put your hand out and grab it, hold it up to your face and dial 226-T-A-L-K... and tell me what you're thinking about... we all wanna hear what's on your mind. Tonight. On *Nighttalk*... Bob... how's tricks?

BOB: Barry, my friend.

BARRY: Bob, good to hear from you. How you doing tonight?

BOB: Terrific. Very well, thank you. How are you?

BARRY: Pretty well. How are the legs?

BOB: Oh, they're fine. An ache or two, but not bad. You know what I say, "When they give you lemons, make lemonade..."

BARRY: Every cloud has a silver lining...

BOB: Cry and you cry alone.

BARRY: This too shall pass...

BOB: Because today is the first day of the rest of your life...

BARRY: And it's always darkest before dawn.

BOB: And you don't know what you have till you've lost it...

BARRY: If the shoe fits, wear it...

BOB: It's no use crying over spilt milk...

BARRY: You cannot lose what you never had...

BOB: Because tomorrow never comes...

BARRY: And if you play with fire you will get burnt... may I say something Bob?

BOB: Of course, Barry.

BARRY: We are all inspired by your courage. You are an example to all of us. You are a brave man.

BOB: Thank you, Barry. But you know, people think that life in a wheelchair must be the worst thing in the world. That's not the way

I look at it. I imagine the worst thing in the world would be being unthankful for all the good things that come our way every day: the smiles of little children, flowers blooming, little birds flying... just the sun coming up and shining...

BARRY: I couldn't agree with you more. We get so bogged down in our daily troubles, we forget the long view...

BOB: Oh, I left out one more thing to be thankful for.

BARRY: What's that?

BOB: The Barry Champlain show...

BARRY: Thank you, Bob... us both being Vietnam vets, it means a lot to me that you would say that.

BOB: I mean it.

BARRY: I know you do... gotta move along, be well... *Nighttalk*, hello Denise...

DENISE: I'm scared Barry.

BARRY: What are you scared of babe?

DENISE: Nothing specifically, but on the other hand... you know, it's like everywhere I go... for instance...

BARRY: Yeah?

DENISE: Well, like, Barry, you know, like we've got a garbage disposal in our sink in the kitchen, I mean my mother's kitchen... and sometimes a teaspoon will fall into the garbage disposal...

She speeds up.

... ya, so like, you know how you feel when you have to reach down into that garbage disposal and you have to feel around down there for that teaspoon. You don't want to do it. Who knows what's down there? Could be garbage, a piece of something, so much stuff goes down there... or germs, which you can't see. You can't see germs, but if they're gonna be anywhere, they're gonna be down that disposal. They grow there, see? They come back up the pipes. Salmonella, yeast, cancer, even the common cold, who knows? But Barry, even without all that, what if, and I'm just saying "what if," cause it would probably never happen, but what if the garbage disposal came on while your hand is down there? I get so scared of thinking about it that I usually leave the teaspoon there. I don't even try to get it out. But then I'm afraid that my mother will get mad if she finds it down there, so I turn the disposal on, trying to make it go down the drain. But all it does is make a huge racket. And I stand in the middle of the kitchen and the spoon goes around and around and I get sort of paralyzed, you know? It makes a lot of noise, incredible noise. But Barry, I kind of like that noise, because I know the teaspoon is getting

destroyed and annihilated and that's good cause I hate the teaspoon for scaring me like that, you know. Serves it right.

BARRY: Lemme get this straight. You're afraid of the garbage disposal in your mother's kitchen?

DENISE: Well, it's not just the disposal, it's everything, like you were saying? What about insects? Termites. Hornets. Spiders. Ants. Centipedes. Mites. You can't even see the mites, they're like the germs. I like things to be clean, you know. Dirty ashtrays bother me... just one more unknown. Like the houses on our street. Used to be we knew who lived on our street. But that was years ago. Now all kinds of people live on our street. Even foreigners, people with accents. What are they doing on our street? What are their habits? Are they clean? Are they sanitary?

BARRY: Why don't you ask them?

DENISE: Sure, that would be a great idea to go to somebody's house and just knock on the door. What if a serial murderer lived there? Ted Bundy? What if Ted Bundy or Charles Manson was just sitting inside watching television and I came to the door. Great! Come on in!

I don't go to strange people's houses. I keep the doors locked on my car at all times, because as you probably know, the highway is the most dangerous place you can go to. One small mistake, a slight miscalculation by another driver, someone you've never met, and at sixty miles an hour metal is crushed like cardboard, glass is shattered and flying... chrome becomes as sharp as razor blades... I know about this because I used to read the newspaper... I don't anymore because I can't absorb the waste of human life... and the pictures... all those pictures. Plane crashes, earthquakes, floods, twenty-car pileups... why do we have to have so many pictures? Isn't one enough?

I stopped driving, but that isn't going to solve anything... you're not going to stop a plane from crashing into your house, now are you? The mailman brings me unsolicited mail and the postage stamp was licked by someone with AIDS. Right? My mother is a threat to my life just by persisting in going out there...

BARRY: Out where?

DENISE: Do you know that there's a dust storm in California that has little fungus spores in it? And those spores get in people's lungs and it goes into their bloodstream and grows inside them and kills them? Strange air... strange air... you have to... oh! There's my mother. I hear her key in the door. She'll kill

me if she finds out I used the phone.
Goodbye!

BARRY: Strange air... that's what we've got tonight.

[Stories]

DRIVING

By Bill Franzen. From *Hearing from Wayne and Other Stories*, forthcoming from Alfred A. Knopf.

The Gal on My Right—I've always tried to be a good driver, but now that I'm married I try extra hard, using all the recommended defensive driving techniques. It's this new feeling of wanting to protect more than myself. So I avoided doing anything like tailgating on the recent big trip my wife and I made. We traveled from New York to Minnesota by way of Niagara Falls, Ontario, Upper Michigan, and Wisconsin. Since my wife Roz doesn't drive, I drove it all. So of course I drove back, too: virtually all Interstate 80, a dull but fast way to get East. I would check the *Rand McNally* at the end of each day's drive to see how many inches of it we'd put behind us. But now that we're back in New York, and are busy again with our little routines, I miss some of that monotonous time in the car together. Even your dullest stretch has the occasional billboard. (I spotted one for Ken & Lu's Pair-A-Dice Lounge; Roz caught a sign for the Memory Lane Motel.) And of course every so often we gave our radio dial the sweep. We pulled in a lot of mom-and-pop-type stations, the kind always making predictions about things like rain (don't expect any soon); heifer prices (they'll climb slightly); and Jesus (won't be long now).

Often, though, we just sped along quietly. During one of those meditative periods—we were passing through Ohio—Roz suddenly asked, "What's the difference between concrete and cement?" That led to a long discussion filled with a lot of guesswork. And that somehow sprouted another conversation, which gradually twisted and turned its way around to this weird point which had Roz, who is in the small category, physically, reassuring me that if I was ever attacked by some big guy that she wouldn't act like most of the gals you see on TV shows, who, all too frequently, will just stand there and scream while their guys get beat up. She promised me that if we ever found ourselves in one of those bad situations, she'd take a vase or something and let the other guy have it. Well, that line of talk ended as a bank of pur-

plish-black clouds completely commandeered the afternoon sky to the left of I-80. It looked like one heck of a storm forming, but for a while we had the illusion we could outrun it. But this was something big, right off the Great Lakes, and it spread over us until it was like a scary version of night. Roz was twisting around in her seat and taking pictures. But then, as the hot white lightning bolts seemed closer and the accompanying thunder got louder, she put the camera under her seat and asked me if we were in any danger. I wasn't positive, but reassured her, nonetheless, that we were quite safe. I was pretty sure that a car was still an O.K. place to be. At the same time, though, I was dematerializing our Honda in my mind, and pictured us sailing through Ohio, in sitting positions still, and with lightning exploding around us. I felt kind of vulnerable. But there wasn't much else to do but grip the wheel against the wind in the recommended ten-and-two position, put the wipers on high, and drive that wicked stretch as safely as I knew how. This gal on my right was willing to pick up a vase and crown a bad guy for me, so I wasn't about to let down then.

Wayne—If, on a map, New Jersey resembles a sea horse arched toward the Atlantic, then exactly where the creature's eye would be is where you'll find the town of Wayne. I accidentally found Wayne last week, while driving north on New Jersey state highway 23. There was a big sign saying WAYNE MOTOR INN. Then came the WAYNE AREA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE and the PACKANACK WAYNE SHOPPING CENTER, containing WAYNE INTERIORS and WAYNE SAVINGS & LOAN and WAYNE NUTS 'N BOLTS HARDWARE. Then it was THE WAYNE MANOR, along with a smaller sign marking THE WAYNE MANOR ENTRANCE. Soon there was WAYNE TILE AND CARPET, WAYNE DINETTES, and GIANNELLA'S—OF WAYNE. Then, after WAYNE CORK 'N BOTTLE and a skateboard-size sign saying WAYNE ANSWERING SERVICE, came what must be the John Wayne of Wayne signs, a massive WAYNE LINCOLN MERCURY. Following that was a possessive experiment: WAYNE'S MALL. Eventually, there were more and more trees, and less and less Wayne, and some relief from previous Wayne available in signs like KIM'S GEMS and TERRY'S TROPHY SHOP and IKE'S RADIATOR REPAIR. I finally got hit with a WAYNE GLASS—WAYNE CYCLE—WAYNE ELECTRONICS—WAYNE ELECTRICAL SUPPLY barrage. Later, way way beyond Wayne, a blue Chevette pulled alongside me on the highway. I noticed that on the door it said WAYNE MESSENGER, and about all a guy could do then was to hold the wheel steady and marvel at the awesome extent of Wayne. ■

THE TERRORIST AESTHETIC

Of artists, stockbrokers, and other Jacobins

By *Alberto Moravia*

I• Terror seems to be an invention of the bourgeoisie. The word was actually coined by the bourgeoisie when it was still unaware of itself, to designate a particular period of the French Revolution, and the uses of terror seem to be linked to one of the principal characteristics of the bourgeois era: the unstable nature of values. With the Revolution of '89, the bourgeois world, a materialistic world firmly bound to duration, that is, to the passage of time, superseded the feudal world, a world completely alienated from and immovably situated outside of time. If nothing stands still, then everything—opinions, styles, information, fortunes, success, groups, society—falls victim to continuous change. Snobbery comes to stand as the fickle and arbitrary surrogate of good taste, which is based no longer on the canon of the beautiful but on that of fashion, of whatever is in vogue. The beautiful is what goes over, not what is beautiful. The movement in time that is at the very heart of terror is implied in the verb “to go over.” In fact, this social and cultural terror is the terror of not being up-to-date, of being behind, of being on the way out. Terror has two faces: it is a feeling of inferiority in the one who fears not being up-to-date, and it is a feeling of superiority in the one who asserts that he is up-to-date and accuses his adversary of being irrelevant. Why is one not up-to-date? Because one has “old” ideas, because one is “obsolete,” because one has remained “behind.” It is noteworthy that the words “old,” “obsolete,” “behind” suggest movement in time, referring to age (“old”), or to the present state of affairs (“obsolete”), or to distance (“behind”).

The shout of “down with tradition” summarizes terror in the artistic field; that of “pas d'ennemi à gauche” summarizes terror in the political field. Terror does not admit that there are such things as stable values. It is connected to the idea of progress; but, one should note, a progress that has nothing to do with the concept of improvement, but only with that of

Alberto Moravia's most recent novel is The Voyeur, published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux. This essay was translated by John Satriano.

*Terror is connected
to the bourgeois
idea that there is
something called
history*

movement in time. One idea, one man, one group are in progress to the degree to which they are moving, not to the degree to which they are improving. Thus it is a question of progress in the strict sense of the word; and it matters little if this progress is downward instead of upward, toward decadence instead of toward renewal.

From all this one could argue with reason that terror is based upon the supposition that ideas count for less than their movements through time, up and down along the scale of possible values. For example, the idea of fatherland has been held in very high regard in certain epochs and in very low regard in others. But it is not the fatherland as a sentimental and ideological reality that is going up and down but rather the opinion one has of the fatherland. For its part, this opinion leaves the value of fatherland intact; in effect, it is not discussed or transformed or renewed. One is limited to shifting it along the scale of values on the basis of obscure motives that, in the end, in a faraway future, will surely reveal themselves as motives of an economic type. But what should be emphasized here is that the concept of fatherland, be it upraised on altars or buried in the dust, is not touched in the slightest; it undergoes no substantial change.

II.

Terror is connected to the idea of power. One is afraid of losing power when one is "terrorized"; one aspires to power when one "terrorizes." The idea of power, or at least that power which can be obtained by using the weapons of terror, is, in its turn, connected to the idea of time. In fact: a person who gives the impression of knowing how to foresee the movements of values through time will be the one who gets hold of power. That is, a person who knows how to guess the exact moment at which a value created by time will be destroyed by time. Obviously, the terror that approaches the purest state is that which is based on the "tempo" of the calendar; or, let us say, upon age. To say that such and such a person is backward, obsolete, conservative, traditionalist is always just somebody's opinion; but to say that he is old is an affirmation one cannot refute. When real age gives the lie to such an affirmation, then one will say that the person's *ideas* are "old." For all these reasons, terror is a weapon in the hands of people young in age or in ideas (or of people who define themselves as such) against the aged and those accused of having "aged" ideas. This terror centers on the duration of biological fact, or, if you prefer, the longevity of sexual force. Sexual prowess is weakened, obviously, in an old man; one supposes that he who has "old" ideas, even if he is young in age, is likewise, though it be in secret, senile. We can thus easily comprehend terror's efficacy in fields where, to all appearances, the sexual factor should not be at all important. When the terrorist attacks his adversary with the usual accusation of his being "obsolete," he is saying, in effect, that his adversary is impotent. What can one hold up against the accusation of impotence? Nothing. The indictment is indisputable because it is not an argument but a statement of fact. At best, the victim of terror can respond that the one who is really impotent is he, the terrorist. Such a defense does not put an end to the terrorist dynamic. It continues, though by means of an inversion in the positions of the two adversaries.

III.

Let us go even further: terror is connected to the idea, also bourgeois, that there is something called history. In history, as is well known, nothing endures or remains fixed or stable; everything is in continuous movement, in a continuous state of development. Everything is subject to aging, to obsolescence, to de-fashionization. Everything transforms itself from the tragic into the comic, from the real into the unreal, from the true into the false, from the adequate into the inadequate, from the current into the obsolete. It is here, in the realm of historical change, that terror comes into play as an instrument of power.

IV.

Classical antiquity does not seem to have been acquainted with terror. Nor was the *ancien régime*. Terror before the Revolution of '89 was real terror, based on the fear of death. Real values did not move; they were situated outside of time. Consequently, the movements of values in time could not be used to attain and maintain power. The Greek city-states and the *ancien régime* threatened the life and the liberty of their adversaries, but they were unacquainted with the cut-and-dried guillotine of "history." Today, only certain curators of the ancient do not know how to use modern terror based on duration, and must resort to real terror based on the fear of death. But this curatorial mentality is rare, surviving only in the most backward countries of Latin America and Asia. Elsewhere, modern, bourgeois terror has been universally adopted, by Marxists as well as by their adversaries.

V.

Terrorism in art is called the *avant-garde*. The *avant-garde* is terroristic because it believes not in values but in time. The Futurist who decreed that the Mona Lisa was a mere piece of trash was saying something else. And that is: "I don't know exactly what the Mona Lisa is, I don't know whether or not yesterday I admired it, I don't know whether or not today I despise it. I know extremely well, however, what it is I am doing: I am placing the Mona Lisa in time and myself outside of time. That is, I am placing my opinion, which is probably incomplete or, in any case, temporary, into the sphere of the absolute. And I am placing the Mona Lisa, a masterpiece which is by all appearances absolute, inside the sphere of time. By doing this I am transforming the relative (my opinion) into the absolute and the absolute (the Mona Lisa) into the relative."

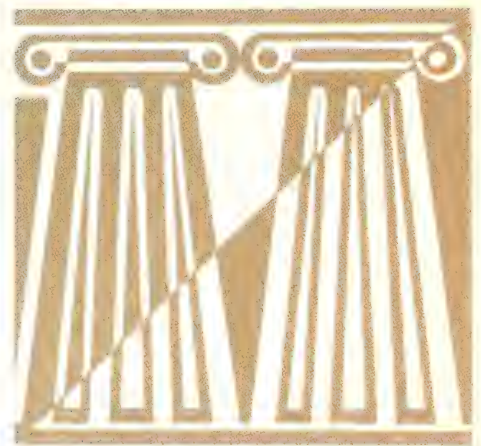
VI.

The terrorist does not answer his adversary's arguments with other arguments; rather, he exiles his adversary to a state of nihilism. Let us look at how he manages to carry out this operation. It is clear that to be in a position to accuse, the terrorist must speak not in his own name but in the name of principles. Just as clearly, these principles have to be accepted by the adversary whom it is necessary to put in a state of nihilism. The whole operation, then, consists in making the adversary, like the dog of the fable, abandon his own principles for the principles of his accuser. How? In the simplest way possible: by making it understood that principles do not exist, that the discussion will take place on what seems to be the fair and neutral ground of reason. The adversary, confident that he is fighting with equal weapons, accepts. Then and only then does the terrorist reveal the weapon he has kept hidden. So, says the terrorist, there are no such things as principles. If the terrorist's adversary concedes this point, he proves that he does not have principles of his own. As for the terrorist, he has not abandoned his principles at all; but his adversary, having been forced to abandon his, has in effect accepted the principles of the terrorist. And what about reason? Reason was a trap. His adversary fell into it.

VII.

Terrorism appeared in the excited atmosphere of the National Convention of Robespierre and the Jacobins, as a weapon of defense for a republic threatened by enemies from without and from within. But it has been employed since then, up to our own day, by different kinds of people and in very different circumstances. What can we infer from this? That Robespierre, tribune of the bourgeoisie, was shrewd enough to create not only an efficacious weapon for the Convention's struggles but also a method good enough to last forever. This method, the method of terror, has at its roots another invention of the bourgeoisie: the will to power disguised as moralism. Here one understands the workings of terrorism in their essence: the

Terrorism in art is called the avant-garde. The avant-garde is terroristic because it believes not in values but in time





Mon.

Tues.

Thurs.

Fri.

The week David Ansen went to the movies and wrote a story on old age, high art and the bottom line.

When Newsweek sends its critic, David Ansen, to a movie—he goes to a movie.

He enters its beckoning world with the intensity of a foreign correspondent covering a war. And he prepares his dispatches with an all-seeing eye that can spot nuance in a disaster or romance in a stone.

Ansen's reviews are welcomed by Newsweek readers because they're so much more than thumbs up or thumbs down. He climbs inside the movie to tell you why it was made. And how it was made. And whether the world would have missed it if it hadn't been made.

When he writes a story on

Clint Eastwood he helps you see him for what he really is. Not just a lucky survivor of spaghetti westerns but as a man who has merged the characters he portrays into the character he is: "An American icon."

This isn't Hollywood hoopla. This is sociology. Anthropology. Economics. Always infor-

Wed.

A scene from the motion picture, "RAN"
Directed by Kurosawa. Inspired by "King Lear."
Starring Tatsuya Fujiwara.

Sat.

mative and always entertaining.

When he pays tribute to Akira Kurosawa, the 75-year-old master of Japanese film, Ansen treats him not only as a genius of the Samurai movie but as a sharp interpreter of contemporary life. A wise teacher who loves the world enough to be saddened by it.

Ansen sees Kurosawa as a national treasure rejected by his own country—an aged wanderer seeking support.

David Ansen belongs in the movies. And because of the

special way he sees them—the bridging of their cultural, business, social and international significance—he belongs in Newsweek.

That's where you'll find him.

Newsweek.

Why it happened. What it means.

*In parliaments there
is no terror except
in exceptional
circumstances; in the
stock market, terror
is almost the norm*

will to power is contingent, relative, private; moralism is its rationalization in the rhetorical costumes of atemporal judgment.

VIII.

To understand the whole significance of the terroristic method it is necessary to leave the tumults of the Convention and to transport ourselves to those of another fundamental institution of the bourgeoisie: the stock exchange. What takes place at the stock exchange? There are quotations of values, and these quotations permit stocks to be bought and sold, with a resulting profit on the difference between the price of acquisition and the price of sale. All this would go over as smoothly as oil if something else did not intervene, namely terror. That is, stock manipulation. What is stock manipulation? It is the art (let us call it that) of affecting the quotations of values with illicit and dishonest maneuvers, and in a completely arbitrary manner that doesn't correspond to any economic reality. In parliaments there is no terror except in exceptional circumstances; in the stock market, terror (that is, stock manipulation) is almost the norm. It allows not only the depreciation of consistent values (expressed in the solidity of companies, factories, land) but also the rocketing to the stars of those shares and issues that do not have any value whatsoever. All this on the basis of information and rumor and the consequent "states of mind" that determine, according to the circumstances, the upward or downward course desired by the stock manipulator.

John Kenneth Galbraith, in his book *The Great Crash*, mentions the exemplary case of a certain trading house called Goldman, Sachs & Company, whose shares were sold to the public at 104 at the time of issuance only to descend, during the crisis of 1929, to one and three-quarters. What happened? Only this: on the one hand, the public had been "terrorized," in effect intimidated into buying the shares; on the other hand, the shares themselves had been manipulated in a "terroristic" sense by means of dishonest maneuvers (Goldman, Sachs bought up its own shares immediately after issuing them, to the end of getting the price quotation to go up again).

In this example it is clear that stock manipulation, that is, terror in the stock market, articulates itself two times: first through the manipulation of the public, and then through the manipulation of values. But what is stock manipulation if not the very equivalent of the terror that in every field (from art to politics, from economics to ideology), in the very same way, creates fictitious values to the utter detriment of real ones? At this point it should be noted that terror cannot interfere with such things as factories, land, or machinery, for these have no need of terror to prove themselves and therefore do not permit terror to transact its operations. Taking up the first historical example of terror again, that of Robespierre, we see that it is not so very different from the stock manipulation that causes certain titles to fall and certain others to rise. At the Convention, heads were falling and rising instead of titles; that's the whole difference.

What, in any event, was it that compelled Robespierre to come up with his "method" of terrorism, which was then so very new? Apparently it was patriotic moralism; in reality it was the will to power, which was then so very new itself, inasmuch as before the revolution one acceded to power only through hereditary privilege. Robespierre's ambition was therefore disguised as patriotic moralism, an abstraction outside of time and far more radical than virtue, which expresses itself as specific acts in time. Beneath this disguise, he accuses the Girondists, the revolutionary extremists of the day before, of moderation. What does this mean? That Robespierre "lowers" the value of the Girondists and enables that of the Jacobins, that is, of himself, to "rise." But the Girondists, yesterday patriots and today traitors, are they not really the very same men today as they were yesterday? Yes, they are, but only outside of the revolutionary time-stream, outside of revolutionary duration. Inside the revolutionary time-stream, in which Robespierre has inserted them with arbitrary violence (placing himself at the



same time outside of this time-stream, in a zone that is absolute), the Girondists' revolutionary extremism has become traitorous moderation. What is the reality of this transaction? It is a reality similar to that of the stock market, in which the stock manipulator is the cause of certain stocks (the Girondists) being disposed of and certain others (the Jacobins) being purchased, without the inherent quality of these stocks undergoing any actual change. All this thanks to terroristic intimidation, based, at the stock exchange, on the financial time-stream, and, at the Convention, on the political time-stream.

IX.

Terrorism takes on different names according to the fields of activity in which it applies itself; but it is always the exalter of fictitious values and the disparager of real values, and its purpose is always the enhancement of power. It is called snobbery, political tactic, artistic avant-garde, playing the stock market, society gossip; but it always acts as the slave of time in order to strike a blow against value. By pitting time against value, terror reveals the absolute emptiness upon which the edifice of bourgeois society rests, to say nothing of those who combat that society with the bourgeois weapon of terror.

X.

The terrorist is often a dirty rat who pretends to be a dirty rat. But he can also be an authentic artist or an honest politician who makes use of terrorism in order to defend himself from terrorism.

XI.

Terror reduces everything to time, and then reduces time to the fleeting moment. Hence the recourse to the "realism" of the little detail for the purpose of intimidation. Dostoyevsky gives us an example of this "realism" in *The Possessed*, a book that is fundamental for an understanding of the terrorist mentality. Here are the conspirators, gathered in the house of one of their own to discuss revolutionary theory. Verkhovensky, who has been stretched out in a slothful and contemptuous posture during the whole debate, suddenly asks for a deck of cards, as if to say that it would be better to play cards than to listen to such foolishness. Then:

[H]e turned towards the mistress of the house: "Irina Prokhorovna, don't you have a pair of scissors someplace?"

"Why do you want a pair of scissors?" she asked.

"I forgot to cut my nails, and I've been meaning to do it now for three days," he answered, observing peaceably his long and unclean fingernails.

Irina Prokhorovna's face turned red; but it seemed that Madame Virginskaya was amused by something.

"It seems to me I just saw them a little while ago, here, by the window." She got up and went to look for the scissors and immediately brought them over. Peter Stepanovich did not even bother to look at her, he took the scissors and began to put them to use. Irina Prokhorovna understood that it was one way of doing something "realistic" and she was ashamed of her own susceptibility.

In every authentic investigation of the truth, terror flattens the climax of the drama with the anticlimax of a sarcastic and apparently demystifying, and because of this intimidating, "realism." Terroristic realism, in short, sets its sights on the paralysis of reason and therefore on the abolition of dialectical discourse.

The terroristic method in art and in politics can be applied in any circumstances and in favor of any product or value. In politics, for example, it is adopted by the left as well as by the right. It is true that the terror of Robespierre was born as extremism of the left. But the technique of terror that consists in demonstrating that one's adversaries are "obsolete," that is, superseded in the time-stream, was applied with much success by Fascism and Nazism in their struggle against communism. The Fascists and Nazis

*Terrorism is always
the exalter of
fictitious values and
the disparager of real
values, and its
purpose is always the
enhancement of
power*

*Artistic terror no
longer terrorizes the
bourgeoisie but rather
stimulates it, like a
new pimento or a
new sauce*

succeeded, as is well known, in convincing enormous masses that socialism was "old," that Marxism was "obsolete." More recently, neocapitalism has made the same demonstration about the evil doings of Stalinism.

XII.

The masses are never terroristic, inasmuch as they do not believe in time but rather in values. The bourgeoisie, which believes in time and not in values, has almost always been terroristic. Some will object at this point that terrorism is at the very heart of revolutions, and so how can it be said that the people are not terroristic? But it would be easy to demonstrate that the only class that is truly revolutionary is the bourgeoisie, for the reason that it believes in movements of values through time. The people are not revolutionary; they are the eternal substance of revolution.

XIII.

The artistic and cultural avant-garde is often terroristic; but artists and men of culture, taken one by one, individually, even if they be new men and revolutionary, are very rarely terroristic. Why is this? Because terrorism must be made by groups; an individual cannot create terrorism by himself. The reason that avant-garde groups are terroristic and that isolated individuals of the avant-garde are not has to do with the ability of a group to create, by means of the multiplicity of its interventions and operations, a market of values and then to gamble on their rise and fall. Obviously this cannot be done by one individual alone, even should he desire it and propose it as his purpose.

XIV.

The artistic avant-garde cannot *not* be terroristic, because it deals with fashions so obviously subject to time. By that I mean artistic trends. The critical debate, the respectful appraisal, the strenuous analysis are of no purpose to the avant-garde, because it is impatient for certain styles to crumble away and certain others to be established in their place. The movements of enduring values through time (precisely because it is a question of art, of something that is by its nature outside of time) are extremely slow, and quite imperceptible. Hastening these movements to the point of absurdity (in Europe, during the first postwar era, almost every day one was a witness to the birth of new "movements" and new "currents") has always brought about the end of the avant-garde. In this way the terroristic and bourgeois idea of time as a creator of value comes to be identified with the idea of modernity. Time, in fact, renders certain values anachronistic, nonexistent (that is, "historical"), and certain others existent. But the accusation of anachronism, so frequent in the polemics of the avant-garde, brings us back to the concept of value as expedient selection. That is, to youth and old age as synonyms of value and non-value. Thus, once again, the tempo of terror reveals itself as biological duration.

XV.

Today, the artistic avant-gardes, in all countries, feel instinctively that the terrain of art no longer consents to terroristic operations, and so, in search of familiar ground, they line up alongside political movements that not only permit but require terror. Still, the passage from art to politics is not easy. Art cannot politicize itself without committing suicide: in politics, terrorism is *always* anti-cultural. Since artistic terror no longer terrorizes the bourgeoisie but rather stimulates it, like a new pimento or a new sauce, it is necessary that art search out other terroristic possibilities. A terrorist is born out of ancestral alienation, out of secular devitalization, out of creative impotence, out of lack of imagination, out of biological deficiency. And we have seen many artists pass without concern from artistic terror to political terror. This is what Ché Guevara rightly called the suicide of the intellectuals as a class. ■

THE BUDDHA OF SUBURBIA

By Hanif Kureishi

One day, when my father came home from work, he put his briefcase away behind the door and stripped to his undershirt and shorts in the front room. He spread the pink towel with the rip in it on the floor. He got onto his knees—and he was by no means a flexible man—placed his arms beside his head, and kicked himself into the air.

"I must practice," he said.

"Practice for what, Dad?"

Now he was standing on his head on the pink towel. His stomach sagged. His balls and prick fell forward. The muscles on his arms swelled and he breathed energetically. My grandmother, who was not unkind but no physical radical, came into the room with a cup of tea. She looked at Dad and looked at me.

"Practice, practice, practice," Dad said.

Grandma raised her gray head and called out immediately: "Margaret, Margaret, he's doing it again!"

"Leave it, Grandma," I said. "Please."

"What are you, a policeman?" she said. She called out once more. "Margaret! Just when we're having our tea!"

Soon my mother hurried into the room to see

the spectacle. She wore an apron and wiped her hands again and again on a tea towel.

"Oh God, Haroon," she said to my father. "Oh God, oh God, oh God. All the front of you's sticking out like that so everyone can see!"

She looked at me violently.

"You encourage him to be like this!"

"No I don't."

"Why don't you stop him then?"

She sat down and held her head. "Why can't he be a normal husband?"

My grandmother blew on her tea. "Don't upset yourself," she said. "That's why he's doing it."

"That's not true," I said.

My mother's voice rose. "Pull the curtains, someone!"

"It's not necessary, Mum."

"Do it now!"

I quickly pulled the curtains on our back garden. We sat there for a while and looked at oblivious, upside-down Father. Neither my mother nor my grandmother smiled or said anything. When my father spoke his voice came out squashed and thin. His insides must have got pretty bent up when he did his positions.

"Karim, Karim, read to me from the book."

I fetched the book from among all his other books on Buddhism, Hinduism, Confucianism, and Sufism, which he bought at the Oriental bookshop in Cecil Court off Charing Cross

Hanif Kureishi is a British film writer, journalist, and fiction writer. Kureishi was nominated for an Academy Award for his screenplay for My Beautiful Laundrette. His new movie, Sammy and Rosie Get Laid, will be released in the United States later this year.

Road. I squatted down beside him with it open. Now he was breathing in, holding his breath, breathing out and holding his breath. I read—and I was a good reader, fancying myself at sixteen a potential actor: “Suryanamaskar revives and maintains a spirit of youthfulness, an asset beyond price. It is wonderful to know that you are ready to face up to life and extract from it all the real joy it has to offer.”

He grunted his approval at each sentence and then opened his eyes, seeking out my mother. But she had her hand over her face. I read on: “This position also prevents loss of hair and reduces any tendency to grayness.”

That was the coup. Satisfied, my father stood up. “I feel better.”

“Have you finished then?” Mother said.

“For today. But I see it as a very regular thing.”

“Oh no,” she groaned.

He softened. “By the way, Margaret, coming to Mrs. Cooper’s tonight?”

“No,” she said.

“Oh come on, sweetie. Please. Let’s just go out together for once.”

“But it isn’t me that Cheryl wants to see,” my mother said. “It’s you. She ignores me. She treats me like muck. I’m not Indian enough for her.”

“You could wear a sari,” he said.

This was my opportunity. “I’ll come with you then, to Cheryl’s, if you want me to. I’d planned to go to the chess club but I’ll make the effort.”

I said this as innocently as a vicar, not wanting to stymie things by seeming too eager. I find that in life if you’re too eager others tend to get less eager. And if you’re less eager it tends to make others more eager. So the more eager I am the less eager I seem.

Dad slapped his bare stomach rapidly with both hands. The noise was loud and unattractive. It filled our small house; it drove my grandmother out of the room like bad news.

“O.K.,” Dad said to me. “You get changed, Karim.” He turned to my mother. “Margaret, Margaret. If only you’d come.”

“I’m not wanted.”

“You’re pathetic,” I said hotly.

“Yes, I’m pathetic.”

And I added, having been reading Nietzsche recently: “You don’t matter.”

She sighed, having been reading the Gospel: “No, I don’t matter.”

I charged upstairs to get changed. I could hear my parents talking downstairs. Would he persuade her to come? I hoped not. My father was more cheerful when my mother wasn’t around.

It took me a long time to get ready. But at seven o’clock I came down dressed for Cheryl’s. I had on turquoise flared trousers; a blue and

white flower-patterned see-through shirt; blue suede boots with Cuban heels; and a scarlet Indian waistcoat with gold stitching around the edges. On my head I had a brown headband. On top of all this I put on my grandmother’s fur coat, strapping a belt around my stomach. I was right up-to-date.

My father waited at the door for me, his hands in his pockets. He had on a black polo-neck sweater, black leather jacket, and gray cords. He looked very handsome. When he saw me again he looked agitated.

“You haven’t shaved,” he said.

“No. And now there isn’t time. I forgot.”

“Well. Next time.”

He could be kind like that. Unlike Mum, he was no big conformist. In the living room my mother was watching TV and eating a big bag of sweets. Without turning round she said: “Karim, don’t show yourself up. Get changed! You can’t go out like that!”

“What about Grandma?” I said.

“What about her?”

“Well . . . she’s got blue hair,” I said.

“But she’s a woman. And you’re not a woman!”

My father and I got out of the house as quickly as we could. At the top of the street we caught a bus. It wasn’t far—about four miles to the Coopers’. But my father wouldn’t have been able to get there without me. I knew the streets and every bus route and shortcut perfectly. I spent as much time as I could outside the house.

My father had been in Britain since 1948—twenty-two years—and for eighteen of those years the family had lived in the South London suburbs. But he still stumbled around the place like a new immigrant. He asked people incredible questions like: “Is Dover in Kent?” I would have thought, as an employee of the British government, as a Civil Service clerk, he’d just have to know these things. But he didn’t. I’d crawl under the table with embarrassment when he halted strangers in the street to ask directions to places that were a hundred yards away in an area he’d lived in for almost two decades. But people weren’t repelled by his naiveté, and women seemed drawn by his innocence; they wanted to wrap their arms around him or something, so lost and boyish he looked at times. Not that he was a complete innocent. When I was small and we’d sit in Lyons Corner House he’d send me like a messenger pigeon to an attractive woman at another table and have me announce: “My daddy wants to give you a kiss.” Looking at him, they were never offended; they were inevitably amused.

So he taught me how to flirt with everyone; but I don’t think he’d slept with anyone but my mother while married. I suspected that Mrs

Cheryl Cooper—whom Dad met at a “writing for pleasure” class—wanted to chuck her arms around him.

On the way to Mrs. Cooper’s we stopped off at a pub and had a pint of bitter each. I wasn’t used to alcohol and became drunk immediately.

“Your mother upsets me,” Dad said. “She doesn’t join things. It’s only my damn effort keeping this whole family together! No wonder I need to make my mind blank!”

I suggested: “Why don’t you get divorced?”

“Because you wouldn’t like it,” he said.

“Otherwise—who knows.”

“I see. It’s all up to me then.”

But I knew they wouldn’t divorce, even though they fought all the time. It wasn’t something that could possibly occur to them. In the suburbs I knew, people rarely dreamed of striking out for happiness. It was all familiarity and endurance. Nothing would change.

The Coopers were better off than us and had a bigger house, with a drive and a garage. Their place stood on its own in the tree-lined road off Beckenham High Street. It had an attic, a greenhouse, three bedrooms, and central heating.



I didn't recognize Mrs. Cooper when she greeted us at the door. I thought we'd come to the wrong place. The only thing she had on was a full-length multicolored caftan. Her hair was down, and out, and up, and wild-looking. She could have benefited from my headband. Her eyes she'd darkened with kohl. Her feet were bare, the toes painted green. My mother never painted her fingers or toes.

When the front door was safely shut, Cheryl hugged my father and kissed him all over his face. This was the first time I'd seen him kissed with interest. There was no sign of Mr. Cooper. When Cheryl moved, when she turned to me, she was like a human crop-sprayer, puffing out clouds of Eastern-smelling perfume, like some of the hippie girls I went to concerts with at the Roundhouse in Chalk Farm. I was trying to think if Cheryl was the most sophisticated person I'd ever met, or the most pretentious, when she kissed me on the lips. She looked me all over and kept saying: "Karim, Karim, you look so exotic, so original! It's so you!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Cooper. If I'd had more notice I'd have dressed up."

"With your father's wonderful wit too, I see!" she said.

I looked up and saw that Paul, her son, who was at my school but a year older, was sitting at the top of the stairs, behind the banisters. He was smiling at me. On the way to Cheryl's I'd deliberately excluded him from my mind. I hadn't believed that he would be in, that he would have stayed in to see me, that he wouldn't have had something terrifically important to do that evening, like doing a psychedelic painting, playing a noisy gig with his band, or making love to his girlfriend at a party.

"Hallo baby," he said to me, coming downstairs. "Glad to see you."

He embraced my father and called him by his first name. What confidence and style Paul had! He followed us into the living room.

What the fuck was going on?

Cheryl had pushed back the furniture. The Liberty-patterned armchairs and Habitat glass-topped tables were up against the bookshelves. The curtains were pulled. Four middle-aged men and four middle-aged women, all white (terribly white), all suburban, sat cross-legged on the floor, eating peanuts and drinking wine. There was some terrible old-fashioned chanting music playing that reminded me of funerals.

"Don't you just love Bach," Paul said.

"It's not really my bag."

"O.K. Fair enough. It's not everyone's. I think I've got something that's more your bag upstairs."

"Where's your dad?"

"He's having a nervous breakdown."

"Oh."

"He's gone back to his mother."

"I see."

I realized then that in a lot of ways we were just a plain family. Divorces and nervous breakdowns weren't really within our ambit; nervous breakdowns were as exotic to me as New Orleans. I thought of Paul's father in a straitjacket, perhaps in a padded cell.

Now my father was sitting on the floor, talking to some of the people in the room. The talk was of music and books, of people like Dvořák, Krishnamurti, and Jung. Looking at them closely I reckoned the men were in advertising or design or something almost artistic like that. I remembered that Paul's father designed advertisements. Whoever these people were, there was a terrific amount of showing off going on—more in this room than in the whole of the rest of southern England put together.

At home my father would have roared with laughter at all this hot air, telling my mother how much he hated jumped-up people. But now, in the thick of it, he looked as if he was having the highest time of his whole life. He was leading the discussion, talking quickly and loudly. He talked over other people and kept interrupting them and he wasn't afraid of touching whoever was nearest. I could see the men and women slowly gathering in a circle around him on the floor. I wondered why he saved all the sullenness and resentful grunting for us. Did these people know he'd sit with his back to us, his supper on his knees, staring out at the back garden while we ate unhappily at the table? Did they know he would go a fortnight without speaking to any of us?

I noticed that a man who was sitting near me turned to the man next to him and indicated my father. Dad was now in full flow about the oneness of the cosmos with a woman who was wearing nothing but a man's shirt and a pair of black tights. The woman kept nodding enthusiastically at Dad.

The man said to his friend: "Why has Cheryl brought this brown Indian here?"

"To give us a demonstration of the mystic arts."

"And has he got his camel parked outside?"

"No, he came on a magic carpet!"

I gave the man a mean little kick in the back. Sharply he looked up.

"Sorry," I said, and touched the palms of my hands together and bowed my head. I could hardly believe it myself, but he did the same back to me.

Paul turned to me. "Pretentious," he said.

"What?" I moved closer to him, holding his

arm. "Yes, the sound of one buttock farting."

"Come to my pad, Karim."

"O.K., let's go."

Before we could leave the room, Cheryl came back in and turned off the lights. Over the one remaining lamp she draped a large, diaphanous neck scarf. I noticed that her movements had become rather balletic. One by one people fell silent. Cheryl looked down and around at everyone, smiling like mad.

"So why don't we relax?" she said. Three or four of them nodded their agreement. Someone said: "So why don't we?"

"Yes, yes," someone else said. This person then flapped his hands like loose gloves; he opened his mouth as wide as he could and thrust his tongue out.

Cheryl turned to my father and waved her arm at him.

"My good and deep friend Haroon here, he will show us the way. The Path."

"Oh Christ," I whispered to Paul, thinking how my father couldn't even find his way to Beckenham. "Christ Almighty."

"Watch, watch," Paul said.

My father stood up and Cheryl sat down. Now Dad moved easily among the sitting people. They looked keenly and expectantly at him, though two men glanced at each other as if they wanted to laugh. Dad spoke slowly and with confidence, as if he knew for sure he had all their attention and they'd do everything he asked. I was sure he had never done anything like this before. He was going to wing it.

"The things that are going to happen to you this evening are going to do you a lot of good. They may even change you a little. But there is one thing you must not do. You must not resist. If you resist it will be hopeless. If you resist it will be like trying to drive a car with the brakes on."

He paused. They didn't take their eyes off him.

"We'll do some floor work. Please sit with your legs apart."

They parted their legs.

"Raise your arms."

They raised their arms.

"Now, breathing out, stretch down to your right foot."

They all stretched out for their right foot, the women being more flexible and graceful than the men. They came up, looking a little flushed and distracted.

"Down to your left foot! And hold it!"

After five or six basic positions which I recognized from the yoga book Dad had got out of the library, he had them lying on their backs. Obviously unused to exercise, they were glad to be resting. To his soft commands they were relax-

ing their fingers one by one, then their wrists, their toes, their ankles, their foreheads, their scalps. They were making the low "Om" sound, their stomachs vibrating. They were imagining beaches, gardens, and palm trees. They were taking a psychic holiday. Even I felt weak.

Meanwhile Dad had removed his shirt and undershirt, shoes and socks. He padded around the circle of dreamers, lifting an arm here, a leg there, testing them for tension. Cheryl, lying there on her back, was watching my father with one eye open. When he walked past she lightly touched his foot with her hand. She pinched his big toe. My mother was eating sweets in front of the TV.

I hissed to Paul: "Let's get out of here before we're hypnotized like these fucking idiots."

"O.K. But isn't it fascinating?"

"Absolutely unique."

Paul and I climbed the ladder to the attic, where he had the whole huge space to himself. It stretched out across the top of the house. He'd painted Zen scripts, mandalas, and hippie heads on the sloping walls and low ceiling. His drum kit stood in the center of the floor. Big cushions were flung about.

"Heard anything good lately?"

"Yeah," I said. After the calm silence of the living room our voices sounded absurdly loud and strained. "The new Stones' album. *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out* it's called. I played it at the school music society today and people threw off their jackets and ties and danced. I was on top of my desk! You should have been there."

I knew immediately that I'd been crude. Paul threw his hair back.

"On top of your desk? I think I'd better play you something really good, Karim."

So he put on Pink Floyd's *Ummagumma*. While I forced myself to listen he sat opposite me cross-legged and rolled a joint.

"Your father. He's the best. He's wise. D'you do that stuff every morning?"

I looked at him. I nodded. A nod can't be a lie.

"And chanting too?" he asked.

"Chanting? No, not chanting every day. At least not in the morning."

I thought of the morning in our place: the toast on fire; me frantically conjugating French verbs for my first class; my father running around the house, his face covered in shaving cream, looking for his train pass; my sister and I wrestling over the newspaper; my mother complaining about having to go to work in the shoe shop.

Paul handed me the joint. I pulled on it and handed it back. I had never taken drugs before. I was so excited and dizzy I stood up immediately.

"What are you doing?"

"I have to go to the bathroom."

"Now?"

"Yes, yes!"

I flew down the attic ladder. In the Coopers' bathroom there were framed theater posters for Genet plays. There were bamboo and parchment Zen scrolls with flamboyant ink writing on them. There was a bidet. As I sat taking it all in, I realized suddenly and with excitement I wanted all my life to be lived this intensely: mysticism, alcohol, sexual promise, clever people, and drugs. I hadn't come upon it all like this before, but now I wanted nothing else.

And Paul? Paul had the longest hair in the school. Parted in the center, it curtained his face and fell straight down his back. He was a painter, a poet, a musician, as well as the school rebel. He had a motorbike and a girlfriend with pre-Raphaelite hair. To me Paul was a god. But my love for him was unusual: it was not generous. I admired him more than anyone but I didn't wish him well. It was that I preferred him to me: I wanted to be him. I wanted his talents, his skills,

his face, his taste. I wanted to wake up with them all transferred to me.

When I'd finished in the bathroom I stood in the hall. The whole house seemed to be silent, though from the attic came the distant sound of "A Saucerful of Secrets." Someone in the house was burning incense. I crept down the stairs to the ground floor. The living room door was open. I peered round it into the dim room. The advertising men and their wives were sitting up, cross-legged, straight-backed, their faces open. They breathed deeply and regularly. Neither Cheryl nor my father was in the room.

I left the hypnotized Buddhas and went through the house and into the kitchen. The back door was wide open. I stepped outside into the darkness. It was a warm evening; the moon was full. I might have guessed.

I got down on my knees. I knew it was the thing to do—I'd gone intuitive since my dad's display. I crawled across the patio. They must have recently had a barbecue since razor-sharp lumps of charcoal stuck into my knees, but people have suffered worse. I reached the edge of the lawn. I could see vaguely that in the center of the lawn there was a garden bench. As I moved closer there was enough light from the moon and the kitchen window for me to see that Cheryl was on the bench with her caftan up around her neck. If I strained I could see her chest. And I did strain. I strained until my eyeballs went dry in their sockets. Eventually I knew I was right. Cheryl had only one breast. Where the other usually was, there was nothing. She was flat, one-sided.

Beneath all this and virtually hidden from me was my father. I knew it was Dad because he was crying out, "Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God," across the Beckenham gardens, with little concern for the neighbors. Was I conceived like this, I wondered, in the suburban night air, to the wailing of Christian curses from the mouth of a Moslem masquerading as a Buddhist?

Suddenly Cheryl slapped her hand over my father's mouth. This was a little peremptory, I thought, though I refrained from objecting. But my God, Cheryl could bounce! Head back, eyes to stars, kicking up from the grass like a footballer, her hair flew. But what of the crushing weight on my father's backside? Surely the impress of the thrusting bench would remain for days burnt into his poor buttocks, like grill marks on a steak? Shouldn't I rescue him? This could not be pleasure.

Then Cheryl released her hand from his mouth and he started to laugh and laugh. It was the laugh of someone I didn't know. It was pleasure all right.

I rapidly crawled away, wondering if Cheryl was watching my wriggling rear. In her kitchen I poured myself a glass of whiskey and threw it down my throat.

Paul was lying on his back on the attic floor. I took off my boots and lay down beside him. He passed me the joint he was smoking.

"So, Paul. Everything all right?"

"You're all right, Karim. You're terrific."

"Am I?"

I was encouraged and uplifted by his words.

"But listen," he said. "You're not to take this badly."

"No, never."

"You've got to wear less."

"Wear less, Paul?"

"Dress less. Yes." He got up onto one elbow and concentrated on me. I loved his beautiful mouth being this close. "Levi's, I suggest, with an open-necked shirt, maybe in pink or purple, and a thick brown belt. Forget the headband."

"Forget the headband?"

"Yeah."

I ripped my headband off and tossed it across the floor.

"For your mum," I said.

He laughed. "You see, Karim, you tend to look a little like a pearly queen in that gear."

"A pearly queen? I see."

I, who wanted only to be like him, as clever, as artistic, as attractive in every way, tattooed his words on my brain. Levi's, with an open-necked shirt, maybe in purple or pink. I would never go out in anything else for the rest of my life.

While I contemplated myself and my entire

wardrobe with absolute loathing and wished to urinate on the lot, Paul lay there massively calm with his eyes closed. Everyone in the damn house but me was practically in heaven. And the dope was refusing to fly me anywhere.

When I put my hand on Paul's thigh he made no response. I rested it there for a few minutes until sweat broke out on the ends of my fingers. Then I moved my hand up a couple of inches. His eyes remained closed. But in his jeans he was growing, the dirty bastard. I grew confident. I became insane. I dashed for his belt, for his fly, for his cock, and I took him out to air. I held him without moving my hand for several hours, thinking of nothing but whether I should go on, go back, or remain. But then he twitched himself. A sign! He was alive too! Whenever I stopped moving he twitched himself. Through such human electricity we understood each other.

"Where are you, Paul?" I said, moving to kiss him. He avoided my lips. He turned his head to one side.

"Do you dig this?" I asked.

"Me?" he said. "But you know me, Karim. Try anything once."

"Can't you . . . won't you try to kiss me then?"

He evaded my lips.

When he came, it was, I swear, one of the great moments of my earlyish life. There was dancing in the streets. My flags flew, my trumpets blew!

I was licking my fingers and thinking of where I could possibly buy a pink shirt when I heard a sound that was not Pink Floyd. I turned sharply and looked across the attic to see Dad's flaming eyes, nose, neck, shoulders, chest, and fat stomach straining up through the square hole in the floor. Paul quickly put himself away. I wiped my mouth with my waistcoat and leaped up, sticking my hands behind my back like Prince Philip. My father rushed over, followed, I was pleased to see, by a smiling Cheryl. Dad looked from Paul to me and back again. Cheryl sniffed the air.

"You naughty boys," she said.

Paul said lazily: "What, Mum?"

"Smoking drugs," she said.

One of the advertising chaps drove my father and me home. The house was dark and cold when we crept in, exhausted. Dad had to get up at 6:30 to go to work and I had my paper round.

When we were in the hall he raised his fist to punch me out. I grabbed him. He was much drunker than I was.

"Shhh . . . Dad!"

"What the hell were you doing?"

"What?"

"I saw you, Karim! Oh my God, you're a

bloody shitter! A shitter! A bum-banger! A shirt-lifter! My own son! How can it be?"

He jumped up and down as if he'd just heard that the whole house had been burned to the ground. I didn't know what to do. So I started to imitate the voice he'd used earlier with the advertisers and with Cheryl.

"Relax, Dad. Relax your whole body from your fingers to your toes and send your mind to a quiet garden somewhere, where there are roses and sand castles—"

"I'll send you to a fucking garden! I'll send you to a fucking doctor, you fucking shitter!"

He really was mad and he was at full volume. I had to stop him before we had the neighbors round.

"But I saw you, Dad," I whispered.

"You saw nothing!"

"I saw you." Then I added significantly: "I saw everything."

"Don't be so stupid."

But he looked at me with a shadow of worry in his face.

"At least . . ." I said.

"At least what? What?"

"At least. At least our mother has both breasts."

"What? Oh yes. All right. I understand. I get you."

He went into the toilet without shutting the door and started to vomit. I went in behind him and rubbed his back as he threw up.

"It's all right, it's all right," I said as kindly as I could while he cried and heaved, heaved and cried, splattering his shoes and trousers, the floor and walls, with his turmoil.

"I'll never mention tonight again," I said.

"And neither will you."

He nodded his head and then pressed it against the cool rim of the toilet.

"Why did you bring him home like this?" said my mother, who stood behind us in her dressing gown. It was so long it almost touched the floor. It made her look square.

"Couldn't you have looked after him?" She kept plucking at my arm. "I was looking out of the window and waiting for you for hours."

My father eventually stood up straight and pushed past us.

"Make up a bed for me in the front room," Mum said. "I can't sleep next to that man."

When I'd made up the bed for her and she'd got into it—and it was far too narrow and short for her—I told her something. I told her that whatever happened she was to understand one thing, one thing that I'd decided.

"What?" she said.

"I'll never be getting married. O.K.?"

"I don't blame you," she said, turning over. "I don't blame you at all." ■

CAN THE RUSSIANS REFORM?

The Soviet economy: prospects for change

By John Kenneth Galbraith

Last January was a very cold month in Moscow; the thermometer went well below zero, and word of the cold wave made the Western press. By the time I arrived in mid-February, the temperature had greatly moderated, the Arctic attire that I had packed was unnecessary, and the general mood of the country matched the marked moderation of the weather. I've been to Russia a number of times since my first journey there in 1959, and have at least the normal curiosity as to what goes on in Churchill's well-wrapped enigma. This passage was, in many respects, the most interesting and, not surprisingly, the most encouraging.

I was attending the vast and well-publicized forum—several hundred participants from around the world—on arms control, disarmament, and coexistence in the nuclear age. It concluded with a mammoth reception in the Kremlin and a much-reported speech by Mikhail Gorbachev. There was a large, exceptionally diverse (and markedly unofficial) American delegation, including those old friends Norman Mailer and Gore Vidal; Bernard Lown, the physician and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize; Jerome Wiesner, former president of MIT;

John Kenneth Galbraith's most recent book is A View from the Stands, a collection of essays.

Stanley Resor, in past times a top Pentagon official; and William German, the executive editor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

The State Department, I judge, regarded the whole proceeding with a rather remote disdain. Such matters should be left to the professionals—the extended arm of the Rogers Act. Or to our Russian experts. All nonexperts are known to be naive as regards the Soviet Union; and there is no more dangerous or more urgently publicized form of naiveté.

Gorbachev's speech was not strenuously original, but it was pleasantly devoid of polemics. It also expressed an unqualified commitment to peaceful coexistence and the reduction of nuclear arsenals. Peace, all agree, is a convenient speech topic; action involves more problems. Still, when I first traveled through Eastern Europe in 1938—it was on our honeymoon, just after the Anschluss and just before Munich—the talk was all of war. Last winter was better.

My personal exchange with Gorbachev was exceedingly brief. We noted that in our rhetoric we both had used nearly the same syllogism: "No one after a nuclear war will be able to tell the ashes of capitalism from the ashes of socialism." (I had usually added the further thought that there were some, including Richard Perle who would try.) He told me that he had read

two of my books, an assured way to an author's heart. (Somehow I have no similar expectation of Ronald Reagan.) As a return favor I introduced him to Susan Eisenhower, the greatly attractive and intelligent granddaughter of the president, who was a participant in the proceedings. Henry Kissinger and several fellow travelers, including Jeane Kirkpatrick and Cyrus Vance, had preceded us by a few days to Moscow. By rough estimate, I had five minutes with the Soviet leader. They had three hours. From each according to his ability, to each according to his need.

The proceedings of the forum—broken into various sections ranging from the ecological and health effects of nuclear war to defense strategy and arms control to literary and religious attitudes and obligations in the prevention of war—were generally informed, responsible, and, with the exception of numerous obligatory contributions (if you have come all the way from Australia, India, or even Romania, you must speak whether or not you have anything to say), interesting. Nonetheless, I found a good deal of time before, during, and after the forum to explore the economic and political changes now in progress in the Soviet Union. Of these my present word.

There is no doubt that these changes, or, in any case, the effort to bring them about, are very great. I am not sure that our press and television have even yet given them wholly adequate emphasis. Certainly in Russia these changes are the topic of unprecedented comment and conversation. A young Soviet economist told me that for the first time in his life he was turning each day to the political news rather than to sports or cultural affairs. Nothing else at the moment seemed so exciting.

The essence of the change, of course, is the effort to make more efficient, responsive, open, and also honest the incredibly massive and stolid bureaucracy of the Soviet system, this on literary, artistic, political, and economic matters. My concern, inevitably, was with economics.

Soviet economic shortcomings were once thought to be the thing that foreigners, committed ideologues in particular, cited in assault on the Soviet system. Now foreign critics have been outdone by the Soviets themselves, and most especially by Gorbachev. His words require selective repeating. Speaking at a plenary session of the Central Committee of the Communist Party in late January, he said:

The growth rates of the national income in the past three five-year-plan periods dropped by more than half. From the early 1970s most plan targets were not met. The economy as a whole became cumbersome and little responsive to innovation.

The quality of a considerable part of the output no longer met the current requirements and imbalances in production were aggravated.

And he continued:

The policy of providing material and moral incentives for efficient work was inconsistent. Large, unjustified bonuses and fringe benefits were paid and figure-padding for profit took place. Parasitic sentiments grew stronger and the mentality of wage leveling began to take hold. All that hit those workers who could and wanted to work better, while making life easier for the lazy ones.

And then:

As an inevitable consequence of all this, interest in the affairs of society slackened, signs of amorality and skepticism appeared, and the role of moral incentives in work declined. The section of people, including youth, whose ultimate goal in life was material well-being and gain by any means grew wider. Their cynical stand acquired more and more aggressive forms, poisoned the mentality of those around them, and triggered a wave of consumerism. The spread of alcohol and drug abuse and a rise in crime witnessed the decline of social mores. Disregard for laws, report padding, bribe taking, and encouragement of toadyism and adulation had a deleterious effect on the moral atmosphere in society.

So much, by way of comparison, for Jimmy Carter's finding of malaise in American capitalism.

In economics, all remedies turn heavily on the release (or partial release) of the system from central bureaucratic control. This is understood. However, bureaucracy is something about which speech regularly excludes thought. In our country we refer to bureaucracy constantly but reflect little on its specific characteristics and the consequences of them. While we study endlessly the nature and dynamics of the firm in the market—it is what Professor Samuelson is all about—we give far less attention to motivation within the great firm. The tendency of the huge corporate bureaucracy to multiply its managerial personnel is evident in the recurrent mass sackings "to increase efficiency." We say little as to underlying causes, though we know that everyone in an organization seeks a subordinate to do his or her thinking, and we measure organizational prestige by the number of such subordinates. "How many people does he have under him?"

We also know, but do not say, that intelligence in a great bureaucracy is what most resembles what is already there, wisdom what most faithfully conforms to what is already being done. And we take for granted that in an organization, as in politics, all relish authority—power—and do not willingly release it to others.

A young Soviet economist told me he was turning each day to the political news rather than sports

In
agriculture
there is to be
enhanced
emphasis on
private plots
and private
production

"The responsibility, after all, is mine."

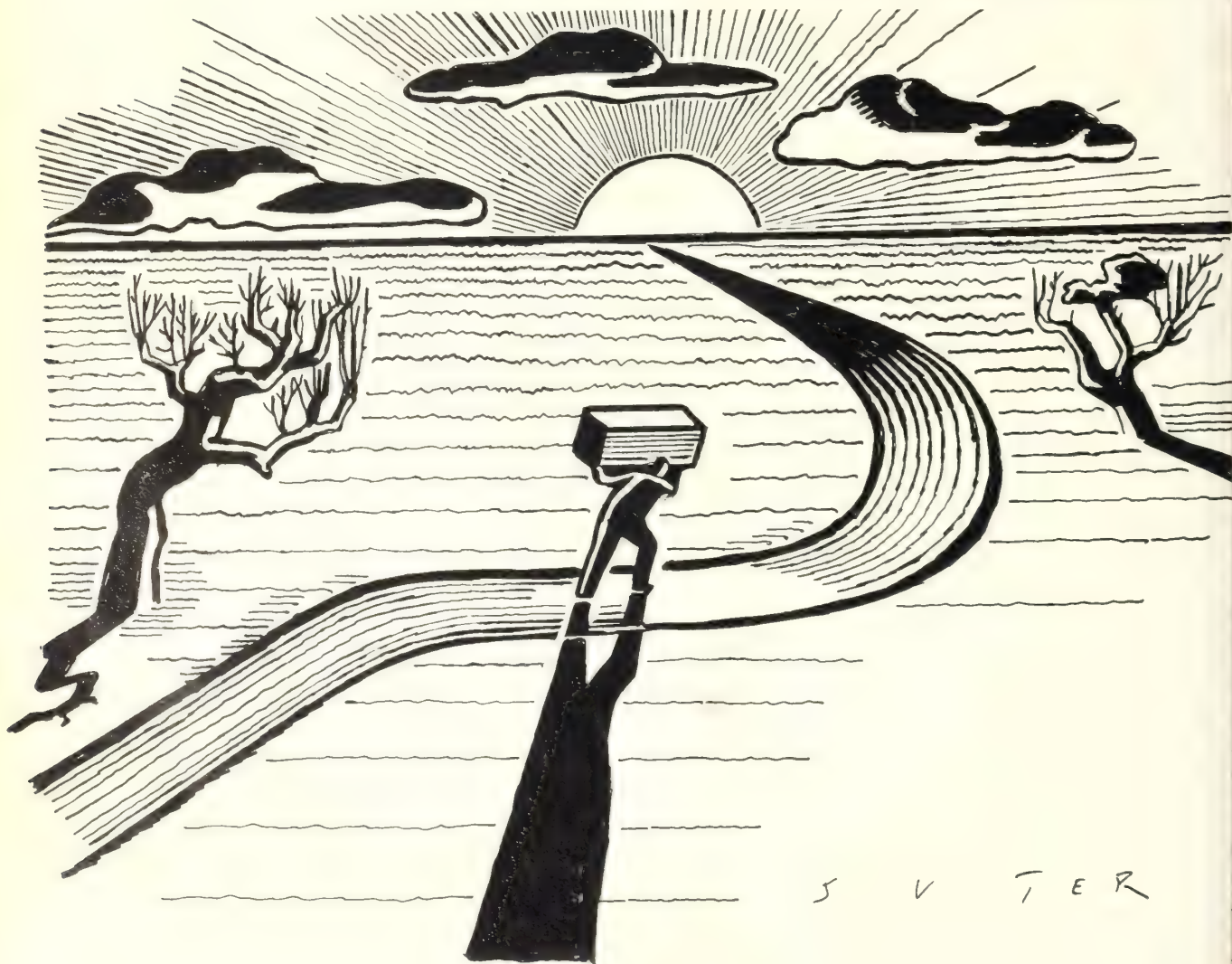
The Soviet bureaucratic problem is our own writ large. The Gorbachev reforms, nearly all of them, will run up against the tendencies and compulsions of bureaucracy. Gorbachev seeks to reduce the personnel and power of the great ministerial bureaucracies by giving industrial enterprises the right to determine what they will produce and how much, and by giving them the encouragement of having and sharing the resulting return. With this would go the right to pay workers in accordance with their productivity—to discourage wage leveling, as it is called. And the reforms seek to give to factories and so on the right to select their own managements in the expectation (or hope) that these enterprises will select ones that work efficiently and so maximize return for their participants. All this is designed to reduce the levels of command and the tendency for wisdom to be without thought.

In agriculture there is to be enhanced emphasis on private plots and private production as well as shared return from the collective oper-

ations. And more of the return will come from sales on the open—or anyhow, partially open—market. Agricultural reform is to extend to improvement in the marketing machinery, where one of the scandals of recent years has been the failure to get supplies to the consumer. (Wheat, I judge, has on occasion come more efficiently from the United States than out of Soviet stocks and accumulations.)

All of this is, or *sounds*, eminently sensible; but here enters the dynamics of bureaucracy, or, more literally, the absence thereof. In the vast Soviet organization are many people, many in positions of comfort and security as well as power, who find things eminently satisfactory as they are, and who rejoice in the power they now exercise, the privileges they now enjoy. On such persons and their initiative rests in no small part the responsibility for change. Thus a formidable contradiction: change must come in some measure from those who least want change.

Matters are made worse, as Russians are not



hesitant to say, by memories of past reforms. There have been movements for change before—more freedom to make production decisions at the plant level, more relief from upstream control. (Indeed, such matters were much under discussion when I first visited Russia in 1959.) And then there have been pull-backs, with rebuke, possibly even punishment, for those who exploited self-interest, reaped the resulting economic rewards, and were thus visibly unfaithful to socialist principle. Now it behooves one to be cautious; perhaps, the Gorbachev eloquence notwithstanding, there will be another reversal. To bureaucratic inertia is added the force of personal caution.

Further, in Russia, as in China, there is conflict between public ethic and personal motivation. This is no slight matter. The ethic of socialism is service not to self but to society. This is the approved motivation; no point has been made more tediously for so long by socialists. This must now be combined in some measure with the ethic of self-interest. Can those who work for the common good work side by side with those who work for themselves—and perhaps, on occasion, get quite rich?

A Russian friend with whom I discussed these matters, a very senior economic and political figure, said he accepted fully the fact of this conflict. But, he said, through corruption—self-seeking within the system—the conflict already existed. In this respect the Gorbachev reforms are legitimizing the corruption that was the status quo. This, my friend said, was a marked upward step.

There is a powerful force working for reform that receives little mention in American comment and, Gorbachev's reference to consumerism notwithstanding, seems also to be passed over in Russia. This is the tendency for American and Western European living standards to become, relentlessly and inescapably, the test of Soviet performance. Western living standards, as all know, embrace a vast diversity of goods and services, with an even greater diversity of styles and designs and with a huge and intricate structure of support and maintenance services. For a rigid planning system as has existed in Russia, these are difficult, perhaps even impossible, to replicate. Seventy years ago, when Lenin came to power, the socialist economy needed to produce for general consumption only elementary food, elementary clothing, elementary shelter, fuel, transportation services, and not much else. This was well within the conceptual competence of a planned economy, or would so become. And so, at a later stage, was the industrial base—steel, electricity, machinery—that Stalin built.

Not so the modern Western living standard, which, as noted, is the test. It challenges the capacity of the most powerful computer and even more urgently the capacity for action called for by the printouts. Yet anything less is seen in no slight measure as failure. Of all the threats to planning in the Soviet system as it now exists, none quite rivals the impact of Western living standards—not those of Madison Avenue, to be sure, but those of the average middle-class household in Bremen, West Germany, or Worcester, Massachusetts. In a well-designed world, these living standards might not be culturally and aesthetically the human ideal. There could be higher goals. Alas, these goals do not prevail. The answer, the only answer, is to release production to independent response to demand—in some measure, to the market.

As to the prospect for reform, no one can be sure despite the many who are available to say. I would not be entirely pessimistic. At the top and also at the bottom there clearly are many who want change. This pressure will surely continue. And now, as in the past, one hears much more of Soviet problems than of Soviet achievements. One does not cultivate a reputation for detached acuity by dwelling on the latter. The achievements, however, have been far from insignificant. There is no appreciable unemployment, our own enduring blight. There are no scenes in Moscow as sordid as those in the South Bronx. No one is sleeping on Soviet grates—not even, as the President avows, by choice. If we persist in the current irresponsibility in our public finance, the ruble could come to seem a rather solid thing.

Until Gorbachev, Soviet leadership was by old men—Brezhnev, Andropov, Chernenko. As a Soviet friend commented, they were concerned, not surprisingly, to postpone the controversy and pain of solutions until their own brief years had run their course. The present, younger generation does not have that choice. So, as noted, the effort at solution will now be—must be—pressed.

I see no reason why Americans should not wish the effort well. Governments that are not performing effectively regularly seek to pass the blame on to foreigners—not excluding the Japanese. Or they seek to divert attention from domestic ills by resort to foreign adventure. I cannot think that a contented and prosperous Russia would be a menace to us. The menace will be to those whose intellectual capital, as it is often called, is locked into an assumption of failure, into the belief that whatever happens in the Soviet Union must somehow be bad for the rest of the world. ■

I cannot think that a contented and prosperous Russia would be a menace to us

WIND OF WAR

From Pentagon scriptw

Soviet troops are fighting U.S. soldiers on the outskirts of Tehran, as Polish divisions roll toward the Rhine and Cubans prepare for a landing near the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach. This is not a movie, but a script conceived and polished by the Department of Defense. It was written in 1984 and is included in a thick, classified budget and policy-planning document called the *Defense Guidance*. The Pentagon would like it thought that this document is a sober blueprint of how wars are likely to develop in the late 1980s, and how we would fight them. In fact, the *Defense Guidance*—which is revised each year—is the stuff of dreams: neither nations nor armies behave as bureaucrats would have them. This particular scenario of a Soviet invasion of bordering Iran, and the subsequent outbreak of world war, has meaning only in Washington, where it satisfies the fears of ideologues and the desires of military men in pursuit of big budget increases.

The Pentagon would have us believe that the Russians would feel compelled to move into Iran to quell internal unrest, this despite the fact that they kept their distance during and after the Shah's fall. To justify an invasion (across two formidable mountain ranges), the Russians would reaffirm a treaty of friendship signed with Iran in 1921. Not mentioned in this scenario is Iran's unilateral renunciation of those provisions of the treaty allowing for Soviet interference in the country's affairs.

The Pentagon world view, crystallized by the cold war, envisions disciplined Eastern Europeans willing to muster alongside the Russians for any fight, on any turf. That the Soviet Union has in our time had to invade Hungary and Czechoslovakia—and threaten Poland with the same—to maintain Warsaw Pact solidarity is apparently lost on the war planners.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Iron Curtain, the NATO nations set aside any number of conflicting interests and long-held animosities—the flare-up between Turkey and Greece being one recent example of the latter—and decide swiftly and unambiguously to enter what is fast becoming World War III.

Time Relative to D-Day	Southwest Asia SWA Northeast Asia NEA	Europe A
-65	Resolution of central authority in Iran	
-62	Civil war threatens in Iran Iranian military moves without central control	
-42	Soviet forces in Transcaucasia, North Caucasus, and Turkistan begin selective mobilization. Soviets increase naval activities and readiness in Atlantic and Pacific	Warsaw Pact moves into readiness
-37	Soviets reaffirm 1921 Treaty of Friendship. Soviets continue preparations for invasion	Soviet scale of exercises
-23	Soviets express concern over their southern frontiers. Increased training noted in up to 10 Soviet divisions in North Caucasus and Turkistan	Warsaw Pact reflects SACED Military
-16	Soviet Government states it is prepared to unilaterally invoke 1921 Treaty of Friendship. Major increase in traffic towards Iranian border noted on Soviet rail transport system in the Caucasus and Turkistan	Poland moves into readiness. NATO moves into readiness
-12 U.S. M-day SWA C-day	U.S. determines that a Soviet invasion of Iran is imminent	Se US be ha
-6	Soviet forces depart assembly areas, move toward Iranian border. Reports of advanced elements across border. Iranian military authorities request int'l assistance	E i v
SWA D-day	Soviets attack throughout Iran on multiple axes with 24 div. Saudi Arabia and remaining Persian Gulf countries perceive Soviet actions as a direct threat, permit entry of US forces. Iranian military forces oppose Soviets.	
+4		
+6 (NATO M- and NATO C-day)		
+16 (NATO D-day Korea D-day)	North Korea attacks PRK	
+30 to +40	Engagement of US and Soviet forces in Iran begins	

OF WASHINGTON

fantasy, by Don Goldberg

SECRET

State Reserve
under increased surveillance, reconnaissance,
intelligence activities.
initiates diplomatic actions

forward-deployed carrier and amphibious force
position

other diplomatic overtures by US
AS and additional naval forces deploy to SWA
units alerted

sealift moves to ports of embarkation (POE)
3d Reserve Fleet breakout begins
Alert Readiness Program callups begin
Naval Reserve Air Fleet (RAF) alerted to
possible callup

All mobilization assets
systems are positioning ships reposition
Reserve exercises Selected Reserve callup
authority (100,000).

3d units prepare to move to POEs

US orders its forces worldwide to DEFCON-2

US condemns Soviets, declares intent to do what
ever necessary to protect US vital interests

US orders its forces worldwide to DEFCON-2

President declares national emergency for
the purpose of partial mobilization

President requests mobilization authority from Congress

US-flag fleet requisitioning authorized

National Defense Reserve Fleet activation begins

RDF units move to POEs. Loading begins as
shipping becomes available

Partial mobilization commences

RAF Stage II activated

USA order deployment of RDF to SWA countries that
have permitted the prepositioning of material and
the preparation of staging facilities permit entry
Shipping route through the Med., Suez and Red Sea
is not used for RDF deployment

USMC based amphibious task force commence movement

US repeats condemnation of USSR and demands
Soviet restraint

US begins to deploy forces into Iran

Protection of shipping measures instituted

US declares full mobilization

Selective Service begins. Inductee mobiliza-
tion schedule

By M+30 By M+180

Army 450K 450K

Navy 5K 100K

Marine Corps 1K 40K

Air Force 5K 60K

TOTAL 100K 650K

US and Soviet air forces engage in combat over Iran

US air interdiction begins

US and Soviet naval forces commence hostilities
in Indian Ocean

RAF Stage III activated

US units reinforcing NATO and moving by sea
commence loading

Heightened Cuban readiness detected US warns Cuba

US recommends formal NATO mobilization

US implements fullscale reinforcement of NATO

NATO defends against Warsaw Pact air, land, and
naval attacks

US forces defend in conjunction with NATO forces

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

US deploys forces to ROK

The Rapid Deployment Force (now called Central Command) was created by President Carter after the seizure of American hostages in Tehran. The idea is that the RDF could be phoned up at any time to defend, say, an oil field or aging sheik deemed critical to the security and well-being of the United States. That the RDF remains largely untested, and has doubters within the military and without (it's unwieldy, it's redundant), has not deterred the Reagan Administration, which has pumped tens of millions of dollars into the program. The RDF pops up in a number of Persian Gulf scenarios; this, and the fact that it comprises units from all the armed services, make it a fine and frequent candidate for increased funding.

On the very day the United States condemns the Russians, it orders its forces to DEFCON-2, a serious and provocative state of alert. Diplomacy, and simple government inertia, have no place in this scenario.

Afghan rebels, about 20,000 of them armed at any one time, have held off Russia's 40th Army (more than 60,000 armed troops) since December 1979. Yet the war planners believe it may take more than a half-million American servicemen to fend off the Russians in Iran.

In case you are wondering why American troops continue to patrol the DMZ in Korea, they are there to defend South Korea against an invasion from the north, in the event of a war in Iran.

U.S.-Soviet combat begins, as predicted? Not likely. "As soon as preparations for a war begin," Clausewitz wrote in his classic *On War*, "the world of reality takes over from the world of abstract thought." Allies hedge; plans get miscommunicated; expensive tanks get stuck in sand. Tensions even ease. Among the billions the Administration will receive this year to build an even bigger military, perhaps funds can be found to buy every Pentagon official a copy of Clausewitz's book, to be quietly consulted before any calculation or pencil mark is made.

Don Goldberg is a freelance writer who lives in Washington, D.C.

FALLING FOR A WARSAW PACT DAME

An espionage thriller (sort of)

By John Simpson

One day earlier this spring the entire foreign press corps in Moscow gathered in an auditorium to hear what the Soviet authorities had to say about (a) Margaret Thatcher's triumphant visit to the Soviet Union, complete with lighted candles in a Russian Orthodox monastery and a walk-about in the streets which would have got her elected to the Soviet presidency, if they had elections to that kind of thing, and (b) the latest wrinkles on intermediate-range nuclear missiles. But although most of us were earnest enough to want to know about (a) and (b), it soon became clear that the U.S. networks had (c) on their minds: (c) being the alleged entrapment by sexual means of U.S. marines who had been entrusted with the safety of the American Embassy in Moscow. There was no doubt what Americans would be seeing on their television screens that night. When it comes to giving people what they want, everyone knows that sex-and-espionage is a winner; especially when it happens in real life, rather than in the pages of a soiled paperback. Some years ago, it happened to me in real life too.

My encounter with Eastern European intelligence, beautiful women, and the branch of British security known as MI5 began to unfold four years ago and reached its culmination one dark, blustery day in November 1983, when I received an ordinary manila envelope, sealed carefully and taped up, in the post. Someone had made sure the contents would get to me untouched. There were four British stamps on it, with the queen's face looking disapprovingly across the front of the envelope, as though she knew what was inside. I arm-wrestled the sticky

tape and, drawing the contents out, found four black-and-white photographs of a woman, glamour photographs in the style of the 1950s. Each one had the words "Prague, October" on the back. I knew perfectly well what was happening: communist agents were trying to black-mail me—and to take me back thirty years culturally at the same time. I was playing the lead in my own low-budget fifties spy mystery.

I am a television front man, what you would call a correspondent. All television front men are conformist, and British television front men are more conformist than others. At the time of my intrigue I was dullish, fortyish, marriedish, and not particularly enthusiastic on any of those counts. Most of all, I was bored. The previous year we'd had the Falklands war, which I'd spent in South America, and the invasion of Lebanon, which I'd spent in Beirut.

As it began, 1983 was suffering by comparison. The only thing that struck me as having the potential for excitement was to take place in Czechoslovakia, a big peace conference the Prague government was staging in June to prove that all the really bad things in the world were the fault of the West. And so, together with my producer, an engaging and ambitious American, I got myself accredited to attend President Gustáv Husák's conference, with its cumbersome title ("The World Assembly for Peace and Life, Against Nuclear War"), and one Sunday in June we headed off to Prague. On the plane, I gave my colleagues—the producer, a cameraman, and a sound recordist—a patronizing little lecture. Like everything else in British public life, television is laid down along class lines, and the correspondent stands in much the same relation to his camera crew as a prerevolutionary Russian landowner did to his *muzhiks*.

John Simpson is the diplomatic editor of BBC television news.

"Don't forget," I said, "our hotel won't just be bugged, it'll also be staffed with hookers specially drafted in for the occasion. Don't get carried away—just regard them as being for show."

They nodded sagely.

"Best to avoid all nocturnal adventures anyway," I added a little later. I always was better at handing out good advice than at taking it.

Our hotel was a charmless concrete box, some way from the beautiful old center of Prague. The Western journalists covering the conference had been corralled there like unbroken horses. A couple of dusty display cases in the lobby contained (along with dead flies) a sampling of Czech glassware and a few unidentifiable pieces of machinery: museum exhibits of what survived from what was once the most advanced industrial society in Central Europe, and has since become an economic and industrial backwater. The lobby was also outfitted with video cameras on fixed mounts—to ensure that guests didn't leave without paying the bill and to keep an eye on what time they got in and who they got in with. A thoughtful management had provided something else as well: two heavily built citizens in black leather coats, men we came to know as Bill and Ben, after a seminal British children's TV show of the fifties. Bill and Ben, the StB men—the StB being the local version of the KGB—were there to find out if we were having a good time, and, if so, to stop us. And there was someone else we noticed as we arrived: a beautiful dark-haired woman in her late twenties, tall and well turned out, standing behind the reception desk.

"See what I mean?" I said, on the nineteenth-century principle that women might have a tendency to be good or beautiful, but were infrequently both. Nevertheless, to demonstrate my immunity to this crafty commie attraction, I joked with her in a familiar way. She warmed to me, I felt. Her name, according to her lapel badge, was Vlasta.

That first night in Prague we made contact with members of Charter 77, the human-rights monitoring group. The producer and I said goodbye nicely to Bill and Ben and drove our antique hired Skoda to the old center of Prague; we then parked discreetly and walked to a building that looked as though it had been condemned. The street door yawned open, and inside in the darkness there was a mass of twisted pipes on the floor and the throat-catching smell of cats. "It can't be here," I said, and then we knew it must be; someone had told us it was the least likely place on earth for anyone to actually live. The cats and the pipes faded as we climbed up the grand staircase in the dark; the

steps crumbled under our feet. On the second landing we stopped in front of a heavy door with a thin frame of light seeping out around it. We rang a bell.

Immediately, noise and brightness rushed out at us, and a pleasant-looking man in his early forties stood silhouetted in the doorway. I knew him from Amnesty International mug shots: he'd been a famous radio correspondent before he went to jail. "Jiří Dienstbier," he announced, and turned to shout something to the people inside the flat. There were a great many of them, in a small space. The playwright Václav Havel was in deep conversation with a former foreign minister under Alexander Dubček. A well-known socialist was listening and nodding in agreement. Anna Šabatová, whose flat it was, fought her way through the crowd with glasses on a tray; Šabatová's father was a famous dissident, and her husband, who was another, had recently been sentenced to a long prison term. Someone was playing the guitar. An elderly couple were holding hands and smiling. The walls were covered with books, and in front of the books were propped photographs of the dozens of people who had taken the risk not just of signing Charter 77 but of working for it, which meant almost certain imprisonment. And yet this flat was the only place in Czechoslovakia where I was to find a real, tangible sense of liberty. It hit you, just as the rush of warm air and light and sound had hit us in the cold, smelly darkness of the staircase. They knew here what real freedom was, and they relished it.

Over the ten days that followed, with the help of Charter 77, my crew and I carried out the biggest television smash-and-grab raid that Czechoslovakia had ever seen. It began with a clandestine meeting in a large park on the outskirts of Prague between members of Charter 77 and two representatives of the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, who were in town for the conference. The StB knew all about it in advance; and when we got there, young men in leather coats could be seen dodging among the trees, or occupying the park benches. All of them were equipped with shoulder bags that contained their tape recorders and listening gear, and which always give away the StB man on duty. We started filming the men in the woods, and some of the men in the woods filmed us.

"What you're doing is illegal," said a stocky, unlikable figure in brown; he seemed to be the commanding officer of the assembled secret policemen, and had the dark glasses and acne-scarred face you tend to look for in such a man. He ordered us to disperse, on pain of being arrested.

She warmed to me, I felt. Her name, according to her lapel badge, was Vlasta

Our meetings involved my driving out late at night from the hotel, losing the routine StB tail along the way

"Bullshit," said a journalist standing alongside me. There was a pause, and then he was taken off into the bushes by the StB and worked over a little.

"Nobody's going to do anything serious to us as long as we stay together." It was the calm voice of Václav Havel, a veteran of dozens of such incidents. He was right. In the end we were allowed to leave: fifteen of us, together with an escort of fifty StB men. I walked with the former foreign minister and an elderly woman who had a bad leg, and we soon dropped behind the others. The secret policemen made cracks about the old lady as she labored down the long path to the main road, but we had our revenge surprisingly fast: there turned out to be a shortage of transport for the StB, and as we wheezed along in our laryngitic Skoda, we spotted eighteen or twenty secret policemen queuing up meekly at the tram stop, waiting to go back to Prague. I leaned out of the window and saluted them with upraised finger. That night, revenge was even sweeter: we satellited the pictures of the whole affair to London from the studios of Czech television, expecting every second that someone would pull the plug on us; but it was clearly the government's policy not to while the peace conference was going on. As I left the studios afterward, several people gave my shoulder or my hand a surreptitious squeeze. They might not have been prepared to

cross the line that separated them from the warmth and liberty and danger of the opposition, but they wanted to show a little solidarity, all the same.

A great deal happened during our last few days in Prague. For one thing, ignoring my advice to my colleagues, I established a passionate liaison with a young woman of impeccably dissident opinions. Our meetings involved my driving out late at night from the hotel, losing the routine StB tail along the way, opening a heavy baroque front door, climbing up some shockingly cold stairs in the dark without my shoes, and slipping into a bedroom which, being right beside that of the parents of the girl in question, had to remain dark and silent at all times. It made me feel no end of a devil, and coming in to the hotel at five in the morning, past the resentfully wakeful Bill and Ben, was a positive pleasure. My colleagues regarded me with a certain resigned disapproval, but it was a memorable way of saying goodbye to my thirties.

In the hours of daylight, by contrast, the crew and I interviewed dissidents—for example, the leading figures in the underground church. Once, we spirited a leading Catholic layman out of his apartment block so that he could record an interview with us in the woodlands outside Prague (he had just been released from jail). The block was guarded day and night by secret policemen, and while the producer went inside to bring him out through the building next door, I sat in the faithful Skoda with the engine gunned up and ready to go. I was just getting nervous about the delay when a black van speeded round the corner; a cameraman was standing up and filming through the open roof with an industrial-size Panaflex camera.

"The bastards," I screamed, crashing the Skoda's primitive gearbox into first in a feeble attempt to escape. The filmers were being filmed: we had been caught in a visual ambush. And then the van careered past, the cameraman still tracking away, not at me but at something altogether different. Our path, we later found, had crossed that of the movie director Miloš Forman, who was making his Mozart-for-the-masses costume epic, *Amadeus*, with the assistance of the Czechoslovak government.

Later that same day—it was actually nighttime—the producer and I set off for the city of Brno, 120 miles from Prague, in the hope of meeting a Charter 77 member who was being held there under house arrest. The Skoda rattled its way down the only freeway in Czechoslovakia at fifty miles an hour, its noise almost drowning out the violent argument the two of us were having about interdepartmental politics. A long way out of Prague, in some Moravian fastness with a name too long to fit decently on

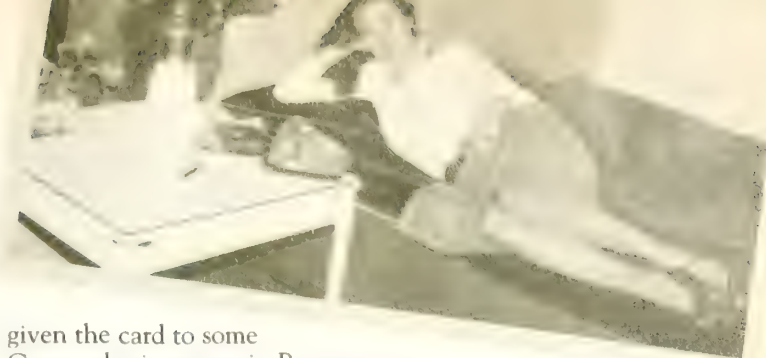


the signposts, the argument boiled over.

"That's it. I'm putting you out right here." The Skoda slithered to a stop and I yanked ineffectually at the hand brake, my voice reverberating horribly in the sudden silence produced by the cutting of the engine and the fact of being hundreds of miles behind the Iron Curtain at three o'clock in the morning. The StB car that had been trailing us ever since we left Prague had to throw itself into an emergency stop. We headed on to Brno, shouting and laughing, and our escorts in their superior model gave us rather more room after that.

The first large antigovernment demonstration since the Prague Spring of 1968 also took place while we were there, perhaps sparked by the presence of so many Western journalists, and we beamed back pictures of that as well, complete with shots of a frenzied StB man taking a swing at our camera. But it was the final insult; we were asked to leave the country. We were heroes then, even in our hotel. Members of the staff came up to us to thank us quietly. Only the beautiful Vlasta at the reception desk remained inscrutable. She smiled mysteriously as she handed me my passport; that was all. My goodbyes to my late-night companion were muted, but no less affectionate for that; I was relieved to hear from her later that she had neither lost her job nor been refused a visa to leave the country. I offered to shake hands with Bill and Ben, in a kind of British public school forgive-and-forget gesture, but only Ben responded, with a grip that threatened to reduce my fingers to corned beef. Back in London, I was invited round to the Czechoslovak Embassy, where I had to stand up the whole time while a plausible first secretary read out a statement to me, condemning my grossly unprofessional conduct in having concentrated on interviewing irresponsible and unrepresentative elements. By not paying more attention to the World Assembly for Peace, it appeared, I had single-handedly made the world a more dangerous place. It didn't seem altogether likely that I would ever have anything to do with Czechoslovakia again.

But I did. On my fortieth birthday, I was sitting disconsolately in my office, reflecting on my dissolving marriage, when a letter posted in West Germany was delivered to me. It contained a rather serious card with an uncompromising view of eighteenth-century Prague. The handwritten message read: "When you celebrate your birthday, you surely take lots of smiles, therefore accept even one of my heart." It was signed "Vlasta—from Prague hotel." It was obvious how she knew it was my birthday: she had seen my passport. I assumed she had



given the card to some German businessman in Prague to post when he returned home. I spent the rest of the morning drafting a letter to Vlasta that would contain enough of a come-on to get her to write again, but which wouldn't look bad if she turned out to be the Czech government's way of getting back at the man who had spoiled the Assembly for Peace.

Vlasta answered a few weeks later; it was a very proper letter, the kind her grandmother could have written, sending me many regards and good wishes. I lavished even more time on my reply; it's hard being both warm and non-committal at the same time, to achieve a tone that invites confidences and yet does not give a secret policeman anything to use against you. Assuming, that is, that a secret policeman was reading Vlasta's mail. I simply couldn't decide on the basis of the information before me. Three weeks later, I received two pages from her, posted in Austria. I had clearly moved up several emotional ratchets: "Although we don't see each other, you were for me, from absolutely mysterious reasons, the most beloved and sympathetish person on the world." She certainly wasn't getting English lessons from her secret policeman, if she had one, and it wasn't terribly flattering that the reasons that I was beloved should be quite so mysterious; but I felt that as long as I didn't say anything stupid, we could go on this way for some time, until she either made a mistake or convinced me she was genuine (or until she became bored and found someone else more sympathetish).

Then, one day in November 1983, everything changed. The morning post brought me a letter from her mailed in East Germany. The chances of a letter's getting through to a Western television station from there were not much better than those of a letter posted in Czechoslovakia itself—unless officialdom had helped it on its way. I was still working my way through her weird, swooping calligraphy, and had reached the part where she told me she had sent, by a different route, some photographs of herself ("those are not professional, because I had done it at home alone"), when my secretary handed me a message. A man named "Jaroslav Weiss" had telephoned and wanted me to call him back. The number was a London one.

Someone picked up the phone before it had completed one full ring.

*i have reason
to believe she
continues to
decorate the
lobby of the
hotel in
Prague, and
no doubt
stars in the
occasional
photograph*

"Is that Mr. Jaroslav Weiss?"

"Ah, Mr. Simpson. Of Prague." He was expecting me. "I have package for you. From mutual friend." There was a certain you-lucky-dog-you tone in his voice. I gave him my office address, but a natural instinct to cause offense made me ask, "What line of business are you involved in, here in London, Mr. Weiss?"

There was an embarrassed pause. Then he committed himself: "Export-import."

I laughed rudely and hung up, thinking how corny the whole affair had become. But the next day, when I opened the heavily taped envelope he had sent me and found the four pictures, I felt distinctly nervous. Vlasta was sitting or lying on an uncomfortable-looking bed in three of them, fully clothed, but in a series of moderately vampish poses. There was a copy of *Playboy* on a night table, and a species of animal skin on the wall. In the fourth, she was leaning forward, her face and bust close to the camera lens. Despite her claim to have taken the photographs herself, the whole scene was professionally lit, and no one posing alone with the help of a ten-second delay button could have assembled herself in such neat and well-framed attitudes. She didn't look half as beautiful in the pictures as she had in real life.

These were deep waters. I decided, for the first time in my life, to get in touch with MI5, the counterespionage organization which, with the secrecy typical of the British political establishment, doesn't officially exist. It's even contrary to the Official Secrets Act to publish the address of its headquarters, a large red-brick and concrete blockhouse with emplacements for machine guns and, incongruously, a large amount of net curtaining, in Curzon Street, Mayfair, just down from the Christian Science church. A good-natured voice responded to my call, and its owner listened to the Vlasta story without comment.

At the end he delivered his judgment. "I think our Mr. Hornblower had better come and see you."

"Hornblower," I repeated dully. The script was getting worse and worse. It appeared to be sinking from *le Carré* to *Ludlum*.

But their Mr. Hornblower saved the situation, a little. I had feared a hawk-faced operative in a tan sports jacket with chunky personal jewelry; but he turned out instead to be small and highly educated, and to have a stutter. His three-piece suit was dark blue and shiny with age, and his tie was black. He looked like a classics teacher at a funeral, but he cast his eye appreciatively enough over Vlasta's pictures, and I rather took to him after that.

He explained to me, in a world-weary way, what can happen to a fortyish, bored Westerner

who strays into countries like Czechoslovakia and annoys the locals.

"They see it as a fishing expedition," he said. "They throw the net over the side, without knowing whom they may catch." The "whom," in particular, I liked: they don't even say "whom" in *le Carré*.

"But why me? I don't know anything they can't find out by watching my reports. I broadcast more than I know anyway."

"The expression is 'agent of influence,'" Mr. Hornblower said, politely ignoring my self-denigration. "Maybe they might want you to say something nice about their policies at a key moment. Or perhaps someone just needed your name on his list of new recruits; they're very fond of getting names on paper, you know."

One other possibility remained. "You don't think she could be genuine?" I looked at Vlasta on her vulgar bed without much hope.

Mr. Hornblower looked away, too genteel to reply. By this time the stutter was long gone.

"Next thing, she'd invite you to meet her somewhere easy—Hungary, say. A nice enough place. Then they'd burst into the bedroom while you were there." His voice trailed away. I liked him for allowing me to fill in the gaps.

He rang me a week or two later to say that Mr. Weiss's name hadn't appeared in their files, and that they were grateful to me for tipping them off about him. The stammer, I noticed, had returned. Not long after that, two Czechoslovak diplomats were told to leave the country; one of them, satisfyingly, was the man who had read me the lecture about conduct unbecoming. On an impulse I called Mr. Weiss's number, but the woman who answered put the phone down the moment I said his name. I never received another word from Vlasta.

And that's all there is to it. It lacks, I agree, the satisfying culmination of real British spy fiction, in which Vlasta would have—what? Defected to the West? Committed suicide? In fact, I have reason to believe she continues to decorate the lobby of the hotel in Prague, and no doubt stars in the occasional black-and-white photograph with her clothes firmly on.

I should however mention one other point: Mr. Hornblower held on to Vlasta's pictures for several months, during which time I heard nothing from him. Then, one day, I received a call from someone who never quite said she worked for MI5. She apologized for the long delay in keeping the photographs and offered to return them. I invited her to lunch, to enable her to do so. It was a pleasant occasion, at which I obtained nothing much more than my photographs. But I wondered for a long time afterward why MI5 thought it necessary to send them back with an attractive young woman. ■

IFS, ANDS, BUTTS

The literary sensibility at ringside

By Arthur Krystal

Among the works discussed in this essay:

Cashel Byron's Profession, by George Bernard Shaw. 288 pages. Penguin Books, \$4.95.

On Boxing, by Joyce Carol Oates. 118 pages. Dolphin/Doubleday, \$14.95.

The Manly Art, by Elliott J. Gorn. 316 pages. Cornell University Press, \$24.95.

The Fight, by Norman Mailer. 239 pages. Little, Brown. (Out of print.)

The Sweet Science, by A. J. Liebling. 396 pages. Penguin Books, \$6.95.

Shadow Box, by George Plimpton. 351 pages. G.P. Putnam's Sons. (Out of print.)

Tarzan knew how to box. When attacked by a great ape, he fell into a fighting stance, jabbed with his left, crossed with his right, thereby confusing and demoralizing his hairy opponent. No one taught Tarzan how to box; no one had to. English gentlemen, you see, are born with the knowledge. A preposterous conceit, certainly, though not one that would have surprised George Bernard Shaw, who scoffed that the upper-class Englishman, having undergone the manly rites of flogging and fighting at public schools, "gradually persuades himself that all Englishmen can use their fists." Shaw knew better and even wrote a novel about prizefighting in order "to detach it from the general elevation of moral character with which the ordinary novelist persists in associating it."

Apart from Charles Dickens, who, he claims, knew next to nothing about fighting, Shaw never identifies these novelists. But writers—writers with apparently nothing in common—have indeed been drawn to the sport. The earliest recorded bouts were, in fact, fictional, part of the funeral games recounted in the *Iliad* and the *Aeneid*. After that, little is heard of the sport until James Figg declared himself the first English champion in 1719. "Professor" Figg demonstrated his prowess in a London amphitheater before the likes of Alexander Pope and Jona-

than Swift, and such was his celebrity that both his business card and portrait were done by William Hogarth.

One hundred years later, Lord Byron could be seen at ex-champion "Gentleman" John Jackson's rooms, practicing "the noble art," and William Hazlitt at the 1821 fight between Bill Neate and "the Gasman" Tom Hickman. The international heavyweight championship match in 1860 between the American John C. Heenan and the Englishman Tom Sayers found Dickens and William Thackeray among "the fancy" (that heterogeneous mob of toughs and swells that regularly attended prizefights). Arthur Conan Doyle wrote a half dozen "Tales of the Ring," including the popular "The Croxley Master," and made sure that Sherlock Holmes was handy with his mitts. Among American writers, Jack London, Dashiell Hammett, Ernest Hemingway, Nelson Algren, James T. Farrell, Ring Lardner, and Budd Schulberg have imagined the lives of boxers.

Actually, there is something these writers share—gender; a point that needs making only because a woman has finally thrown her hat into the ring. More significantly, Joyce Carol Oates's *On Boxing* is the first extended meditation on the subject for its own sake by a notable literary figure since Shaw's "Note on Modern Prizefighting," in 1901. Most recent foundings of the sport have grown out of journalistic assignments, focusing on specific bouts or fighters.

Arthur Krystal's reviews and essays regularly appear in national publications.

Oates puts
boxing
under a
philosophical
lens

Oates's sex, then, is an issue only when she calls our attention to boxing's intrinsic masculinity. She approaches boxing as a longtime, interested observer, and, aptly enough, it's not the woman who seems at times misguided, but the writer.

The question, then, is not why a woman has chosen to write about the sport, but why it appeals as much to the literary as to the non-literary sensibility. Even boxing's most ardent detractors concede its extraordinary hold on much of the populace: no one sporting event—the Super Bowl or the final game of a World Series—generates the anticipatory thrill of a big fight. The sport deserves its cicerone, someone

his intellectual miscalculations—all can be interpreted as strengths belonging to the Other; the parameters of his private being are nothing less than boundless assertions of the Other's self.

When a boxer is "knocked out" it does not mean . . . that he has been knocked unconscious, or even incapacitated; it means rather more poetically that he has been knocked out of Time. (The referee's dramatic count of ten constitutes a metaphysical parenthesis of a kind through which the fallen boxer must penetrate if he hopes to continue in Time.)

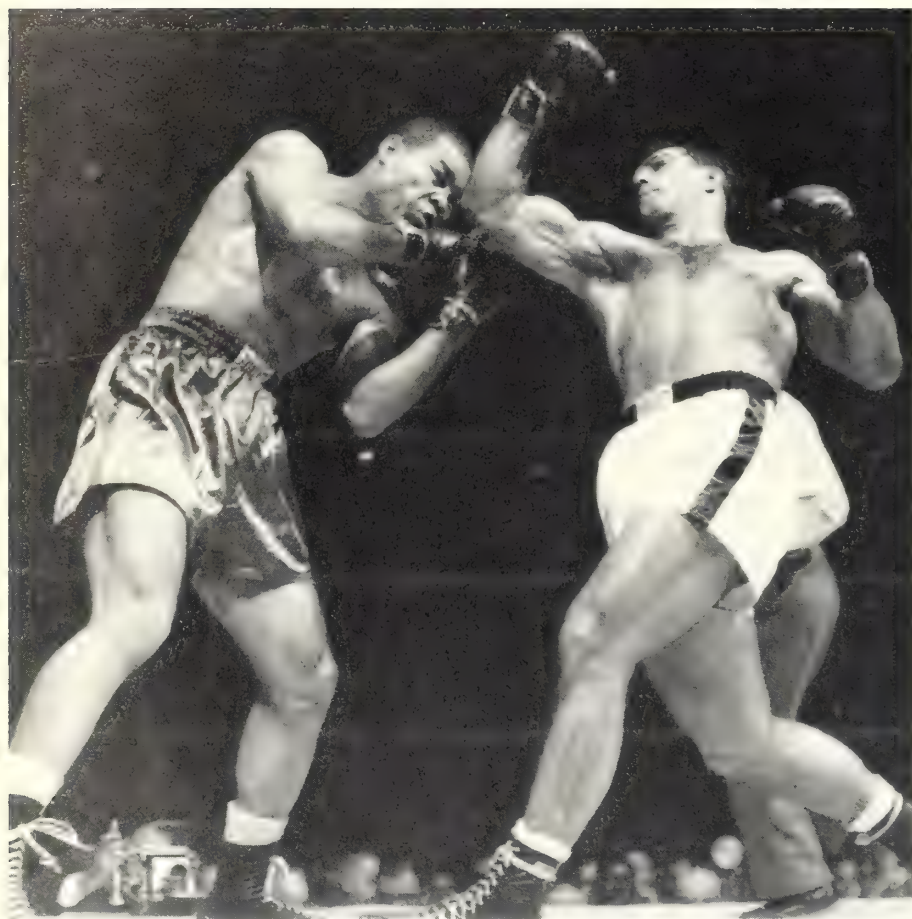
Boxing is evidently a more solemn business than any of us realized. Corroboration comes in the form of references to Aristotle, Spinoza, and

Nietzsche (even Kafka and Emily Dickinson, of all people, are worked in). But of all the luminaries Oates invokes, only the Lawrentian voice seems germane, as when she writes: "Of course, [boxing] is primitive, too, as birth, death, and erotic love might be said to be primitive, and forces our reluctant acknowledgment that the most profound experiences of our lives are physical events. . . ."

There is something to this, of course, but a drawback of gazing at the skull beneath the skin is that features in full view sometimes get overlooked. After all, much about prizefighting is no less interesting for being obvious. In the recently published *The Manly Art*, Elliott J. Gorn states flatly that boxing "is not about instincts or male aggressiveness; it is about values, social relationships, and culture." One can dispute the weight of the evidence Gorn brings forward, but not the historical forces themselves. Oates, on the other hand, cuts through history into myth, determined to see the "meta" in the physical: "It is the lost ancestral self that is sought, however futilely," when we watch a fight. One can't disprove this, but how, I wonder,

does she know? Oates as fan is good reading, but Oates as oracle is—well, oracular. Either you believe or you start looking around for the nearest temple exit.

Oates's spiritual precursor in boxing literature is Norman Mailer, whose reportage of the first Muhammad Ali–Joe Frazier fight ("Ego," published in *Life*) and subsequent cogitations on the Ali–George Foreman match (*The Fight*) often read like morality plays. Like Oates, Mailer brings us news of boxing's hidden agenda. For Mailer, boxing is "the buried South Vietnam of



who feels its lure and understands both its real and imagined violence. Oates seems to fit the bill, and yet her book, while engaging when dealing with particular fights and fighters, fails in the end to explain boxing enthusiasts to themselves. The problem is one of misplaced emphasis. Oates puts boxing under a philosophical lens, increasing the magnification until the sport's borders, its defining edges, disappear. Isn't this Sartre standing over her shoulder?

The boxer meets an opponent who is a dream-distortion of himself in the sense that his weaknesses, his capacity to fail and to be seriously hurt,

America"; for Oates it is "America's tragic theater." Of course, Mailer also finds in boxing another reason to write about Mailer, and Oates ties up his obsessions rather neatly: "Mailer cannot establish a connection between himself and the boxers . . . he is forever excluded from what, unthinkingly, they represent. . . . And since the great champions of our time have been black, Mailer's preoccupation with masculinity is a preoccupation with blackness as well." Here Oates writes explicitly as a woman in recognizing both her and Mailer's exclusion from boxing's codified masculine world. And perhaps it is the woman as much as the writer who sees Mailer's celebration of Ali as a "lovesick lament."

The empathy Oates feels for Mailer is nowhere in evidence when she turns to A. J. Liebling's *The Sweet Science*, a favorite among the fight game's literati. Oates criticizes Liebling for his "relentlessly jokey, condescending, and occasionally racist attitude," and then partially exonerates him. Apparently, the exigencies of writing for the *New Yorker* required his articles to be "arch, broad in [their] humor, rather like situation comedy in which boxers are 'characters' depicted for our amusement."

Oates concedes hers is a minority opinion; so it ought to be, if only because it holds Liebling up as a typical *New Yorker* writer. Liebling did not write to amuse that magazine's "genteel, affluent readership"; he wrote about what amused him. To miss this is to misread everything of Liebling's. Whether he wrote about food, Louisiana politics, the press, or boxing, his writing is of a piece, communicating his relish in doing precisely what we read him doing.

An amateur boxer despite his bulk, an aficionado of the ring, a connoisseur of KO's, Liebling adopted a deadpan, hyperbolic style that managed to be both respectful and waggish. Of one fighter's punches, he remarked: "They were of a force incommensurate with their purpose." The tail end of a bout elicits this description: "Both fighters looked tired, but [Archie] Moore looked mean-tired behind his whiskers, like Mephistopheles on a hot night." No one has written better about the goings-on and hangers-on at big or small fights, and few writers have matched Liebling's combination of boxing expertise and literary skill: "There was Moore, riding punches, picking them off, slipping them, rolling with them, ducking them. . . . His face, emerging at instants from under the storm of arms—his own and Rocky's—looked like that of a swimming walrus."

One boxing writer who did mean to amuse is George Plimpton. In 1959, Plimpton went three rounds with Archie Moore and, despite the kindly intercession of friends who told

Moore that Plimpton was a ringer, lived to write about it. *Shadow Box*, Plimpton's account of Muhammad Ali's journey from his Pennsylvania training camp to the fight with Foreman in Zaire, is a droll and shrewd look at the personalities who make up the fight game. For Plimpton, boxing isn't life, it's about making a living, and his reportorial eye falls as often on Ali's entourage as on the boss himself.

That different writers approach boxing from different perspectives is no great surprise, and perhaps it's not surprising that literary observers eventually arrive at an analogy to dialogue. Fights develop as a series of physical and psychic overtures, in which two debaters exchange attitudes, temperaments, and philosophies, each determined to score a telling point. And because each combatant exhibits certain natural tendencies as well as learned responses, Mailer can speak of one fighter "jamming up" another fighter's rhythms. In effect, Mailer is telling us how to "listen" to a fight.

All these scribes of the scuffle—Oates no less than the others—know what goes on inside the ropes. Even George Bernard Shaw, not a name that leaps to mind when one thinks of boxing, displays a hands-on knowledge of fisticuffs. Although *Cashel Byron's Profession* is basically a novelistic exercise to get in a few digs at English institutions and English hypocrisy, it seems to support the fashionable literary theory that certain writers have been read by their precursors. Shaw's descriptions of fighters of genius, whose reactions are "as instantaneous and unconscious as the calculation of the born arithmetician," and of formidable sluggers who can "take all the hammering that genius can give them" sound remarkably like Mailer's rhapsodic valuations of Ali and Frazier.

Of course, no literary demonstration of boxing's finer points can ignore its violence, and sensible apologists never shirk from it. A fight, after all, is two men trying to beat each other senseless, and it's precisely the violent confrontation wherein the drama unfolds. Oates alludes to this but in prose more appropriate to the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*: "In the brightly lit ring, man is in *extremis*, performing an atavistic rite or *agon* for the mysterious solace of those who can participate only vicariously in such drama: the drama of life in the flesh." Elsewhere we read that "boxing in its greatest moments suggests the bloody fifth acts of classic tragedies, in which that mysterious element we call 'plot' achieves closure."

Maybe. But there are other, not so mysterious reasons that account for the drama.

Forgetting for the moment the principals involved, the very idea of prearranged personal

George Plimpton went three rounds with Archie Moore and lived to write about it

In the roped-off arena, education, social status, nepotism, and chicanery are of no avail

combat embraces all contests where something greater than personal glory is at stake. In a sense, every main event harkens back to David representing the Jews, and Goliath the Philistines; to Menelaus coming on the field for the Greeks, and Paris for the Trojans; to knights-errant sporting different colors. A prizefight is one nation or neighborhood putting up its best man against the champion of its rival or enemy. This is not to suggest that mythic significance attends every fight or that boxing is part of our archetypal memory; still, organized matches do have a historical dimension and are part of our folklore.

Liebling touches on this folkloric element when he reports being tapped on the noggin by Jack O'Brien, who had been hit by Bob Fitzsimmons, who had been hit by Jim Corbett, who had been hit by John L. Sullivan, until we reach the fist of Jem Mace. Muses Liebling: "It is a great thrill to feel that all that separates you from the early Victorians is a series of punches on the nose. I wonder if Professor Toynbee is as intimately attuned to his sources?"

While Liebling may have felt close to old-time fighters, I suspect that for most of us they have become the stuff of legend. Those bare-knuckle fighters who went fifty and sixty rounds (though rounds were marked by falls, not by minutes) seem of heartier stock than today's ten- and fifteen-round contenders. Anyone who has read Nat Fleischer's *Pictorial History of Boxing* has surely come away thinking that there were giants on this earth once, some weighing only 118 pounds: "the Old Master" Joe Gans, "Little Chocolate" George Dixon, "the Light of Israel" Daniel Mendoza, and Dutch Sam, another Jew, who has the distinction of being the inventor of the uppercut.

Fame has always attached to victorious boxers. Even during the years when newspapers pointedly ignored popular, albeit illegal, bouts, doggerel and ballads bruited the fighters' names. Needless to say, the emerging middle class in America condemned boxing—a fact that hardly affected a fighter's reputation among the lower classes. In time, the genteel and well-to-do, emulating earlier generations of British aristocracy, came to regard boxing as a manly endeavor, good for both body and soul. One of the founders of the Boy Scouts of America, Ernest Thompson Seton, took heart that he had never met a boy who would not rather be John L. Sullivan than Leo Tolstoy. Another Ernest (Hemingway), of course, wanted to be both.

Most fights, if truth be told, are dull affairs. The greater excitement is in the stands. Ethnic antagonisms, racial pride, and chauvin-

istic hysteria often make the violence inside the ropes tame by comparison. But every so often, two men arise with differently proportioned bodies and differently cast minds, representing different constituencies, who capture the attention of people not normally disposed to view a fight. Such studies in contrast—Jack Dempsey vs. Georges Carpentier, Roberto Durán vs. Sugar Ray Leonard, Marvin Hagler vs. Thomas Hearns—resurrect grave pugilistic questions: Will the experienced man withstand the onslaught of the young challenger? Will the consummate boxer defeat the relentless slugger? Can finesse sidestep brute force?

If I may be allowed an Oatesian leap: perhaps each battler embodies the interested spectator's own hopes of how the world works. Is it mindless strength and energy that govern nature, or do acquired skills and elegance count for something? In such contests, the drama doesn't lie in the possibility of a knockout but in the transaction itself. The distinction is important. For while bloodlust undoubtedly shows up at fights, it is really an intense curiosity that draws most people, a desire to witness the fight's unfolding and to be on hand at its resolution.

In addition, there is something refreshingly open about boxing's display of aggression. What is a fair fight but meritocracy in action? In the roped-off arena, education, social status, nepotism, and chicanery are of no avail; a man is forced to rely on nothing but his own body. Knowing this, the spectator fully expects that the better man will prevail. And perhaps because in life it isn't always the man with more ability who gets ahead, we take satisfaction in a fighter's victory.

More immediately, fighters elicit admiration by throwing into relief our own physical limitations. Writers are no exception here. The imperious Shaw gushed like a schoolboy on first meeting Georges Carpentier, the European light-heavyweight champion famous for his build and Gallic good looks. Writers are fans in the way that other people are fans, swayed by personal loyalties and patriotic feeling. Julio Cortázar recalled that the happiest moment of his youth came when Luis Firpo knocked Dempsey out of the ring, and the saddest moment when Dempsey was pushed back in.

If it sometimes seems that writers have a special affinity for boxers, it's simply because they are in a position to publicize their thoughts; any resemblance between the two professions is purely an act of the willful imagination. The solitude of each, the putting it all on the line, the naked display of ego, and other such phrase seeking to connect the writer's lot with that of the boxer are more wistful than realistic assessments of their respective operations. Indeed, it

precisely the writer's awareness of the unbridgeable gulf between these professions that prompts such comparisons.

The writer's insights into the boxer's psyche stem from his own ambivalence concerning the inwardness and separateness of writing. For while the boxer's life turns upon action, upon a visible struggle, the writer derives his identity from the private act of writing and the secret gathering of material. In a true sense, the writer's life is lived in order to be written about. To the mental worker, then, the boxer's time in the ring is an expression of life as raw, non-reductive experience, of an enviable unself-conscious existence where moments are not appraised for their possible transmutation into art.

Such unreflective action may therefore seem more real, more vital, than the introspective, ultimately inconclusive act of writing (as if too much awareness of living were an obstacle to living completely). Even allowing for machismo, there is something fundamentally serious in this perceived deprivation. More than a lost opportunity to demonstrate physical courage, a life divorced from the rough and tumble of ordinary experience is a failure of experience. 'Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea,' observed Samuel Johnson, himself an advocate of the prize ring.

This rather sweeping generalization is probably true for many men and many writers, but it is also probably true that not everyone is haunted by such regrets. There is action and there is action. Henry James doubtless felt that a significant aspect of life—namely erotic love—was denied him, but did he mind not having been a deckhand or infantryman? Would Proust, if invited, have gone on safari with Hemingway? Dr. Johnson's dictum certainly applies to some writers; for instance, to Johnson. Why else would his mistress have noticed that "no praise ever went so close to his heart as when Mr. Hamilton called out one day upon Bright-helmstone Downs, 'Why, Johnson rides as well, for aught I see, as the most illiterate fellow in England.'"

Not so amusing is the tendency of writers to see themselves in a pugilistic light, hoping perhaps that the uncomplicated esteem granted to athletes will revert to them. Hemingway felt that the crown once worn by Tolstoy belonged to him, and Mailer liked to call himself the champ of writers. Mailer, in fact, so yearned to

join the boxing fraternity that he once cavorted with light-heavyweight champion José Torres on the *Dick Cavett Show*. One waited in vain for Truman Capote to follow suit.

Of course, no amount of literary palaver will appease boxing's critics or transform the sport into a vocation like any other. It's not. It's a brutal business, and if a valid defense exists we must look to the boxers themselves, not because disenfranchised young men benefit from boxing (few actually do) but because once in the professional ranks they deal in a level of violence incomprehensible to outsiders. The violence they mete out is not only harsher than civilians fathom; it is also accommodated in certain unfathomable ways. A fighter is his body, and it is as a body that he expresses himself. At the same time, he is also curiously detached from it: a body is something to be used like a tool, or worn like armor. In short, his sense of himself is what enables him to do—and protects him from—violence.

A fight is not, as some writers claim, an erotic dance, savage ceremony, or chess match



But however routine such violence becomes to the professional, a fight is still a nasty bit of work. It is not, as some writers like to claim, an aesthetic enactment, erotic dance, savage ceremony, or chess match; it's not even a dialogue except in the limited sense that an exchange occurs between two individuals. A fight is a fight, though in the more interesting ones a man's skill, courage, and grace can make us momentarily forget the end to which they are being put.

ICE-CREAM MUSIC

Have songs, will set the mood

By Don Asher

“What’s required here is ice-cream music,” said the burly man in the San Francisco Hilton hospitality suite, indicating a tiered oval bar—a voluptuous, unintelligible ice sculpture at its center—holding frosty cylinders of ice cream in a full spectrum from mocha brown to snow white; stacks of telescoping sugar cones; ladle-equipped tureens of whipped cream, hot fudge, ruby toppings, and gooey syrups; brimming bowls of nuts, cherries, and sprinkles; and green-yellow jungles of bananas.

The name tag read “Art Kilkenny, Little Rock.” From the cut of him a man accustomed to seeing orders executed *mach schnell*. A bright blue-and-orange Arkansas Diesel Incorporated banner exploded across the wall over the Yamaha baby grand.

The idea was innovative. Instead of the traditional booze and hors d’oeuvres, Arkansas Diesel had chosen to dispense postprandial sweets, but with a flair. The corporation’s employees and guests would concoct their own desserts—sundaes, splits, double- and triple-decker cones—from the confections at hand. I was to supply thematic piano accompaniment.

“What’s ice-cream music?” I asked.

“That’s why we hired you. Your union said you had expertise in the field of mood establishment.”

As a loose guess I’d say I’ve played a thousand

Don Asher is a pianist. His books include The Electric Cotillion and Raise Up Off Me: A Portrait of Hampton Hawes, written with Hampton Hawes.

theme and ethnic parties over a thirty-year career, everything from Tahitian Night to St. Patrick’s Day. But—ice-cream music? My mind spun out. Something summery, good-humored, *flavorful*. (But not vanilla, which is musicians’ vernacular for bland.) There are a couple of antique musicals, *The Chocolate Soldier* and Eubie Blake’s *The Chocolate Dandies*, but I’d have been hard put to dredge up a tune from either. Besides, who under the age of seventy would recognize the score? Surely Kilkenny didn’t expect me to play “I Scream, You Scream, We All Scream for Ice Cream” all night. (Was there even a melodic line attached to that inane chant?) I scanned the bar for inspiration. “Casey Would Waltz With the Strawberry Blonde.” “Yes! We Have No Bananas.” “Goody-Goody.” “Big Butter and Egg Man.” (Ah!) This was going to be fun. “If I Knew You Were Coming I’d’ve Baked—”

“Here, shuck the soup and fish and try this on.”

While my mind was wheeling, Kilkenny had opened an attaché case on the piano bench and removed a red-and-white-striped vest and straw boater. I thought of the frock coat and stovepipe hat I’d been furnished for Lincoln’s birthday last February at the Peninsula Golf and Country—a shade embarrassing, but the music for that one had been a piece of pie. God bless George M. Cohan.

I got out of my tux coat and slipped into the new livery. The vest dropped below my waist and the straw boater covered my ears. Kilkenny

looked at me. "I was expecting a larger man."

"I'm used to costume gigs, but I don't want to come on like a sideshow freak," I said.

"Skip the boater. Leave it on the piano as a prop." He buttoned the vest and pulled it taut around my shoulders. "It's not Brooks Brothers, but then you ain't Rubinstein."

The first guests had begun straggling in.

"Nine bells, let's get this show on the road," Kilkenny said. "Keep 'em smiling."

I kept the tempo bright and upbeat, letting my imagination run free—"You're the Cream in My Coffee," "Cherry," "On the Good Ship Lollipop" (a tip of the hat to you, Shirley), "June Is Justin' Out All Over," "Neapolitan Nights" (ha!), "Take Me Out to the Ball Game"—but no one was smiling. These were serious scarfers, the men hunched, stiffly inclined, holding their primming tulip-shaped glasses and sundae boats at a discreet remove as they made their deliberate rounds of the bar, eyeing unsampled sauces and untapped tureens, the smart ones tucking cravats into buttoned vests and coats. The women, mostly in pants suits, promenaded in similar fashion, bent like septuagenarians on a neighborhood stroll, mouths agape, craning for the succulent spoonful. A long, thin man in seersucker held a multicolored triple-decker cone in each hand at eye level, alternating licks, neck thrusting forty-five degrees left, then right, as if he were studying steeplejacks on a high-rise.

As I watched the busy contorted mouths, it became apparent why smiles were in short supply. Eating ice cream while ambulant is an exacting business. Mouth, eyes, and hands must coordinate with precision, and pleasure is often punctuated by pain: sinuses are jolted, teeth hurt.

Running low on Amaretto fudge and peach!" I heard Kilkenny call to a crimson-jacketed waiter. I noticed that the cherries and banana clusters still appeared intact, though the whipped cream and chopped nuts were moving nicely. The avant-garde ice sculpture had begun to melt and glisten, taking on a smooth, amoeba-like aspect.

Someone was hovering at the treble end of the keyboard. A fortyish blonde in a lilac blouse, gobbling pistachio, and sporting a trim whipped-cream mustache. She inquired with cooing inflection, "Can you pay 'Apsody in 300'?"

I have a stock response to requests for this warhorse and delivered it now: "Certainly, madam, as soon as the strings and timpani arrive." There's no way you can sustain a composition of that length and dimension in a situation where people are bumping into you, spilling drinks on the piano, or blowing smoke in your face.

The hobbyhorse tempo of ice-cream music, with its headlong pace and galloping left-hand stride, was taking its toll. I longed to slide into an easy, loping "Days of Wine and Roses" or "Girl From Ipanema." Would Kilkenny or anyone else even notice if I throttled down? I thought of the "Thirties party" I'd worked at a Pacific Heights town house a few weeks back. The hostess had been very specific about the music: "Thirties means Rodgers and Hammerstein. Rodgers and Hart is a no-no." Halfway through the party I ran out of Rodgers and Hammerstein and consulted my Standard Music Guide. "Bewitched" and "I Could Write a Book" were Hart and right on the decade's cusp—1940. Who would know? Six bars into "Bewitched" the hostess was playfully tilting her highball over my head. "Naugh-tee. We agreed Larry Hart is a no-no." She slowly but firmly lowered the piano lid on my hands. "If your repertoire's run out just start the tape over again."

Might Kilkenny sneak up from behind and threaten to pour a butterscotch sundae very slowly over my head if I drifted out of the genre? I decided to chance it, but I'd hedge my bet. Gershwin's "Summertime" is no rollicking flag-waver, but at least the integrity of the motif would be sustained.

On the phrase "... and your mama's good-looking," Kilkenny rose at my side like Banquo's ghost, a crimson smear on his loosened tie, carrying a three-humped concoction drenched in raspberry.

"What the hell're you playing?"

"'Summertime,' in keeping with—"

"Glooo-my. We're dying on the vine, dad, put some pepper in it. If you're gonna do summertime, do 'In the Good Old Summertime,' 'Zip-A-Dee-Doo-Dah,' 'Smile, Darn You, Smile,' any goddamn thing, but let's get the blocks out from in front of the wheels and light a fire under this crowd, we're going down in flames. I haven't seen a smile since hour one."

"Everyone's busy stuffing his face. Try smiling with that spoon stuck in your mouth."

Cheeks concave with cold, eyes bugging, Kilkenny couldn't believe his ears. A man unaccustomed to insubordination from the lower echelons: busboys, piano players. He sucked lingeringly on the receding spoon. "I seem to have tapped the wrong power source for the job. Your union guaranteed me you could slap smiles on faces with the flip of the wrist. If I wanted to visit a morgue I'd've worn my arm band."

He sauntered off, spooning raspberry, leaving egg on my face. Well, what can you expect from Little Rock, a town whose medical center sends its yuletide babies home in outsize Christmas stockings, whose governor operated an amusement park called Dogpatch USA? Back to the

Eating ice cream while ambulant is an exacting business.

Mouth, eyes, and hands must all coordinate precisely

This was no
worse than
playing
skating-rink
music for a
trio of
dancing
chimps in
gingham
pinafores

hurdy-gurdy. Courage. No worse than playing skating-rink music for a trio of dancing chimps in gingham pinafores, as I'd done on the Worcester-Boston turnpike one memorable evening in the summer of '58.

To allay boredom I tried to make a game of it, seeking melodic inspiration in character and attire. At many a Bay Area fashion show I've been challenged to come up with extempore fragments of music to match a summery sheen of silk, spangled pants, a swirling cape. But these industrial folks were in a much narrower sartorial mode. How do you get turned on by a seersucker jacket, a pink pants suit? Arm-weary, I cranked out long chains of golden oldies: "Daisy, Daisy," "Bicycle Built for Two," "While Strolling in the Park One Day." So where were the smiles? I was supposed to be the life of the party. That's what my Uncle Irwin told me forty years ago when I was floundering through Czerny exercises, Bach inventions: "Keep at it, kiddo, one day you'll be spreading sunshine, breaking hearts with this stuff." I thought of an article I read not long ago on Chinese pop musicians, and began to understand how my Far Eastern brothers felt working spartan halls populated by uniformed drudges, rendering "Make Inquiries From a Clear Breeze" and "The Night Soil Collectors Are Descending the Mountain."

In the suite's open doorway I saw the mustached woman who had requested *Rhapsody in Blue*, attacking a dripping double-decker while glancing up and down the corridor. Surely she couldn't be anticipating the arrival of the timpani and strings as the band... played... on?

At 10:30 I took my break. Whatever stomach I'd had for a cone or sundae had long since soured. I headed for the coffee urn across the room and was adding a dollop of half-and-half when a nerve-racking sound assaulted my ears. It's what all pianists dread on their intermissions. Some poor deluded fool, an eat-your-heart-out-Horowitz type, had taken over the Yamaha. It's not that we mind being spelled. But if the usurper is totally devoid of talent (and the chances are nineteen out of twenty), party guests who aren't aware you're on a break or can't be bothered to check it out assume the boiler-room dissonances are coming from you. I mean, what if Peter Duchin happened to be in the crowd, or, worse, Peter Serkin? "Jesus, who hired the meatball on piano?"

This guy sounded like he was playing with both elbows, neither one possessing a glimmer of artistry. If you've ever been on the Bayshore Freeway during a late Friday afternoon traffic jam, you know the character of the sound. I caught a glimpse of the elbow-banger across the room: sparse hair, bull-like shoulders moving beneath the kind of sports jacket that in my

New England childhood we called a horse blanket.

The hired pianist has two general ways to go in this predicament: reclaim the instrument ("Thanks a million, sounds great, but I'm geared up, ready to go") or circulate around, make his presence known, disavow responsibility (Here I am, folks, the size 44 circus vest, the ten magic fingers—no connection with *that*...). I chose an alternate route. Hugging the wall, giving Kilkeny a wide berth, I took my coffee out into the corridor, detaching myself from the festivities.

On my return the piano bench was mercifully deserted, but someone else lay in ambush. The beanpole in the seersucker jacket. He wanted "Aba Daba Honeymoon" and greased the request, slipping a fiver into my vest pocket. To my everlasting shame I once committed this abomination to memory, and over the years the damn thing has stuck in my mind like boysenberry to white flannel. I don't play it well—it's not possible to play it well—and you hesitate to perform in public a piece notorious for its unparalleled unmusicality. As Yeats said, "How can we know the dancer from the dance?" But what



the hell, we're all from common clay. Wasn't Einstein's brain discovered a year or so ago behind a beer cooler in Topeka? Besides, a tax-free fin is nothing to sneeze at these days.

I whipped through a nervous chorus and exited fast, segueing into "Put On a Happy Face." But I was bucking an irreversible trend. A listless mood hung over the suite. A number of people were sunk deeply into chairs. Those still ambulant carried themselves differently, the rigid, inclined stance grown slack, careless. Coats

ung open, pants drooped, ties had been yanked
om necks. Few lapels, shirts, or blouses had es-
aped untinged, and the carpet surrounding the
val bar was dappled in pastel, as if a clutch of
atient dogs with painted paws had been led
round and around on their evening stroll.
hose still working the bar appeared to be weav-
ng, as if the sugar intake had infiltrated the
elicate chambers of the inner ear. Women's
heeks puffed out periodically like those of little
irls who have just completed a daring sequence
f hopscotch leaps. The faces of some prome-
aders had a peculiar yaw; they looked to be on
he verge of agony or revelation.

The ubiquitous Kilkenny surfaced off my right
oulder, announcing his presence with a vol-
anic belch.

"How's the good-humor man?"

"Not grinning, bearing it."

"We're sinking under the waves, dad, we
eed fresh blood. How about if Charlie took
ver again?"

"You can't mean the meatba—the chap who
at in during my..." A smiling Charlie hove
to view.

"If I have no choice." I stood up.

"Naturally this won't affect your wages. Why

couragement as he applied the elbows. An
imposing-looking man in a monogrammed red
blazer began singing—somehow divining what
Charlie was playing—"Put your arms around
me, honey, hold me tight..." Others joined in;
arms rose as if on signal, linking to shoulders.
An impromptu barbershop sextet had material-
ized in the midst of the Bayshore traffic jam.

I backed off, feeling naked in my suspenders;
Kilkenny had hung my tux coat somewhere. I
draped Charlie's blanket over a chair behind the
ice-cream bar and fixed myself a modest butter-
scotch sundae: two scoops, coffee and vanilla,
easy on the butterscotch; dollop of whipped
cream, light sprinkle of walnuts, top it with
(why not?) a cherry.

The voices lifted, unexpectedly robust, stri-
dent, several keys away from the one Charlie
was driving in. Didn't matter in the least. Care-
free grins wide as banana splits were beginning
to splatter across faces. Strange how potent, as
Noël Coward said, cheap music is.

At the end of the chorus Red Blazer, self-ap-
pointed leader of the choir, bawled, "Button up
your overcoat when the wind is free..." And
Charlie intrepidly followed, barging across
lanes, barreling into the divider.

*The voices
lifted,
unexpectedly
robust,
several keys
away from
the one
Charlie was
driving in*



on't you give him the vest."

"He scarcely needs it." I slipped out of the side-
ow garment and Charlie handed me his horse
lanket.

"Sure you don't mind?" Charlie said.

"Not a bit of it. Time to stretch the old legs."

The vest fit Charlie like a rubber glove. He
ased onto the bench and Kilkenny popped the
raw boater on his head. It caught at the ears
nd stayed put. A half-dozen of Charlie's col-
agues gathered round, calling phrases of en-

Kilkenny heartily pounded the bulging
striped back. "Attaboy, Charlie, great ice-
cream music!"

Someone was tugging on my sleeve. With a
mouth full of vanilla I turned and encountered a
vision in lilac, a bloated, surfeited face, a faintly
bewildered cast to the eyes. Sugary breath
swarmed over me.

"When are the strings arriving?"

Smile.

(I scream.)

NOTIONS OF IDEAS

Intellectual histories, fine and rare

By Carlin Romano

The Past Is a Foreign Country, by David Lowenthal. Cambridge University Press, 489 pp., \$27.95.

The Frenzy of Renown: Fame and Its History, by Leo Braudy. Oxford University Press, 649 pp., \$27.50.

Books about ideas have never been "a better idea." They started to topple stillborn from the press long before David Hume mourned the fate of his *Treatise*, and they've continued to do so ever since. Particularly in the American literary world, such works incite neither widespread reviews nor sales. Despite an industry that turns out an enormous number of studies analyzing topics like "art," "justice," and "truth," we live in a country more responsive to a "just the facts" style of reportage, typically directed toward activities we can see, hear, or sniff out.

Thus, our prizes for nonfiction books frequently go to tomes like J. Anthony Lukas's *Common Ground*—a magnificent effort of its kind in covering Boston desegregation, but ultimately perishable journalism. Meanwhile, disquisitions about ideas go relatively unnoticed, except by their authors and publishers and by book review editors, a few of whom salute as they stuff the majority of the genre into mailbags headed for charity.

The reason for this neglect seems plain enough. As Americans, we remain pragmatists whether or not we've read James and Dewey. Acolytes of the almighty "bare fact," we find most books about ideas to be too light on details to keep our eyes open. Such books still generally get written by ascetics of "analytic" philosophy, who tend to explore an idea by positing a definition ("Knowledge is justified true belief") and then testing it by inventing fanciful examples ("Suppose three Martians wearing Ralph Lauren

shirts arrive in New York and are introduced to hallucinatory drugs"). The average reader, used to seeing the world in three-dimensional color, tunes out.

The same instincts that draw American readers to indefatigable journalists like Lukas guarantee that only those intellectual adventurers who overwhelm us with evidence can win and keep our attention. The rare histories of ideas that we honor with mainstream prizes, such as Richard Hofstadter's *Anti-Intellectualism in American Life*, tend to be magisterial attempts by reporter-adventurers to toss the nets wide and then categorize the results.

Two authors have recently risen to the challenge of playing David Halberstam one moment, Diderot the next: David Lowenthal, whose *The Past Is a Foreign Country* offers an extended meditation on "the past," and Leo Braudy, whose *The Frenzy of Renown* surveys "fame" from the Greeks to the present. In their introductions, both authors, the first a historian, the second a professor of English, reject the conceit that our fundamental concepts can ever be neatly pigeonholed. Both share Wittgenstein's insight that "a blurred concept is still a concept," and both believe that a concept often hides its checkered history behind its present-day dictionary meaning. As Lowenthal and Braudy set their compasses, one can't help being reminded of New England sea captains heading out to sea—men with stiff winds blowing through their hair, plainly weaker than the natural elements, but resolute all the same.

Lowenthal grabs our attention at the outset of *The Past Is a Foreign Country* with a bracing thought: "During most of history, men scarcely differentiated past from present." Characteristically for an American, he acknowledges that his interest in the idea of "the past" arose from something palpable: the modernist rage for historical preservation. "Only in the nineteenth century," he writes, "did preservation evolve from an antiquarian, quirky, episodic pursuit into a set of national programmes." So

Carlin Romano is the literary editor and critic of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS!



OF THE MOTHER JONES 10th ANNIVERSARY SWEEPSTAKES

AND THEIR WINNING CHARITIES ARE

◀ **MARCIA KRUEGER** **\$500**
Cottage Grove, MN

Planned Parenthood, *St. Paul, MN*

◀ **KEVIN CAWLEY** **\$1,000**
New Rochelle, NY

New Hope Community Supper Kitchen,
New Rochelle, NY

DAVID GARCIA **\$3,000**
San Jose, CA

St. John's Church, *Milpitas, CA*

LEONARD STEN **\$5,000**
Kingston, PA

Temple Israel of Wilkes-Barre,
Wilkes-Barre, PA

IT COULD BE YOUR TURN IN OUR 2nd DECADE SWEEPSTAKES...

In its first decade, MOTHER JONES became the most widely read journal of opinion in the country, with more subscribers than Harper's, the New Republic or the Nation. We begin our second decade recommitted to the no-holds-barred journalism and incisive analysis that our readers need.

After 10 years of no-nonsense reporting, MOTHER JONES has collected an impressive array of editorial and art awards for publishing the in-depth stories behind the stories.

We've won three National Magazine Awards and three Investigative Reporters and Editors Awards, as well as Penney-Missouri, Sigma Delta Chi and Overseas Press Club awards. Our list of art awards is equally impressive: in 1985 alone the prestigious Society of Publications Designers awarded us a gold medal, four silver medals and four certificates of merit.

To celebrate our 2nd Decade, we're offering you the opportunity to subscribe at the lowest rates available...and claim one of the following sweepstakes prizes:

- A \$5,000 Cash Prize**
- B \$3,000 Cash Prize**
- C \$1,000 Cash Prize**
- D \$500 Cash Prize**
- E One of thousands of other prizes**

Send in your subscription within the next month, and you will definitely win a prize!

And, in the spirit of our namesake, MOTHER JONES will also donate \$1,000 to each cash prizewinner's favorite non-profit organization.

Every month MOTHER JONES features insightful cultural and investigative exposes, in-depth profiles, and comprehensive foreign coverage.

More and more Americans are discovering MOTHER JONES and becoming enthusiastic readers because we bring you a perspective on the world you won't read anywhere else. MOTHER JONES...The Cutting Edge of Investigative Journalism.

OFFICIAL SWEEPSTAKES RULES:

1. Fill out and return the attached Prize Claim Card to find out and claim whichever prize we are awarding you. Being a subscriber is not required to win a prize. Entry in this sweepstakes constitutes permission to use winner's name and photo for publicity purposes without any further compensation to the winner.

2. This offer is being made throughout the United States and is open to residents 18 years or older. Employees (and their families) of MOTHER JONES, affiliated companies or organizations, printing, production, distribution and sweepstakes agencies are not eligible. This sweepstakes is presented in conjunction with other mailing efforts and sweepstakes sponsored by MOTHER JONES and/or its affiliates. The prizes will be awarded from all entries received in this and other creative presentations of this sweepstakes by the sponsor and/or its affiliates. There will be only one winner of each prize in the combined sweepstakes except for the prize awarded to all claimants, which may vary in type from sweepstakes to sweepstakes but will not vary in value by more than fifty cents, up or down, from sweepstakes to sweepstakes.

3. To claim your prize without subscribing, send your name and address to Mother Jones Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 2014, Marion, OH 43302. Do not use the attached prize claim card or you will be disqualified.

4. All federal, state and local laws apply. Void where prohibited by law. Taxes are the responsibility of the prizewinners. No substitution for prizes.

5. All entries and claims for prizes for this sweepstakes must be mailed by December 31, 1987. Closing dates and methods of entry with respect to related sweepstakes may vary. Prizes not awarded due to non-claiming by recipient of winning numbered entry-forms may be awarded in a second-chance drawing from among all entries received. The completion date for determination of prizewinners will be June 30th, 1988 and all prizes will be delivered within 90 days of said date of completion. You may be eligible for more than one prize. Selections of prizewinners are conducted by an independent judge whose decisions are final in all matters pertaining to this offer. All cash prizes are awarded in a random drawing from among all entries received.

6. Winners will be notified by mail. Send your name, address and subscription remittance to: Sweepstakes, MOTHER JONES Magazine, 1663 Mission Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

If the attached form is missing and you would like to subscribe and win, send a copy of this advertisement along with your name, address and subscription remittance to: MOTHER JONES MAGAZINE, Department LAD, 1663 Mission Street, San Francisco, CA 94103.

These
authors
report on
their subjects
from varied
angles
instead of
settling for
mere mug
shots

Lowenthal finds himself asking two fundamental questions: Why do people want to save things? And, What is "the past" they strive to save?

To answer them, Lowenthal examines the "age-old dream of recovering or returning to the past," guiding us through fantasy fiction, theories of nostalgia, the benefits bestowed by the past, conflicting views of the past's achievements, responses to aging, and the roles of memory, history, and relics. He considers how we change the past by interfering with it—stealing its styles or restoring its objects.

As he guides us, we realize that we're in the hands of a flea-market historian, skilled at picking up abstruse yet apt detail. In Lowenthal's richly footnoted pages, we learn that antique dealers "have jettisoned the former 100-year-old barrier," and that "a Swiss collection of Sherlock Holmes memorabilia included a bottle of 'genuine London fog, certified by a lost passerby.'" Did nostalgia so envelop us by 1980 that, in Bevis Hillier's phrase, history was "being recycled as nostalgia almost as soon as it happened"? Lowenthal stingingly notes that the city of Calgary "had an architect search out its venerable buildings of the 1960s."

Lowenthal's finely marshaled tidbits slowly surround us like a circle of dancers at a wedding reception, forcing us to sway with them and loosen our ideas about the past. Indeed, Lowenthal's facts easily trigger theoretical speculation, without the need for any theorizing of his own. A study of 528 paramedical students in Michigan in 1974 showed that two-thirds of the men and almost half the women "would give substantial sums to relive a year of their personal lives." Sixty-nine percent of the public, according to an unrelated study, believe that all human memories are potentially retrievable. Taken together, the two facts pose a stunning possibility—we seek the past because we think it's still present.

An ongoing pleasure of Lowenthal's sound-and-light show is his knack for picking up the spectacular quote. To illustrate beliefs in reincarnation, he introduces us to the archaeologist Dorothy Eady, who saw a picture of an ancient temple and "recognized" it as her home. She soon returned to Egypt to live as the nineteenth-dynasty temple waif she believed herself to be. "Sometimes I wake up in the morning," Eady told a visitor, "and can't remember whether it's B.C. or A.D."

Leo Brady's material is more literary than Lowenthal's, his concept more at the mercy of subjective shaping, but his tour of "fame" is equally expansive. Starting with Alexander the Great ("the first famous person"), Brady keeps

us spellbound; we know from the beginning that he too is a nineteenth-century carnival impresario, his trunks bulging with curios to bolster his act.

Among the Greeks, we encounter fame as an individual's quest for eternal glory. For Cicero, it is the spark by which "all men are fired to application" in seeking the public good—individualism allied with civic ambition. To Jesus, it is a mundane vanity to be shunned as one turns inward and upward. Thus, with the advent of the Roman Empire and Christianity, fame finds itself pulled in two directions, and becomes a tug of war between worldly and spiritual competitors.

In the Renaissance, artists and writers start to serve as midwives of fame, delivering would-be celebrities to their targeted fans. With the seventeenth century comes a "democratization of fame," spurred by revolution. Finally, in the twentieth century, fame—at least in America—is a kind of secularized sainthood. To Brady, figures like Hemingway represent the "essential paradox" of twentieth-century fame: "the desire for transcendence through personal glory that leads . . . to a new and more secure entrapment."

Like the great journalists both he and Lowenthal resemble, Brady reports on his subject from varied angles instead of settling for mere mug shots. Poems, engravings, press releases—he eagerly scrutinizes the detritus of fame. He also excels at rocketing a general point into the air with the fuel of drama. When we hear Cotton Mather's response to his rejection as president of Harvard—"I rejoice, I rejoice, I feel a secret joy in it that I am thus conformed unto Him who was despised and rejected of men"—the clash between Roman and Christian ambition takes shape in flesh and blood. Philosophical queries are addressed—"Is everyone's fame no one's fame?"—but always with an eye on the calendar and the map.

To celebrate *The Past Is a Foreign Country* and *The Frenzy of Renown* is not to pretend that they capture the "real" meanings of their prey, even if they bring back persuasive trophies: "the past" as a foreign land subject to our imperialism, "fame" as the rise of personal freedom from anonymity. Rather, it is to stand protected against easy baggings of this sort. We wind up enriched and skeptical toward "isms" that promote eternal verities about abstract concepts. Such books persuade one that if America's fierce journalistic verve could be yoked to Europe's intellectual passion—if those crack reporters could just be torn away from megabuck book contracts on social ephemera—this country might make contributions to the history of ideas that would startle the world. ■

LETTERS

Continued from page 8

here have been injustices in Israel. But Israelis also know that their very life as a nation—a nation of survivors of history's most monstrous genocide—is threatened from within and without by those Palestinians and other Arabs who have never reconciled themselves to the Jewish state's existence. Israel works at being a democracy, a nation that respects human rights, which is more than can be said for Arab countries. But because Israel is and always has been under siege, because its people, including its children, have always been the target of Arab terrorism, its record in the treatment of Palestinians may not be perfect. But what is remarkable is that Israel, after enduring forty years of unrelenting Arab hostility, has kept its democratic system intact and healthy.

"Who can forget," asserts Said, the extraordinary public relations attempt by supporters of Israel to turn the massacres at Sabra and Shatila, or which Israel was directly responsible, into an example of Israel's greatness of soul. . . ." It was no public relations stunt. It did show greatness of soul. Though Israel was not directly responsible, the Israeli people—indeed, Jewish people around the world—publicly and vociferously voiced their anguish that their country could have played any part, however marginal, in this human tragedy. Where else in the Middle East would 400,000 people demonstrate against their own army and their own government? The Israeli government responded, and the commission appointed by the government to investigate issued a finding that Israel was indirectly responsible. And yet Said continues to talk about direct responsibility. How much soul-searching and anguish—or, for that matter, investigation—has the Arab world done over the recent outrages committed at Palestinian camps in Beirut?

Said's most extravagant distortion is his comparison of the Zionist movement and British colonialism. He either doesn't understand, or

WHY TAKE CHANCES WITH AN IMPORTANT LIFE DECISION?

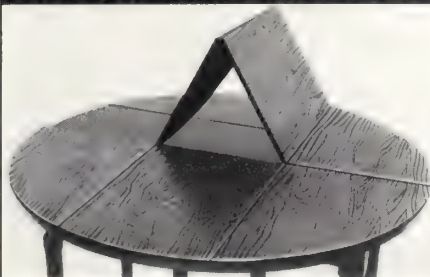
OVERTURE arranges privileged introductions for discriminating individuals: outstanding, successful, healthy people with harmonious lifestyles and compatible goals.



OVERTURE

National 800/548-7630
Texas 817/548-7630

FACTORY DIRECT TABLE PADS



Order with confidence from America's oldest and largest custom table pad manufacturer.

Phone 1-800/328-7237 Ext. 257

108 Briarcliff, Thomasville, NC 27360
612/646-6778—Ext. 257

© SENTRY, 1986

Sentry TABLE PAD CO. SINCE 1911

SOLUTION TO THE MAY PUZZLE

C	O	I	N	C	I	D	E	P	I	R	A	C	Y
R	O	D	E	U	R	E	D	H	O	T	L	O	E
E	Z	O	F	T	I	G	P	A	T	A	G	H	A
W	Y	L	I	E	F	A	L	L	A	C	I	E	S
S	E	A	N	C	E	S	A	L	A	T	E	N	T
T	A	W	N	I	E	S	T	U	D	S	R	A	L
O	S	I	E	R	W	I	T	S	M	I	S	S	A
W	E	N	D	R	A	B	E	W	I	G	G	E	D
M	A	T	R	I	X	Y	P	A	T	H	W	A	Y
C	R	U	C	I	B	L	E	S	H	E	A	P	S
C	O	I	F	D	E	S	S	K	I	D	D	Y	H
O	S	T	F	L	A	C	K	S	G	M	E	R	E
Y	E	S	M	E	N	H	Y	P	H	E	N	E	D

NOTES FOR "MAY TRICKS"

Note: The title of the puzzle homophonically provides the entry MATRIX. Other "matrices" provided by the unclued down entries are COHEN/SIGHED, PYRE/ASEA, PHALLUS/EASE, CREW/SIBYLS, and HIGH/FINNED. ACROSS: 11. RODE, "rowed"; 12. R-EDHOT(anagram); 13. Z(OFT)IG; 16. AGHA(st); 17. WY-LIE, "wily"; 19. SE(A)NCES, anagram & Lit; 22. LA-TEN-T; 24. TAWNIST, anagram; 29. OSIER, hidden; 31. W-I(T)S; 32. MISS-A; 33. BE(WI..)GGED; 36. PATHWAY, anagram; 40. HEAPS, anagram; 44. CO-I-F; 45. S-KIDDY; 46. FLACKS, "flax"; 47. MERE, two meanings; 48. YESMEN, anagram. DOWN: 2. (b)OOZY; 3. IDOL, "idle" (39D); 4. CU(ra)TE; 5. DEGAS, two meanings; 7. A-TO-I, reversed; 8. AL(G)IERS, anagram; 10. YEAS-T; 12. RIFE, anagram; 15. PLAT(T)E; 19. (be)STOW; 21. CIRRI, hidden; 23. AD-MIT; 28. (m.a.)LADY; 30. I-NTU(I)TS(anagram); 31. WAX-BE-AN; 34. MC-COY; 35. A-ROSE; 36. P...E-SKY; 37. (b)ASKS; 39. ID-LE; 41. A-DEN; 43. SHED, two meanings.

SOLUTION TO MAY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 53). (HAROLD J.) KENNEY: NO PICKLE, NO PERFORMANCE. These ladies lead very rarefied lives and are not prepared to deal with the minor nuisances we mortals have to cope with. (Lynn Fontanne, entering the Shubert 1000 Club, was especially surprised to be asked for her tickets. "Tickets are for other people.")

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 54, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by June 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The July issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 52 (April) are M. Leschak, Side Lake, Minnesota; and Parker B. Schaeffer.

BAHAMAS OUT-ISLANDS Barefoot Elegance

Remember a special place? Where you want to be in nature — you forgot yourself!

Welcome to the ABACO INN

We invite you to share this special island with us. A peaceful, charming island with warm-hearted inhabitants who still speak the colonial dialect of their Tory ancestors. Unspoiled beaches, where you can relax and never see another soul. Perhaps you'll just relax in front of your cottage and feel the warmth of the sun and the glistening spray of the pounding surf. Our ten very private rooms, each with its own hammock, ensure privacy and personal attention. We offer you an extremely fine menu and a splendid dining experience, excellent snorkeling, scuba-diving, deep-sea, reef and bonefishing, sailing, windsurfing, trips to Randolph Johnston's artist retreat, or nearby settlements where boat building is very much an art.

The ABACO INN is just a pleasant walk from the picturesque 18th century fishing settlement of Hope Town and the historic Elbow Cay lighthouse. If you wish to escape the rigors of 20th century urban life and enjoy barefoot elegance, please write via air-mail or telephone us for our brochure and information.

Ruth Maury



ABACO INN

Box X11, Hope Town,
Abaco, Bahamas
Tel. 1-809-367-2666

"How to tell you how much YS means to me? Not hard at all. I just tell you how breathlessly I await each copy, how enthusiastically I tell my friends about it, how quickly I devour the contents. I have thoroughly enjoyed each copy since its first appearance in my mailbox... I thank you for sending YS to me so I can resubscribe to not only your magazine but to your philosophy of the erotic."

JOYCE WOODY
Lincoln Park MI

Yellow Silk

Journal of Erotic Arts



"All persuasions; no brutality."

W.S. Merwin • Ntozake Shange • Susan Griffin • Robert Silverberg • Mayumi Oda Jean Genet • Tee Corinne • Pierre Louys Wanda Coleman • Judy Dater • Marge Piercy • Jessica Hagedorn • William Kotzwinkle • Jane Hirshfield • Eric Gill Victor Hernandez Cruz • Mary Mackey

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
\$15/year • Quarterly

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

chooses not to understand, that the Jews who settled Palestine were not colonialists. They were the Jewish Diaspora, descendants of the Jews expelled by the Romans, finally coming back to their ancestral homeland, the only homeland Jewry has ever known.

Instead of squandering his energies on skewing history and rhetorically seeking apologies from Israel, Said could make a positive contribution by prevailing on the PLO to renounce terrorism and urging the Arab parties to come to the bargaining table. Israel has proven, in the peace negotiations with Egypt, how forthcoming it can be. Unfortunately, no other Arab party has demonstrated any real interest in testing Israel's intentions in negotiation. Perhaps Said could help change that.

Seymour D. Reich
Washington, D.C.

Seymour D. Reich is president of B'nai B'rith International.

June Index Sources

1, 2 Institute for International Economics (Washington, D.C.); 3 National Strategy Information Center (Washington, D.C.); 4, 5 *Hold On, Mr. President!*, by Sam Donaldson (Random House); 6, 7 U.S. State Department; 8 U.S. Department of Defense; 9 *TransAfrica* (Washington, D.C.); 10, 11 U.S. State Department; 12 U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics; 13, 14 Imberman and DeForest (Chicago); 15 *Business Week*; 16 Merv Griffin Enterprises (Los Angeles); 17 Vanna White (Beverly Hills, Calif.); 18, 19 Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.); 20, 21 Labrokes (London); 22 Air Force Media Relations (Washington, D.C.); 23, 24 George Bush for President (Washington, D.C.); 25 NAACP (Atlanta); 26, 27 Media General (Richmond, Va.) and Associated Press poll; 28, 29 New York City Department of Correction; 30 American Correctional Association (College Park, Md.); 31, 32 *Harper's* research; 33 American Chicle Group (Morris Plains, N.J.) and Roper Organization (New York City); 34, 35 General Dynamics Corporation (St. Louis) and National Family Opinion Research (Toledo, Ohio); 36, 37 Yale Law School (New Haven, Conn.); 38 Market Statistics (New York City)/*Harper's* research; 39 Beverage Media (New York City); 40 *Wall Street Journal*.

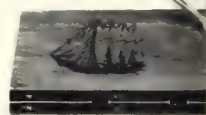
LASER engraved

Desk Thermometer and Pen Set

• Beautiful Laser Engraved Clippership on Solid Walnut Base.

• Three Position Swivel Pen Holder (Pen included).

• Fahrenheit and Celcius Room Thermometer



The perfect compliment to any desk!

Only \$29.95

(Allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery)

Check or Money Order to:

D & L Enterprises

P.O. Box 72,

Two Rivers, WI 54241

(414) 794-1020

Please send _____ Laser Engraved Desk Thermometer and Pen set(s) at \$29.95 each to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Amount enclosed _____

(Add \$3.00 Shipping & Handling. Wisconsin residents add 5% sales tax.) H287

Satisfaction Guaranteed. If not fully delighted, return purchase within 30 days for a full refund.

INTERNS WANTED



Harper's Magazine is accepting applications from college students and graduates for its internship program. Interns serve full time on an unpaid basis for three to five months and get practical experience in critical reading and analysis, research, fact-checking, and the general workings of

a national magazine. Each intern works with an editor on one section of the magazine, takes part in the creation of the *Harper's* Index, and is encouraged to generate ideas, read widely, and approach problems creatively.

For further information and an application, call: 212-614-6500.

CLASSIFIED

PERSONALS

Meet Christian singles. Nationwide. Phone or mail introductions. No fee, donations only. Write: Box 90-20-WE, Van Nuys, Calif. 91409.

Single Booklovers gets cultured singles of all ages acquainted. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write SBL, Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. Call (215) 358-5049.

Polish-American Singles Club. Contacts through correspondence. Box 99021, Troy, Mich. 48099.

Asian women desire romance. Sincere, cultured, attractive. Sunshine International Correspondence. Dept. NA, Box 260, North Hollywood, Calif. 91603.

L.A. gentleman, 55, educated, non-smoker, married and lonesome, desires to meet similarly situated lady. Box 507, 1147 E. Broadway, Glendale, Calif. 91205.

Art Lovers' Network. Connects single, art-loving gentlemen nationally, internationally. All ages. ALN, Box 5106H, Westport, Conn. 06881.

Penfriends worldwide. All ages, 92 countries. Free information. Penfriends, Box 441541-J, Miami, Fla. 33144.

Meet someone special through quality introductions and correspondence club for friendship, marriage. Safe, discreet, successful. True Match, Box 18000-5E, Las Vegas, Nev. 89114. FREE information 24 hours a day: (702) 385-5750.

Art Lovers' Exchange. Unattached fine-arts lovers get acquainted. Nationwide. Write: ALX, Box 265 HA, Bensalem, Pa. 19020. Or call: (215) 638-9866.

TRAVEL

"Roam the World by Freighter." Facts, destinations, recommendations on unusual cruising. \$3. TravLTips, Box 188 B1A, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

Overseas opportunities. Employment, adventure, education, independent travel. Ten-year index, \$1. Five information-packed issues, \$15. Abroad, Box 344, HM-3, Amherst, Mass. 01004.

GALAPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our licensed naturalist will sail by yacht to explore more islands than any other Galapagos expedition. 44 Trip dates. Machu Picchu Option. FREE BROCHURE
INCA FLOATS 415-435-4622
1606hp Juanita, Tiburon, CA 94920

Defensive travel. Tips from experienced travelers ease your way. \$5. Box 3518, Lawrence, Kan. 66046.

Travel security escort service. Professional escort for business and pleasure traveler. Specializing in foreign destinations, hospitality of America. 833 N. Milwaukee, Chicago, Ill. 60622.

Rent a Londoner's home. Flats and houses available from 2 weeks to 1 year. Britannia, Milestone House, 19 South End, London W8 5BU. Telephone: 01-938-3755.

VACATIONS

Linekin Bay Sailing Resort. Fleet of sailboats, two-masted schooner, sailing instruction, heated pool, tennis. Write for folder: Boothbay Harbor, Me. 04538.

HOTELS

One of New York City's best kept secrets...
on West 57th across from Carnegie Hall

An elegant hotel for business or pleasure. 320 beautiful rooms. A.C. TV, serving pantry, Terrace Cafe, Meeting banquet facilities (to 75). Reasonable rates.

Salisbury HOTEL

123 West 57th Street, N.Y. N.Y. 10019
Toll-free (800) 223-0680 NYS (212) 246-1300

ASSOCIATIONS

Bertrand Russell Society. Information: HM, RD 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pa. 18036.

MERCHANDISE

Mayan handmade cotton clothes, accessories, and unique gifts. Free color catalogue: One World Trading Co., Box 310, Dept. A3, Summertown, Tenn. 38483. (615) 964-2334.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution
screened on a Quality T-Shirt

WRITE FOR
FREE CATALOGUE
CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 107
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920



SPECIAL
2 For \$13.95 PPD!

\$9.95 Each PPD
Red/White/Lt. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL

ARTWORK

Original Kurz & Allison lithographs. Free catalogue. American Print Gallery, 43914 S.E. 139th St., North Bend, Wash. 98045. (206) 888-3464.

Limited-edition print. American Impressionist oil of historic Jamestown Bridge in Rhode Island. Send SASE for more information to: S.K. Brown, 60 Carver La., Narragansett, R.I. 02882.

LITERARY SERVICES

We'll publish your book. Our 45 years' experience will help you toward success. Send manuscript or outline for free information and evaluation. Rivercross Publishing, Dept. HM, 127 E. 59th St., New York, N.Y. 10022.

Manuscripts/cassettes professionally edited, typed. Marye Myers, Box 1019, So. Pasadena, Calif. 91030-1019.

Writers! Lawrence Block's books, tape seminars. Details free. WFYL, 3750-Estero, Fort Myers Beach, Fla. 33931.

Ghostwriting. Everything editorial. Professional staff. Wordsmiths, Box 5882-B, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Scholarly authors. Need help revising the manuscript? Professional editor has 24 years of experience in scholarly publishing, excellent references. Write: J.M.B. Edward, 2432 California St., Berkeley, Calif. 94701.

Agency selecting manuscripts for publishers, producers. Novels (all genres), book-length nonfiction, screen and teleplays only. For information send SASE to: West Coast Literary Associates, Box 700520, San Jose, Calif. 95170.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Earn while you read. Maximum profit for minimum effort. Free details. Robross, Box 8768H, Boston, Mass. 02114.

Homeworkers. Earn 60¢ for each envelope addressed according to our instructions. Details: Distributors, Box 431-HP, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563.

Rare autographs have been my best investment in the 1980s. Many I obtained free through the mail, just by requesting them. My 17-page report tells you everything you need to know to get started. Plus 36 predictions of the autographs I believe will skyrocket in value. Send \$5.95 to: Richard Berman, Box 920, New York, N.Y. 10189.

This is perfectly safe. Invest \$750, get \$100,000 in 25 years. Profit \$4,000 annually. Send \$500 check or money order to Sharif Mantell Ltd., 31 Harding Terr., Newark, N.J. 07112.

A complete vocational exploration kit developed by experienced vocational consultants will assist you in maximizing your career potential. This kit is your opportunity to make the best business choices available to you with confidence. Find your career today. Send \$14.95 to: NHR, Box 1970, Portland, Or. 97219.

Learn how to start and operate any of seven exciting home businesses. For details send SASE to: Scott Eisenbeil, Box 37, Garwood, N.J. 07027-0370.

EDUCATION

British degrees. Somerset University offers degree programs to mature students by distance learning. For a prospectus, send \$8 to Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset, TA19 0BQ, England.

CLASSIFIED RATES: Minimum ten words. One time, \$1.85 per word; three times, \$1.75 per word; six times, \$1.65 per word; twelve times, \$1.50 per word. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP codes count as one word. CLASSIFIED DISPLAY: Minimum one inch. One time, \$115 per column inch; three times, \$110 per column inch; six times, \$105 per column inch; twelve times, \$90 per column inch. The closing for classified copy is the first of the month, two months prior to issue date. Prepayment is required. Make checks payable to Harper's Magazine and send to Harper's Classified, 100 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. Include telephone number on all correspondence. Address inquiries to Elena Gustines, Classified Advertising Manager.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WESTERN CAPE

- Inter-Racial (Mostly Black)
- Autonomous
- At the Cutting Edge of Change in South Africa
- Modern and Expanding

For information about the university and how Americans can interact positively, send \$8 for a two-year subscription to the newsletter.

**CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
IMVO NEWS
425 NINITA PARKWAY
PASADENA, CA 91106**

Learn Spanish and Latin culture in beautiful Venezuela. Inexpensive tuition and lively. Write: Action Research, Dept. 117, 33 Lakeshore Dr., Tallahassee, Fla. 32302.

Welcome to the off-campus campus. Vermont College of Norwich University, a leading independent study for adults, supports non-based college work leading to intellectual, professional, and personal growth. Unique, challenging, accredited. Experienced, caring faculty. Call or write us, specifying B.A. or M.A. Vermont College of Norwich University, Box 99, Montpelier, VT 05602. (802) 229-0522.

Superlearning. Triple learning speed through music. Languages, data. Maximize memory, potentials. Stressless. Free excerpt, catalogue. Superlearning, 1290 W. 11th, V05-H4, Vancouver, Canada V6H 1K5.

BOOKS

Cataloging out-of-print books our specialty. Monlea Books, Box 74E, Main Station, White Plains, N.Y. 10602. (914) 946-5923.

Bookstock finds books. Free search. Box 10-H, S. Orleans, Mass. 02662.

"The bible of the euthanasia movement." 60 Minutes

Let Me Die Before I Wake

By Derek Humphry
Practical advice to the dying
about accelerating the end.

In bookstores/\$10.

\$10 plus \$2 shipping when ordered from

**The Hemlock Society
POB 66218**

Los Angeles, CA 90066

Book out of print? Complete search service. Montana Mountain Books, Box 553J, Elgin, Canada, Calif. 94018.

Out-of-print-book finder. Send wants. 2035 Harding-HA, Eureka, Calif. 95501.

Intext free international book search. 2585 S.W. 87th Ave., Portland, Ore. 97225. Call toll-free 1-800-345-4969.

Three exciting short stories now available; sensual, with taste. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Send \$6.95 to: Creative Synergy, Box 216, Greene, N.Y. 13778.

"Poems About People." New, humorous anthology by Francis Schiller. 4509 Acacia, La Mesa, Calif. 92041. \$10 ppd.

PUBLICATIONS

"Southern Writer," \$4/issue, \$16/yr., ALA, Box 92025, Lafayette, La. 70509.

Jesus never existed. Scholarly booklet proves Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, gospels. \$4. Abelard, Box 5652-H, Kent, Wash. 98064.

"What to Do Till the Undertaker Comes." \$1. Leaflets for the masses from the Underground Grammarian, Box 203, Glassboro, N.J. 08028.

Frank

An International Journal of
Contemporary Writing & Art

- John Berger
- E.M. Cioran
- Hélène Cixous
- Robert Coover
- Edmond Jabès

SUSPENDERS/BRACES

Well-dressed men wear suspenders/braces. Largest collection anywhere. Free brochure. Bernardo, 24000 Westheimer, #108W(H), Houston, Tex. 77098. (713) 526-2686.

REAL ESTATE

Vermont. Remodeled, secluded 4BR farmhouse on 18 acres. Study with stunning views. For sale. (617) 556-5089.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Writing, research, statistics. All fields. Highest quality. Research Service, Box 48862, Niles, Ill. 60648. (312) 774-5284.

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, and distributed. Send for free booklet: HP-2, Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

Publish your book. Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. HZW, 11 W. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

The joy of success. Find your share. Learn your true strengths. Simple and fun test. Write: Microdyne Testing, 3035 Valley Farms Rd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46214.

SAVING ISSUES OF HARPER'S?

binders hold a full year of issues.
Slipcases per case
Binders
\$9.95, 3 for \$27.95, 6 for \$52.95. Add \$2.50 per unit outside U.S. (U.S. currency only) Please mail your order (with payment in full) to Jesse Jones, Dept. HARP, 499 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19134. Credit cards accepted. Call 1-800-852-5000.
Unconditionally guaranteed!
Used by Jesse Jones Industries since 1843.

EMPLOYMENT

Teach abroad/here. Current openings list U.S.A., \$7; overseas, \$7. Specials: Japan, Australia, France, \$7 each. EISL, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162-0062.

FILM/VIDEO

Foreign, classic films on video. Giant catalogue, \$2. Facets, 1517 W. Fullerton, Chicago, Ill. 60614.

GOURMET

New Orleans cooking. Cajun red beans and rice. Serves six. Comes in printed, risqué 6" x 11" French Quarter souvenir signature bag, with enchanting tale of my beans. Great fun gift for person with everything. \$10.95. Ole Cajun, Box 513, Bolton, Miss. 39041.

RETIREMENT

CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA.
Retire to the midst of a 625 acre farm full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, belted galloway cows, shops, a country inn, and families of all ages.
Free brochure.
Call 800-334-5475.
Box 111Y, Chapel Hill, NC 27514
FEARRINGTON



RANCH VACATIONS

Package vacations in Montana's Rocky Mountain wilderness. Trout fishing, horseback riding, river rafting, and much more for all ages. The Hawley Mountain Guest Ranch, Box 4-H, McLeod, Mont. 59052. (406) 932-5791.

COUNTRY INNS

FEARRINGTON HOUSE
Box 111J, Chapel Hill, NC 27514
A small elegant Country Inn near Chapel Hill



MISCELLANEOUS

I'll read your mail and you'll read my forthcoming year, month by month, and special questions. Detailed answer within three weeks. \$25. Please enclose photo. Natassja Heimbrand, 10000 S. 99 212-37, Malmö, Sweden.

PUZZLE

Spring Planting

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Answers to ten of the Across clues are not entered in their entirety. By a process of 6 Down, they must also supply eleven Down entries. Clue answers include two proper names. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 75.

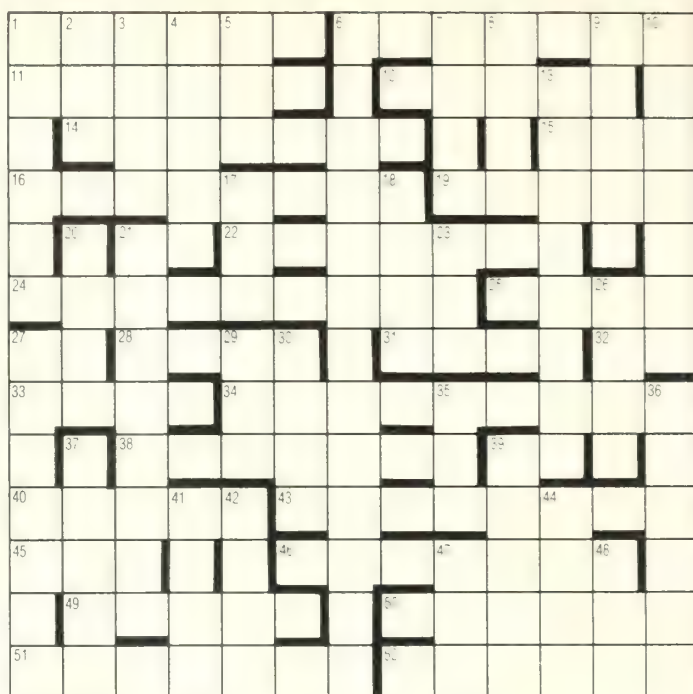
Across

1. Note unfinished writing in copies for printing (6)
6. Reproduction's an awful price when lady's taken in by one (7)
11. Rudimentary Lincoln I can read, with editing (11)
12. Faithful lover, at first, that is, for example, rejected (5)
14. Shrink is big hit taking in a hundred thousand (4, 3)
15. Succumbs to drugs, poor sod (3)
16. Like some field goal kickers, kick about an umpire (8)
19. This building's dangerous . . . worry about one sharp blow (8)
21. Comparatively obvious, flashy display. Nonsense (10)
22. Sally more than once breaks sadiron (7)
24. Cripes, arrears could result from all the extras (5, 8)
25. The royal treasury is within franc's limits (4)
27. Pop a cork and kick the bucket (5)
28. Plays for year in return of *The Drunkard* (4)
31. You get right out of there! (4)
32. Spirits almost swelling section added to waistline (6)
33. He left with N.Y. ballplayer's headgear (7)
34. Are they at the scene of the crime? Yes, we sense it, unfortunately (3, 9)
38. Underestimate vulgar bachelor completely (7)
39. This says what to do with a top harpsichord (6)
40. Had sex . . . embracing Latin is rash step (5)
43. Bow has pronounced wear in some vessels (8)
45. Girl who loses lead in Verdi opera (3)
46. Astronomical theory is arcane gabbing (3, 4)
49. Sumptuous living returns . . . time to crow (5)
50. Former Hollywood beauty with topless allure (6)
51. Mingler could be a troublemaker of sorts (7)
52. Rare sticky doohickey (9)

Down

1. Some teachers of religion upset court again (6)
2. Decline seen in English blue book (3)
3. See 24A (4)

4. Republican with cold put through the sieve (5)
5. See 27A (3)
6. See Instructions (13)
7. See 39A (4)
8. Felt awfully sinister (4)
9. See 11A (5)
10. Prophetic sign: gold and myrrh, for instance (7)
13. From rigors (i.e., strolling), you get most covered with prickly shrubs (8)
17. See 19A (3)
18. Half of Spanish sandwich is missing . . . this is actionable (4)
20. The homeowner's lot? It's bloody murder after Mass (4)
21. Nasty woman revises tax table (8, *hyphenated*)
23. See 21A (3)
26. Heartless sobs turning to gush (4)
27. In church, a singular following (7)
29. See 34A (3)
30. All the family is uplifted to a degree (4)
35. See 33A (3)
36. Wine is sin, in short (6)
37. See 21A (5)
39. I first got dizzy being a pundit (5)
41. See 32A (4)
42. Tax return left a considerable amount (4)
44. Religious dogma loses initiative after a while (4)
47. Ugh, it's about time for bath (3)
48. See 52A (3)



4597

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Spring Planting," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to *Harper's Magazine*, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's Magazine*. Winners' names will be printed in the August issue. Winners of the April puzzle, "Numerology," are Mrs. G.T. Dalziel, Gaithersburg, Maryland; Frances Marin, Toronto, Ontario; and Alex Vaughn, Old Lyme, Connecticut.



